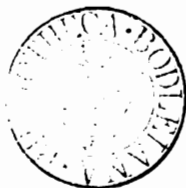


THE

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THE

EDINBURGH CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

Sermon.

By the REV. J. L. BLAKE, A.M., Minister of Stobo.

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth. In His days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely; and this is His name whereby He shall be called, THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."—JEREMIAH xxiii. 5, 6.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 COR. v. 20, 21.

THE apparent contrast between those two passages of Scripture is one we frequently find in the prophetic books. And, indeed, the verses from the Epistle are parallel to some in the 53d chapter of Isaiah. It aids us, in taking a comprehensive view of the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST, to combine the two lights in which He is represented by the ancient prophets, and in which He himself, and His apostles, have also spoken of His work, and of its glorious results.

Prophecy, at one time, tells of the great and honoured Ruler, with a divinity about His power; at another, of the despised and rejected man. Now He is foretold as a king, with widespread authority; and now as one of the lowliest of the earth. We hear of regal preparation being made for His coming; in the filling up of valleys, the levelling of hills, and making of highways through the pathless desert: but we hear also of His being led as a lamb to the slaughter, and of meek

silence preserved before the fiercest accusers and tormentors. At one time His progress is described as a triumphal procession; again, His humiliation is the deepest possible for man. Grace, dignity, and glory, are to crown His head; yet reproach and ignominy are wellnigh to break His heart. His name is to be the "Lord our Righteousness;" and yet He is to be numbered with the transgressors. He is to be a conqueror, leading captivity itself captive; he is to be a prisoner, under sentence of death. His kingdom shall be an everlasting kingdom; and yet He shall suffer a malefactor's doom. A prince of peace—a man of sorrows. The Saviour and friend of man—forsaken and friendless among men. The Holy One and the Just; tortured and condemned at an earthly tribunal, and bruised and put to grief by divine justice!—who, among the wise men of the earth, could have imagined the reconciliation of those apparent contradictions, before Messiah

came? The strange requirements, at first, appear impossible to be fulfilled; but *Christ has reconciled—Christ has fulfilled them all*. And He whom Jeremiah speaks of as a glorious monarch, is well described by the apostle Paul as having been made sin, or a sin-offering, for us.

Surely, of all prophecies, the fulfilment of such as appear almost *incapable* of fulfilment is intended thoroughly to awaken the attention of mankind. We cannot expect ever to know a more marvellous truth of Scripture than this reconciliation of seeming contradictions, in the person of the Son of God—at once our King, our High Priest, and our Atonement.

In many of the pious Jews, who looked forward to the coming of Messiah, such words as Jeremiah's would excite the hope of a good and wise ruler, under whose benignant sway the animosity of the tribes would be quelled, and all their enemies subdued. Even Christ's disciples were thus partial in their interpretation of the Scriptures; looking only at the bright spots in the prophetic picture, they always expected Christ to allow His exaltation to a seat of princely honour on earth; and that He would give to each of them corresponding advancement under His dominion. Nor were they undeceived, till the Saviour's body lay cold and still in the hollowed rock, near the place where He was crucified. At that time, their hopes, always too earthly, sank even lower still; and it was only after they had lost their Master's bodily presence altogether, that they received, or could receive, their greatest comfort—the true Comforter,—and could understand their Lord's essential glory, with the full meaning of His incarnation and death. Then, at last, they came to remember better His own words, and to comprehend how He who knew no sin, but was righteousness itself, had been made a sin-offering for them, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Let us turn our attention to the nature of His righteousness who is called, "the Lord our Righteousness," and who was made a sin-offering for us.

(1.) As all the moral attributes of Deity are inseparably related to holiness, so in Christ the eternal love of goodness—holiness—as an ever-active attribute, comes into view when we think of His righteousness. The holy actions of the Son of God, before He appeared on earth, though unrecorded to us, must have been known and celebrated by the angels of God. Although our sin-darkened thoughts cannot be permitted, on earth, to penetrate back, as it were, into the beautiful light and holiness of those ages that preceded the ages of our world, yet are we constrained to believe in the heavenly life of the Son of God, and in His glorious holiness. Before the sunlight struck upon our world, or its wide-winding shores were covered with rational creatures—before the sea flowed, or the cloud hovered in the sky—ere yet the foundations of the mountains were laid, or the stars began to shed their scintillating rays across the material universe—the holy Son of God had His being in the light of the almighty throne, infinite and unchangeable in His righteousness, and the only-beloved of God. Unless thus we think of the dignity and holiness of Christ, as He existed in the blessedness of heaven, and before He was manifested to mortal eyes, we cannot rightly value what He has done, as the self-sacrificing Friend of sinners. But looking back, as it were, to His former majesty and perfect holiness, we see more clearly the greatness of His effort to save us.

(2.) Nor was the holiness or the righteousness of the Son of God impaired, or lessened in any degree, by His wondrous condescension in taking our nature upon Him, consenting to call us brethren, and yielding to death for our sakes. Suffering and self-denial have no *immorality* in them, although they may have been made needful by sin. To suffer is not to sin; but all sin necessitates suffering, either bodily or mental, or both. At the same time, penitence, which is a species of suffering, does, under the Christian dispensation, prevent greater suffering. And the earlier the penitence, the less will be the suffering to every true follower of Christ. "For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be

judged." Suffering checks human transgression, if it does not always purify the human heart. It weakens the power that man has to do wrong, if it does not always dispose him to act uprightly. But over many it has a marvellous power to sweeten the temper, to purify the heart, and to breathe a spirit at once of Christian resignation and Christian zeal over the will. Suffering, then, it is evident, does not of itself make the human character less pure or moral. And we cannot bring ourselves to a proper comprehension of Christ's righteousness, unless we understand that His sufferings and humiliation had no power to change the purity of His holiness. We do not call the philanthropist degraded though he becomes the companion of prisoners, and familiar, in his walks of benevolence, with diseases, and squalor, and wretchedness in all its forms. His condescending, self-forgetting kindness is not surely of itself immoral. The eye of "the world," clouded as it is by sin and pride, will call it a *demeaning* of himself; but the unworldly will think that such conduct ennoble man or woman, giving a beauty to the character which cannot fade. Although Christ's human flesh was subjected to the attacks of Satan, and to the wants and woes of humanity, yet was He never out of harmony with the divine will. No discontent or murmuring, nothing that could bedim the holiness of His character, appeared in the man Christ Jesus. Satan tried every avenue that was possible to find access to the heart of Christ, and to corrupt His humanity, and at every available moment sought to hinder the establishment of Christ's kingdom, but in vain. Even the needless suffering and mockery that seemed to be heaped upon His holy head on the night in which He was betrayed, and on the day in which He was crucified, by those whom He desired to save, could not invade the meekness of the blessed Redeemer. In the very depth of His humiliation, the bright purity of His nature was unchanged, and we do well to meditate on this; for it is too common a result in the careless beholder of the Saviour of men, to count that a loss of character

which, in every possible point of view, constituted everlasting righteousness and everlasting gain. The most precious jewel on earth might escape from its setting, and be found in ashes or in dust—to outward appearance it might be marred, and its beauty for a time concealed; but while it remained really unchanged, it would be as precious as ever. Its value might not be known by those who found it; but that could not make its absolute value less. It might be sold at a low rate, peradventure for thirty pieces of silver, its value being far more than ten thousand times the sum; yet would not that affect its intrinsic preciousness, or take away from its beauty. And in Christ Jesus there was holiness, undimmed and bright as ever, though, to the world's eye, He had no form, comeliness, or beauty, and though, in the world's memory too, His visage is that of one more marred than any—His form that of a tortured man, of whom the worldling has often heard, but in whom he cannot believe as his King, Priest, and Atonement.

(3.) Christ's righteousness was rather increased, than lessened, if we might so speak, by all He did, and taught, and suffered on earth. He came to reveal, vindicate, and enhance the holiness and righteousness of God; and it was as the last hours of His life drew nigh, and as the betrayal, the cross, and the sepulchre arrayed themselves before the Redeemer, that He could say: "O righteous Father! the world hath not known thee: but I have known thee, and these have known that thou hast sent me." He came to identify himself with men, and to be their substitute as well as friend, in perfectly obeying the will of God, and in offering and making atonement for foul revolt, on their part, against that holy will. He came to increase the righteousness of the universe; and all He did was done in righteousness for this great end. Sin was a stranger to His holy soul; and He desired to make it as strange to the souls of those whom He condescended to call His brethren. He adopted our position on earth, that an everlasting relationship might exist between us and Him, and

that He might make us worthy to be the sons and daughters of God in heaven. Neither would God have pardoned us, nor, verily, should we have had *pity on ourselves*, had not this Redeemer been provided who has been provided. He identified himself with our nature, in all except its taint of sin. He identified himself with our wants and woes—they became His own—He chose them—yet without our sin. Truly, "He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." The grievous results of sin—the ordinary penalties of God's violated law—He the sinless did bear as we have to bear them; but He did more—and it is at this part of the high theme of Christ's righteousness that so many stumble, and fall into confusion and faithlessness; or, undermining one after another the doctrines connected with the atonement, find, at last, their hopes and happiness for ever crushed beneath the wilful ruin.

(4.) Christ was "made a *sin-offering for us*." "He suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us unto God." He was the Lamb of God, on whom our sins were laid. *He died for us*. His death brought us life.

The central truth in all the circumstances of Christ's incarnation, is the fact of atonement; and all the doctrines of Christianity are as vitally connected with that sublime truth, and it with them, as the blood vessels and capillaries of the body are connected with the heart, and the heart with the circulation and nourishment of the bodily system. The man that explains away, or tries to make light of a truth so great and central as this, is surely an enemy to the Christian religion, and to the peace of his own soul. There is no illustration, almost, provided it does not serve to dishonour the theme, that can too strongly impress on us the fact, not only that Christ was crucified through the malignity of wicked men and of Satan, but that this was permitted in God's wise providence; and that the death of the Holy One, who had identified himself with humanity, and had become the substitute for man, was the only available plan for the reinstatement of His death-

doomed, but adopted brethren in the favour of God. This atonement was required by God the Father. It was necessary for the vindication of eternal justice in the eyes of sinless angels, and in the eyes of the angels who had sinned, and of the arch-demon by whom man was misled. We do not read in the Scriptures, of redemption as possible for the angels that fell from heaven. If man could have been redeemed *without the divine atonement of Christ*, why could not they? If man resists, and fights against the provided atonement, will not he, too, become irredeemable, and for ever lost? The aggravated condition of the rebel angels seems to consist in their not only having sinned, and fallen from higher knowledge and dignity than man's, but in their first malevolently seducing, and then thwarting and resisting the redemption of mankind. Whether we think of man's views of God's inviolable law, or of the views which other beings may be supposed to have, (for the Scripture warrants us in saying that the angels desired to look into the wondrous plan for the redemption of sinners,) the holy words which proclaim the reality of the atonement, or are plainly deduced from it, are traceable as by a sunbeam in the Book of God. The Church of God has never lost the truth which Christ's own voice proclaimed: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His LIFE A RANSOM for many." No shallow speculator shall ever lessen the power those words have over the hearts of Christians, nor shall any tamper with the sublimity and power of the truth which they tell, without knowing at length the awful guilt of "counting the blood of the covenant, wherewith sanctification is imparted, an unholy thing." The atonement is a truth conveyed in every Christian ordinance well observed. It cannot be plucked from those whom Christ came to save. It is entwined about the heartstrings of humanity; and it is the strongest tie that binds Christian faith and gratitude to the person and character of the man Christ Jesus. Dear is it alike to the pious peasants and princes of the world, to the loftiest and to the lowliest intellects; and every mind

that admits the sublime truth in its power is thereby ennobled.

Ye who would escape at once the wrath of God and the sirocco breath of sin, seek ye this high altar-like rock of shelter on the level waste. In the shadow of this world-altar ye are safe. Doubt, sin, death, shall have no real dominion over those who find this refuge, who believe in Christ as at once Priest and Sacrifice, Redeemer and Ransom.

(5.) The fountain of sanctification, too, is discovered in the sublime shadow of the altar of atonement. Not without having sanctification begun, the while, do the sons and daughters of God receive the truth, that Jesus died for them. "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin;" and they that are Christ's have to crucify "the flesh, with its affections and lusts." They are engaged, before they know it, at a price incalculable, and by every tie of reason and affection, to live to Him who, for this end, gave His life. But *after they know* the real nature of their obligation, how sad, how terrible will it be, if, of all their obligations, this appears the last, the least, the most easily forgotten! The purity of principle, and the increasing rectitude of life, demanded of His followers by the Lord Jesus, is inseparable from a genuine belief in His atoning righteousness, and in the power He has at all times to intercede for and to bless His own. He died, not to secure for any one an immunity to sin, or the prolongation of an impenitent or temporizing state, but to gain emancipation from sin's present power, and sin's ceaseless misery, for all His followers. In one sense, we might enumerate many reasons for the death of our Redeemer; but the central reason, that under which all others are secondary and subordinate, is the atonement. Sanctification, however, gradually increasing spiritual aid, as well as salvation, has been won for us, made sure to us, if we verily believe in Christ as the Gospel reveals Him. And all strength for the Christian life, direction for every step that has to be taken in the way of righteousness—all possible help, mental and spiritual, are prepared, and are daily offered to believers in

Christ. Every variety of mind and of disposition is provided for in the great plan for saving and sanctifying Christians. The subjugation of the worst and wildest wills has been accomplished—the most wayward affections have been commanded—resistance to the most powerful and most insinuating temptations has been carried out, under the Gospel of Christ. All this has been done, and all this is done every day. Are we, my Christian friends, the subjects of such sanctifying power? Whether the thought brings doubt and fear, like the sudden storm-cloud lowering o'er the sun-lit haunts of men, or whether it brings a fainter or clearer hope, like day-dawn suffusing the skies and clouds in the east, it is a subject we ought never to find out of place to us. Courage to entertain such thought is absolutely demanded of us. If there is no proof in our life and conversation as Christians, that a better life has begun in the soul, then there is no proof, either in the sight of man, or in the sight of the Redeemer of men, that we believe in His atoning righteousness, and in its grand results. And, certainly, without the evidence which the better regulation of the thoughts, desires, and actions can afford, no proof that he is really a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ can be given to any of the sons of men. For our own comfort, then, for the comfort of others, for the good of the Church of Christ, by the memories of Christian friends departed, and in gratitude to Him who laid down His life for us, let us betake ourselves to those channels through which alone forgiveness, comfort, and salvation flow. As often as we betake ourselves thither, their strengthening and purifying effects will be seen. The regenerating power of the Holy Spirit cannot but be exercised over those who, instead of resisting, ever eagerly seek the instrumentality wherewith the Spirit most effectually subdues the human heart to the divine will. The prayer of faith, rising in the shadow of home, or of God's holy house, rising continually, must be heard. They that "hunger and thirst after righteousness

shall be filled." It is the will of Christ, and it will be His work, to make them "the righteousness of God in Him."

Every Christian must seek for true consolation and peace in the thought, that all that requires to be done for him will be done, through Christ, unless, by his indifference or obstinacy, he casts contempt on the only means of salvation. Let cold indifference and sinful obstinacy be overcome—and many of us have exhibited them, without knowing, almost, that we did so—and Christ will perform His part.

Ye who have long found peace and rest in Christ, and who have been long leading the life of faith, ye need not our directions or our prayers so much as we need yours. But are some even of you, at times, less faithful, and, through many mental or bodily woes and pains, prompted to wish that the life-long struggle were ended, and that sin and care could wring the heart, and try the strength no more? Be patient! for the time of your deliverance comes ever nearer. Yet a few quiet Sabbath-days—yet a few struggles in Christ's behalf—yet a few efforts to seek His righteousness, and the world and sin shall fall away from your spirit, and leave you free, for ever free, to serve your Saviour and your God. Amen.

"The power of faith often shines the most where the character is materially weak. There is less to intercept or interfere with its workings."—*Archdeacon Hare.*

"A boat may as well get to land without oars, as we to heaven without labour. We cannot have the world without labour, and do we think to have heaven? If a man digs for gravel, much more for gold. Heaven's gate is not like that iron gate which opened to Peter of its own accord. We must win the garland of glory by labour, before we wear it with triumph. God hath enacted this law: That no man shall eat of the tree of paradise but in the sweat of his brow; how, then, dare any censure Christian diligence? How dare they say: 'You take more pains for heaven than needs?' God saith: 'Strive as in an agony'—'Fight the good fight of faith;' and they say: 'You are too strict;' but whom shall we believe?—An holy God that bids us strive, or a profane atheist that saith we strive too much?"—*Watson.*

"What imprudence is it to lay the heaviest load upon the weakest horse! So, to lay the heavy load of repentance on thyself when thou art enfeebled by sickness, the hands shake, the lips quiver, the heart faints. Oh! be wise in time. Now prepare for the kingdom! He who never begins his voyage to heaven but in the storm of death, it is a thousand to one if he doth not suffer an eternal shipwreck."—*Watson.*

ADDRESS TO PARENTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES ON THE IMPORTANCE OF THEIR CHILDREN.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS OF THE WORKING CLASSES!—I wish you to see clearly, and feel deeply, the importance of your children, so that you may be led to consider with earnest thought how you may best train them up in the way which such beings should go. A working man, especially in a great city, is apt to think that neither he nor his family are of any importance whatever. What is he, or his poor family, to this great thronging, busy, and bustling world? Who cares whether he is ill or well, in joy or sorrow, alive or dead? Of what importance are those children to any human being beyond the walls of his lonely home? The

great tide of human life rushes past his door as ignorant and heedless of all that is passing within, as is the tide of ocean of the dwellers on the shore which it laves with its billows! Nevertheless, you and your children, my brother, are of more importance than the tongue can express, or the mind fully comprehend. Let us consider the matter a little with reference to your children.

1. Your children are of great importance to society. It is you who supply our factories with hands, our ships with seamen, our army with soldiers, and our houses with servants. Upon the character of those whom you send forth every

year to the world depends the good and the happiness of millions. In your houses the real prosperity of the nation is determined more than in the Houses of Parliament. In the name of thousands, I say, Have mercy upon us!—and give us sober, industrious, honest men and women.

Are your sons to be employed as workmen? If so, they are of importance to their fellow-workmen and employers. They can form a strength or weakness, a blessing or curse, to both. Let us have sober steady men, whose words and example will be health and comfort to all around them. Give us men to whom we can entrust our money and our property in our shops and counting-houses; and to whom we can entrust our lives when travelling under their guidance by land or sea. But save us, we beseech of you, from the blaspheming infidel, the filthy sensualist, the insane drunkard, the coarse and rude savage, the leader of riots, the contriver of plots, the spouter of nonsense, the preacher of rebellion, the instigator of strikes, and the tyrant of all!

Are your daughters to be servants in our houses? Give us such as are sometimes to be found, whom we can trust, respect, and cherish, as valued friends of the family; in whose keeping our goods, our character, our children, are safe. But deliver us, we beseech of you, from the domestic affliction of a dishonest, lying, quarrelling, disobedient, rude, selfish, or unfaithful servant, who, though leaving her place as soon as possible, may only make way for another of the same description!

In the name, too, of many a young tradesman, see that the wife he receives from your fireside may be such an one as can be a companion for an intelligent Christian man,—an economical house-keeper for a working man; and be herself the Christian mother of his children; and not a thoughtless, handless, tawdry slattern, who keeps her house like a pig-stye, and her children like pigs—who idles her time in gossiping with her neighbours, or in drinking with them—for such horrors are by no

means rare!—thus driving her husband to ruin and misery, and tempting him to drunkenness or desertion.

Why should I say more on this head, to prove that your boys and girls, who are growing up around you to be men and women, are of immense and incalculable importance to the well-being of society? Have a care, then, how you bring them up!

2. I must come nearer home, and remind you that those little ones are of *great importance to yourselves*. I am sure you feel this, at all events, to be true. Oh! how important are these! They strengthen your arms for labour, and refresh you when at rest. They rouse you up, and send you out in the early morning, and make you glad to return home at night. That child who climbs your knee, twines its arms around your neck, and kisses your rough cheek, has more power over you than all the police in the city or than all the armies of the world, were they arrayed against you! Its smile holds you fast as no iron chain could do; and its fond caressings will often calm your wild heart, and make yourself a child. It would be nothing, indeed, to the world if that little light was extinguished; but would it not be darkness to your own home and heart? That parent has indeed sunk lower than the beasts that perish, when he is no longer thus influenced by the love of his children. You cannot, then, say—you surely never even thought—that it is nothing to you how your children grow up. You feel that your happiness even now is bound up in what they are. And when they leave the domestic roof, will you not be thankful and proud if they turn out well, and are honoured and respected by the world? Will you not feel their shame and dishonour to be your own? Will their well-doing not be a crown of glory to you in old age; and would not their ill-doing help to bring down your grey hairs with sorrow to the grave? Therefore, apart from any other or higher consideration, *for your own sakes* have a care how you train them up.

A strong working man once came to me requesting the ordinance of baptism

for his child. He was a smith; he confessed that he had formerly been in the habit of drinking to excess, but that for two years he had lived a strictly sober life. On my asking what led to this change, he replied, after some hesitation: "Indeed, I believe it was the *bairns*." "The *bairns*!" I exclaimed, "how was that?"—"Why, sir," said he, "when I came home at night they used to run and meet me, and play about me; and the youngest was a special favourite, and extraordinary fond of me; and one evening when she had her arms about my neck, and was giving me a kiss, the thocht struck me, What a beast I was to be taking drink in this way, if it was for no other reason than the harm I was sure to do to baith the bodies and souls of my ain *bairns*. I took such shame to myself, that I dropped it since then; and now I hope I have better reasons, even than the good of the family, for keeping sober."

3. But consider, further, the personal as well as relative importance of these young ones, or their importance to *themselves*. For you know how one's own state for time and for eternity is of more importance to ourselves than anything else possibly can be. It is this fact which the words of our Lord imply, when He says: "For what shall it profit a man if he will gain the whole world and lose his soul?—and what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Not anything!—not the whole universe! To a man himself, his own soul—his own life and happiness, are more valuable than aught else. Now, parents, weigh this matter well. Behold your children, or any one of them, and hear what I have to say about that one child.

(1.) *That child must live for ever.* Its existence is endless as the life of its Maker. There lies concealed in that frame, clasped in a mother's bosom, and so feeble that the evening breeze might seem sufficient to destroy it, a living spark which no created power can ever extinguish! Cities and empires shall rise and fall during coming centuries; but that infant of yours will survive them all! The world and its works shall be burnt up, and the elements shall melt

with fervent heat, new systems may be created, and pass away; but your child will live amidst the changes and revolutions of endless ages, which will no more touch or destroy it than the wild hurricane can touch the rainbow which reposes in the sky, though it may rage around its lovely form. When eras that no arithmetic can number have marked the life of your child, an eternity will still be before it, in which it shall live, move, and have its being! What think you, parents, of having such a creature as this under your roof, and under your charge, and that creature your own child? Consider,

(2.) *Your child must live for ever in bliss or woe.* It must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. It must be for ever lost, or for ever saved. It must be with God and Christ, with the angels and saints, loving and beloved, a glorious and majestic being, or for ever wicked and unutterably miserable with Satan, and lost spirits! I am assuming, of course, that it shall here attain that age as shall make it fully responsible to God; for if it dies in infancy, I believe that it is certainly saved through Jesus Christ. But even to be able to entertain such a hope as this, that your babe, though dead, actually lives somewhere with Jesus; or that, if living here, is yet capable of becoming one of God's high and holy family in His home above for ever—may well deepen upon you a sense of its personal value! Do you ask what this fact has to do with your duty of training up your children? I will tell you. Whether your child—should it be spared some years on earth—shall live for ever in joy or in sorrow, depends upon what it believes and does in this world. It is *how it lives here* which must determine *where and how it shall live hereafter*. Is that not a solemn consideration for you?—and is it not more solemn still, when you further remember, that the character which your child is to possess on this side of the grave, and retain on the other, and on which its destiny hangs, is affected more by what it sees, hears, learns, from you, and in your house, than upon anything else in this world?

4. But I notice, lastly, that your children are of inestimable importance to *their Father in heaven*. Perhaps you are disposed at first to doubt this; but if you consider it you will see how true it is. God being so great and glorious, you think that probably a child is too small and insignificant a thing to be noticed or cared for by Him. But it is just because God is so great and glorious that He is able to know and consider every person and thing in the universe. "Are not five sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them is forgotten before God. Fear not; ye are of more value than many sparrows!"

It was perhaps this wrong impression of God's greatness which, on one occasion, induced the disciples to prevent mothers bringing their children to the Saviour to obtain His blessing. How could the great Messiah, thought they, condescend to attend to such weak and insignificant creatures? But very different were His own feelings! "Suffer little children to come to me; and forbid them not!" and accordingly the good Shepherd took the lambs into His arms, and blessed them.

Who gave the heartiest welcome to the King when He entered the temple? Not the priests, nor Sadducees, nor Pharisees, but the children who cried Hosanna! Those who pretended to great wisdom and piety rebuked them, and wished Christ to do the same; but He would not. He received the praises of the young; for God had ordained such to come from the mouths even of babes and sucklings.

Why should this astonish you, parents? "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" For only reflect for a moment upon the relationship in which God stands to those children. *They belong to Him*, and are His property, not yours. He it is who has given them all the value which they possess. He it is who has created them, and endowed them with such wonderful powers and capacities, in order that, as the very end of their being, they might glorify Him, and enjoy Him for ever. And such immense value does He attach to those His own creatures, that He redeemed them, not

with such corruptible things as silver and gold,—for these could not purchase the least and poorest of them,—but with the precious blood of His own Son! And at baptism did He not claim them as His own, revealing Himself as *their God*,—*their Father*, Saviour, and Sanctifier?

Remember, then, parents, that God has given you this precious property of His in trust; and of each child beneath your roof He says: "Nurse this child *for me!*" Have a care, then, I again say, how you train them up "in the nurture and admonition of *the Lord.*"

I cannot conclude this address to parents of the working classes, without saying a few words to employers. Masters of public works, masters and mistresses of private families!—I have appealed to these parents in your name, begging them to furnish you with good and faithful servants; and you know well how much your comfort and prosperity depend upon the supply which they may afford to such demands. But let me remind you that duties are reciprocal,—that if you require those in your service to consider *your* comfort and advantage, it becomes you equally to consider *theirs*, actuated by that Christian principle which should be common to both—the principle of "loving our neighbour, and pleasing him for his good to edification." If you treat those in your service as mere machines, mere helps to your personal aggrandizement or convenience; if you acknowledge no obligation to make any sacrifices of your ease or wealth to make them better or happier,—why should you expect them to be actuated by different motives towards you? If such motives as, "Each man for himself"—"look after number one"—"what will pay"—are to be inscribed on the banners of employers—why not on those of the employed, yourselves being judges? I know well that heads of works and heads of houses are often loud in their cry about the "ingratitude and selfishness" of those who serve them. But let those who complain be sure that such real unselfish kindness has been shown by themselves as ought

to have excited corresponding feelings in those who were its objects. Very true, it is alleged, "the working classes are extremely suspicious." Whether this may arise from ignorance, and conscious weakness when opposed to those in whose power they more or less are, or may be the legitimate effect of many lessons taught them in the school of a hard and worldly selfishness, I know not. I admit, however, that they often do attribute what was prompted by benevolence in their employers, to mean and unworthy motives. But in the vast majority of cases this is an error of judgment rather than of heart; and if a course of wise, frank, considerate, and generous treatment of them is pursued, it will soon be perceived, and duly appreciated by the workman or servant. And what a blessed effect it would have upon home education, if employers manifested a *personal* Christian interest in those who serve them,—if they acted towards them as beings of flesh and blood, with minds and hearts, with social and domestic affections, like their own! Why, then, should not masters and mistresses at home have more friendly, thoughtful, Christian intercourse with their servants, so as to gain their hearts, and to help them to good? Why should not masters of works try to become better acquainted with their workmen as fellow-men? Would it be too condescending in them to visit them in their houses? Why not? Do they imagine that this would lower their dignity, or weaken their influence, or occupy too much time? And could they not do more to make those houses fit for the home education of human beings? Could not more be done for affording a practical training to boys, but especially to girls, so as to fit them to become respectable men and women? Could not more be done to relieve and cheer up those thrown out of work by sickness or bad trade? There are heads of public works who do all this, and verily they have their reward in the affection and respect of their men, shewn often in very trying circumstances; and there are masters and mistresses who thank God for the Christian servants whom they have gained as friends, chiefly

by their own conduct towards them. Only let this honest discharge of duty begin and be more general in this Christian land with the employers, and it will very speedily tell too on the employed, to an extent that the most sanguine could hardly venture to hope for. The law of love must be allowed to have its share in regulating labour as well as the law of mere money-profit. There is a demand and supply by hearts required, as well as by pockets. "Live and let live," was surely not intended for the body more than for the soul!

N.

 ILLUSTRATIONS OF PERSEVERANCE,
SOBRIETY, AND HONESTY.

At the annual festival in Glasgow (held March 16) of the *employees* of Mr. Napier, the well-known and much-esteemed engineer, one of the speakers, Mr. Robb, stated the following interesting facts:—

"I shall give you a few illustrations of working men who, being true to themselves, were true to every one beside. A number of years ago I was acquainted with a young man; he was a farm servant; he was so because his selfish father would not teach him a trade; he would not keep him for the wages of an apprentice. Well, the youth resolved he would be a tradesman. Did he ask any one to help him? No; he carefully saved his penny-fee until he had acquired as much as, with his apprentice wages, would keep him independent of his father. He bound himself to an engineering firm; applied himself diligently to his work; was true to his employer; spent his evenings, not in singing-saloons or free-and-easys; no, but in the drawing and other schools. What was the result? Immediately on the expiry of his apprenticeship his employer found him a situation in a large steamboat; and in a very short time he was first engineer, in receipt of the highest pay. He was true to his mother, more than true to his father—true and useful to his brother, and is now the true and happy husband of a true wife. Take another instance—it occurred when I was an apprentice. In the immediate vicinity of our shop there was a public-house—some of you may remember it, it had a very peculiar sign—a negro man holding up his broken fetters, with the word 'freedom' underneath. Well, in this 'freedom' the men in our shop

had credit. During every week a pretty large score was run up for drink, which made an impression on every man's pay on Saturday. This went on for some time, till one Monday morning, as we sat round the stove during the breakfast hour, one of my shopmates said, 'This drinking is confounded nonsense; for my part I mean to give it up.' In this he was true to his word and true to himself, and that young man is now worth several thousand pounds; is very true to his worthy parents; and is a true and dignified member of society. One other incident: About fifteen years ago two apprentice boys were employed cleaning out a warehouse in this city. The youngest of the two boys, in cleaning out below the desk, where the floor was much affected by dry rot, came upon several large mushrooms; on turning up one of which a bright shilling was discovered, as if growing right in the centre of it. The boy's fancy was rather tickled at what appeared to him a natural curiosity. He immediately went into the workshop and exhibited the mushroom and shilling. Having done so he went to his employer, and throwing down the shilling, said, 'I found it under the desk.' Returning to the workshop, the elder apprentice asked, 'Where is the shilling?' The answer was, 'I gave it to the cork.' 'You must be a fool,' said the other; 'did you not find it?' 'Yes,' said the boy; 'I found it where the Highlandman found the tongs.' He added, 'He would as soon have thought of stealing a shilling as keeping that one.' Another of the apprentices now joined the two, and to him the youth who believed in keeping the shilling told how stupid his neighbour had been in giving up the shilling, which he said should have been divided. The third apprentice thus appealed to, said: 'The youth perhaps believes that "honesty is the best policy."' Some twelve years after the occurrence of this incident, the boy who found the shilling having become a man, was carrying on a large business, where a considerable capital was required. He was in want of money. He knew his old shopmate, who had witnessed the shilling-finding, had money to spare. He called upon him—it was early in the morning. The party called on was still in bed. He asked the caller what he wanted so early. The brief answer was, 'Money.' 'How much?'—'As much as you can spare.' Without saying another word, the old shopmate wrote a bank check for six hundred-and-fifty pounds, and handing it to the youth, said, 'You can give me a receipt for it at your leisure.' The youth who believed in keeping the shilling,

would, at that time, have had difficulty in borrowing one pound; while the known honesty of principle of the other was the 'open sesame' to his friend's entire purse. I have given you those three incidents with the view of exhibiting to you what I look upon as the three great essentials of success,—namely, quiet perseverance, strict sobriety, and stern honesty. The working man who daily practises these three simple virtues will certainly reach a comfortable position, and may attain one of fortune and honourable distinction—may stand in proud equality with the most exalted of the land. There is no lack of evidence to illustrate this. Take one or two examples: Sir Joseph Paxton, who reared the Crystal Palace, was a working gardener. Mr. Dargan, who did more for Irish industry than all her nobility put together, was the son of a peasant farmer. Mr. Andrews, the late mayor of Southampton, who did honour to Britain in his noble reception of the Hungarian patriot, was a working blacksmith; and Mr. Peto, the Queen's last-made baronet, learned a trade. Among ourselves we have our Dunns, our Bairds, and our Campbells—all architects of their own fortunes; and last, though not least, we have your own worthy employer, who, beginning life a humble mechanic, stands now at the head of the greatest engineering establishment in the world, and is the worthy and hospitable occupant of a fair palace on one of Scotland's sweetest lakes,—and that, too, with the best wishes of all who labour under his sway. I know the response you will give to the sentiment I now utter: Long life, health, wealth, and happiness to your worthy employer, Mr. Napier."

"People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after."—*Goldsmith.*

"We never know the true value of friends. While they live, we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them, we only see their virtues."—*Guesses at Truth.*

ON THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

"It was a fine conception, that of curdling up the common sense of mankind into pleasing and portable form—of driving the flocks of loose wandering thoughts into the penfolds of proverbs. They shew the same principles and passions to have operated in every age, proving the unity of man. Solomon's proverbs are every nation's laws,—proverbial, because based on simple truth."—*Gilfillan's "Birds of the Bible."*

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

(Continued from page 374, Vol. VI.)

A WALK THROUGH CONSTANTINOPLE.

UNDOUBTEDLY the best way to enjoy Constantinople is to provide oneself with a pair of boots long enough to reach over the knee, so as to make you independent of mud; and then to set out on foot, unaccompanied by a commissioner, and unburdened by Murray, to "saunter," as the momentary impulse leads, up this alley, and down that lane, stumbling unawares into mosque courts, and losing oneself in hopeless labyrinths of picturesque ruins. Thus only can you enjoy Stamboul. Your attention is not absorbed in trying to gag the *valet-de-place*, who is pouring forth his newest fabrications at your elbow, or in guiding a horse whose chief talent seems to be jamming your knees against sharp corners, or projecting himself on the unyielding burdens of unsympathizing donkeys. Nowhere do you find a more interesting field for amusement. Even after the busy bazaar is passed, the silent lonely streets are so very full of "newness." Street after street is passed (I speak at present of Stamboul *proper*, "the city of the Turks") in which you hardly see a soul. The latticed windows and firmly closed doors give the place an uninhabited look. A female figure in gay coloured clothes may flit rapidly round a corner, looking like the good genius of the place finally deserting its home, or a mangy dog lies lazily in the narrow stream of sunshine; but your footfall alone disturbs the stillness. Then the houses themselves are such villainous tumble-downs—very beau-ideals of picturesque rotteness. Any of them might be taken as models for the scene of some tragic murder,—or might bear the imputation of any amount of crime. He must, indeed, have been an erratic genius who planned and erected them!

These characteristics, while they belong more or less to all the houses in Constantinople, are possessed in a more marked degree by those in Stamboul, which is that part of the city which lies to the south of the harbour, or Golden Horn,—an arm of the Bosphorus running at right angles to it on its west shore, and up some distance into the land. On the north of the Golden Horn

lies Galata, close by the shore, and Pera above it, on the hill-side. The former is the commercial, and the latter the aristocratic quarter; and each of the three great divisions—Stamboul, Galata, and Pera—are as distinct from one another in their class of inhabitants and customs as can be. Galata is full of bustling, rapacious Greeks, cheating Armenians, and traders of all nations. Pera is the hotel and embassy quarter; while Stamboul is peculiarly the city of the Turks. To see Constantinople, then, we must cross the Golden Horn; and this is accomplished by means of various bridges of boats. It is here on these bridges, more especially on one by the harbour, that the curious mixture of nations visiting this capital are to be seen. As the tide of human beings flows past, the nations of the world seem to have sent representatives to the grand masquerade. Turks, Greeks, Persians in their high sheepskin caps; Circassians in their open pelisse, stuck over with cartridges; French, English, soldiers and sailors; the Jew with his "kick-me-if-you-will feature;" the fat pasha on his sleek cob; and the wandering dervish, a medley bundle of rags and smells; and last in place, but prominent in beauty, the Circassian female, in her gingerbread-looking carriage,—all crowd along in little wavelets. There is not in the world, perhaps, such a "melange." After crossing this bridge, you require to run the gauntlet through a host of importunate Jews, amiably tendering their services as guides through the bazaars: "Want me, master? shew you all the buzzars for tû pence;" and they might add with propriety: "Cheat you, master, throughout all the day for nothing;" for a more villainous set it would be difficult to find. The first place usually visited is the drug bazaar, near the water. This is the most truly oriental of all the covered bazaars. Arched overhead, it is a street in itself, lined on both sides with wooden counters, covered with heaps of dye stuffs, curious roots, and dried leaves brought from every clime. A sombre shade is thrown over all from the absence of windows, and a heavy smell of incense loads the air. The old long-bearded Turks, too, sitting so solemnly behind their wares, so strikingly dressed

in their snow-white turbans and halcks, and enveloped in perpetual clouds of tchibouque smoke. One's mind is filled with an inexpressible feeling, compounded of the reminiscences of the Arabian nights, and the scenery on a China tea-cup—a feeling as if looking on something not of this world—an opium vision of Eastern travel. The other bazaars are divided into streets, each set apart for some craft. Goldsmiths, drapers, shoemakers, furriers, tobacconists, &c. &c., herd together; so that on one side is seen a long line of yellow morocco slippers, and up another alley, muslin dresses and Fez caps.

It is curious to observe the sudden vivacity which seizes on the formerly listless stall-holder when he thinks you are going to buy. "Look here, master!" "I say, Johnny," resound on all sides. Shoes, silk dresses, caps, flourish in the air; and pipe-sticks with amber mouth-pieces, are held out in a style meant to disarm all opposition. If you do offer for anything, they coolly demand ten times what they mean to accept, and unblushingly receive a mere fraction of their demand; if you only let them handle the money, the touch has a charm for them they cannot resist. Armed with the solitary sentence "*katch ghroush*," the analogue of the "*combien*," "*quanto*," or "*wie viel*," by the aid of which the independent Englishman travels over Europe, you may come to terms; the shortest way being to pocket the goods, pay down what you believe to be proper, exclaim, "*bono*," which here passes for everything, and move on. The crowd in these bazaars is sometimes immense; and as horses and carriages are allowed to pass where they can, the jam is sometimes complete. The women form the majority; and here, as elsewhere, they seem to derive their chief amusement from shopping. To see the crowd of yashmac'd females at the stall of some fashionable Jew, hauling down and examining everything on his shelves, teasing and bullying, and yet going away without purchasing, would be an interesting thing to the ethnologist, as tending to shew how universal are such features throughout the great female family. It is in the bazaars that the chief beauties of the Turkish harems are to be seen, particularly when the Sultan's "lot" are abroad. I was lucky enough the other day to see nineteen carriages, having four in each, coming from the seraglio; and I must say, that while many of them were exquisitely beautiful, the majority had little to boast of. The yashmacs, while they

conceal much that may be plain, reveal all the glory of the large solemn eye, which irresistibly bends you in the dust. Outside the bazaars, in the streets around, one catches such queer peeps of marble bath-rooms, stirring coffee-houses, the portico of a mosque, or a curious little graveyard let in between the gables of contiguous houses; there a tobacco shop, here a confectionary stands heaped with the delicious sweetmeats of which the Turks are so fond. At corners, too, are often seen beautifully ornamented windows of latticed iron-work, overshadowed by hanging roofs to ward off the sun, and having ranged all round little brazen cups full of cold water, to quench the burning throat of the passer-by, and which tiny goblets are ever replenished by an attendant, who stands within, the guardian at the tomb of some great man—it may be a monarch of former times—who has endowed the well in perpetuity for his thirsty countrymen. The ornamented coffin of the founder may be seen within, reposing on the marble pavement. Some of these tombs are most elegant. Light marble chapels placed in gardens, from which the roses clime to the windows, and enter the railings around the entrance. Stoves, too, heat the air in winter, and carpets cover the floor. There is nothing of cold mould. The skull and crossbones are concealed with velvet and gold trimmings.

In Stamboul we visit also the Atmeidan, or Hippodrome—so interesting from its historic associations. The scene of the Greek games, and the frequent *emeutés* of the Janissaries, and the final destruction of that turbulent body within its precincts, bestow on it considerable interest. Near by is St. Sophia,—the first-built, and still the most splendid of the mosques of Constantinople. A few years ago no one could obtain admission without a firman, which cost £10, and an immense deal of trouble. I and a few more got in the other day for fourpence a-head—the tariff the invaders have set down for themselves. This church being built in the form of a Greek cross, displays a greater area to the eye than is presented in the Latin churches. The view of the interior from the gallery is very striking, when looking down on the vast centre spanned by that wonderful cupola, whose construction has puzzled so many architects, poised, as it were, in the air, without support. The groups of prostrate worshippers; the teachers surrounded by their attentive congregations; the fretted roof and graceful pillars, combine to form an admirable and

unique whole. The church, however, being built by the Christians, stands east and west; while the Mihrab, or Mussulman altar, having always the direction of Mecca, which here lies to the south-east, is in one corner; and all the carpets, &c., being laid with reference to this, gives an awry twist to the church, and takes away much from the general effect. The ancient pillars are relics of all the chief temples of antiquity, such as that of Diana at Ephesus, the Sun at Baalbec, Pallas at Athens, Pœbus at Delos, and of Cybele at Cyzicus. Justinian and Chrysostom, too, shed the light of their happy memory over its walls; and the melancholy scene here enacted of Constantine, the last of a long line of imperial rulers, partaking of his last sacrament, as he went forth to sacrifice his life in defence of his beloved city—consecrating the whole. On one pillar is shewn the outline of the conqueror's mailed hand, as, red with blood, he struck it in his fury against the stone; and another pillar nearly severed in twain, is said to have owed its destruction to a stroke from the sabre of the same warrior. The worn toe of St. Peter is outdone by a holy stone contained in this church, which has a large hole worn in it by the digital applications of the worshippers. The splendour of this church before it was defaced, is almost fabulous. The spoils of kingdoms were lavished on its construction, and many lives sacrificed to hurry on its completion. "Solomon! I have surpassed thee!" was the exclamation of the delighted emperor, as he prostrated himself before the high altar on the day of its consecration—the self-adoration of the man overcoming his seeming ardour in the service of God. The rest of the imperial mosques are all more or less after the plan of St. Sophia, which seems to have completely revolutionized the taste of the Moslem architects. Many of them are very large and handsome; and from being built by the Mussulmans, have their high altars placed in the middle of the wall, which obviates the awkwardness remarked in St. Sophia. It is a curious thing, that in St. Sophia, the image of our Saviour above the high altar is hardly defaced, and can be easily traced through the overlaid gilding. As it tells of former creeds, does it not point to the revival of the old faith? In the court of one of the mosques multitudes of sacred pigeons reside, and are fed by the faithful, who purchase food for them from a man in attendance, and far outdo in numbers the celebrated flocks of Venice. In the galleries of nearly all the mosques are

stored the goods of pilgrims, enclosed in large trunks. If they return from their journey, they claim their merchandise; if they die, all is confiscated to the church—a novel sort of insurance. The worship is very curious, being in a great measure personal—each one praying for himself; but they unite in numbers, headed by a priest, who gives, as it were, the word of command, and all kneel, or rather prostrate themselves, and go through the other parts of their service as if by one impulse. Stroking their beards, turning the head to either side, putting the hands up to the side of the head, and the thumb under the lobe of the ear, or holding them out before their faces, as if they were reading from them, are attitudes which frequently occur in their service.

The old walls which surround Constantinople in double, and sometimes triple tire, are envious prizes for the painter. They have endless picturesque stones and angles on the sea-side, with curious old houses packed on their ragged summits. Landwards, the creeping ivy and clustering wild rose cover ditch and rampart. The massive towers are so funnily split from top to base, and lie either in huge masses in the ditch, or totter to their fall in such perfectly picturesque groupings, that hours insensibly pass as we walk or ride along them. The famous fortress of "the Seven Towers," along the garrison of the Janissaries, with its "place of skulls," forms a fitting termination to the circuit.

The fires of Constantinople have ever been a fruitful source of interest to the traveller, and taken a prominent part in his diary. The wooden houses do, in truth, look as if, in their fantastic rottenness, they were just built expressly to burn; and that if once set a-blaze, the whole city would go down like a hay rick. Being for some time here without hearing or seeing such a thing, I was becoming sceptical of their existence, except at long and uncertain intervals, and was disposed to appreciate them as travellers' myths, grotesquely told to end a chapter; but last night, the chorus of watchmen, who, with the accompaniment of beating the stones with iron-pointed staves, the more completely to awake you, bellowed out the long looked-for intimation, "Yanghun var!"—i. e., "There is a fire!" completely dissipated all my incredulity; and on looking out, there was a fire, and no mistake. A large manufactory close by was in flames; and as the watchmen kept on in the most impressive manner informing one of the fact, the thousand dogs of the neighbourhood raised up

their voices and wept, remembering, probably, some favourite haunt which was now being given over to the devouring element. A perfect column of red flame shot high into the murky sky, and spread itself on every side as it licked up the miserable rickety houses around like wood shavings. The effect on the landscape was very fine. The Bosphorus and Golden Horn were lit up as by an unearthly light, which, as it rose and fell, alternately flashed over them, and shrouded them in deep darkness. These fires do great damage, and often ruin the miserable inhabitants, who not unfrequently have their whole wealth in their dwellings; and now extensive ruins abound throughout the city attesting the fierceness of the fires, and the indolence or poverty of the inhabitants. By a recent regulation, all new buildings require to have a stone wall between every second house, so that the fires cannot now spread as they used to do; but there is still room for an immense deal of useful burnings before all the old rubbish of houses is cleared away.

The dogs are another unailing item in the journal of travellers; and I fear that this feature, too, will soon disappear. Byron made them poetical; and more recent writers, out of gratitude for their scavenging abilities, have added to their renown. They, in fact, but too often form the sole item in Constantinopolitan life with which many are acquainted before they visit the Golden Horn. Speak of Constantinople, and your neighbour will probably ask if it is not overrun by wild dogs. A city of cypress trees and minarets, in which life and property are not safe, and where dogs are omnipotent, forms the most received notion of Constantinople. The truth is, however, that the dogs, though without masters, and confined, by certain understood rules of etiquette, esteemed among themselves, to particular streets or sections of the city, are in reality well-disposed, though lazy citizens. Whether it be that their manners have partaken of the improved amiability which has of late been licked into all the members of society here by the new comers, or that they have been in reality maligned, I know not; but I must do them the justice to say, that they have never at any time shewn towards me that unhappy ferocity which has been usually ascribed to them. Give them a sunny corner, or a cool pool of mud, and they will never trouble you,—that is, always supposing you do not insult them. If you tramp on their tails, or wake them from their first sleep at night by stumbling over their noses, you need not wonder

if they growl or bite you—you would do the same on a less provocation. The Turks recently gave a curious example of straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel in the case of these poor dogs, whose life they would no more take by shooting or drowning, than they would that of their dearest child; but they had no hesitation in sending some thousands of them to a desert island in the Sea of Marmora, where, without food or drink, they were left to devour one another,—which I am told, they accomplished very effectually.

SAILORS ON SHORE.

Of the heterogeneous collection of foreigners who at present crowd the streets of Constantinople, there is perhaps no class who appear more heartily to enjoy themselves than the sailors of the combined fleets. Day and night the whole city re-echoes with their bacchanalian shouts, and out of every coffee-house rolls, in broken and hiccuped accents, the inharmonious chorus of their favourite sea ditties. As, linked arm in arm, they promenaded the streets, everything is chased away before them, either through a wholesome fear which they inspire, or the no less potent impulse of their headlong advance. The French have made themselves much more conspicuous for this distinguished acquirement than our men, ever since the fleet came into these waters. Our worthy allies have certainly fully come up, in this particular, to the panegyric lately bestowed on them of doing "nothing by halves," as they appear to me to get drunk, not by ones or twos, but by entire ships' crews. One day the streets are deluged by the muddled progeny of the "Valmy;" on the next the heroes of the "Napoleon" take the lead; while the crew of the flag-ship, the "Ville de Paris," has out-Heroded all, and seem to have become chronically and helplessly inebriated. Go where you will, and at any hour, and you find the streets barricaded with their prostrate bodies, and the kennel choked with their glazed hats. One never goes out but some amusing scene occurs. On a late grand state occasion, the pet troops of the Turkish garrison were paraded, and their band was "discoursing sweet music" to the assembled fashionables of Constantinople. A drunken sailor stood by, plastered against a neighbouring wall, his hands in his trousers' pockets, and a short black pipe in his mouth. He continued for some time to smile encouragingly on the performance, till, roused by some unlucky note which jarred his

artistic ear, he became suddenly possessed of most malevolent feelings, and launching himself amidst the performers with irresistible force, just at the most critical part of the composition, he attacked first an unfortunate torturer of the trombone, and then dealt his delicate attentions around on the others, with hand and foot, till, after a few squeaks and grunts, the whole concert abruptly ended. Unfortunately, just at last our hero "caught a crab," as he himself poetically expressed it, in a futile attempt to kick the big drum; for, as his foot missed its mark, and flew up rather higher than its owner's equilibrium would permit, he landed in the mud—here no mere symbolic expression. Finally, he allowed himself to be borne away to the guard-house, with the resigned air of a martyr who had done his duty.

The Greeks are the great and declared enemies of the sailors, and many a bloody fight do they wage with one another. To cheat, thrash, and abuse the Greeks, is the great problem which engages the marine intellect, and tests its enterprise. Not a few of our tars have been killed in these encounters, as the Greeks almost always use their knives. As these Greeks are the lowest sharpers amidst a nation of cheats, it is no wonder poor Jack, on whom their talents are chiefly exercised, should entertain such a rooted antipathy for them. The alliance, offensive and defensive, between the French and English sailors is complete. Never was the *entente cordiale* more vigorously recognized. Though not understanding one word of each other's language, they roll about together conversing most fluently, if one may judge by the sage and solemn shakes of the head, and the frequent halts when they confront one another and shake hands, for a long time exclaiming "*bono*" now and then, to intimate their perfect satisfaction with one another. It generally ends by their marching off, probably to cement their friendship by drubbing some unhappy Greek. The Turks do not understand these worthies at all, and appear to look upon them with the fear we do on a wild beast,—desirous to propitiate them, but at a distance. Often you see a Turk embraced and hugged by a sailor in a sudden fit of friendship; and while he vainly endeavours not to appear at all frightened, the forced laugh and supplicating look for assistance, as well as the spasmodic manner in which he utters "*bono*," all testify to his very uncomfortable feelings. The other day an English sailor, more than "half-seas over," was making a fool of himself in

the main street of Pera, when a Turkish cavass, or policeman, came up and tried to remove him. Jack took the "peeler" by the arm in the most friendly manner possible, and was marching away with him, yarning away at some long story, which was plentifully intermixed with vocal illustrations, till he got near the guard-house, where he all at once appeared to have woke up to a knowledge of his friend's true character. He immediately withdrew his arm, and after a few minutes' deep cogitation he fetched a round blow at the Turk, which hit pretty smartly against that official's thin sides, and at the same time quite exhausted his own already exhausted powers of resistance. The functionary's dignity was insulted, and his bones pained; and as he saw his victim could not do much more to oppose him, he began, in keeping with his true generic instinct, to use the sailor very roughly. A French soldier, who was passing, immediately seized a stick from a shop door, and flew to the rescue. The poor cavass was beaten most unmercifully, and notwithstanding that he carried a sword, and a whole lapful of different weapons, he forgot his propriety, and fairly ran. Greek and Turk shrunk to either side, and did not interfere. Jack, in the meantime, went into a shop, and, seating himself at the counter, waited the *denouement* with the utmost calmness. On his ally's return he swaggered off, singing something about a certain Susan.

In truth, nothing can possibly be conceived more opposed than a drunk sailor and a solemn sober Turk of the old school. They appear the very contradictions in human nature. One could as well picture a true Osmanli in his flowing pantaloons dancing a hornpipe, or whistling the last opera, as suppose he could have any community of feeling with a drunken English seaman.

G. H. B. L.

(To be continued.)

W A B.

We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and
girls,
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pick off an insect's leg, all read of war,—
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learnt his only
prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words
enough
To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and deceit,
And all our dainty terms for fratricide;

Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our
tongues

Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to
which

We join no feeling, and attach no form!

As if the soldier died without a wound;

As if the fibres of this God-like frame

Were gor'd without a pang; as if the wretch

Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,

Pass'd off to heaven translated, and not
kill'd;

As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days
Are coming on us, oh! my countrymen!
And what if all-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings? Spare us yet awhile,
Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!
COLLIER.

GLEANINGS ON THE WAR.

I.

PRAYER AND THE WAR.

"THE Lord reigneth." God already governs the innumerable multitude of material worlds; but He does not yet reign in all hearts. A few rejoice in His sovereignty; and those few will soon become many, and the many will become all. How beautiful is the harmony of the heavens! How dark and stormy the convulsions of the earth! Yet order, even here below, will spring out of disorder, and the Spirit of God, brooding over the dark and stormy deep, will give rise to a new moral world of light and beauty.

The great lesson which we have to learn and to practice is, that in human affairs God does not work without man, but makes him co-efficient though subordinate to himself. All great and ameliorating changes are to be preceded by prayer. Prayer is the law of the kingdom of heaven, and its motive principle. Even to the King Messiah it is said, "Ask of me, and I will give thee the nations for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession;" and the voice of God's people to the future Subduer and Saviour of the world is, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty;" where we see the language of prophecy is exchanged for the expression of prayer. If God's people ask, the promise will assuredly be performed, and the victory and dominion be secure.

Prayer should be the habitual language of the believer, for it is the cry of want addressed to the source and centre of plenty and power. But we do not feel our deep need in any adequate degree, till we are brought by pain and misery to cry out for relief. Hence, in order that God's people may be a praying people, they are also a poor and

afflicted people, whose faith is stimulated into constant exercise by adverse events. And thus, though war, pestilence, and famine be judgments upon God's enemies, they also serve as most merciful remembrancers to stir up God's people to a fervour of prayer unknown to their more prosperous days. We have an apparent example of this in the present war: the chief revivals which we at present experience are connected with that war. The danger of relatives and the losses of friends have evidently raised up an earnestness of intercession, which has had power with God, and has prevailed. The careless, in many instances, have become thoughtful; the doubtful have been brought to decision; and those who have already been in the faith, but weak in the faith, have waxed strong. The war, however, bears evident tokens of God's judgments, as well as of His mercies. In many respects it has been most disastrous for Britain; and though these disasters may be traced to human incapacity, they have not less to be regarded as signs of God's displeasure.

We must look for the remedy higher than man. Our appeal must be, in the first place, to God. He has raised up, in former days, a Marlborough, a Nelson, and a Wellington, who overbalanced the incapacity of former ministers, out of weakness waxed strong, and put to flight the armies of the aliens. "I therefore exhort," says St. Paul, "that supplications be made for all men, for kings, and for all in authority." Prayer should therefore arise for the Queen morning and evening. None of our misfortunes are attributable to her, who still has the cause of Britain at heart, and who still possesses the hearts of her subjects. May she never lose them! Prayer should be made continually for the Queen's ministers. May God deliver her from hollow-hearted or weak-headed men, and sur-

round her with those who are fitted for as arduous a situation as man ever occupied!

Wise, upright, valiant, not a venal band,
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand.

Prayer, also, should be made for both Houses of Parliament, lest they be weighed in the balance and found wanting, when they come up in remembrance before God, with all other bodies to whom political power has been entrusted, before the angel pours out the fulness of his vial into the political heavens, and before the storms are let loose which will shake to their centre all the institutions of the world. Above all, prayer should be made for the people, the true heart of Britain, whence all that is vital circulates to the remotest branches of the political body, that they may maintain integrity of purpose and firmness of resolution. They have the real and ultimate power in their hands, as far as they possess the power of election and the choice of Members of Parliament. Let them never entrust men with the affairs of the nation to whom they would not commit their own private affairs. Let the elected at least be honest, and, if possible, religious—men who fear God and hate covetousness, and who will ask counsel of the Most Wise before they give advice or instruction to others, and, with God's blessing, all will yet be well.*

II.

OUTLINE FOR UNITED PRAYER FOR THE ARMY.

O Lord God, our Heavenly Father, we come before thee in this our time of national affliction, believing that there is help for us in thee, and only in thee.

O Lord, have mercy on our country. Though our sins have been without number, yet, for thine own great mercy's sake, deal not with us after our sins. Take not utterly away thy loving-kindness from us. Thou hast been in times past our strength and our shield. Oh! forsake us not utterly.

Thou art full of compassion and of great kindness; oh! have mercy upon the sufferings of our poor soldiers. Look upon them in cold, and hunger, and weariness—in sickness and in death.

* From the first of a series of tracts, by Mr. Douglas of Cavers, on "The Coming of the Kingdom." Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

Let thine eye pity them; let thy hand help and spare them. Let them not perish miserably by famine and pestilence. Let them not be cut down by their enemies. Cover thou their heads in the day of battle. Grant them victory; and if good in thy sight, may the stronghold of the enemy yet fall into their hands.

Above all, we beseech thee, grant an outpouring of thy Holy Spirit upon them all. Make every one a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Fill them "with the Holy Ghost and with faith." Teach the sick, the wounded, and the dying, by that ever blessed Spirit, to look only to Jesus for salvation; to "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

May all who are gone forth to teach them be taught of thee, and "know nothing among them but Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

Grant these mercies also to our allies; and shew pity and mercy towards our enemies. Deal tenderly with all who are suffering the miseries of war.

Give wisdom to all those who are in authority, to see the things that are right to be done, and enable them to do such things with vigour and success.

O Lord God, the Holy Spirit, do thou teach our people to pray, and help our unbelief, that, as a nation, we may indeed believe that thou, God, dost govern the kingdoms of the earth,—that with one voice we may cry unto thee, and with one heart trust thee,—and may we know, and that speedily, that thou art a God that heareth prayer. "O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do. Defer not, for thine own sake, O our God."

We ask all for the sake of thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

III.

LETTER OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

"BOSTON, July 29th, 1745.

"DEAR MADAM,—You will be surprised to hear that a messenger of the Prince of Peace, especially such a weak creature as I am, should beat up to arms. No doubt, you have judged me, as well you may; but Providence seemed to force me to it. You have now heard of the Cape Breton Expedition, which was carried on and finished with the greatest secrecy and expedition here, before it could be scarcely known to you at home. Worthy Colonel P—— was fixed upon to command. The day before he ac-

cepted of the commission, he purposed to dine with me to ask my advice. I told him that I hoped if he did undertake it, he would beg of the Lord God of armies to give him a single eye; that the means proposed to take Louisburgh, in the eye of human reason, were no more adequate to the end than the sounding of ram's horns to blow down Jericho; that the eyes of all would be upon him; and if he should not succeed in the intended enterprise, the widows and orphans of the slain soldiers would be like lions robbed of their whelps; but if it pleased God to give him success, envy would not suffer him to take the glory; and, therefore, he would take great care that his views were disinterested; and then, I doubted not, if Providence really called him, he would find his strength proportioned to the day, and would return more than conqueror! He thanked me, and his lady having giving her free consent, he commenced general.

"The sound was now, 'To arms! to arms!' New recruits were eagerly sought after, and my worthy friend Mr. S—— was appointed one of the commissaries. Being at his house, he told me, one evening, that he was preparing the flag, and that I must give him the motto, and that the people must know it too. I absolutely refused, urging it would be acting out of character. He replied, that the expedition, he believed, was of God; and that if I did not encourage it, many of the serious people would not enlist. I still refused. He desired me to consider, and sleep upon it, and to give him my answer in the morning. I retired—I prayed—I slept; and upon his renewing his request in the morning, I told him, that since he was so urgent, and as I did not know but Divine Providence might intend to give us Louisburgh, therefore he might take this motto,—'NIL DESPERANDUM CHRISTO DUCE.*' Upon this, great numbers enlisted; and, before their embarkation, their officers desired me to give them a sermon. I preached from these words: 'As many as were distressed, as many as were discontented, as many as were in debt, came to David, and he became a captain over them.' Officers, soldiers, and others attended. I spiritualized the subject, and told them how distressed sinners came to Jesus Christ, the son of David; and in my application, exhorted the soldiers to behave like the soldiers of David, and the

officers to act like David's worthies; then I made no manner of doubt but we should receive good news from Cape Breton. After this I preached to the general himself, who asked me if I would not be one of his chaplains? I told him, 'I should think it an honour; but believed, as I generally preached three times a-day in various places to large congregations, I could do my king, my country, and my God, more service by stirring up the people to pray, and thereby strengthen his and his soldiers' hands.' Through divine grace I was enabled to persist in this practice for some weeks; but, at last, news arrived that the case was desperate; letter upon letter came from one officer and another, to those who planned the expedition, and did not know the strength of the fortress. I smiled, and told my friends that I believed now we should have Louisburgh; that all having confessed their helplessness, God would now reveal His arm, and make our extremity His opportunity. I was not disappointed of my hope; for, one day, having taken a weeping leave of dear Boston, and being about to preach a few miles out of the town, news was brought that Louisburgh was taken! Numbers flocked with great joy from all quarters, and I immediately preached to them a thanksgiving sermon from these words: 'BY THIS I KNOW THAT THOU FAVOUREST ME, SINCE THOU HAST NOT PERMITTED MINE ENEMIES TO TRIUMPH OVER ME.' Here ends, dear Madam, my beating to arms; it is left to you to judge as you please of yours, &c.,

"G. W."†

SONNET.

My grief pursues me through the land of sleep,
It winds into the secret of my dreams,
And shapes their shadowy pomp. When
Fancy seems
To charm my fevered spirit into deep
Forgetfulness, the restless thought will creep
From its dim ambush, startling that repose;
And glooms, and spectral horrors round me
close
Like iron walls I may not overleap.
And then I seem to see thy face again;
But not, beloved! as thou wert and art,
And, with thy sweet voice tingling in my brain,
From this great agony of fear I start,
To feel the slow throb of habitual pain,
And undulled anguish grasping at my heart.

J. D. BURNS.

* Nothing to be despaired of—CHRIST being our Leader.

† Extracted from a tract published by the "Soldiers' Friend and Army Scripture Readers' Society."

PRAYER FOR THE SOLDIER OR SAILOR ABROAD BY HIS RELATIONS AT HOME.

O GRACIOUS and compassionate God! Thou art everywhere present beholding the evil and the good. To Thee all hearts are open, and all desires known. Thou knowest our frame, and rememberest we are dust, and Thy name is Love. We come to Thee through Jesus Christ, who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; who died for our sins; who ever liveth to make intercession for us; of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named; and through whom all have access by one Spirit unto Thee. We thank Thee that Thou hast graciously commanded us to be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto Thee, promising that Thy peace, which passeth understanding, shall keep our minds and hearts through Christ Jesus. To Thee, our Father, we cry in the sorrow of our hearts, supplicating Thee graciously to protect our beloved friend [husband, brother, son] amidst the tumult of this war, in which he must bear a part; and so to protect him, that he may be delivered from danger, and that we may again behold his face in the land of the living. Preserve him, O Lord,

from the arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence that walketh by night; keep his body in health and strength, and his soul in peace, through the blessed assurance of Thy presence. Oh! draw his heart mightily towards Thee, that he may have no pleasure in murder and destruction, but in Thy fear may shew love and compassion even to the enemy. Be ever with him as his shield and mighty defence from the powers of evil; let him not fall into sin, wantonness, or levity; work powerfully in him by Thy Holy Spirit; quicken him, that by earnest repentance and faith in Thy Son he may prepare himself for death; and if it be Thy will to call him away, give him a blessed ending, and let him come to Thee in Thy kingdom of glory. But while we beseech Thee to spare him, we also pray, that he may be so strengthened by Thy grace as to be made willing to lose his life in the doing of Thy will, rather than to save it by disobedience, or neglect of duty. Hear us, O Lord! We cast our care on Thee, for Thou carest for us; and we beseech Thee, Father of mercies, to answer our petitions for the sake of Him in whose words we would pray, saying: "Our Father," &c.

WANDERINGS IN CORSICA.*

MR. CONSTABLE furnishes us, month after month, with such a rapid succession of delightful volumes, that it is hardly possible to keep up with him in reading or reviewing them. The two volumes before us, entitled, *Wanderings in Corsica: its History and its Heroes*, are equal to any of their predecessors, and furnish a most delightful *melange* of the history of Corsica, wanderings through its picturesque mountains and valleys, fresh and artist-like descriptions of its scenery, with stories of its wild inhabitants and revengeful bandits, all written with singular taste and raciness of style.

There is some difficulty in gleanng extracts from its pages, as they are all worth perusing. The following may interest our readers, on the Napoleon family:—

NAPOLEON'S EARLY HOME IN AJACCIO.

"Bonaparte's house, which has, I am assured, sustained but slight alteration, though no palace, has plainly been the dwelling of a patrician family. Its appearance shews this, and it is without doubt a palace compared with the village-cabin in which Pasquale Paoli was born. It is roomy, handsome, and convenient. But the rooms are destitute of furniture; the tapestries alone have been left on the walls, and they are decayed. The floor, which, as is usual in Corsica, is laid out in small hexagonal red flags, is here and there ruinous. The darkness produced in the rooms by the closed jealousies, and their emptiness, made them quite dismal.

"Once, in the time of the beautiful Letitia, this house was alive with the busy stir of a numerous family, and brilliant with joyous hospitality. Now, it is like a tomb, and in vain you look around you for a single object on which fancy may hang associations with the history of its enigmatic inhabitants. The naked walls can tell no tale.

"I entered a little room with blue tapestry, and two windows, one of which, with a balcony before it, looked into a court, the other into the street. You see here a wall-press, behind a tapestried

door, and a fireplace with a mantelpiece of yellow marble, ornamented with some mythological reliefs. In this room, on the 15th of August 1769, Napoleon was born. It is a strange feeling, hard to put in language, which takes possession of the soul on the spot hallowed as the birthplace of a great man. Something sacred, mystic, a consecrated atmosphere, pervades it. It is as if you were casting a glance behind the curtain of Nature, where she creates in silence the incomprehensible organs of her action. But man discerns only the phenomenal, he attempts in vain to ascertain the *how*. To stand in silence before the unsearchable mysteries of nature, and see with wonder the radiant forms that ascend from the darkness—that is human religion. For the thoughtful man nothing is more deeply impressive than the starry sky of night, or the starry sky of history. I saw other rooms, the ballroom of the family, Madame Letitia's room, Napoleon's little room where he slept, and that in which he studied. The two little wall-presses are still to be seen there in which his school-books stood. Books stand in them at present. With eager curiosity I took out some of them, as if they were Napoleon's; they were yellow with age—law-books, theological treatises, a Livy, a Guicciardini, and others, probably the property of the Pietra Santa family, who are related to the Bonapartes, and to whom their house in Ajaccio now belongs."

NAPOLEON'S INFANCY.

"Little is known of Napoleon's infancy. His mother Letitia was in church at the festival of the Assunta of the Virgin when she felt the first pangs of approaching labour. She immediately hastened home; but had not time to gain her own room, and gave birth to her child in a small cabinet, on a temporary couch of tapestry representing scenes from the Iliad. Gertrude, her sister-in-law, attended her. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon when Napoleon came to the world.

"He was not baptized till the 21st of July 1771, nearly two years after his birth, along with his sister Maria Anna, who died soon after. It is said that he resisted vehemently when the priest was about to sprinkle the consecrated water on him; perhaps he wanted to baptize himself, as at a later period he crowned

* *Wanderings in Corsica: its History and its Heroes*. Translated from the German of Ferdinand Gregorovics, by Alexander Muir. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

himself, taking the crown from the hands of the Pope when he was about to set it on his head.

"His boyhood shewed symptoms of a vehement and passionate temperament. and he was at perpetual variance with his eldest brother Joseph. In these childish quarrels Joseph had always the worst of it, and was rudely handled; and when he ran to complain, Napoleon was declared to be in the right. Joseph became at last quite submissive to his younger brother; and the family began very early to look upon Napoleon as taking the lead among his brothers and sisters. The Archdeacon Lucian said to Joseph on his deathbed: 'You are the oldest of the family, but there stands its head—you must not forget that.'

"We are willing enough to believe that the boy Napoleon shewed a quite indomitable passion for everything military, and that this born soldier liked nothing so well as to run by the side of the soldiery of Ajaccio. The soldiers had a pleasure in seeing the boy go through the exercise beside them; and many a greyhaired veteran lifted him in his arms and caressed him for imitating the drill so valiantly. He teased his father till he purchased him a cannon; and the toy was long shewn in the house of the Bonapartes with which he used to make his mimic battle-thunder, and play the cloud-compelling Jove. He soon began to exercise empire over the youth of Ajaccio; and, like Cyrus with the shepherd-boys of the Medes, and Peter the Great with his play-fellows, he formed the children of Ajaccio into a regiment of soldiers, who bravely took the field against the youngsters of the Borgo of Ajaccio, and fought sanguinary engagements with stones and wooden sabres."

NAPOLEON'S EARLY DANGER IN CORSICA.

"The three representatives now made Napoleon Inspector-general of Corsican artillery, and instructed him to reduce the citadel of Ajaccio. He attempted it, but all his exertions to conquer the fortress of his native town were in vain. Destiny had planted no laurels for Napoleon in Corsica. During the siege, his life was on one occasion in extreme danger. He had occupied the Tower of Capitello with about fifty men, in order to operate from that point by land, while the vessels of war carried on the bombardment from the sea. A storm blew the fleet out of the gulf, and Napoleon remained cut off from it in the tower, where he had to defend himself for three days, living on horse-flesh, till some herdsmen from the mountains freed him

from his perilous situation, and he succeeded in reaching the fleet.

"Much disconcerted, he was proceeding to Bastia by land. On the way, however, he learned that his life was threatened, that Marius Peraldi had instigated the people to seize him, and put him into the hands of Paoli, who meant to shoot him as soon as he had him in his power. In Vivario he was concealed by the parish priest; in Bocognano his friends rescued him with the greatest difficulty from the fury of the people; during the night, he escaped through the window from the chamber in which he had hid himself, and at length reached Ajaccio in safety. Here again, however, menaced still more seriously, he fled from his house to a grotto near the chapel of the Greeks, where he remained concealed for a night. His friends now conveyed him safely on board a vessel, and he reached Bastia by sea. The fury of the Paolists was meanwhile directed upon Napoleon's family. Madame Letitia, terrified at the symptoms of approaching danger, fled with her children to Milelli, accompanied by some trusty peasants of Bastelica and Bocognano. Louis, Eliza, Paulina, and the Abbé Fesch, were with her; Jerome and Caroline remained in concealment with the Ramolinos. Still insecure in Milelli, the persecuted family fled during the night to the shore in the vicinity of the Tower of Capitello, to await there the arrival of the French fleet, which had been announced as on its way to reduce the citadel of Ajaccio. The flight through the rugged hill-country was difficult and fatiguing; for there are no paths in that region but over the rocks, through the macchia, and over the mountain torrents. Madame Letitia held little Paulina by the hand, Fesch preceded with Eliza and Louis; a troop of adherents from Bastelica, the birthplace of Sampiero, marched in advance, and behind them the men of Bocognano, armed with daggers, muskets, and pistols. The family of Napoleon wandering thus through the mountains, reached at length, after great exertions—clambering over rocks, and wading through streams—the shore at Capitello, where they all concealed themselves in the woods.

"About this time Napoleon had thrown himself on board a small vessel in Bastia, had out-sailed the French fleet, and landed at Isola Rossa, where many of the herdsmen of his family have their pasturing-grounds. Here learning that his relatives were in flight, he sent shepherds out in all directions to seek for them, and passed the night waiting in the most painful suspense for news.

Morning dawned; he was sitting under a rock, anxiously pondering the fate of his friends. Suddenly a herdsman rushed up to him, crying, 'Save yourself!' A band of men from Ajaccio, in quest of Bonaparte and his family, was hastening towards him. Napoleon sprang into the sea. His little vessel, a *chebeque*, kept his pursuers off by its fire, and the boat it had immediately lowered took him safely on board.

"On the same day Bonaparte sailed into the gulf, and keeping close in shore, he saw people making signals to be taken off. These were his mother Letitia and her children.

"The suffering family was conveyed with all speed to Calvi, where hospitable entertainers were found. But the house of the Bonapartes, in Ajaccio, had been entered and plundered by the furious mob. The family owed its rescue entirely to the prudence and foresight of the Corsican Costa, to whom Napoleon in his will bequeathed the sum of 100,000 francs in acknowledgment of the service."

THE TWO COFFINS.

"Where is Napoleon? What is left of him?"

"A name and a relic, which an easily blinded nation now publicly worships. What lately happened beyond the Rhine, appears to me like the celebration of Napoleon's suppressed funeral of 1821. But the dead do not rise again. After the gods have come their ghosts; and after the hero-tragedy, the satyr-farce. The breath of a charnel-house has spread through the world from beyond the Rhine since they awakened a dead man there.

"I went from the house of Letitia to the church where her coffin stands.

"The street of the King of Rome leads to the cathedral of Ajaccio. This church is a heavy building, with a plain façade; above its portal are some defaced armorial bearings. They are, doubtless, those of the extinct Republic of Genoa. The in-

terior of the cathedral has a motley and rustic appearance. Heavy pillars divide it into three naves, (*drei Schiffe*); the dome is small, like the gallery.

"Near the choir, to the right, a little chapel, hung with black, has been put up. Two coffins, covered with black velvet, stand therein, before an altar, coarsely decorated in the style we find in village churches. Clumsy wooden candlesticks have been placed at the head and foot of each coffin; and above each hangs a perpetual, but extinguished lamp. On the coffin to the left lies a cardinal's hat and an amaranth-wreath; on the coffin to the right an imperial crown and an amaranth-wreath.

"They are the coffins of Cardinal Fesch and Madame Letitia. They were brought hither from their Italian tombs in the year 1851. Letitia died in her Roman palace, in the Place di Venezia, on the 2d of February 1836, and her coffin had since stood in a church of the little town of Corneto, near Rome.

"No marble, no sculpture, nothing of the pomp of death, adorns the spot where a woman lies who gave birth to an emperor, three kings, and three princesses.

"I was astonished at the unconscious irony, the deep tragic meaning that lay, as it seemed to me, in the almost rustic simplicity of Letitia's tomb. It was like a princely tomb in the scenes of a theatre. Her coffin rests on a high wooden platform; the clumsy candlesticks are of wood, the gold is tinsel. The canopy of the chapel would fain look like velvet, but it is of common taffeta, and the long silver fringes are only silver paper. The golden imperial diadem on the coffin is of gilded wood. The amaranthine wreath of Letitia alone is genuine.

"Never, so long as the world has stood, has a mother's heart beat higher than the heart of the woman in this coffin. She saw her children, one after another, stand at the loftiest zenith of human glory; and, one after another, saw the same children fall."

GLASGOW MISSION TO THE HOSPITAL AT SGUTARI.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. MR. FERGUSSON TO THE SECRETARY.

LETTER I.

"SECRETARY, *Monday Morning,*
"12th February, 1855.

"When I arrived here on Wednesday last, the 7th instant, I found your kind and most welcome letter awaiting me.

I hope you have received my note from Malta. . . .
We sailed from Corfu on Saturday, and landed at Constantinople on Wednesday morning—a quick and pleasant passage. The number of 'sail' that were finding

their way along with us in the direction of the Bosphorus, was so large that it was with difficulty we could find our way through them. We were told at Constantinople that 400 had arrived that morning, and there seemed to be nearly as many to come. They had been wind-bound in the Archipelago; and when the wind changed to south, they were all driven up the Dardanelles together.

"Praised be the Lord that, in His most gracious providence, I am again at work; for during the past summer, to use the words of Charles Buxton, I have 'suffered much from the pain of inaction and the obscurity that hung upon the future.' I feel grateful to your Committee for having sent me to this most important field. I wish I could give you some idea of the state of things here; but it is hopeless to attempt it, at least at the present time. A little experience of the work will, I trust, leave me more leisure. So far as I have seen, the sick have every comfort. I find that even upon the spot, as well as at home, there are many opinions. I have asked every man to whom I have spoken as to their comforts, and every one says we have everything we require. Several have spoken strongly of the kindnesses shewn them by all parties. But I would not speak decidedly as yet on any point. Things here are upon such a large scale, that it would require not a few days, but a few weeks, to judge correctly of the general management of matters; and, besides, that is not my business.

"As this is the first of, I trust, many letters, allow me to give you a brief account of my first doings here. After a most tedious delay on board the 'Bahiana,' in expectation of a small steamer which was expected alongside to take off the packages which were addressed to Scutari, I took a caique across the Bosphorus, and was thankful, after a frightful tossing, as in a nut-shell, to find myself and all my baggage safe on the landing-stage at Scutari. I loaded a pair of Turks, and walked with them towards the Barrack hospital. On the way, an old gentleman on horseback accosted me, from whom I learned that Mr. Fraser, of the Free Church, had just arrived, having come overland. He kindly guided me to the main gateway, and told me where to find the senior chaplain and the commandant, to both of whom I wished to report myself. I afterwards learned that my unknown friend is a Mr. Bracebridge, who, with his lady, is living here with Miss Nightingale. Mr. Sabin, senior chaplain, received me most kindly, went with me to the commandant's and quar-

termaster's offices, and invited me to dine at six P.M. He and Mrs. S. live along with Mrs. Denny, wife of Colonel Denny, of 71st Highlanders. He could not give me a bed, as a chaplain had just arrived sick from the Crimea, to whom he had given lodging. I was turned into my room with no other furniture than my baggage; and having unfortunately brought no bed with me, I had the prospect of spending the night upon the boards, wrapped in a plaid. I rather liked the idea of trying this sort of life. But I thought it better to accept the kind offer of a mattress and quilt from a brother chaplain next door. The officers get room; but no furniture. The consequence of not knowing this before leaving home, was a whole day spent at Pera, purchasing, through the medium of signs, a few necessaries. I paid £2, 5s. for a bed, mattress, and quilt; £1, 7s. for two pairs of sheets; and £1, 10s. for a blanket.

"I was very happy to find Mr. Drennan here, who was ordained as chaplain by the Presbytery of Edinburgh. The day after my arrival, I took a walk through part of the hospitals. You ask, 'What are my first impressions?' It is difficult to say—the vast magnitude of the whole wellnigh confounded me. I walked first round the lower corridor of the Barrack hospital, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, in a narrow passage lined on each side by my fellow-countrymen, as closely as is possible, to allow the necessary space between each bed. The great majority are suffering from diarrhoea, some from dysentery, rheumatism, fever, &c. &c.; some have been lying ever since the battle of Alma, with little prospect of getting better; some are dying, (the mortality is somewhat less of late, between fifty and sixty are laid in one grave daily); some are convalescent, and are walking about on tottering and aching limbs, and many upon crutches; some expecting soon to return to their hard labour in the trenches, or on the heights; and some to return to their native land, to tell the soldier's tale, and to reap the rewards of their honourable toils. Many are lying on their beds in good health; but with painful wounds; and some with frost-bitten feet—here, a toe or more—there, nearly a whole of one, or of both, lost.

"But there is no end to the variety of their sufferings. It is truly a sad, a heart-sickening sight. And this corridor is a mere fraction of the whole. There are, I am told, from seven to eight thousand at Scutari alone, and they

appear to be arriving from the Crimea almost daily. They were carrying them in on stretchers the whole day yesterday. I saw one poor fellow literally 'skin and bone,' seated upon a bed, getting his entire body cleared of several months' accumulation of filth. The look of satisfaction, which shewed itself upon his spare features and hollow eyes, at once more getting a sight of his skin in its natural state, would have been a rich reward to me though I had performed the disagreeable work of scrubbing him! As I came from the hospital this afternoon, about five o'clock, I met a few artillerymen just come from the Crimea. One poor fellow was creeping along with much difficulty. I asked him how he did, and what was going on at Sebastopol. He seemed to know little about it. His reply was: 'There is a deal of sickness in the camp.' His feet were swollen, so that his shoes would not hold them. But when I suggested that he should get a carry, he smiled, and said: 'Oh! no; I'll make it out.'

"It did seem to me a puzzling task to find out a few Presbyterians among so many thousands; and the Episcopal chaplains all said they would not like to undertake it. Mr. D. and I agreed to divide the field—he taking the Barrack, and I the General hospital. Everybody here is overwrought, and things in general are, of course, imperfectly attended to. I heard a medical man say yesterday, that people at home know nothing at all about the real state of matters here. Before he came out, which was lately, he had said, Where, in the name of wonder, can all these medical men who are already at Scutari, go to? Now, he sees it is physically impossible that any man can do the work assigned to him with any satisfaction. One hundred-and-seventy patients, allowing only five minutes to each, would require fourteen hours a-day to see them all daily. No man can stand in these wards the half of that time. The orderlies are constantly being laid up with fever.

"I began my labours in the General hospital on Saturday last. On the preceding evening, a chaplain told me that he had seen that day a Presbyterian who wished much to see one of his own chaplains, as he had never seen one since he left home. I went immediately, and had a talk with him. He was able to move about, and promised to attend a meeting on Sabbath, in the chaplain's room. He had no Bible. There are very many in this state, particularly in the General hospital. It is quite distressing not to be able to put the Word of Life into their hands.

If you only heard how they thank me when I promise to procure them a Bible. 'I'll be very muckle obliged to you, sir.' This case encouraged me to set to work on the following day; so, handing it over to my colleague, to whom it belonged, I went to my own division.

"Oh! when will these Testaments be here? The desponding wish: 'I had a complete copy, psalms and paraphrases, and all; but it went with my knapsack, and I fear I shall never see it again,' almost rends my heart, when I cannot meet it by the hearty words: 'Here, my good fellow, is a new copy for you; regret not the one you have lost.' 'It would amuse, as well as melt you, to hear and see some men say: 'My Bible is gone with all my traps.' The arms are thrown out, and the hands opened wide, to shew how empty they are; and, when able, held up to shew that he is indebted to another for the very shirt he wears; and with a becoming indifference for an old knapsack, and an air, I think, peculiar to a soldier, he exclaims: 'I have nothing here!'—apparently grateful that he is still here himself, although all else is gone.

"Well, my plan was to go over the whole hospital, talking a few minutes to each man; and beginning at corridor A, I walked up between the two first beds, having learned, from the ticket attached to each, that I had two Protestants beside me. (The new tickets have English and Scotch Protestant upon them.) Both were so willing to listen, and I felt so much inclined to prolong the conversation, that I soon discovered my plan would not do. One of my friends, with honesty portrayed in his face, said: 'I was thinking that may be this was a warning to me.' A hopeful state; and though not Scotch, I must see him again. I speak to all, even to Catholics, when opportunity offers. One told me yesterday, he was a Catholic; but would be thankful for a good advice from any one. The hopeful lad of whom I have just spoken, pointed me to a Scotchman near by. This one told me where I would find another, and so on, till I found myself surrounded by Scots Greys, mostly from Edinburgh and Glasgow. In this way I saw and conversed with fifteen; and with all I found no difficulty in entering upon the chief object of my mission. I have now the addresses of thirty-two; but I have not made the acquaintance of all these, as I got a list of names from the English chaplain.

"Here I must close, or be too late for to-day's mail. I shall write again on this day week. To-day I have to take

writing material to the hospital, to write some letters to my friends by their bedside.

"To the queries of your letter I shall reply after. I have the necessary information."

LETTER II.

"Scotari, 25th February,
"Sunday Evening."

"I beg you will excuse my not writing by the mail of Monday last, according to promise. I assure you nothing would have prevented me but the pressure of work. I had many letters to write for my people, which I could not let stand. I find the correspondence part of my duty not a small part. The letters I have written for the soldiers average more than one a-day, which would not be much could they be thus distributed; but when three or four are crowded into one day, so as to give the latest news possible, the case is altered. I began with the plan of writing at the bedside of the men, which, when they were able to bear it, was a pleasure to them, and I thought would gratify those receiving the letters. Now, however, I have discontinued this, unless in any case where the man wishes to dictate himself. Much time was lost formerly, and I was precluded sometimes from putting in a word or two for the benefit of the reader.

"The books have not yet made their appearance. Men are asking almost daily for the Scotch psalms and paraphrases, and some ask for the Shorter Catechism. The psalms are much wanted on Sabbath for public worship, as we can have no singing without them. I called on Miss Nightingale to inquire about the nurses. She received me very kindly and politely—said that it would be necessary to write to the War Office about it. I said that you had written to ask permission to send them, and I only wished her to say whether they were required. She declined giving any reply—said she was in correspondence with the War Office on the subject. I left her, agreeing to call again. I did so yesterday, and have the happiness to tell you that Miss Nightingale has, in consequence of my application, written to the War Office, recommending that six more nurses be sent, two-thirds of whom are to be Presbyterians. They must be trained nurses—she cannot receive any more ladies. She has recommended that a board be formed in London, and a sub-board in Scotland, for the examination of the nurses; and those from Scotland will require to go to London to

be re-examined. Government has paid, and will continue to pay, for all the nurses. Miss N. asked me whether I thought trained nurses could be found in Scotland. She says, if this war continues, more may be required than the four named now. She has great confidence in the moral character of the Scotch; and the medical men here being mostly from Scotland, she thinks the nurses and they will draw well together. I said I thought that in the infirmaries in Scotland there could be found, with ease, four well-trained nurses; and that I thought the Committee of the Glasgow Scutari Mission would be glad if they could find for her some suitable assistants. She replied, that she should have much pleasure in receiving the services of the Scotch nurses. . . . The kindness of many of the nurses to all the men is highly spoken of by many of my men. Many of the nurses seem to attend the dressing of wounds; this, however, is, I think, not their proper work. Their work is to attend upon the weak, the helpless, and the dying—to attend to their little wants, and minister to their comfort in any way possible. Women who would feel for the souls of men as well as for their bodies, ought to be selected.

"I wish you saw the welcome we receive from the Scotch soldiers. I have, I think, seen the whole that are in the General, the Stable, and the Palace hospitals. I have ministered to 115, of whom there are professedly, 11 Free Church; 4 United Presbyterian; 6 Irish Presbyterian; 4 English Presbyterian; 3 Wesleyan; 1 Baptist; and 1 Independent; and the remaining 85 Established Church. Of the whole, so far as I have ascertained, only 16 have been communicants—9 Established; 1 Free; 1 Irish Presbyterian; 1 English Presbyterian; 1 Baptist; 3 Wesleyan. Of the 115, 19 have left the hospital since the 10th inst.—12 by death, and 7 by recovery.

"What of the success of your mission?" Alas! that has, I fear, been small as yet; but I trust some good has been done, and the field is hopeful. There is an unusual seriousness among the soldiers at this time, as might well be expected—they are open to impressions. I have not met with one who does not acknowledge that now especially is the time to be thoughtful—not one who does not profess to look to the Lord for help and mercy. But it cannot be expected, that men steeped in sin, as soldiers generally are, and in ignorance as well, should be brought quickly to a better mind without the leavening influence of the truth. Hence, though there is a universal profession, there is a fearful apathy, and, with

a very few exceptions, I have seen very little melting conviction. I fear there is great hypocrisy in many cases. One poor man who professed piety to me, was in the habit, in my absence, of cursing and swearing, even on his deathbed. To attempt to pour the balm of Christian consolation into the wounds of such hypocrites, is altogether a hopeless task. I have been speaking more plainly of late to the hearts and consciences; and I am encouraged to hope that some wounds are being made by the sword of the Spirit. It is lamentable to see men who have been raised from sickbeds returning to their former habits. Though a meeting for public worship, according to the form of the Church of Scotland, has been intimated in the Barrack hospital for nearly two months, no convalescents have yet come out to it, and no meeting has been held. I intimated a meeting on the afternoon of the first Sabbath after my arrival, but none came. I afterwards learned, however, that several came to the bottom of the stair, but were told by the sentry that they were too late, (the English service being immediately before ours;) they went away disappointed. Last Sabbath I had an audience of from twelve to fifteen, and to-day I had about twenty hearers. I baptized a child publicly. His mother presented him. His father is at Balaklava with his regiment, the 93d.

"For the sake of those who feel inclined, I think we ought to dispense the Communion here, monthly or thereby. There are several who, I am sure, would consider this a high privilege. . . . There is always a loud cry for books; and there is a supply to be had at the chaplain's quarters in the Barrack hospital, of tracts and little books of various kinds, some of which are excellent, but many indifferent, and, to a Presbyterian, somewhat objectionable.

"The books you have sent will be very acceptable when they come. . . . As to sending clothes, I see not how you could in this way help me. I got from Mrs. W— of —, Edinburgh, twelve jars of jam, which I distribute in small quantities to such as might specially be benefited by it. Two men told me the other day, that they had revived exceedingly from the time I gave them the jam—it gave them a little appetite. The nurses are the parties to distribute these things. I believe they are the means of saving many a man's life. The medical superintendent of the Hulk hospital told me yesterday, that he observed, when a man had a comrade to attend to his little wants, he generally did much better than when he had none. I also

got a sovereign from a lady in Kinross-shire, to lay out for the comforts of the soldiers;—with this I purchase oranges, for which they are most grateful.

"I manage now to see all my men in the General hospital every second day—the cases of dangerous illness, daily; and those in the other hospitals once in three days.

"I wish I had time to tell you of some cases of deep interest. One man called me from his bed as I passed by—told me he was a Wesleyan, but would be thankful for my instruction. He said he was very ill, and feared he was dying, and wished me to write to his wife. I talked with him some time. He was deeply moved; told me he trusted in the Lord, and that he was able to say: 'The will of the Lord be done.' I read to him from the book you gave me—*The Sheltering Vine*—that beautiful hymn: 'Thy will be done.' As I went on, he raised his streaming eyes to heaven, exclaiming: 'Praised be the Lord! Glory be to God!' &c. I saw him frequently afterwards. He died.

"Another man who, when I first spoke to him, was very distant and indifferent to my inquiries. I spoke to him suitably—called again on another day, and found him asleep, but very ill—did not like to disturb him. I called again. He now received me gladly, melted into tears when I told him of the necessity of giving immediate attention to the concerns of his soul. I offered to pray with him; but he was not prepared to confess Christ before others, and declined indirectly—this shewed me that his convictions were sincere, a hypocrite would not have refused. Next time I called he was better in body, and, I hope, better also in mind. He had been reading the New Testament, every line of which now had a meaning, which he never saw in it before. He reached out his thin arm for his little Testament, and opened the second paraphrase, saying: 'How beautiful it is!' He began to repeat it, while I held the book; but his emotions choked him. I read it to him, and he exclaimed: 'Oh! what the Lord hath done for my soul! If it please the Lord to raise me up, I shall rise a new man.' The last time I called, he had been reading the psalms; and he said: 'Oh! what a blessed thing it is to have learned these in one's youth!' When I asked for his health, he said he was not much better, and added: 'I trust in God:

'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.'

"Another was so weak as to be almost unable to speak. I spoke to him of pardoning mercy and redeeming love. He burst into tears, and said: 'It is too late now!' I told him yet the door is open; and the text which occurred was: 'Behold, now is the accepted time,' &c. He cried out in the most bitter agony: 'That is what my father used to tell me.' He was quite given up; and as I called daily I expected to see him gone. But he still lingers on, and there is now hope of his recovery.

"To-night, as I came down from the service, the nurse told me that a man in ward No. 5 wished to see me. He is an Irish Presbyterian, whom I had not seen before in consequence of the stupidity of the orderlies. He told me he was dying, and would be thankful if I would come and see him as often as convenient, as long as he lived. The open simplicity of his mind enabled me to speak to him freely at once. He was afraid there was not pardon for him. I endeavoured to hold up to him the Lamb of God. He told me he had led a religious life before he listed; but since, he had been a great drunkard; and though his other sins might, in comparison, be called little, they were all damning, and he had no hope in himself. I prayed with him, and for him, as a dying man. He said: 'If it were the Lord's will I would willingly go this night; but if it pleased Him to give three days more, I should be thankful. I asked him what he wanted three days' more life for—to work out a righteousness for himself? His reply was: 'That I might get more fervency in love.' I had then to teach him not to make feelings his Saviour. He said he should like me to be near him when he died—I would do him 'a world of good,' for my words came to his heart, laying his hand upon his breast. I had then to teach him not to trust in man. I took his wife's address, to write her; and I asked him what he had to say to her. He said: 'Tell her I die as a Christian—that I have hope of heaven. Tell her to behave herself, and to take care of my two children; to live a godly life; and that I hope to meet her again at the great day, on the right hand.'

"I shall not be surprised though I do not see him again. I might tell you of several other equally interesting cases—time will not permit.

"The parents of the child I baptized are from St. Andrews—can the birth be registered in Scotland? I enjoy excellent health. Mr. Drennan has had fever, but he is convalescent.

"I have no time to re-write, or even

to write with care. In the hope of hearing from you soon,—I remain, &c.

"P. S.—Another Presbyterian missionary here would be a great help; but none are allowed to enter the hospital unless appointed by Government."

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE SCUTARI MISSION,

(In addition to those already acknowledged.)

Per Rev. Dr. Craik—			
Mrs Donald, 133 Regent Street		L. 1	0 0
Miss Scott and Mrs Kennedy, 227 Brandon Place			1 0 0
Miss Dixon, 25 India Street			1 0 0
P Robertson, 421 St. Vincent Street		0 10	0
Miss Meek, 58 West Regent Street			0 2 6
Miss Davidson, do.			0 2 6
John Stewart, 8 Montague Place			1 0 0
Andrew Johnston, 3 Montague Place			1 0 0
James Miller, North Albion Street			0 5 0
Mrs Tennent, 178 Wellington Street			0 5 0
Misses Tennent, do.			0 5 0
Miss Spears, 14 St. George's Road		0 10	0
Mrs Haldane, Renfrew Street			0 5 0
Mrs Fleming, Claremont Terrace			2 5 0
Misses Fleming, do.			0 5 0
Mrs Campbell, 56 Dundas Street			0 5 0
Mrs William Thomson, 105 Douglas St.			0 5 0
Miss Grant, 3 Gloucester Place			0 5 0
Miss Watson, 117 West Regent Street			0 5 0
Thomas Watson, do.			0 7 6
John Watson, do.			0 5 0
Thomas Watson, 71 West Nile Street			0 5 0
Andrew Wingate, 166 St. Vincent St.			0 10 0
Mrs Powell, North Frederick Street			0 5 0
Mrs Brodie, 5 Woodside Place			1 0 0
Misses Stevenson, 144 Wellington St.			1 0 0
Robert Craig, 4 Montague Place			1 0 0
J. Robertson Reid, Gallowgat			1 0 0
Peter Dallas			0 5 0
Miss M'Cauly			0 1 6
William Robertson, 136 Renfrew St.			0 2 6
Dr. A. D. Anderson, 159 St. Vincent Street			0 10 0
A. M'George, Mansfield Place			0 7 6
Mrs A. Bannatyne, 11 Woodside Ter.			1 0 0
Mrs. Pirrie, 201 St. Vincent Street			0 10 0
Thomas Maxwell, 23 Woodside Place			3 0 0
James Ritchie, 9 Woodland Terrace			1 0 0
Miss Proudfoot, 36 Windsor Place			0 5 0
Miss Blackburn, Lyndoch Street			0 10 0
A. M'Ewan, 19 Newton Place			1 0 0
John Buchanan, 158 St. Vincent St.			1 0 0
Hor. Blair, Greenbank, Govan			0 5 0
W. S. Stirling Crawford, 227 Brandon Place			1 0 0
James Taylor, Montrose Street			0 5 0
Miss Young, Blythswood Square			0 2 6
Per D. Y. Stewart, Baron Church deacon—			
Charles Thomas, 32 John Street		0 10	6
James Milne, Canal Office		0 10	6
D. Y. Stewart, 2 Provan Place		1 0	0
Ebenezer Steel, 5 Hill Street		0 10	6
John Jamies, Montrose		0 10	6
James Findlay, do.		0 5	0
Thomas Cruickshanks, do.		0 5	0
A Friend, do.		1 0	0
C M., M. B.		0 10	0
Two Friends of the Church of Scotland—Mission to Scutari		0 15	0
A Friend, Kilmarnock		0 3	6
M. C., Edinburgh		0 4	0
B. T.		0 4	6
Per Rev. J. C.		1 5	0
For sending Chaplains to the East		0 5	0
Charles Fraser, Solicitor, Inverness		0 5	0
Per Rev. Mr Dykes, Ayr		1 0	0
Collected by Mrs Finlay		0 10	0
Mrs M'Nabb		0 5	0

Mrs Finlay	L 0 5 0
Miss T. Graham, Penpont	0 12 0
Mrs Walker, Green Street	0 1 0
Per Rev. Dr. Barr	5 8 6
Per S. Young, Barony Church elder—	
Mrs Hannah, Columbia Place	0 10 0
Edward Calvert, do.	0 6 0
Walker Murray, do.	0 1 0
John Murray	0 1 0
John Horn, Gairbraid	1 0 0
Robert Cormie	0 1 0
Archibald Mackie	0 3 0
James Macfarlane, North Woodside Road	0 2 0
Robert Templeton, do.	0 2 0
An Old Veteran, do.	0 6 0
A Friend	0 2 0
D. H. Lusk, Woodside	0 10 0
T. Dunkop and Shopmen, Cowcaddens	0 12 0
Children of the late Mrs W. Jack	0 3 6
Matthew Walker	0 10 0
A Friend	0 6 0
Do.	0 2 0
Do.	0 1 0
Mrs M'Nab	0 1 0
Janet M'Laren	0 1 0
K. Hood	0 2 6
Per Robert Black, Barony Church elder—	
David Turnbull, High Street	0 5 0
Per John S. Jack, Barony Church elder—	
William Miller, Provan Mill	0 5 0
J. S. Jack, Gormiston Mains	0 5 0
William Anderson, Provan Mill	0 2 6
Thomas D. Anderson, do.	0 2 6
Mrs Paterson, Plantation Cottage	0 5 0
Alexander Cochran, Town Mill Road	1 0 0
Robert Lockhart, 19 Woodside Place	1 1 0
John M'Laren, Barnhill	0 2 6
Per Rev. Mr. Wilson, Paisley—	
Misses Brown, Crossflat	1 0 0
Do. Donation	4 0 0
Per Robert Cross, deacon, Barony Church—	
James Galloway, Huntershill	0 5 0
Robert Cross, do.	0 10 0
Robert Cross, Glasgow	0 1 0
Hugh Nisbet, Auchinearn	0 1 0
Norman Beaton, Springvale	0 1 0
Robert Faulds, deacon, Barony Church	0 5 0
John R. Irvine, 51 Renfrew Street	0 5 0
Per Rev. Mr. Cumming—	
East Church, Perth	4 5 0

“To the word ‘alms’ there is no singular, in order to teach us that a solitary act of charity scarcely deserves that name.”

“God intends every accident should minister to virtue; and every virtue is the mother and the nurse of joy, and both of them daughters of the divine goodness; and, therefore, if our sorrows do not pass into comforts, it is beside God’s intention,—it is because we will not comply with the act of that mercy which would save us by all means, and all varieties, by health and by sickness, by the life and by the death of our dearest friends, by what we choose and by what we fear; that, as God’s providence rules over all chances of things, and all designs of men, so His mercy may rule over all His providence.”—*Miracles of the Divine Mercy, (Jeremy T. Taylor.)*

MEMORIAL LINES.

I know thy God hath given thee sweet releasing
From the great woe thy gentle spirit bore,
Yet in the heart still throbs the thought un-
ceasing—
Beloved! thou wilt come to us no more.
No more! although we feel thy sainted vision
The whiles we speak of thee is lingering near,
And know, that in the bliss of thy transition,
Thou still rememberest us who mourn thee
here.

We loved, and still we love thee. What can
sever
This holy bond? The spirit is not dust;
Sweet is thy memory in the soul for ever,
And fondly guarded as a sacred trust.
Dear was thy living image, when before us
It stood in all thy youthful beauty’s glow,
Yet still more dear thy spirit hovering o’er us,
With the bright crown of glory on its brow.

How oft the weary heart, its grief dissembling,
Sees the calm smile upon thy features still;
And bears along its chords, like music trembling,
The low clear tones to which it once would
thrill!
The vision fades—we feel we are forsaken,
The gloom returns, the anguish and the
care,—
And tender longings in the heart awaken,
Which wish thee here, though thou art hap-
pier there.

Alas! how far the past outweighs the present—
The forms that come no more the friends we
see!
How the lone spirit feels ‘tis far less pleasant
To smile with others than to weep for thee!
Yet, in the struggle of its silent sorrow,
The pining heart can sometimes break its
chain;
And from the Saviour’s word this hope may
borrow,
Beloved! we shall see thee yet again.

J. D. BURNS.

A REMEMBRANCE.

Though I must surely know where thou art
gone
Now thou art vanished from our mortal sight,
And that thou hast thy dwelling in the light
Which no unpurged eye may look upon,
Still thy sweet image, as it once was known
And loved in sorrow; and thy gentle face
With its mild suffering aspect, keeps its place
Unchanged, unchangeable on memory’s throne.
I seem to see thee, near and yet apart
From the great congregation of the blest,
Entranced in speechless wonder that thou art
With Him for ever whom thou lovest best,
With a great weight of gladness on thy heart,
And in immortal consciousness of rest.

J. D. BURNS.

IMMORTALITY.

"Repentance is not demanded, but because immortality is revealed, and a day of judgment appointed for the world, the certainty of which is known to all who have received the hostages of God and looked into the evidence—*Christ is risen*. If indeed there be any virtue, it cannot be without results; it must give a warrant of future bliss, from the assurance which a mind rightly engaged cannot but feel, that it is walking in the way that wisdom appoints, and hence in a path that, though it may not be naturally pleasant in itself, is yet evidently conducive to a perpetuity of peace and joy, because God has ordained it as a way to an end. There is, however, no virtue in merely pleasing one's self,—the word means nothing unless it signifies a state of mind with regard to heaven—a state that is blessed because that it is obedience to a law felt to be good; for both the motive and the joy of virtue consist in conscious fulfilment of duty. But duty depends on relationship between the mind that yields obedience in love, and the mind that commands in love. Without love there is neither authority nor duty. There is always reason in moral law; and every man who can apprehend it must submit to it, or suffer in his conscience, because he sees it to be perfectly good; and he could not be required, as a rational being, to obey, except in the faith and affiance of a soul satisfied that righteousness in God is only with benevolence. But where the righteousness, where the benevolence in the Omnipotent, if He grant only a short lease of life and enjoyment to His reasoning and confiding creatures that, in love, desire to do His will? Does not the Almighty himself, in man's brief earthly life, inspire him with gratitude only because he is also inspired with a hope that his present happiness, in the emotions awakened by God, is but a foretaste and an earnest of an unending abundance from the same source? There are contradictions and inconsistencies enough in the short-lease philosophy, but none in the Christian Testament. Here Jehovah is seen as the constant rewarder of those that diligently seek Him; and those who thus seek feel that, because they come to God as the everlasting Father, in Him they possess, not merely a quiet life for a few years, while obedience may be possible, and then death; but rather an eternal inheritance of active and happy service. Within them stirs a sublime spirit, witnessing to their consciousness that, as they have a right to call God Father, because they love Him for His

love, they are not thus born as heirs of death and unquicken dust, but to an immortality of honour in the faithful exercises of those endowments bestowed by Him, and by Him sustained in motive and power for evermore, and by the possession of which they know themselves as sons of God. Anything short of an eternal inheritance in God and His universe, reason itself, when roused up to its vocation, convinces us must be thoroughly incompatible with the idea of divine existence as related to man, and manifested in man; and if the Deity were not thus related and thus manifested, man would have had no capacity to believe in the existence of God; but he does so believe as soon as he is capable of thinking religiously or consecutively, therefore he must act and expect accordingly, with the consciousness of being either at one with the Almighty, or else in will opposed to Him. Now, if a man feel assured that the Omnipotent owns and loves Him eternally, he cannot faint under His hand. He must have seen the Saviour-God, and therefore be capable of incessantly acquiring strength, from the touch of the Divinity by which he lives, to bear all things well, because his heroism is religion. Hence he sees that trial is but the path of glory—he sees the end already. The Spirit that moves him to obedience and to hope, is the Spirit that confers perfection and eternal freedom, and therefore he looks forward undauntedly, expecting, without doubt, to be mighty in thought and in action, but incapable of suffering when he shall enter into that world and state of life where there can be nothing to oppose a will submissive to Heaven."—*George Moore, M.D.*

"We are all too prone to fall into the error of the Assyrian leper. We are ready to do some *great thing*, while we despise the apparently trifling tasks which are actually imposed upon us."—*Thoughts on Self-Culture.*

"Some hearts are like certain fruits, the better for having been wounded."—*Southey.*

"St. Paul saith: 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature; but let us not understand the Apostle's words so literally that we may take leave to be angry till *sunset*, then might our wrath lengthen with the days; and men in Greenland, where days last above a quarter of a-year, have plentiful scope of revenge."—*Old Fuller.*

Notices of Books.

Mills Howard; or, Trust in God. By Mrs. HENRY LYNCH. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

This is a well-meant attempt to illustrate, by the aid of fiction, some of the distinguishing features of the Christian character. The literature of our day is deluged with religious novels, which, in most cases, exhibit the religious feelings in false or morbid action, or are directly intended to promote some sectarian object. We have, therefore, greater pleasure in noticing a work, in regard to the soundness of which there can be no question. The chief defect of the book is, that Christian feelings and principles are illustrated more by Scripture quotations than by life and action. The Gospel is not interwoven with the texture of the characters portrayed, but hangs loosely and apart. The most familiar Scripture passages are thickly strewn through the pages of the work; but a much better effect would be produced were they embodied in actual life and character.

Thoughts on the Freedom of the Will: with Remarks on the Rev. James Morison's Lecture on this Subject in the City Hall, Glasgow. By the Author of "Mormonism Refuted." Paisley. 1854.

If Mr. Morison has the genius of a heresiarch,—and his success would indicate as much,—it certainly does not lie in his logic. But in this age of Mormonism and spirit-rapping, it requires but a small capital of logic and knowledge to start as the founder of an heretical sect. He has not succeeded in giving anything like a fresh aspect to the old Arminian controversy. He uses the old threadbare arguments, and handles them very indifferently. The pamphlet before us is a reply to some of these arguments. The reply, like the arguments, has nothing novel; but it has a good many apt and homely illustrations, which may help to bring down the subject to the level of the classes for whom it is intended.

Mornings with my Class: Questions on Passages of Scripture to assist in Bible Teaching. By the Author of "Chapters on the Shorter Catechism." Edinburgh: Moodie and Lothian.

This little volume is not intended to serve as a text-book, but only as a model for Sabbath school teaching. Passages of Scripture are indicated for each les-

son, and corresponding questions are added. A story is also given, along with each lesson, to illustrate some moral or religious principle. We are glad to welcome every such attempt to make the Sabbath school both useful and attractive. It is plain that the Sabbath school must now be regarded as an essential element in the organization of the Christian Church; but, from its recent origin, its position is not sufficiently defined, and the exact mode of teaching required, not sufficiently understood. At a time when it is attempted to secularize our week-day schools, too much thought cannot be directed to the proper idea and function of the Sabbath school.

The Flower of the Family. Edinburgh: T. Nelson and Sons.

This volume indicates a hand of no ordinary skill in portraying character, especially the characteristics of childhood and youth. In this department of fiction the female authors of America possess an unrivalled skill. In the present case, the author, who is an American, succeeds in investing the story with no ordinary charm, although she does not resort to the usual aids of an intricate love-plot. Religion, in her hands, is employed not to check, but to develop the affections of the home circle; and she has certainly succeeded in giving a delightful picture of a religious home. If we must have religious tales and novels, the present is as good a specimen as we would desire to see.

The National Restoration and Conversion of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. By WALTER CHAMBERLAIN, M.A., Perpetual Curate of St. John's, Little Bolton, Lancashire. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

In this volume Mr. Chamberlain combats, and we think somewhat successfully, the opinions of those who doubt the literal restoration of God's chosen people to the land of their fathers, by shewing that the prophecies regarding a restoration of this kind have never been adequately fulfilled in past time, unless, indeed, we are to be contented with a most meagre and far-fetched interpretation, such as we would not apply to human writings, or to any other portion of the divine.

Under this head there are scattered up and down the work some most valuable

observations on the genius and idiom of the Hebrew tongue, which those who wish to study it critically, or who are already so engaged, will know how to prize. The argument, for example, drawn in favour of verbal inspiration, at p. 24, appears to us both original and forcible, and such as no other language, ancient or modern, would afford.

As to the question, whether the restoration of the Jews is to precede or to follow their conversion? there is greater room for differing with our author, as he indeed admits, although himself supporting the former. This he does, in our opinion, somewhat lamely, and is the most objectionable part of the work. Upon this discussion we have not space to enter. It is just possible, however, that both of these events may happen so very closely upon each other, that they may be considered identical, as the two sides of one

great rational change for which Providence, as it humbly appears to us, is slowly, but surely and *contemporaneously* preparing the way.

It is but due to Mr. Chamberlain to say, that his "Notes" (as he modestly entitles his work) were written long before the present crisis in the East, and are all the more interesting upon that account, as the result of an independent and unbiased judgment.

In fine, if it does nothing more than to stimulate men to a deeper interest in the future of Israel,—that future which is destined to be the grand *moral*, as its past has been the standing *MIRACLE* of all human history, this work will neither have been written, nor will it be perused in vain; and we cordially recommend it, and the subject of which it treats, to the consideration of the diligent and devout student of Holy Scripture.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LOW and rather sharp letter, signed "Justice," has been sent to us for publication, rebuking us for a brief allusion, in our February number, to the "Edinburgh Ladies' Emancipation Society," and defending the conduct of that association with reference to the American Board of Missions. We beg respectfully to decline publishing this document, because we have no intention of making our pages a vehicle for long letters and replies upon a subject in which so few take any interest, and in which, we hope and firmly believe, nine-tenths of the people of this country can have but one opinion. For the satisfaction, however, or information of our respected correspondent, we beg briefly to state,—

1. That we were invited by the circulars of the society, and not by other parties, as he seems to think, to pay particular attention to this movement against the Mission Board.

2. We were ignorant of the existence of the society, and of its success, whatever that has been; or if we ever heard of the society before, our memory has failed us. So far, we confess, that our "philanthropic information has been limited."

3. We beg to assure our excellent friend, "Justice," that we believe the darning of stockings, &c., quite "consistent" with seeking to emancipate three million slaves, and sincerely regret having so far forgot our own dignity and politeness for a moment, as to have even hinted at the possibility of the members of such a philanthropic society neglecting their home duties. We doubted only how far they comprehended their public ones.

4. As to the question in dispute between us

and "Justice"—or between the Association which he has volunteered to defend, and the American missions, the more we think of it, the more we are shocked at the attempt thus made by professing Christians to injure the subscriptions now raising in Scotland in aid of these missions in Turkey, which God has so signally blessed, on the ground that the Board in the United States does not reject the money of slaveholders! It is quite possible that the Ladies' Association may not have power to obtain the manumission of a single slave; but it is quite allowable in them to meet, if they think fit to do so, as often as they please, to take down the sederunt, and keep regular minutes, raise subscriptions to defray expenses, have annual meetings, make motions, and write letters upon negro slavery in America. All this will do no harm to others, and may be gratifying to themselves. But when these same ladies begin to plot, and write circulars, and use their local influence, whatever it be, to injure a noble mission, then they do become a real, and not a mere nominal power, which, if successful in arresting one pound on its way to assist evangelizing Turkey, becomes a power, in our opinion, directed against good, and on the side of evil; and if so, then "Justice," with mercy and truth, compel us to oppose it as we have done, and shall do, with our whole heart! We need hardly add, that we are not actuated by any personal motives in all this, for, as far as we are aware of, we have not the honour of knowing by sight even, a single member of the society, and only know the name of the secretary by seeing it printed in connexion with the circulars.

Sermon.

By the REV. DAVID BROWN, Minister of St. Bernard's Church, Edinburgh.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—REV. iii. 20.

THERE is nothing more worthy of serious observation, in connection with the revelation which God has made to man, than the gradual manner in which that revelation has been made. All along, indeed, it has the same great essential characteristics: but we have only to compare the later books of the New Testament with the earlier books of the Old, in order to see how much more clear and bright the way of life is revealed in the one case than in the other; how truly the one stands to the other, as the noontide splendour of the natural day does to the morning twilight. But even as in the natural day, so in this—the development of spiritual light was gradually made. Glimmering at first faintly on the horizon, it rose and spread through successive ages, slowly but surely obtaining a greater distinctness, and shedding upon the souls of men a warmer and a richer blessing. At no period, indeed, even when most narrow and most faint, was there any ambiguity in the divine deliverance. However little might be told, that little was told plainly; and whatever might be the means of communication, whether it was a dream, a vision, a voice, a sacrifice, or a prophecy, the pious mind could find no difficulty in rightly interpreting its intention. All along, the burden of revelation was the divine mercy working out the restoration of man to the favour of God. Of this fact man was put into the fullest and distinctest possession immediately after his fall; and therefore, it is not in the fact itself that we are to look for the measure of that progressive enlightenment with which the world was favoured. It was with regard to the means by which the restoration of man was to be obtained that the revelation of God was gradually made. And let not this be disparaged as of little mo-

ment. What a significance does not the fact obtain from the peculiar means by which it was to be realized! Conceive, if you can, the New Testament blotted out. Try to suppose that you had no light to guide you save that which sprang from the old Dispensation. Endeavour to realize the state you would be in, if, by some extraordinary process, the memory of all that you have read of Christ in the New Testament were to be wiped away, and you will not fail then to see that the knowledge of the means whereby God designed to restore man to himself, while it is infinitely valuable in itself, does at the same time shed upon the fact of our deliverance a flood of inconceivable splendour; and then also may you arrive at some idea of the difference between the revelation of Old Testament days, and that revelation which it has been given to us to enjoy.

But it is not in the revelation itself alone, of the means whereby God designed to restore us to himself, that we recognize a gradual progress through successive ages. We see the same progress no less in the divine solicitude that we should return to God. Just as the revelation waxes broader and clearer, so a deeper tenderness is thrown into the divine deliverances. Denunciations of sin still continue sternly to be made; but there can be no doubt, that as we approach the age of the Messiah, we feel a milder influence in the Book of Inspiration. The thunders of Sinai are less distinctly heard the farther we remove from it, and the scattered fertility of the better country meets us in our journey forward. The advancing sun brings with it not only a greater light, but also a greater warmth. God forbid, indeed, that we should assert that the Old Testament is without manifold examples of the

divine solicitude for the salvation of sinners; but it would be both to deny what is the truth, and at the same time to be ungrateful for our advantages, were we to say that, along with the more intimate view of God which the New Testament has given us, there has not come also the breathing of a solicitude far more deep and far more tender; and that the New Testament is not more different from the Old in the extent of its revelation than it is in the depth of its earnestness on behalf of sinful men.

Now, I do not know of any text more illustrative of these remarks upon the New Testament side, than that which we have chosen. The statement it contains is eminently characteristic, at once of the full revelation, and of the deep, close, earnest solicitude of New Testament times. In both of its great parts the text is essentially one of the new dispensation, to be interpreted according to its light, and to be understood only by a reference to the doctrine which it teaches. For, upon the one hand, the representation of the Saviour as standing and knocking for admittance into the sinner's soul can never be understood, except by what the New Testament tells us of the Messiah; and, on the other hand, the representation of the Saviour as supping with him who has given Him an entrance, and he with the Saviour, can only be understood under that feeling of intimacy with the Divine Being which the New Testament inspires; and thus in this text we see these two corresponding parts of the New Testament revelation—even of a greater light along with a greater warmth, of a larger communication along with a more earnest solicitude.

What image of anxious love could surpass that under which Christ is here represented, as seeking for admission into the sinner's soul? To stand at a shut door knocking for an entrance, when your only wish is to benefit the inmate who continues obdurately deaf to every application,—can you conceive of any solicitude more earnest or more anxious than this? To stand without, night and day, in storm and sunshine, in cold and heat, knocking without ceasing, not sur-

rendering the task in impatience at the long delay, or turning away in anger at the senseless obstinacy of the inmate; surely this among men would be the token of unparalleled disinterestedness, mercy, and long-suffering; and yet this is the picture which the text gives us of Christ's dealing with the sinner. And the image will be heightened if we remember the essential dignity of Christ; for then we must suppose that He who thus stands and knocks with such unwearyed patience, is of royal birth and station, while he at whose door He stands is the meanest and most degraded of His subjects. Oh, what is there in all the range of human imagery that could give us a picture of such earnest, devoted solicitude as this! And then look to the other case. An entrance has been obtained, and the monarch has gone into the miserable cabin of His poor degraded subject, and at the same table they partake together of the same fare. O, what is there in all the range of human imagery that could give us ought so close, so loving, so intimate in its fellowship as this! and yet this is the picture which the New Testament gives us of that communion which every saint is permitted to hold with his Redeemer.

Such is the illustration which the text furnishes of the New Testament, at once of the revelation which it gives, and of the mild, tender, loving spirit which it breathes. But in order that the salutary impression which the text on the very first blush produces, may be deepened in our minds, let us briefly consider it in these three things which it brings under our notice; *first*,—In what it tells us of the natural condition of every man before conversion; *second*,—In what it tells us of Christ seeking to obtain the salvation of the sinner; and *third*,—In what it tells us of the fellowship that is maintained between the regenerate soul and its Redeemer.

I. Consider, first, what is the natural state from which the Gospel delivers us, as it is represented in this text. It is represented as a house from which a kind benefactor is excluded. The door is closed; the inmate has shut himself up with such

possessions as he has. He keeps the entrance securely fastened, lest any one should intrude and rob him of his treasures. He is alone; he knows no higher enjoyment than what he finds within the compass of his peculiar dwelling; and the range of his thoughts and of his desires having been long confined, he has no dream of any mode of existence wider or nobler than that which he spends in his dark, narrow, miserable abode.

How true a picture is this of the natural state of every man! That enjoyment of a certain kind is quite possible in the unconverted state, the Scriptures do not deny; but what they assert is, that it is an enjoyment quite unworthy of a rational and immortal being. That there may be amiabilities of character in the unconverted state, the Scriptures do not deny; but what they assert is, that they are amiabilities which arise only out of, and spend themselves entirely within this terrestrial scene, and they represent to us how unworthy this is of a rational and immortal nature. That man may obtain a knowledge of many things,—that he may make considerable advances in civilization, and surround himself with many comforts, all without God's regenerating grace, the Scriptures do not deny; but what they seek to impress upon us is, that all this is of little avail, so long as the rational and immortal soul is uncares for.

And while the Scriptures do in many ways set before us the evils of our natural state, the great broad fact on which they are especially solicitous to fasten down our consideration is, that it is a state without God. It is from this that all the various evils of our natural state proceed; and not until we receive this as a faithful representation of ourselves, can we effect the least entrance among the blessings of the Gospel. Without God in the world—such is the state of all men by nature; and no amount of knowledge in other things, no intellectual skill, however great, can ever obtain for us the reversal of this sad description. All that we have ever read of heathen nations is just so much accumulated testimony for the truth, that man by nature

is without God, and that no natural skill and no natural knowledge can ever alter his situation in this respect. The ancient world had reached a high degree of civilization, yet in their multiplied and degraded superstitions we read how sadly true the description, "without God in the world," was of them; and if amongst a few a purer idea of the Divine Being was attained, it never went beyond an abstract conception, and continued with them to the last an idle, unprofitable, and uninformed speculation. It is the existence, side by side, of a large intelligence in other things, and of the most degraded ignorance of this, which makes the proof of human depravity so affecting. And let me say, that the researches that are now being made amongst the buried ruins of those ancient cities—the abodes of a far-past civilization,—bringing to light, as they do, the high state of art and refinement which then existed, do but deepen this affecting proof, when we know that a civilization so lofty and so extensive could flourish side by side with the most polluted and debasing superstition.

Nor is it only amongst the heathen that the description "without God in the world," holds true of human nature. Even in Christian lands, the being of God may be no better than an idle speculation; and let me say, that besides the general evidence, there is a special token of depravity exhibited, where the Gospel has been published, and is yet refused. In this case, it is not God only that is represented as outside the soul, but Christ also. Man was unable to find out God by searching; and so God brought himself nigh in the person of Jesus Christ. And yet, in how many instances, through the perverse opposition of the creature, does the Creator's mercy remain without fruits! But it may help still further to deepen the salutary sense of our natural sinfulness, if we will remember that there is no one, even amongst those who ultimately receive Christ, who has any desire of himself for Christ; or would ever, from his own inclination, throw open his soul to receive Him. Everywhere Christ comes to a soul closed

against Him, and it is only to the earnest solicitations of His Spirit that an entrance is permitted.

It will be well for us to remember this truth, so plainly taught in the text. When we speak of depravity as represented by the heathen, we may be apt to feel as if this were hardly our concern. When we speak of it as represented by those who continually resist the Gospel, we may hardly see in this any right picture of ourselves; but when we remember that every soul is naturally closed against Christ, that it never would open to Him of its own accord, and that the earnest solicitations of His Spirit must be brought to bear, in every case, before an entrance can be obtained, we cannot but feel that this is strictly applicable to us, and that it becomes those of whom this is true, to carry through all their fellowship with Christ a humble and a thankful spirit.

II. But, in the second place, consider the solicitude of Christ for the salvation of the sinner, as it is represented in this text. He says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock;" or, as it would be better translated, 'Behold, I have stood,' as marking the unwearied patience of Christ. Now, observe distinctly the representation that is here made of real Christianity. There cannot be a doubt that what the text sets forth is the manner in which religion is produced, and kept, and fostered in the soul. It tells us how men begin and continue to be religious, according to the method of the New Testament. And how is that? It is not by a conformity to any rules, or an obedience to any laws or precepts, however numerous and excellent. It is by the admission of Christ into the soul. It is not denied that there are precepts in the New Testament; but we must not mistake the intention of the New Testament precepts. Their intention is not to create spiritual life, but to give to spiritual life a wise direction after it has been created. What gives spiritual life is the entrance of Christ into the soul. Until then, the soul is desolate and dead. It is like a dark, polluted, and uncomfortable house, where everything is wrongly

seen and wrongly felt; and it is this state of things which renders it impossible for the soul to raise itself by an attention to any precepts, however excellent. A state of things entirely new must be fashioned out, light must be admitted into the house, it must be swept and garnished, the unwholesome food must be taken away, and the table spread with true, heavenly, nourishing fare; and in order to this, an entrance must be given to Him who alone can effect these things, and who now stands without knocking at the door. And thus we find the text consistent with every New Testament representation, that Christianity is bound up in Christ,—that He is the author and the finisher of our faith—the way, and the truth, and the life. To admit Him into the soul is to begin to be religious; and progress in religion is just the cultivation of His fellowship. To know Him is to have religious knowledge; to love Him is to have religious affection; to obey Him is to perform religious duty; in short, to live in fellowship with Him is to live religiously.

It is also worthy to be observed, that the representation here made marks the continued exercise, in all ages, of the offices which Christ assumed when He became our Redeemer. It is most important that we should fix our attention, with especial interest, upon His great sacrifice on the cross, because it is from that point that all His various influences radiate; and it is the redemption there accomplished which stamps with a warrant all His other offices. Without the shedding of blood there can be no remission; and His intercessions as our great High Priest within the veil, His prophetic teachings, and His kingly rule, would have been without any efficacy, just because they would have had no warrant and no meaning if the Saviour had not died.

But we must not so confine ourselves to the scene of Calvary, as to feel that He has ceased from all His interest, and from all His ministrations on behalf of the human race. He is still the Head of the Church, He is still King in His own kingdom, He is still the interceding

High Priest, He is still a Prophet teaching men, and, by His Spirit, knocking at the door of their hearts, and entreating an entrance. How solemn, and, at the same time, how comforting is this consideration! For what important purposes did not the resurrection of Christ take place? We say it was a testimony to the truth of what His whole life had proclaimed,—we say it was a proof that He had overthrown the principalities and powers of darkness,—we say it was an earnest of the resurrection of all His true people; but, oh! let us not forget to number this amongst its objects, that He rose to carry forward the offices of His Mediatorship—to give effect through these offices to His own sacrifice—to bear the benefits of His redemption to the door of men's souls in all generations, and to ask an entrance.

It is desirable, however, that we should have some more distinct idea of that office of mercy, performed by Christ for the souls of men, which is here represented under the image of one standing at a door, and knocking for admission. And, in order to this, let me commend to your serious reflection these three methods in which He fulfils this work. In the first place, He does this by His Spirit, through His Word. In the second place, He does this by His Spirit, through the ordinances of His Church. And, in the third place, He does this by His Spirit, through His providence. In all these several ways He is continually carrying forward the offices of His Mediatorship—seeking and obtaining for His Gospel an entrance into the souls of men. How tender is the Saviour's love! You behold it in the cross whereon, a peaceful Lamb, He dies a sacrifice for sins. You see it in the tears He sheds at the grave of Lazarus. You hear it in His lamentations over Jerusalem;—in His saying, "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep;"—and in His prayer, "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory." But no less do you behold it in all the offices He is still performing for the human

race; in His unwearied patience under every refusal; in the exhortations, arguments, and appeals which, through His various ministries, He addresses to the sinner, that he may be induced to open his soul and let Him in.

III. But, in the third place, consider the communion which the text represents as subsisting between Christ and His people. "If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The voice has been heard,—the door has been opened,—the heavenly visitant has entered; and now we behold the most intimate, the most friendly, and the most cheerful fellowship.

Now, what is the first thing which strikes us in this imagery? Is it not the intimate footing on which Christ and His people are? There is no reserve in Him; and His entire cordiality gives no reasonable allowance for fear in them. Another thing which strikes us under this imagery is the comfort of the religious state. Both from the imagery here employed, and from other passages of Scripture where the Gospel dispensation is likened to a feast, it is plainly the design of the text to impress upon us the comfortable provision which God has made for His people; and it may be that by Christ's supping with His people is intended that satisfaction which He has in the converted heart, wherein "He sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied."

Another thing which strikes us under this imagery is the complete harmony subsisting between Christ and His people. And it is of great practical importance that we do observe this. In order to anything like satisfactory and profitable fellowship between two persons there must be a general similarity in their views and tastes. Above all is this necessary with regard to moral things; for while a true friendship may exist between two persons, between whom there is a considerable disparity in the way of intellectual acquisition, this is quite inconceivable where the heart of the one is resolutely set upon evil, while that of the other is just as resolutely set upon

good. Great learning can play only an occasional part in the intercourse of life; but our moral views and feelings can never, even for a little, be held in abeyance without a special effort for the purpose. And so it is as true to common sense as it is to Scripture, that wherever there is fellowship with Christ there must be sympathy with Him in all that engages His moral affections; not necessarily with the might and the knowledge of His mind,—for that plays no part in our intercourse with Him,—but with all that goodness and truth which He so dearly loves. We cannot, indeed, equal Him in the love of what is good, and even our conduct will be very imperfect; but we must never love what He hates, never be averse to what He desires, or delight in doing that to which He is opposed.

Such, then, is this fellowship in its more important features,—a fellowship which may be enjoyed in this world, but which can be fully realized only in that which is to come;—for it is there, and there alone, that, without interruption, and with entire affinity in all things, Christ will sup with His people, and they with Him.

There are persons in the world who profess that they cannot see that Christ and Christianity are inseparable terms, and who think they may be Christians even although Jesus is kept in the background of their thoughts and affections. I need not say how contrary all this is to the genius of the New Testament. But behold how strongly the current of this text runs against such fatal heresy! It says, that the soul, till Christ enters it, is like a desolate house, locked and barred against all good. It says, that to hear the voice of Christ is the first symptom of returning virtue, and that to open the soul to Him is the first proof of a real earnestness after the beautiful, and the true, and the good. It says, that the entering feet of Christ crossing the threshold of the soul is the beginning of vital Christianity in you; it says, that Christ's dwelling in you is the continuance of spiritual life; and it says, that eternal fellowship with Christ shall be the realization of heaven itself. What

better proof, proof more strong, or more lovely in its portraiture, can we have that Christianity is inseparably bound up in Christ, and that to be Christ's man is the fulfilling of the religion of the New Testament?

Let us wisely yield, then, to the gracious lessons of this text, which are plainly these: that none can be a Christian unless he believe in and love the Lord Jesus Christ; that we must look to Him if we would be saved, since out of Him there is no salvation; that we must cultivate His fellowship by every available means, since apart from Him there is no growth in grace; and that what should cheer us most amid all the disadvantages of our earthly situation,—the loss of fortune, the death of friends, and the anxieties which every day brings with it,—is, that our release from this world shall only be the signal for the establishment of our fellowship with Christ upon an eternal footing inconceivably intimate and tender.

“I will run the way of thy commandments when thou shalt enlarge my heart.’ Present this suit often; it is in His power to do it for thee. He can stretch and expand thy straitened heart, can spread and hoist the sails within thee, and then carry thee on swiftly, filling them, not with the vain air of man's applause, which readily runs a soul upon rocks and splits it, but with the sweet breathings and soft gales of His own Spirit, that carry it straight to the desired haven.”—*Leighton*.

“Do not think the Judge condemns you when He chides you, nor think to read thy own final sentence by the first half of His words; *stand still*, and see how it will be in the whole event of things; let God speak His mind out; for it may be this sad beginning is but an art to bring in, or to make thee to esteem, and entertain, and understand the blessing.”—*Miracles of the Divine Mercy, (Jeremy Taylor.)*

“True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines where no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.”—*Guesses at Truth*.

THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY PARENT.

"Our Father which art in heaven."

"THE family" is God's own institution; and was the first—unless we except the Sabbath—ordained by Him for the education of the children of men. He brought the woman unto the man, and Adam said: "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh;"—"Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife."

Its importance to the well-being of the human race can hardly be exaggerated. It is the nursery of the state, of the Church, and of heaven.

So holy is the union of husband and wife, from which comes the relationship of parent and child, that it is likened to the union which subsists between Jesus the bridegroom, and His Church the bride. No lower measure, no lower kind of love, is set before the husband to his wife than the love of Christ to His Church; while her love and reverence, in return, is compared to the love and reverence which the Church owes her Lord.

When Jesus was dying on the cross, and thereby glorifying the government of God, He honoured in that hour the holy bonds of family when He considered His mother's sufferings and wants, and said: "Son, behold thy mother! Woman, behold thy Son!"

The socialist who, with impious hand, would destroy this institute, displays greater ignorance, and, if successful, would produce more disorder in God's universe, than if he attempted and succeeded in putting his hand among the stars, and disturbing the power which keep them in that beautiful order which, to the ear of the understanding, is the music of the spheres.

Of all the names by which God has revealed himself, no one is so endearing to us, or more full of deep and tender meaning, than that of "our Father" in heaven.

Now, when He calls himself a Father, and desires—as the very sum and sub-

stance of religion—that we should be to Him as "sons and daughters," "children of God," He thereby intends us to learn something of the nature of the relationship subsisting between himself and His children, from what we know of the relationship subsisting between ourselves and our children. And so, upon the other hand, He would have parents learn how they should educate their children for heaven, by knowing how He educates themselves. Thus the true idea of home education is, to be in all things to our children as like as possible to what God is to us,—to be reflections of Him in the family,—to be living witnesses for Him,—to be, in one word, *godly* or *godlike* parents.

In some respects a parent cannot help being like God. He is so by nature; for what is so vivid a picture of God, the Creator, Preserver, Provider, Comforter of His family, than the earthly parent, to whom the child owes its being; who upholds and guides its tottering steps in infancy; supplies its daily returning wants; dries its tears; and years over it with a love which the child cannot fathom, and, for a time, but feebly comprehend, and very imperfectly return. Yet this may be called involuntary on the part of the parent, or, at least, *instinctive*, inasmuch as he does not in all this necessarily think of God at all, or desire to please Him, or to be like Him; but reflects His image as unconsciously as the beasts that perish, in their love for their young, reflect the glory of Him who created them with instincts so tender and beautiful. But when a parent *knows* God,—when he is himself a true child, in whose heart the spirit of adoption has kindled the holy flame of confidence and love, by which he can look up, saying: "Abba, Father!"—when he is "acquainted" with the *character* of that God, and the way in which He is educating himself for eternity;—when he has truly apprehended, in some measure,

the chief lessons which God imparts in His school, by precept and promise, by warning and encouragement, by tender mercies and severe chastisements, by long-suffering patience or sudden inflictions,—and all to “train” himself up in the way he should go;—then has he so far discovered the true secret of the education which he should give his own child. The nearer he approaches that model of heavenly perfection, the more perfect will his home education in the family become; for the children will thus naturally rise from knowing the earthly to knowing the heavenly Parent. The one will be a reflection of the other, comparatively dim, no doubt, but still one of the truest on earth! The parent is a ladder, many a step of which will be broken, but still by it the child is enabled to climb upwards. The parent is the earthly pole around which it twines its early affections, and fastens its weak tendrils; and though it is perishing, and of itself unfit to be a permanent support, it may, nevertheless, lead the young plant towards heaven, and be its strength and stay until it finally reaches, and for ever clings to the “Rock of Ages!”

This is the high model, parents, which I would set before you! To live before your children, to educate them, that you may train them up, and gradually prepare them to know God *from first knowing you*; and thus to understand God’s way to themselves in after life from first learning your lessons in the home school. You may not be able to lead them far; but as far as you go, let it be in the right direction. You may not be able to teach them many lessons; but such as they are let them be in harmony with, and a right introduction to those deeper ones which God will afterwards impart. In what you are and in what you do; in your truthfulness, righteousness, kindness, firmness, forbearance, forgiveness, sympathy, watchfulness, justice, love; in your rewards and punishments; in your education, in short, be to them, as far as possible, what God is to you, and will be also to them.

All this assumes that the children have not reached those years of understanding

and thought when they are, as it were, out of your hands, and dismissed from your school, more directly to learn from God himself, and to act solely on their own personal responsibility, independent of your authority and immediate control. Until this time comes, they will look to you, and hear you, and understand you, as they can no one else; and you, the earthly parent, must be to them, for many a day, almost in the place of God. Oh! that they may be able, when they become acquainted with the great God as their Father in heaven, to recognize in His infinite glory the light which they saw truly reflected in that earthly form whom they first called by the same endearing name, and whom they first honoured and obeyed with reverential fear, believed and trusted with implicit confidence, and loved with heart, soul, and strength! Thus would the school of home be the school for heaven!

Parents! do consider this earnestly, and try and realize it. It is very true, that “the best men are but men at the best,” and will come far short of this model of perfection. But it is Jesus who says: “Be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect.” Remember that those who aim high, while they may not come up to the mark that is higher, yet come very much nearer it than those who aim at the ground.

You know how very unlike the training is which those parents, who even profess godliness, give their children to that I have been speaking about; nay, how often is it quite of an opposite character? Let me ask you a few homely questions on this point, to illustrate more fully and plainly what I have said.

Do you ever break your word to your children?—If so, is this being like God to them!—Does *He* ever fail to keep His promises to you?

Do you give way to angry, unreasonable passion with your children?—If so, is this God’s method with you!

Do you wish your children to be clever, wealthy, or prosperous, rather than to be good, and do you train them up accordingly?—Is it for such ends God is first educating you!

Are you hard, unfeeling, unsympathizing, unforgiving to your children?—Is God so to you!

Are you so indifferent as not to chastise your children when they require it?—Will God thus deal with you!

Do you chastise from hate, and not for good?—Does He so deal with you!

I need not enlarge my catechism. You see, I hope, clearly, what is meant by educating your children in the spirit with which God, your own Father, educates yourselves.

But, perhaps, you ask me, *how* this can be accomplished? On this point I cannot here enter at any length. One or two hints, however, may help yourselves to obtain the truth more fully.

Learn first to be good children to your own Father in heaven, and this will best teach you how to be good parents to your own children on earth.

Would you, for instance, like your children to love you? Love, then, your own Father! Would you like your children to obey you? Obey your own Father! Would you like your children to open their hearts to you in sweet confiding intercourse; pouring out their sorrows; confessing their faults; telling you their wants; expressing to you their joys; and revealing to you their love? Do all this to your own Father!

Follow out this train of thought for yourselves, and it will lead you to further light on your personal and parental duties.

And if you wish to have your affections, as children, kindled towards your Heavenly Father, you may learn, even from your feelings towards your own children, much to help you. You know the love which you bear them; how deep and real it is; how it began before your

children could understand it, or return it; how inseparable it is from your hatred to their sins; and how it longs to impart to them every possible blessing! Is there no love in God to you like this, though infinitely deeper and more lasting?

You know what you would do for your children's good; how much you would sacrifice to make them happy; how their cry of distress would awaken your pity; and their prayers for help, though uttered with the imperfect lisplings of a babe, touch your heart, and make you put forth all your strength to relieve them! Is there nothing in this which God, who made your heart so to feel, wishes to be a witness for himself?

“What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?” Would any of you, parents, so treat a starving child? No! “If ye then, *being evil*, know how to give good gifts unto your children, *how much more* shall your *Father which is in heaven* give good things to them that ask Him?” He who so spoke knew God His Father, and revealed Him to us.

“Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?” Mothers! you have no doubt of *such* love to your child; you only doubt of the reality of the love of God your Father to one of His own children! But what says He?—“She may forget; yet will I not forget thee!”

“They who love not, know not God; for God is love.” “As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them who fear Him.” Lift up your hearts in prayer, and say, “*Our Father which art in heaven!*”

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

“All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.”

I do not here attempt to give anything like a full explanation of the sacrament of baptism, but to notice it very briefly

merely as connected with Christian Education.

Let me remind parents of some of

those truths "signified and sealed" by baptism, which ought to guide and encourage them to train up their children in the way they should go.

1. In baptism, *God reveals himself as the covenant God of your child.*

At the very time when you cannot but feel how awful a gift this immortal being is; when, perhaps, you are well nigh overwhelmed by a sense of the responsibility attached to the gift; when all that your child *may be* rises before your soul, and questionings regarding its future destiny force themselves upon you with trembling anxiety, and in rapid interchanges of hope and fear,—then does God reveal himself in baptism, as claiming this child as His own, teaching and assuring you that it is not related to you alone, but much more to Him;—that not to the bosom of its earthly parents only is all love to it, and interest in it, confined; but that He who is thy God and Father, is also the God and Father of thy child.

This is, indeed, the blessed truth to which baptism witnesses, and which it confirms. To the individual child God thus says: "*I am thy God;—God thy Father, God thy Saviour, God thy Sanctifier. This is my NAME, and in it art thou baptized; as I am thy covenant God, so have I called thee by my name.*" Here, then, is a declaration by a solemn ordinance of a *fact*, not only of God's name as He is, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, but also of the relationship in which this God stands to this individual child; and if so, then a clear answer is given by baptism to such questions as these: "What is the living God to my child? Is He indeed its Father, and, as such, does He love it? Is He indeed its Saviour, and, as such, is He willing to save it? Is He indeed its Sanctifier, and, as such, is He willing to make it holy?" Even so! as sure as this child is baptized into His name!

Such a teaching as this on God's part, or such a revelation of himself, is the more instructive from the very unconsciousness of the babe;—for what knows this child of God's existence, or of His love? Nothing! but this very fact im-

presses only more deeply upon us the all-important truth, that God's love to us cannot, any more than His existence, be affected by our knowledge or belief. Behold that mother!—how she bends over her child, and clasps it to her bosom, to draw its nourishment from next her heart, what knows her child of the reality of her love? or how much it will endure and will sacrifice for its good and happiness? Yet the love is there, though the child knows it not; and though, alas! it may never be appreciated or returned.

But why, it has been again asked, perform this ceremony upon an immortal and responsible being without its consent?—I reply, Because God is its God and Father, *whether it consents or not!*

2. But notice, further, that baptism teaches *the end of the child's existence*, or what it ought to be to God from what God is to it. By the *Name* of God is meant His revealed character. When God proclaimed His *Name* to Moses, He did so by describing His character. To be baptized in, or into the name of God, indicates, that it is God's wish that this child should, as the very end of its being, share His character, or be made like himself; in other words, He thus declares it to be His revealed purpose that the child should be a spiritual child to *God the Father*, through faith in *God the Son*, as mediator, and in the possession of *God the Holy Ghost*, as sanctifier; and thus glorify His name! This is practically the same beautiful answer as is given to the question in the Shorter Catechism, "What is the chief end of man?"—"Man's chief end is to *glorify God*, and to enjoy Him for ever."

Therefore, parents, learn from baptism what God would have your children be educated for,—for no end less glorious than this—HIMSELF!

A clear apprehension of this will necessarily affect your whole system of education; for just as you keep it before you, will you employ those means by which it can alone be attained. Low and unworthy aims produce low and unworthy labours. If you see in your children those whose only glory is to

consist in riches, in rank, or in some form of mere worldliness, you will train them up accordingly, as thus destined for time, and to enjoy and glorify *self*; but not as born for immortality, and to glorify and enjoy God. Let baptism remind you that they ought to be trained up in the way along which they should go for ever; and so as to hallow that name which is written on their foreheads, and to walk worthy of God, who has thus called them to His kingdom and glory!

3. Baptism, moreover, offers to the child the two great blessings essentially necessary for its attaining the end of being made like God, and possessing His name. These blessings are, the pardon of sin through the blood of Christ, and the renewal and sanctification of nature by the washing of regeneration, and the gift of the Holy Ghost.

The water used in baptism is a picture of those blessings. It "shows forth" the "blood of sprinkling," shed for the remission of the sins of many; and also "the washing of regeneration." It speaks of the disease and the remedy. It testifies of sin as being the moral defilement of the soul, which can be removed in its guilt only through the atonement of Christ for us; and in its power, only by the work of the Spirit of God in us—even as the filth of the body is removed by water. It teaches, moreover, that these remedies must be applied to each individual soul before the blessings which they confer can be enjoyed, even as water must be applied to the soiled body before it can become the means of cleansing it; and, lastly, this sprinkling with water testifies to the certainty and freeness with which God offers those specific blessings to the individual child, even as he reveals himself to be its God. The language of baptism is: "As sure as I baptize this child with water, so sure do I, its Father, offer to take away its guilt through the blood of my Son, and to purify its nature through the power of my Spirit, and so to make it like Myself!"

Now, these truths must, when believed

in, have a marked practical bearing upon the aims and efforts of the Christian parent. For instance, the fact of such blessings being offered, and therefore needed by the child, implies that its nature is not that holy and innocent thing which poets describe it as being. If it were so, then the great object of education should be to keep *the child as it is*. But if its nature is corrupt in this sense even, that it possesses such a tendency to do evil, that evil it will assuredly naturally do, the moment it comes to act as a responsible being; then must the parent ever desire for it, and seek to nourish in it, such a new and living principle of good, as God in Christ can alone bestow by the Spirit. When the child is born again, whether before baptism, at baptism, or in after years, depends on that Holy Spirit who dispenses His gifts "as He will." But certain it is, that "unless a man is born of the Spirit, He cannot see the kingdom of God;" consequently, all efforts at Christian education, without practically recognizing the absolute necessity of the Almighty aid, obtained through *that Name* into which the child is baptized, must be vain, because it either overlooks the *end* or the *means*.

3. Finally, the Christian parent may be taught by the fact of his presenting his child for baptism, that he, of all on earth, is the person chiefly through whom God intends that child to obtain those blessings thus offered.

I will not be led, in such practical hints as I wish these to be, into discussions regarding the times and ways in which God may save a child, whether with or without baptism; at baptism; or before it; with or without the parents' piety or instruction. What I wish Christian parents to see is, not what God may do without *their* instrumentality, but what, as a rule, He will *do* by it.

I ask, therefore, By what means shall this child ever ascertain that any promises or offers have been made to it in baptism? How shall it ever hear of that Name in which it has been baptized? How shall it be taught concerning God its Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier? For

though it is true, "that whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved," and though this "promise is to us and our children," and has been sealed to each of them in baptism, yet "how shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" And how, then, I may further ask, is the child to hear so as to believe and call on the Name of the Lord, and thus respond to the calling of itself by God? I reply, that it is God's design that this should come *through the Christian parent*. The parent is selected as God's teacher, missionary, witness, and representative in the family, and to his children, as I have already, in the last chapter, explained to you. Hence one reason why the ordinance of baptism is dispensed only in connexion with a believing Christian parent, because he (or, in the case of orphans, sponsors) will, through a Christian education, both impart to the child a knowledge of that Name—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in which the child has been baptized, and the import of those special blessings offered to it by its covenant God; and also *train it up*, so that it shall believe in God as He is thus revealed, receive the blessings thus offered, and himself choose God as His Father, Saviour, and Sanctifier. It was thus that God made certain precious promises to Abraham and his seed, because He knew that Abraham would so train up his children as that those promises would be realized. "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment; that the Lord may bring upon Abraham that which He hath spoken of him."

You thus perceive, that as personal faith on the part of the child, if it lives to become responsible, is required before God's offers of mercy made at baptism can be of any avail; and as it must choose

God as its portion before His Name can be glorified and enjoyed, it is the duty, the glorious privilege of the parent to convey that knowledge to his child, and to make it the very end and aim of all his labours, that God's gracious wishes shall be complied with.

What a cheering and strengthening thought is this to a parent, that in thus educating his child he is but "a *fellow labourer* with God"—he is not alone in his love or labours, for the Father is with him! Christian parents, in all their teaching and training to bring their children to God, to induce them to choose Him as their portion, may thus truly say with Paul: "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God"—"as workers together with Him, we beseech you not to receive the grace of God in vain!"—and, oh! that children, just as they awaken and respond in riper years to that deep and true love in father or mother, which rested on them before they knew it, would also open their hearts to that deeper and truer love of their God, which has never ceased to shine upon them since they were born, and was solemnly testified to in their baptism! Nor need they, when the divine life is quickened in them, be baptized again! For what truth or blessing can God signify or seal to them which He has not already done; or what can God be to them which He has not already declared himself to be? He is their Father—only let them love and live as His children!

When this beautiful and solemn rite of baptism is thus understood, what are we to think of those parents who ask and obtain it for their children, yet themselves either believe not in the name of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, or, by their practical impiety, shew that they have disowned that name in which they were themselves baptized? Can such mockery bring a blessing to themselves or children? What are we to think of those parents who, while they are professed believers, and "seem to be religious," and have "a form of God-

liness," yet are ashamed even to confess God before their children, or to impart to them from their own lips any teaching regarding that great Name by which they are called? What would that parent deserve who concealed from a starving son the offer made to him in infancy, and to be communicated in riper years by the parent, of a property which should be his on terms easily complied with? But what would such neglect be when compared to the guilt incurred by the parent who conceals from his own child the knowledge of the glorious inheritance offered to him by his God! Yet is it not the case, that in many a family, this Name of God, and all the blessings offered by Him, are never breathed by the parent to his children, as if they were some awful secrets which he was pledged to conceal! Would not many baptised children be able, at judgment, to testify against their parents, and say with truth, "They never told us of God our Father, of Jesus our Saviour, or of the Spirit our Sanctifier! We never heard from their lips a word to warn us of our danger as sinners, or to inform us of the mercies offered to us, and to be obtained by us as well as by others, through a Saviour! Never, never did they tell us either that we had been baptised, or what God had revealed to us in the ordinance!"

Parents! this must not, *dare* not be! While thus acting towards your children, the very ordinance of baptism which you ask for them, as a matter of form or senseless superstition, condemns yourselves. It witnesses of a name written on your own foreheads, which you have denied; of a God long revealed, but yet unknown to you from wilful ignorance; and of mercies long offered to yourselves, but never yet received from stubborn unbelief! If such is your state, *repent!* "Return to the Lord thy God, for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity." Receive, though late, the remission of sins, and the gift of the Spirit signified and sealed in baptism to yourselves; and then only when you are right with your own Father, will you do right towards your own children!

THE YOUNG VOYAGER.

Has any one ever stood on a pier, within which some vessel floated which no storm wave had yet tossed? But now it sails forth, its canvass spread, its crew alert, its freight secured, its destination registered. You marked its progress from the harbour to the open sea. It feels the helm, it ploughs the wave, it begins its course. The skies are chequered, the clouds gather, the winds are strong. You felt an interest in the voyage which that vessel was to make; you thought of the hazards of the sea, of the perils of her course; you thought of storm and struggle, of possible loss and shipwreck, or of a sunny and joyous entrance into the distant haven beyond the present flood, where the mariners were to find an expected home; you breathed a prayer that God would be their guide, their guardian, and their friend. And what is each little child, though now inexperienced of life's changes? what but such a vessel bound on a long voyage, sailing across a wild sea, exposed to howling winds and rains, passing by many a reef, and in peril of rocks and breakers? How fearful the shipwreck of such a vessel! how blessed its calm arrival on the everlasting shore! Who would not pray, that of each such vessel, of each such child, God may be the guardian and the guide—His own eye be upon its course—His own pilotage at its helm?—*Rev. Gerard Noel.*

THE BABY'S SLEEP.

The Baby wept.
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And hushed its grief, and still'd its vain alarms,
And Baby slept.
Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain, and future unknown harms,
And Baby sleeps.

"One day we met Father Taylor—the founder of the Sailor's Home in Boston—on the street. He told us in a melancholy manner that he had been burying a child, and alluded with emotion to the great number of infants he had lately buried. Then, after a pause, striking his stick on the ground, and looking upwards, he added: "There must be something wrong somewhere! There's a storm brewing, when the doves are all flying aloft!"

"The colour of our whole lives is generally such as the three or four first years in which we are our own masters make it."—*Cowper.*

SACRED POETS.

I.—GEORGE HERBERT.

HERBERT was twenty-nine years younger than Shakespeare, and fifteen years older than Milton. Born in 1593, he died in 1633. His life and labours in the interval were such that he has been styled "Holy George Herbert." No other poet of our country is thus honoured; and yet he died at the age of forty.

He had that peculiar blessing—a pious mother. Her days of widowhood began when the poet was only four years of age. To her piety and care he owed much of the integrity and freedom from common vices that marked his youth and early manhood. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1608; and after an honourable course of study as a student, and fellow of that College, he was elected orator for the University. In this position he had to flatter King James in Latin; and afterwards, when he became a courtier, the art of speaking and writing the flattering language with and beyond propriety, would be easily acquired by one who was naturally eloquent, and of a most generous disposition. But the eye of moral criticism must not look too sternly on the sayings and flatteries of a young man of twenty-six. It will often help us to a fair estimate of a man's conduct, as well as of his writings, if we find out *his age at the time* in question. Edmund Burke's *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful* is of no philosophical value, eloquent and interesting as it is; for he was little more than a youth when he wrote it; and Mr. Macaulay's article on *Milton* was an early production, regarding which he himself says, that hardly a sentence of it is what his mature judgment would approve.

Let us silently wonder whether many have walked through the snares of life, at college and at court, without being more entangled in them than Herbert was. He had one source of trial and purification—he was a diligent scholar in the school of affliction. While some grow discontented and snarling creatures in

this school, others are turned into premature dotage; but it is pleasing in the extreme to see more genial consequences, to watch the intellect brightening, the faith ever increasing, and the amiability of the spirit becoming greater than before, beneath the influence of affliction. Health is a great advantage to a truly healthy soul; but the frailty of its abode is often the agency for sending the spirit out in eager quest of another and a more enduring one. It is infinitely more to be desired, that the living soul should have a weakly, sickly frame, than that the vigorous body should always have to drag hither and thither a corpse-like soul. But listen for a little to some of the experience Herbert had of affliction:

"At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses;
I had my wish and way;
My days were strew'd with flowers and happiness;
There was no month but May.
But with my years sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a party unawares for woe.
My flesh began unto my soul in pain;
'Sicknesses cleave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in every vein,
And fane my breath to groans.'
Sorrow was all my soul; I scarce believed,
Till grief did tell me roundly—that I lived.
When I got health thou took'st away my life
And more; for my friends die;
My mirth and edge was lost—a blunted knife
Was of more use than I.
Thus thin and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with every storm and wind.
Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou did'st betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.
Yet, for I threatened off the siege to raise;
Not simpering all mine age,
Thou often did'st with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetened pill, till I came near;
I could not go away nor persevere.
Yet lest perchance I should too happy be
In my unhappiness,
Turning my purge to food, thou throwest me
Into more sicknesses.
Thus deth thy power cross-bias me, not making
Thine own gift good, yet me from my way
taking.

Now I am here, what thou wilt do with me

None of my books will shew ;

I read, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;

For sure I then should grow,

To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet though thou troublest me, I must be meek ;

In weakness must be stout.

Well I will change the service, and go seek

Some other master out !

Ah ! my dear God ! though I am clean forgot,

Let me not love thee, if I love thee not.

It may seem as if the quaint familiarity of Herbert shewed a want of reverence, at times ; but there is a sincerity and truth about the poet all the while, that reminds us of the sweet singer of Israel. And besides the plain speaking and quaint style of illustration that mark his poetry, we must take into account that he regarded the lyrics of which "the Temple" is composed as records of the varying moods of his religious life. No one can understand the drift of the poem who fails to take that view of it. It was only a few days before he died that he made known the existence of the work to a friend, in these words : " Sir I pray you, deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public ; if not, let him burn it ; for I and it are less than the least of all God's mercies."

The idea of Howe's *Living Temple*, a work published about seventy years after Herbert's death, may have been suggested or developed, to some extent, by means of Herbert's poem ; but the true source of the idea employed in both is to be found in the Holy Scriptures. Christ was, peculiarly, THE TEMPLE of God. " Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." Christians, separately and collectively, are called the temple of God. " Know ye not that ye are the temple of God"—" Your *body* is the temple of the Holy Ghost." The last and best change

which this beautiful idea undergoes, is given in the Evangelist's vision of " that great city, the Holy Jerusalem." " And I saw no temple therein ; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Thus, the high and holy God is said to dwell with, and among, and in, His people on earth ; and they are said to dwell with and in Him, in heaven.

While a good man may be called the temple of God, it is not at first so true—nor afterwards is it always true—that the constant worship and pure service of God, or the joy of God's presence, have their permanent abiding-place in such a man ; not, at least, until he has made wondrous progress in the life of holiness. Herbert marks this well in several parts of "The Temple :

" Soul's joy, when thou art gone,

And I alone—

Which cannot be ;

Because thou dost abide in me,

And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress

The cheerfulness

Of thy abode,

And in my powers not stir abroad,

But leave me to my load ;

Oh ! what a damp and shade

Doth me invade !

No stormy night

Can so afflict or so affright

As thy eclipsed light.

Ah ! Lord, do not withdraw,

Lest want of awe

Make sin appear,

And, when thou dost but shine less clear,

Say that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,

(While sin doth rave

And falsely boast,

That I may seek, but thou art lost !)

Thou, and alone Thou, know'st.

Oh ! what a deadly cold

Doth me infold !

I half believe

That sin says true ; but, while I grieve,

Thou comest and dost relieve."

And, again, of the contention of worldly and transient thoughts, interests, and fears ; their power to mar the pure service of God and the peace of His temple, and, as it were, to prevent His constant presence, we are told in " The Family :

"What doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,

As if they had a part?

What do these loud complaints and pining fears,
As if there were no rule or ears?

But, Lord, the house and family are thine,
Though some of them repine;

Turn out these wranglers which defile thy seat,
For where thou dwellest, all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
Then Order plays the soul;

And giving all things their set forms and hours,
Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand,
Expecting a command;

Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and Griefs as oft as joys;
But griefs without a noise;

Yet speak they louder than distempered Fears:
What is so still as silent tears?

This is thy house, with these it doth abound;

And where these are not found,
Perhaps, thou comest sometimes, and for a day;
But not to make a constant stay."

The same idea is found in some of the following verses:—

"How should I praise thee, Lord, how should
my rhymes

Gladly engrave thy love in steel
If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some forty heavens, or
more,

Sometimes I peer above them all:
Sometimes I hardly reach a score;
Sometimes to hell I fall.

Oh! rack me not to such a vast extent!

Those distances belong to thee;
The world's too little for thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;*

Thy power and love, thy love and trust,
Make one place everywhere.

It cannot be. Where is that mighty joy
Which just now took up all my heart?

Lord, if thou needs must use thy dart,
Save that and me; or sin for both destroy!

The grosser world stands to thy Word and art;
But thy diviner world of grace

Thou suddenly dost raise and raise,
And every day a new Creator art!

Oh! fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence;

For, when thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

* Probably "in thy hands" is meant by "there."

Scatter or bind them all to bend to thee:

Though elements change and heaven move
Let not thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me."

Under the title of "The Church Floor," Herbert, in obedience to the same ruling idea, describes a portion of architecture, far more spiritual and beautiful, and far more enduring than the Venetian palaces, or any human handiwork:—

"Mark you the floor? that square and speckled stone,

Which looks so firm and strong,
Is *Patience*.

And the other, black and grave, wherewith each one

Is chequered all along,
Is *Humility*.

The gentle rising, which, on either hand,
Leads to the choir above,

Is *Confidence*.

But the sweet cement which, in one sure band,
Ties the whole frame, is *Love*

And *Charity*.

Hither sometimes Sin steals, and stains
The Marble's neat and curious veins;

But all is cleansed when the Marble weeps.
Sometimes, Death, puffing at the door,
Blows all the dust about the floor;

But, while he thinks to spoil the room, he sweeps.

Blest be the *Architect!* whose art
Could build so strong in a weak heart."

Herbert's ambition seems to have led him to look forward to a statesman's life at one period; at another, a desire to go abroad and visit various countries was very strong within him. His mother had influence to keep him from travelling; and she also had set her heart on his becoming a servant in the Church of God. Her desires were complied with; and outward circumstances, as well as secret tendencies, seem to have combined, with filial piety, to make him avoid the snares, which one so impressible, and as yet unattached to any particular calling, would certainly have found in foreign travel at that time; and to have enticed his heart, with ever-increasing power, towards those green pastures and quiet waters, by which it is the joy and privilege of every true-hearted minister of the temple to choose his path.

His eldest brother was the noted Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who wrote against revealed religion. Truly strange are the differences that are sometimes to be traced in sentiments, opinions, and actions, between children of the same family! How notable, in these days, the religious position of the two Newmans, fleeing from one another's cutting, but *blindly* cutting logic—the one to the cloisters of the Romish Church, the other into and beyond the arid wastes of Unitarianism! George was the fifth son, in a family of seven sons and three daughters. The death of his father, when he was only four years of age,

would leave him to the sole care of a mother, whose influence with him seems always to have been sacred. His brothers may have often led him to entertain worldly views, and views at variance with those of his thoroughly religious and intelligent parent; but he chose the good part; and now, both in the world and in the Church, his name and fame is greater far than theirs.

In next number we shall quote some poems from "The Temple," illustrative of Herbert's doubts and struggles, and of the final choice he made.

J. L. B.

(To be continued.)

READING.*

We do not know any more gratifying characteristic of the present age, than the attempts now being made by the upper and literary classes to instruct and to arouse the masses. Lectures delivered by such men as Lord Carlisle, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Ingestre, and Mr. Layard, possess a value altogether irrespective of their literary merits—great though these indisputably are. They are valuable, inasmuch as they are calculated to knit together the bonds of society, and to lead the rich and the poor to cherish a mutual respect and mutual esteem for each other. The same end is, to a greater or less degree, accomplished by these courses of lectures which have, within the last few years, become so common and so popular in provincial towns. Delivered by the gentlemen and clergymen of the district, and attended generally by crowds of every class of society, we know that they have, in many cases, been attended with much beneficial results. Not merely have they proved a counter-attraction to the public-house, they have sometimes given rise to habits of reading and habits of thought, which cannot fail to be gratifying to every one interested in the welfare

of his fellow-men. It should never, however, be forgotten, that such lectures, to be really useful, ought not to be regarded as an end, but merely as means to an end. They should never be regarded as the "very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice," agreeable to listen to, but forgotten as soon as heard; they should serve mainly as hints and guides for future reading, for thus only can the hearers be truly benefited. Of this Mr. Lee seems perfectly aware; and if those who listened to his admirable lecture, put in practice in regard to books, the advice he gave them in regard to books, their gain will be great.

Of the lecture itself, of its tone and style, we can speak in the very highest terms. The frequent and apt references to, and quotations from, many of our best authors, evince on Mr. Lee's part, not merely a hereditary knowledge of books, but also a degree of thoughtfulness and taste rarely to be met with. His object is to shew the exact relation in which books stand to the cultivation of the mind, and to point out the dangers of desultory and miscellaneous reading.

And let it not be imagined, that these dangers are altogether imaginary. As our Lord warned His disciples that they should take heed not only *what* they heard, but also *how* they heard, so, in this age of cheap books, cheap newspapers,

* Books in relation to Mental and Moral Culture. By the Rev. William Lee, Minister of Roxburgh. Being the last of a Series of Lectures on Science and Literature, delivered in the Town Hall, Kelso, Kelso: Rutherford, 1855.

cheap reviews and magazines, we should take care not merely *what* we read, but *how* we read. In fact, the latter caution seems to us even more necessary than the former, since what we may denominate bad books,—books positively injurious—are now-a-days of comparatively rare occurrence, while intellectual dissipation in regard to books, as well as to sermons and to lectures, is, we fear, decidedly on the increase. Of the crowds who frequent Lecture rooms and public meetings, and who are never satisfied unless they hear at least three sermons every Sunday, and make one of the crowd that throngs after every popular preacher, how few are there who take heed *how*, and inwardly digest *what*, they hear! And in regard to reading, for which the opportunities are so much greater, this is still more emphatically the case. We have, as Sir James Stephen so graphically describes in his Lecture on desultory and systematic reading, “our daily gallop over our newspaper,” with its endless variety of topics;—then we have magazines and reviews coming in in shoals; while, finally, our book-club sends us in every month its miscellaneous collection of history, poetry, travels, and biography, with perhaps a sprinkling of philosophy, or even of novels and tales. Now, we must confess, that when we have reckoned up the amount which some “book-devourers” get through in the course of a twelvemonth, and when we consider the impossibility of, to use Lord Bacon’s words, their being able “to chew and digest them, that is, to read them wholly, and with diligence and attention,” we have not unfrequently felt that it would not be difficult to maintain a very specious argument in support of Plato’s paradox, that “the invention of letters has not materially improved mankind;” and that King Thamus had some show of reason for saying, that “letters, by making men neglect memory, will produce forgetfulness in their souls; because, trusting to the external and foreign marks of writing, they will not exercise the internal powers of recollection and thought.”

Mr. Lee’s remarks upon indiscriminate and desultory reading are so just and so

appropriate, that we venture to quote them:—

“In the case of books, however, as in the case of all other like means of culture, there is a right and a wrong method of study. We may be readers, and even great readers of books, without thereby cultivating our minds; nay, we may so read as to make our reading, instead of a help, a hindrance, instead of beneficial, detrimental to the improvement, elevation, and development of our intellectual and moral nature,—a fact of great and obvious importance which I desire especially to call attention to in this lecture, and a fact of which I shall proceed immediately to offer one or two illustrations. There are serious and mischievous misconceptions as to the terms on which the cultivation of the mind may be promoted by books. How often is it said to the young: ‘Addict yourselves to reading, read anything, read in any way; only read.’ And there are those who, if they but spend so much time in reading—no matter what, and no matter how they read—imagine that they are carrying out a great and beneficial mental process. Every book, every combination of paper, printing, and boards, is an instrument, in their eyes, possessed of magical powers for their intellectual and moral advancement. Every hour spent by them in reading, even though the act should be purely mechanical—an act in which neither the attention, nor the judgment, nor the memory, nor the imagination, nor the heart, is exercised at all—is an hour spent in the discipline and development of the highest powers of their being. This is hardly an exaggerated statement of opinions very prevalent on the subject of this evening’s lecture. It is an opinion, however, grossly and perniciously erroneous. ‘If we would handle books and studies,’ says Lord Bacon, ‘and what influence and operation they have upon manners, *there are divers precepts of great caution and direction appertaining thereunto.*’ To the same purpose another high authority, Mr. Locke, thus writes: ‘Books and reading are looked upon to be the great helps of the understanding and instruments of knowledge, as it must be allowed that they are; and yet I beg leave to question whether these do not prove a hindrance to many, and keep several bookish men from attaining to solid and true knowledge. This I think I may be permitted to say, that there is no part wherein the understanding needs a more wary and careful conduct than in the use of books.’”

Our author, after some interesting remarks on the various characters of books, next discusses the question: Will the indiscriminate reading of books of all sorts promote true culture, or will it not rather impair and injure, than benefit the intellectual and moral powers? To this his answer is,—

“It must be stated in the most emphatic terms language admits of, that without a careful selection of the actual books with which he occupies himself, a man’s reading, even should he do nothing else but read, may not only fail to strengthen and elevate his higher powers, but produce results exactly the reverse. This rule applies both to the intellect and the affections. Many a man’s mental culture,—that is, the amount of his useful knowledge, and the capacity of the mind itself,—is, I am persuaded, diminished, instead of being augmented by his reading.”

Mr. Lee’s defence of this opinion is exceedingly instructive. Our limits, however, forbid us to quote more than a few very apposite sentences, for which he is indebted to Bishop Butler, who says:—

“The great number of books and papers of amusement which, of one kind or another, daily come in one’s way, have in part occasioned, and most perfectly fall in with and humour this idle way of reading and considering things. By this means, time, even in solitude, is happily got rid of, without the pain of *attention*; neither is any part of it more put to the account of idleness—one can scarce forbear saying, is spent with less *thought*—than great part of that which is spent in reading. Thus people habituate themselves to let things pass through their minds, as one may speak, rather than to think of them; thus, by use, they become satisfied merely with seeing what is said, without going any further. Review and attention, and even forming a judgment, becomes fatigue; and to lay anything before them that requires it, is to put them quite out of their way.”

The concluding passage of the lecture is so replete with warning, as well as instruction, that we feel that we cannot do better than give it entire:—

“We have thus seen, then, first of all, that the study of books is an admirable means of mental and moral culture. We have seen, however, secondly, that books

must be rightly used to produce this result; and, indeed, that unless rightly used, the study of them may do more harm than good. I have dwelt longer on the latter point than on the former, because, in fact, it is the most important of the two, and that on which false ideas are most prevalent. And to what has been already said on that topic, it may be worth while still further to add a single observation, namely, that the caution which has been given as to a right and wrong method of study, applies not only to books on other subjects, but also to books on the most important of all questions, religion, and not only to other books, but also to the greatest of all books—a book which stands alone and unapproachable; that book which ‘has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its subject matter’—the Holy Bible. What our Lord said to those who listened to the great doctrines and precepts of inspiration from His lips—‘Take heed how ye hear’—must, with a verbal change, be addressed to us who receive divine revelation, not in a spoken, but in a written form. We must take heed how we *read* the Word of God. That Word possesses mighty influences. Read aright, it is ‘able to make us wise unto salvation,’ and is ‘profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.’ It even regenerates and sanctifies our fallen nature. But we may read Scripture itself without profit; and more than that, the very Gospel of Christ, if ‘a savour of life unto life’ to some men, may, by their own misuse of it, become to others ‘a savour of death unto death.’

“One word in conclusion. Let us remember, that it is not for time only, but for eternity—not to fit us for the duties and enjoyments of the life that now is only, but also of that which is to come, that we engage in any of those processes—that we use any of those means by which the intellect and the affections are exercised and enriched, and invigorated and developed. It is right we should bear this in view, both to suggest to us those forms of culture which are most essential, and also to encourage us the more to give all diligence, and spare no pains or labour to make the most of the means of such culture which are now in our power. Let us not believe that any real knowledge thus once gained will ever be lost, either here or hereafter. At all events, the effects on the mind of that discipline which it undergoes in the pur-

suit of knowledge—its increase of capacity—its freedom of action—its purification and elevation—these become a part of itself, and partake in its immortality. 'When I die,' writes Richard Baxter, 'I must depart, not only from sensual delights, but from the more manly pleasures of my studies, knowledge, and converse with many wise and godly men, and from all my pleasure in reading. I must leave my library, and turn over those pleasant books no more.' This, perhaps, is a thought which has disturbed many who yet knew, like Baxter, that to them to die was unspeakable gain. And it is true, that at death 'those pleasant books' must be left behind. Not true, however, that the knowledge, if worthy knowledge, thence derived, or the discipline and culture thereby promoted, must also be left behind. We must, at death, leave behind us the means, but not the result attained through these means. At death the scaffolding must be taken down, but the structure, that living temple which it has helped to rear and beautify for God's service, will not be taken down. There is no wisdom, or strength, or purity that is acquired in this world, whether by the aid of books or otherwise, that does not thenceforward doubtless constitute for the heirs of heaven an inalienable possession—nay, there is, doubtless, no book we ever read, no thought that ever passes through our minds, no emotion that ever stirs our hearts, but will, for good or evil, influence our destiny at judgment, and our estate throughout eternity."

If our remarks and quotations have succeeded in conveying any adequate notion of the value of the lecture before us,—a lecture which we regard as eminently reasonable,—we are sure few of our readers will rest satisfied till they have read it all. And we think we can promise them, that the hour spent in reading it will never be regarded as one "to be put to the account of idleness."

REFLECTIONS ON THE LORD'S PRAYER.

His sacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the sound!

It was Jehovah—'tis our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchsafe to bow!
He brought it down that taught us how to pray,
And did so dearly for our ransom pay.

His kingdom come. For this we pray in vain
Unless He does in our affections reign:
Absurd it were to wish for such a King,
And not obedience to His sceptre bring.
Whose yoke is easy, and His burden light;
His service freedom, and His judgments right.

His will be done. In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heaven, it must be made our own,
His will should all our inclinations sway,
Whom nature and the universe obey.
Happy the man whose wishes are confin'd
To what has been eternally design'd!
Referring all to His paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourselves, we are.

It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis He that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breast,
From day to day we on His bounty feast.
Nor should the soul expect above a day
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay;
The setting sun should seem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of special grace.

That He should all our trespasses forgive,
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Though so to pray may seem an easy task,
We curse ourselves when thus inclined we ask.
This prayer to use, we ought with equal care
Our souls, as to the sacrament, prepare.
The noblest worship of the Power above,
Is to extol and imitate His love:
Not to forgive our enemies alone,
But use our bounty that they may be won.

Guard us from all temptations of the foe;
And those we may in several stations know:
The rich and poor in slippery places stand:
Give us enough! but with a sparing hand!
Not ill-persuading want; nor wanting wealth;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living sing thy praise;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raise.

WALLER.

"When very young, Franklin shewed passionate fondness for reading, much ingenuity in argument, but, as he acknowledges, a disputatious wrangling style of conversation. 'I have since observed,' he says, 'that persons of good sense seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and generally men of all sorts who have been bred at EDINBURGH!!!'—*Lord Mahon's History.*

The will is tuneless to his ear who feels
No harmony within; the south wind steals
As silent as unseen among the flowers,
Who has no inward beauty, none perceives,
Though all around is beautiful.

DANA.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

(Continued from page 16.)

THE BOSPHORUS.

THERE is perhaps no place in the world more romantically beautiful, or more historically interesting, than the Bosphorus. The intense beauty of its deep blue waters, and the budding luxuriance of its banks, make it possess a freshness of which the eye is never weary. In olden times, as the division between the *then* old world and new, it possessed for the ancients an undefined importance; more lately, as the boundary so freely contested by Persian and Greek, Mohammedan and Christian, it has often played an important part in the world's history. Like the rich fringe of a beautiful garment, its banks excel in luxuriance the fertile lands which they border. A summer's day spent on its waters is never to be forgotten: it charms the mind for ever, like a dream of Eden. The clear blue waters sparkling and leaping around every promontory as they are carried along by the many currents—the endless combinations of incomparable scenery which leave you spell-bound with admiration—the extraordinary way in which everything seems so completely to have fallen into the very place in the landscape which it should have occupied for the production of the general effect, enchants to a degree beyond any other scene I ever saw. The bewitching palaces built along the flood—their long line of pillars steeped in golden light—the trellised flowers and hanging gardens—the deeply shaded valleys—the picturesque villages stretching out on points, or snugly secure in some sandy bay, form a series of pictures no imagination can overdraw. Then, as one's boat glides along, an old battlement—a castle of Roumelia or of Anatolia raises its grey walls amidst the foliage at your side, or the rapid caique, filled with its picturesque crews, silently passes within an arm's length. The mind is never left to itself; it is kept continually on the stretch by the variety of objects around. Huge line-of-battle ships lie along the very banks; and ships of every nation display their flags in the harbours. Never were these seas so crowded as at present. The fleet of screw transports alone is endless. The other day, I counted thirty-three steamers in the Golden Horn—no mean number for a place which till lately was almost deserted. The beautiful changes, too,

which come over the Bosphorus, with the varying weather, and the rising and setting suns, no pen can describe. Sometimes a mist will conceal the sea and ships, and discover the palaces and mosques elevated, as it were, in mid air; while, at another time, all along the sea is clear, and everything above a low level concealed, till gradually, as the sun gains strength, ships and houses come from under the veil, as if brought to life by a magic wand, and the whole beauty of the matchless scene is unfolded to the eye. I saw both of these singular effects in the course of one day lately. The wild birds which frequent the Bosphorus, too, from long immunity, have become so tame, that they hardly stir a wing to escape your oar; and the merry porpoises bask in the sun, or dive briskly in the rushing tide, on every side of your caique. The precept of the prophet is their charter, and no one disturbs their inheritance. Claude Lorraine must have painted on the Bosphorus, or else the scenery of its shores is the development of his poetic dreams. The pillared porticoes on the tide's edge, the picturesque old ships, with their high prows and sterns, and odd rigs, and, above all, that peculiar light o'er sea and land—that matchless beam of sunshine and subduing dreamy colouring, which he has in so many of his pictures, is just what one sees daily on the Bosphorus. The Sultan is building a new palace, which, when finished, will certainly be one of the most elegant royal residences in Europe. It is built of an architecture singularly in keeping with the scene; and its internal decorations, all of the most elaborate description, make it an object of much interest to the traveller. But it is the wondrous panorama from the windows which makes this palace so singularly attractive. Placed on a slight bend in the Bosphorus, it commands a view of the entrance of the strait, and also of the Golden Horn, the Seraglio point, and of Stamboul, together with the ever changing, ever beautiful waters of the Bosphorus, which flash their blue waves up beneath the very windows. The taste displayed in building such an extravagant palace, when his soldiers are starving and shoeless, is another thing, of which I suppose the sultan is, or at least ought to be, himself the best judge.

THE DANCING DERVISHES.

No stranger visiting Constantinople should omit to go and see the dervishes, — I mean both those which whirl and those which howl. They are really worth seeing; as shewing, if it be nothing else, the extraordinary ways in which mankind suppose they can propitiate the Deity. Both ceremonies are forms of worship; and, as each of these orders of priests are richly endowed, they gain nothing by the performance; or rather, I should perhaps say, they do not make these rites the pretence of extorting money. The dervishes are much venerated by the Turks, and are the sort of monks of the Mohammedan Church. They are of many orders. Some wander about, having no fixed residence, while others live together in communities. The howling and the whirling dervishes are the chief bodies in Constantinople, — the former having their residence in Scutari, and the latter in Pera. The *teké*, or church, is alike, being in each instance a square building, having the alcove, which represents their altar, on the wall towards Mecca, a square clear space divided off by a low rail in the centre for the performers, and a piazza-like passage around under the galleries, for the spectators. In the galleries the musicians sit, if we can so dignify the brethren who perform on drums and long reeds during the ceremonies. These same performers may certainly be said, with justice, to have brought the science of discord in sounds to perfection. After the usual preliminary genuflexions and prayers, the whirlers march in solemn procession past their chief, and then, placing their hands at first on the tips of their shoulders, and then stretching out their arms, they begin to whirl round and round, as in a waltz, only making very little way. They wear a high conical felt hat, and a very long loose petticoat which comes to stick out quite stiffly all round from the regularity of their movements. Some take an outside course, and others whirl more towards the centre of the room; and through and between the whole walks an old dervish, seemingly to see that they keep a proper distance from one another. The curious thing is, that though there are

fifteen of them thus twisting their long gowns in a space not larger than an ordinary sized dining room, they never at any time touch one another; and, though they continue thus turning for a very long time, they never seem to get the least dizzy. It is truly the perfection of waltzing. During the whole time the eccentric flutes and the drunken drum keep humming away, varied now and then by the unearthly screech of the musicians. Of the origin or object of the ceremony I know nothing, though, like all religious rites in which dancing has a part, it is, of course, fathered on David. The howling dervishes have a much more elaborate ceremony, and on certain great occasions torture themselves frightfully with red hot irons, which they introduce into their mouths, and score their skins. Some of their tortures are too horrid to describe; but, of course, the worse they are, the more is thought of the sanctity of those who undergo them. On ordinary days, however, the ceremony which has obtained for them the appellation of the "howlers," alone is seen. Having divested themselves of their turbans, they range themselves in line, and begin slowly to repeat the confession of faith, *La illah ilahlah*, &c., swinging their bodies from side to side, and roaring it out as loud as they can bellow. They soon get faster and faster, rolling and tumbling about, and repeating the same words, but so fast that *il lah* is all that reaches the ear amidst the storm which becomes quite deafening. Groans, grunts, stamping of the feet, and other equally agreeable variations, come in at times, sometimes in the most ludicrous way possible. They continue at this for an hour and more, till your very head turns. Sometimes they fall down in fits, and have to be carried out. At last, in one prolonged grunt, it ends; and, reeking from the fight of lungs, they receive the blessing and kiss of peace from the chief priest, and retire. As a form of worship it is even more curious than the dancing. It is said to have been borrowed from the Persians.

G. H. B. L.

GLEANINGS ON THE WAR.

I.

CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES.

We have seldom read a more touching episode than the following, from the pen of a German soldier, who, with a few

comrades, resolved to have his *Christmas* on Christmas eve:—"We were in a broad ditch behind a few gabions. It was very dark. We had procured a poor little pine branch, which we lit up with

candle ends, and a few coloured paper lanterns that we had made as artistically as we could. We suspended on the tree, or placed around it, the gifts we intended for each other; they were portions of biscuit, and salted meat, and grog, which we had set aside for the purpose, stinting ourselves for a week previous. The crowning gift consisted of two apples, and the leg of a smoked goose, for which we had together paid six francs. The signal was given—the tree was lit up. We were full of joy, and expressed it as children were wont by the side of their father's hearth. But soon these feelings gave way before deep gravity; our thoughts wandered to the dwellings of our beloved ones, to those beloved ones themselves, who, at that very time, were thinking of us with love, and, alas! with pain. And then our valiant Serjeant Niemann spoke. No art was in that speech, but the penetrating tone of a soul moved by Christian emotion. He spoke of the past, of the present, with its threatening perils, and of the time to come—eternity, for which we must prepare the more, on account of these perils, with an extreme solicitude. He spoke of Him who, from the midst of eternal beatitude, came into the world to seek and to save that which was lost. He said that, as His gracious coming was announced before Bethlehem to poor shepherds lying in the fields, thus it is announced at this moment to a handful of poor soldiers on the inhospitable shores of the Black Sea. He ended with a fervent prayer. No, never had a Christmas service so deeply affected us. Warm tears ran down our cheeks furrowed with fatigue and cold. We forgot that rank or creed might separate us. Each pressed his fellow's hand; and the one feeling which animated us all was that of lively affection in the holy and cordial love of the Redeemer!

"Our illumination was growing dim; the fire we had been permitted to light, and for which we had saved our week's scanty allowance of fuel, was going out; we threw in our beloved Christmas tree, then we took our repast together, sung a religious war-song, drank to our dear country, to faithful friendship, to the triumph of our arms, and to a glorious peace! Our fire was out, but the darkening clouds had dispersed, and over our heads shone thousands of stars. Once more we clasped our hands, wished each other a good night, and each returned to his quarters. On his way, one of those who had been with us received his death-wound from a bomb from the walls of Sebastopol!"

II.

A CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Dr. Marsh, writing to the *London Record*, gives the following account of the late Captain Vicars, to whom he refers as "a loved friend:"—"Captain Vicars, 97th regiment, was the son of a widowed mother, who placed a Bible in his hand at parting when he entered the army, at seventeen years of age. On his way to the West Indies with his regiment, he mislaid and lost his Bible, and five years passed without an answer to a pious mother's prayers. But one day, entering the room of a brother officer, he opened a Bible which lay on the table, and his eye fixed on the words, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' 'If this be true for me,' he said, 'by the grace of God I will live henceforth as a man cleansed by the blood of Christ *should* live.' The next morning he purchased a Bible for himself, and kept it open on his table, as the new 'colours' under which he would fight. By some of his companions, as is usual with so sudden a conversion, he was charged with hypocrisy; by others called a Methodist. Amidst considerable opposition for several months, he still maintained his ground. He then began to be much honoured, which is also the usual result of consistency. He lived as a man who deeply felt his obligation to his Saviour. Whilst his regiment was in Greece last autumn, cholera and fever raged amongst them for some weeks. Captain Vicars spent his days, and often his nights, in the hospitals, reading the Word of Life, and praying with the sick and dying. As funeral after funeral took place, he was by the open graves, beseeching the soldiers around to prepare to meet their God, and telling them that 'God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.' In the month of November last, the 97th landed in the Crimea, whence, in the midst of fatigue, hardship, and privation, his letters were as remarkable for their cheerful tone, and manly, soldier-like spirit, as for their deep and humble piety. Again, he found ample opportunities of bidding the dying 'Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world.' He was greatly beloved by his men; and an eye-witness said, that during the time he was in danger of death from the fumes of the charcoal, his soldiers were standing around wringing their hands. 'Fear not for me,' he wrote, not long ago, 'I am safe in my Saviour's

arms; I know it—I feel it—for life or for death.’ And his last letter, dated March 16th, he closes with the words, ‘Jesus is near, and very precious to my heart and soul.’ He was permitted to die, illustrating his favourite maxim, that ‘A soldier

of the Cross should be the best soldier of his Queen and country.’”

Captain Vicars was killed at the great sortie a few weeks ago, against our lines. Upon the day appointed for humiliation, he selected the lessons to be read.

GLASGOW MISSION TO THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

LETTERS FROM THE REV. MR. FERGUSON TO THE SECRETARY.

LETTER III.

“SCUTARI, 12th March, 1855.

“Matters go on here very much the same as when I last wrote to you, only there has been considerable improvement in the health of the men, and many of the wards have become less crowded, though we have had large arrivals from the camp. The average of deaths last week was between seventeen and eighteen,—a great reduction. It is truly pleasant, as one passes along the corridors and through the wards, to see so many beds empty, with the bedding turned up, and the nightly occupants spending the day in strolling about in the area of the quadrangle in their long sky-blue robes, with their most comfortable conical night-caps of the same hue, or finding their way through the various wards in search of their comrades, taking them a book which they themselves have read with pleasure, or carrying a softer pillow to one whose weary cheek longs for (though it were but) a change, in the hope that on it ease may be found for the aching head. But while there is much improvement in health, it is evident to all here, (and it is deeply impressed upon the minds of the patients themselves,) that this is not the place where those weakened and shattered constitutions are soon to be restored, so as to enable the men to return to active duty; and it is truly painful to see so many undergoing a succession of diseases or relapses of the same disease; each one as it passes slowly away leaving a greater tendency to a fresh attack, and less physical energy to withstand its ravages upon the vital domain. There is great sympathy here with the purpose of Lord Panmure to remove the sick from the hospitals of Scutari. This, with the change in ministry at home, and the death of the Czar, has caused every heart here to thrill with lively hope. The desire for an *honourable* peace among the men is very great, but all manifest a strong aversion to giving

up the war without the demands of the allied powers receiving a complete satisfaction. Many, with tears running down their withered and spare cheeks, said, when they heard the report that the Emperor of Russia was dead, ‘I do not wish him to be cut off, but for the sake of suffering men I long for peace.’

“I do not find that I have anything which calls for special notice. I should like, were it possible, to tell you of all I do here,—the whole of my labours are, to me at least, fraught with the deepest interest. My list has now swelled from 115 to 156. This looks a small charge for a minister; but I find, that small though it seems, it is, in truth, much too large. I am not able to see over the cases calling for special attention, so frequently as is desirable, as they are distributed in five different buildings; some of which are a considerable distance apart from the others. I went over to the Palace hospital the other day, intending to spend only one hour; but it was fully three before I got out of it; and I never spend, if possible, above five or ten minutes beside a sick man. I gave attention, on the occasion alluded to, to twenty-five of my own people; which, in the time spent, gives only eight minutes to each; some got more and some less as the case might call for it; and in passing by the beds of so many poor and patient sufferers, it is impossible to resist speaking to many who are not specially under one’s own care. I mentioned at the end of my last communication, that another presbyterian chaplain here would make all right; and as I went to post the letter I was made glad by the arrival of a presbyterian chaplain from the Irish Church. It was thought advisable, however, to send him to Kuliilee, where there is an hospital for sixteen hundred men. To have lightened our labours here to the neglect of this large field, would have been wrong. I have now no hope of being able to visit the Hulks for a time at least; they are

visited regularly by the Episcopal chaplain, who gives attention to Presbyterians as well as Churchmen, unless the patient objects.

"The Episcopalians have lost two chaplains by death lately, and the most of them are suffering from the effects of climate and overworking. My colleague, Mr. Drennan, is again quite well. I am most thankful to say, that I have not had one day's sickness since my arrival. I like the climate, though it must be trying to the constitution, from the frequent great and sudden changes of the temperature."

LETTER IV.

"SCUTARI, 26th March.

"I have only time for a very brief note. Letters for my men take up the time. . . . There is very much to encourage, and not a little to depress. Several of my people are now, with apparent sincerity, crying out: 'What shall we do to be saved?' Others are hopefully professing their attachment to Christ; and many are evidently and doggedly dead to all that concerns their everlasting well-being.

"I wish the friends and supporters of 'the Glasgow Mission to Scutari' could only go one round of the hospital with me, and hear the blessings that I get heaped upon me. I am confident they would thank God that they had the honour and privilege to take part in the important work.

"Please send to . . . a post-office order for twenty-five shillings. It is a melancholy present from her husband, who died here a few days ago. I have written her. John F—— died in the Lord. His case is most interesting. I keep a note of important cases. I must tell you of what happened only yesterday. One of my men, fast dying, told me when I visited him, that he had been thinking of becoming a Roman Catholic. He had wished to see the priest in the morning, and the medical officers had visited him for the purpose of testing his ability to think for himself; they resolved to send for me, and two of them had gone in search of them when I called. I found that one of the nuns had been recommending him to pray to the Virgin. I left him to judge for himself, after having set before him what I believe to be the truth. He gave me his hand, saying: 'I shall not think of becoming a Romanist.' I saw him again in the evening; and between my visits the nun had been back, telling him that he should not allow him-

self to be turned in his purpose by any man.

"I intend to investigate the case. If these nuns be allowed to do such things, they must leave the hospital.

"Fever is raging dreadfully. Major Campbell, the assistant quartermaster-general, died in a few days' illness last week, in the room below mine. I am in excellent health. The heat is very great. Thermo. in the shade now, (11 A.M.,) 74 degrees."

LETTER V.

"SCUTARI, 2d April.

"I have nothing of a general character to communicate, unless I were to repeat what I have formerly reported. Everything goes on much in the same way. Particular cases are occurring, almost daily, of very deep interest. It is by individual cases that the success of labour here must be measured. . . .

"If you wish particulars, I must send you extracts from my daily journal; that is very brief in many cases—which is perhaps its only recommendation. At the conclusion of my last note, I mentioned a case of proselytizing, which had occurred. The man is since dead; he died a Protestant. I have written a letter to Lord William Paulet, the commandant, giving an account of the case, and craving his interference.

"We have had a large arrival of invalids from the camp, but not many of them bad cases. Three shiploads have gone home from this lately; and a draft of about 400 sailed for the Crimea on Saturday. There is a great deal of fever generated here, but the deaths are few comparatively.

"Peace is looked for here on the part of all with much anxiety. Our hopes have been raised by the report, that a Queen's messenger went up last week with despatches to Lord Raglan to stop all hostilities in the meantime. We are all in hope that this may be true. . . . My health, I am happy to say, continues good. My colleague has had another attack of fever—the third—and he is recommended to apply for sick-leave to Malta, or elsewhere, for a fortnight.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SCUTARI MISSION.

Collection, per Rev. Mr. Shaw, Ayr	L.10	11	6.
Anonymous in Postage Stamps	0	10	0
Collected by Mrs T. O'Farrell of Coodham	2	10	0
A Soldier's Widow and Friend	0	10	0
Robert S. Moncrieff, Esq., of Fossaway	1	0	0
Mr. and Miss Pearson, 17 Royal Circus, Edinburgh	1	0	0
James Gardner, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute, Campbellton	1	0	0.

Gleanings from the Mission Field.

INDIA MISSION OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND—MADRAS.

WHILE the intelligence of this month from all the Presidencies of India ought to command the attention, and to deepen the interest of the Church in her foreign operations, the accounts from Madras especially, may well quicken our zeal, and animate our devotions at a throne of grace; several of the native youth there, who, for a considerable period, enjoyed the benefit of Gospel instruction, having openly confessed their faith in Jesus, and been admitted by baptism into the Christian Church. Such an event could not but prove a source of much Christian satisfaction to the friends of our mission abroad; and at home we trust it will be hailed as glad tidings of good things sent us from a land which the Church of Scotland has selected as the special field of its Christian efforts. That these have, in some measure, been crowned with success, such intelligence proves. Most gladly, then, do we point to it. It merits our serious consideration; and while it says to all the friends of the India Mission, "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not"—while it rebukes the scepticism of the formalist and the worldling, so often repeating the cry in India, as elsewhere, "Where is the promise of His coming?"—it may well form the theme of thanksgiving to all who would seek to promote the glory of Christ and of His kingdom. To His gracious name be all the praise! Having received these converts from His hand, we commend them again to His keeping—that, nourished by His grace, and guided by His Spirit, they may themselves become the honoured instruments in turning others from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God.

BAPTISM OF SEVEN NATIVES IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND'S MISSION, MADRAS.

On Sabbath evening, the 17th December, a very gratifying service was held in the Mission House of the above mission. At the close of public worship, which was conducted by the Rev. W. Grant, the missionary, seven Hindu converts, who had all been for some time—several, indeed, for a long time—candidates for baptism, took their places in

front of the pulpit. They were,—1. *Chinnatumby*, (now Paul), by profession a native doctor, upwards of fifty years of age; 2. *Agambum*, (*Aseerthan*), a young man, about twenty-five years old, who had been employed for upwards of two years in the mission; 3. *Therooman*, (*Isaac*), a young native, about twenty; 4. *Monicum*, (*Paul*), 5. *Ponambulum*, (*John*), 6. *Comorappen*, (*David*),—these three last were about eighteen years of age, and had been living for a considerable time in the mission; 7. *Vigeum*, (*Kezia*), a native girl, about sixteen, who had also been residing about a year in the mission house.

Mr. Grant gave a short account of each, stating that all had been under Christian instruction for a considerable time—at least a year—some, indeed, for several years; and that they had, during a period of probation, afforded every reason to believe that they were sincerely desirous of being truly the Lord's. He then put a number of questions to them—some in English, and others in Tamil,—regarding their past state as heathens, and their present hopes and resolutions as disciples of Christ. Having received satisfactory answers, after prayer for the divine blessing, and an address to the candidates, he proceeded to administer the sacred ordinance, the seal of their admission into the Church of the Saviour; and then, in prayer, committed them to the care of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. May they be strengthened with might in the inner man by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in them, and enabled so to live as to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things!—The attendance of Europeans, East-Indians, and native Christians on the occasion, was numerous. A number of heathens were also present.

With respect to the efforts which we have made during the past year to fulfil our mission, we trust we can say that we have endeavoured, so far as we could, to make known the Gospel of salvation to all within our reach. By means of religious instruction communicated to the hundreds that daily assemble in the Institution—by lectures delivered every Sunday evening—by having the Gospel preached to the adults almost every day in the Bengalee chapel—by employing our converts in the conducting of Sunday classes, and in the distributing of religious books,—by these and similar agencies

we have laboured to diffuse a knowledge of divine truth, and to save men's souls.

Preaching the Gospel to the adults, teaching the young, and the various other means which we have endeavoured, however feebly, to employ,—all these, not separately, but *collectively* and *unitedly*, seem to be the human agencies specially sanctioned by God as the divinely appointed instrumentality for, in the first place, calling out from among all nations a people chosen by himself, and so, finally, for introducing that period when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

Intelligence of the baptism of at least one convert, we hope to be able to communicate at no distant period. The number of pupils that have received instruction in the year 1854, amounts to 812.

BOMBAY.

The Institution is in a prosperous and progressing condition. By comparing former minutes with our present numbers, I find that the increase of daily attendance in the English department is 90 in excess of any former year. The difference does not appear so much in the numbers on the roll. Of the 497 pupils belonging to the Institution, there are present generally about 400, or four-fifths; and the rules in regard to attendance are strictly enforced. The absence proceeds *entirely* from religious observances, travelling, and sickness.

In every class, with one exception, books of religious instruction, and Bible history are used. I have perfect confidence in the great majority of our monitors, although heathen, that they do nothing to counteract any persuasions which may arise from perusing those books which it is necessary to entrust to them in the lower classes. But I am not at all convinced that nothing is done by parents at home to counteract impressions. Parents send their sons to us not without a grudge; and not a few prefer forfeiting the advantages of an English education altogether, to running a risk of what they regard a great evil. The Parsee portion of the population continue to resist every inlet to the truth, and for them there is at present no hope.

As far as I have seen, although with little personal encouragement hitherto, I have great confidence in the beneficial effects of missionary institutions, which will certainly tell with power in the end. Still, it is likely that for many many years, things will just go on as they have been doing, without a decisive striking,

or extensive awakening. In these circumstances, I shall take the liberty of suggesting to you, for the progress and good of our mission, the desirableness of extending it. I am aware of the difficulties; but if you could found a mission in the south, of a *purely pastoral kind*, it would undoubtedly be attended with beneficial results. *There are flourishing congregations there, and thousands of native Christians.* If this be found possible, nothing is more deserving of your attention than the advance which might be gained by the missionary, by a previous study of the language, and an abridgment of his preparatory term of general study.—*Letter from Rev. Mr. Wallace.*

MISSION TO THE JEWS.

The excellent Mr. Sutter writes from Karlsruhe:—

“W——, the young candidate for baptism concerning whom I wrote to you last month, has been allowed to remain here since, unmolested. He comes to me daily for instruction, which he receives with much gratitude. He is full of joy in having found the pearl of great price, and is evidently growing in knowledge and grace—in short, I am altogether satisfied with him. At the beginning of this month another Jew came to me requesting instruction, with the view of joining the Church of Christ. He is from Nassau, his name is A—— M——. Several years ago he was with me for some days, and seemed at that time, although without much knowledge, favourably disposed towards the Gospel. He has been in the army during the last six years, and is about to be discharged from duty. He has been receiving daily instruction for the last three weeks, and he leaves upon those who converse with him an impression of single-minded sincerity, which is highly pleasing.

The Jewess to whom I gave instruction for a short time in December has not since returned to me. From what I hear of her, however, I conclude that she still desires to become a Christian. M—— H——, the young proselyte mentioned in one of my former letters, is still here, and, I am happy to report, is maintaining with consistency his Christian profession. He attends regularly my Bible meetings, and occasionally the instructions given to B—— W——. I am happy to add, that from two former proselytes, who went last year to America, I have lately received pleasing accounts.

I had the pleasure last Sunday of preaching in the Protestant church of

the neighbouring town of Ellbinger. The place is Roman Catholic, and the Protestants residing in it were formed into a parish only within the last eight or ten years. There are many among them who seem to be earnest in their profession of the faith.

In this neighbourhood, generally speaking, among the common people living Christianity seems to be increasing. Conversions from Romanism to Protestant truth are frequent, chiefly through the instrumentality of pious laymen of the labouring class.

DARMSTADT.

I visited Worms and villages on the right side of the Rhine, in which there is a considerable Jewish population. In Worms there are about one hundred and fifty Jewish families, some in the possession of considerable wealth, and the greater number in comfortable circumstances; very few, as I was informed, being in poverty. The attendance at the synagogue is, generally speaking, confined to occasions of high festival. The Word of God is only little known and lightly esteemed, and the worth of all things estimated by their price in money. From what I heard, the only true members of Christ's Church who do anything for the salvation of the poor ignorant people around them, are three sisters of charity, and a brother in charge of the hospital, and the teacher of an infant school. They have come from Prussia, and are distinguished by their zeal and earnestness in the work of God.—*Letter from Rev. Mr. Lehner,*

MISSIONS TO TURKEY.

The following is the Circular published by the London Committee for aiding the above Missions:—

In consequence of the remarkable openings for spreading the Gospel in Turkey, an association has been formed in aid of missions in that empire, especially among the Armenians and Greeks.

I. *What are the openings?*

From Ararat, Ur of the Chaldees, and Antioch, to Constantinople and the shores of the Mediterranean, where Paul planted the earliest Gentile churches, "the Word of the Lord has free course and is glorified."

Two hundred places in that region now contain Protestants, but of these only about thirty have stated pastors or teachers.

Nineteen churches have been formed with more than four hundred communi-

cants, of which two are at Smyrna and Thyatira, and a third near Antioch.

In Constantinople there are four evangelical congregations.

Among the Greeks in the capital, and in North-Western Asia Minor—a field long worked without any apparent fruit—an awakening has commenced, and there is a cry for the Gospel.

Among the Armenians—through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Northern Syria—there is a wide-spread and earnest spirit of inquiry, which has extended greatly during the war.

One hundred Native agents could at once be employed.

Many in the United States—many students in the mission seminaries—many evangelists and colporteurs—are desirous to enter the field.

II. *What can we do?*

None of our British missionary societies are in a state, or are prepared to occupy this ground.*

Amidst the many societies already existing, it is very desirable, if possible, to avoid forming a new one.

A truly evangelical missionary society is already working in this field, has all the necessary apparatus at work, and is capable of extension, but has limited means, viz.:—

THE AMERICAN BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

III. *The Western Asia Missions and Society* has, therefore, been formed to aid and supplement the Turkish Missions of the Board chiefly by—

Native pastors, evangelists, and colporteurs.

The preparation of pious youths for the missionary work, and education generally.

The result will be—

A great saving of expense.

To work in union with our brethren in Christ.

To present a united front to those whom we wish to evangelize, and to all the enemies of our faith.

To strengthen the foundation already laid, and extend it, as the providence of God may bless our efforts.

Evangelical British Christians are, therefore, earnestly invited—

To pray that God may revive these old Christian communities.

To contribute of their substance to this great object.

* The Church Missionary Society has at present but one agent in Asia Minor, its chief efforts in the Turkish dominions being in Egypt and Palestine, in connexion with the encouraging work of Bishop Gobat

To seek to interest others in it by diffusing information.

The Characteristics of this work are—
It interferes with no other mission.

The apparatus for carrying it on is already at work.

It seeks to "bring into the way of truth those who profess and call themselves Christians."

It is for a field "white unto the harvest," and of deep and peculiar interest at the present time.

ASKING THE WAY.*

"CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY."

(Rom. v. 5.)

"In me is thy help," is the Lord's message to a soul that would fain be saved. (Hos. xiii. 9.) The name "*Jesus*" signifies "the Lord who saves." The Holy Ghost shews the sinner that *Jesus gave himself* in room of a "multitude whom no man can number"—bearing every one of their sins on the cross, as well as giving obedience to the whole law, obedience which they might take as their own. This is the divine method of saving sinful souls. The immense value of this work of Christ none can tell; thousands upon thousands have found it all-sufficient for their need, and it is *free to you*, whosoever you are.

It is for the guilty. "Christ died for the ungodly." He meant His salvation to be for sinners, even the chief. He has never saved any except the ungodly and the guilty! *You* are just the kind of person He delights to save. He saved Manasseh, who had sinned worse than the old Canaanites, that were destroyed root and branch. (2 Kings xxi. 11.)

His love is free, sovereign love. He designs to shew that God can love those that have nothing in them deserving of His love. And since Christ pays the debt, and furnishes the obedience of every one whom He saves, it is a most righteous thing in God to save whom He pleases, even though they were worse than the worst now in hell. *You, you* may come and prove this to be true in your own case. "He will in no wise cast you out." (John vi. 37.)

"BELIEVEST THOU THIS?" (John xi. 26.)

"Whosoever believeth in Him shall never die—believest thou this?" The Gospel proclaims, that whosoever has ears to hear, whosoever in all the world is thirsty, whosoever of mankind of any age, in any country, at any time, listens to what he is told concerning Jesus Christ giving himself for sinners, that man is warranted immediately to take it all for himself.

It is with individual persons that *Jesus* deals. *You* are one of these. When He says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden," (Matt. xi. 28), is He not including *you*, you who are so heavily laden with sin, and so nearly sunk under the burden? If the law means *you* when it says to all, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," no less certainly does the Lord *Jesus* mean *you* when He says, "Come, ALL YE."

You and *Jesus* meet together. Your soul thinks of *Him*, as well as of His work, hearing Him say, "Come, let us reason together." (Isa. i. 18.) Full of grace, full of tender pity, full of love toward *you*, He reasons thus: "Look at this sight, look at me obeying and dying in your room; and say if you like this way of pardon, and if you like Him that sets it before you. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

"Believest thou this?" When thy guilty soul lets this reasoning enter in, saying to it, "Amen!" this is "receiving Christ," or "taking Christ."

"HE THAT BELIEVETH SHALL BE SAVED."

(Mark xvi. 16.)

It is in the very act of believing on Him that your tempest-tossed soul sails into the haven of rest. It is not some time after believing; it is not when you are both believing and also feeling that you believe; it is in the moment of simple believing that you are saved.

It is in the hour when you finally give up dealing with others, and with yourself too, and do simply receive *Christ* as all your salvation, that you are for ever safe. In that moment, *Jesus* has accepted you, pleaded for you, spread out His righteousness before God for you, and claimed for you full redemption. Before you had time to do one good work, or speak a word for Him, or thank Him, or pray to Him, He took you as you sank wearily upon Him for rest, and He said, "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee."

May the Holy Ghost persuade and enable you to receive this testimony concerning *Jesus* and His work for sinners.

* *Asking the Way.* London: James Nisbet and Co.

We have told you good news about Him. Is it not wonderful? Is it not very blessed? Is there not enough in what Christ wrought, in living and dying, to justify the Father in being well-pleased? And if so, is there not enough every way to satisfy thy soul, and send thee on thy way well-pleased? "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (Rom. x. 3.) The law has no more to ask of thee. The law says, "I am satisfied, for I have been obeyed by thee who art believing in Jesus."

"BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE."

(1 John iii. 1.)

The Father so loved the world that he gave His only begotten Son. The Only-begotten Son (such was His love!) came in the form of a servant, to live and die for us. The Holy Ghost (so great toward us was His love!) anointed the incarnate Son, upheld Him, dwelt in Him without measure; and then went forth on the errand of opening our eyes to see Him.

And now, "Behold what manner of love!" The Father has made us sons! "We are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 26.) Doing no work ourselves, but believing on Him who did that wondrous work that "magnified the law and made it honourable," and pleased the Father to the full, we at once have become sons of God! He may well win our hearts! Truly, "He has lifted us from the dust to set us on the throne!" (1 Sam. ii. 8.) He has sent forth in us the Spirit of His Son, crying, "Abba, Father!"

Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do? "The grace that bringeth salvation teaches us to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly and righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Tit. ii. 12, 13)

O wondrous grace! How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God! Therefore, the sons of men shall put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. (Psalm xxxvi. 7.)—*Asking the Way.*

"Never let men forget that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single human being, of which other men have such a knowledge—its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real determining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment."—*Quarterly Review.*

"People who live together should study each other's weak points, as skaters look out for weak parts of ice in order to keep off them."—*Thomas Taylor.*

"Don't let us lightly believe stories to the disparagement of those who unite infirmities to great qualities."—*Dickens.*

ON CHARITY.

Think gently of the erring!
Ye know not of the power
With which the dark temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
Ye may not know how earnestly
They struggled, or how well,
Until the hour of weakness came
And then, alas! they fell.

Think gently of the erring!
Oh! do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He has but stumbled on the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently of the erring!
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace have gone,
Without thy censure rough.
It sure must be a weary lot,
That sin-stained heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate,
Their chidings well may spare.

Speak gently to the erring!
Thou yet may'st lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From memory's thorny track.
Forget not thou hast often sinned,
And sinful yet must be,
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee!

HUMILITY.

Oh! learn that it is only by the lowly
The paths of peace are trod;
If thou would'st keep thy garments white and
holy
Walk humbly with thy God.

The man with earthly wisdom high-
uplifted
Is in God's sight a fool;
But he in heavenly truth most deeply gifted
Sits lowest in Christ's school.

The lowly spirit God hath consecrated
As His abiding rest;
And angels by some patriarch's tent have waited
When kings had no such guest.

The dew that never wets the flinty mountain
Falls in the valleys free;
Bright verdure fringes the small desert fountain,
But barren sand the sea.

Not in the stately oak the fragrance dwelleth
Which charms the general wood ;
But in the violet low, whose sweetness telleth
Its unseen neighbourhood.

The censor swung by the proud hand of merit
Fumes with a fire abhorred ;
But Faith's two mites, dropped covertly, inherit
A blessing from the Lord.

Round lowliness a gentle radiance hovers—
A sweet unconscious grace ;
Which, even in shrinking, evermore discovers
The brightness on its face.

Where God abides, Contentment is and Honour,
Such guerdon Meekness knows :
His peace within her, and His smile upon her,
Her saintly way she goes.

Through the straight gate of life she passes,
stooping,
With sandals on her feet ;
And pure-eyed Graces, with linked palms come
trooping
Their sister fair to greet.

The angels bend their eyes upon her goings,
And guard her from annoy ;
Heaven fills her quiet heart with overflowings
Of calm celestial joy.

The Saviour loves her, for she wears the vesture
With which He walked on earth ;
And through her childlike glance, and step, and
gesture,
He knows her heavenly birth.

He now beholds this seal of glory graven
On all whom He redeems ;
And in His own bright city, crystal-paven,
On every brow it gleams.

The white-robed saints, the throne-steps singing
under,
Their state all meekly wear ;
Their pauseless praise wells up from hearts
which wonder
That ever they came there.

JAMES D. BURNS.

Notices of Books.

Thoughts on Sabbath Schools. By HUGH BARCLAY. Pp. 121. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

This little book is a reprint from the pages of this Magazine, with considerable additions. It is one of the most useful of the many excellent pamphlets by Sheriff Barclay of Perth. Unpretending and homely in its appearance and its style, it contains the well-digested experience of thirty years of Sabbath school teaching gathered by an observing mind. There is nothing in the book which more impresses the reader than the evident adaptation of the writer's mind and manner to children. There is hardly a page which a child might not understand. More than most men, he has a power of making thoughts, by no means simple, plain to the most unlearned; and the hundreds of happy similes throughout the volume give a peculiar piquancy to what is said. There is much valuable matter, which cannot be too well remembered, in the chapter on the objects of Sabbath school teaching, one of the most practical, and, as we can testify from experience, one of the most needed portions of the book. A tone of piety pervades this volume, such as is rare, indeed, in a work from the pen of a man of business, and which gives a practical example of the truth (oftener met with in theory) of the priesthood of all be-

lievers. From this piety, indeed, springs what we cannot help feeling as the chief fault of the book, and one which may have a bad effect on many readers,—we mean, the very strict requirements from a Sabbath school teacher. Unintentionally, no doubt, but not the less surely, the standard for every candidate seems to be, the assurance of an interest in Christ. The words used seem to us to be too strong, even if meant for ministers of the Gospel; and we are not sure whether the effect of them may not be to discourage many from coming forward to offer their services, and, perhaps, cause some already working to cease from their labours. Making all allowances for the state of schools where teachers are not much needed, (which the author seems to have chiefly in view,) and desiring, as earnestly as any one can do, personal piety, personal love to the Saviour, in all who teach the young, we yet cannot accede to the strong terms used by Mr. Barclay in more than one page of the volume before us. We would suggest, also, the need of supplying, in future editions, (should they be called for,) one omission in this otherwise pretty complete manual. A chapter on infant classes would be very useful. There are, perhaps, no classes in a Sabbath school more difficult to conduct efficiently, none more needing a patient and loving spirit, and none which a book on Sabbath schools is

more called upon to notice. We have found the *Peep of Day*, the *Line upon Line*, and the *Mother's Catechism*, to be the best books for this purpose; and by means of them we have found children who could not read as much pleased and instructed in the Sabbath school as those of greater age.

There is no part of this volume better or more important than the chapter on the visitation of scholars at their own homes by their teachers. To visit those who have been absent even one night, during the following week, is the only safeguard for the regular attendance of the children. But, besides this, the importance of a monthly visitation of every scholar by his or her teacher, cannot be too highly estimated. It is most needful to become acquainted with the condition of the scholars' homes, to bring an influence to bear upon them, to secure parental aid for the Sabbath school, and to know what special admonitions or encouragements to address to each one. The teacher or the pastor who speaks to strangers, is like a man drawing a bow at a venture, or like a physician prescribing for a patient without inquiring about his disease. These remarks as to visitation apply, however, almost entirely to children of the poorer classes. Much that is interesting on this subject will be found in Sheriff Barclay's chapter on this duty. We observe that nothing is said about the rehearsal of the Sabbath school lessons by the superintendent or the male teachers, a practice becoming common, and, where practicable, attended with good results; also, the introductory chapter upon the history and importance of Sabbath schools, has somehow lost its way, and stumbled into the conclusion of the volume,—being too late for the train, we suppose it was put into the last carriage by mistake. We press upon all our readers who are personally engaged in the work of Sabbath school teaching, the perusal of this manual in its enlarged and amended form. It cannot fail to be highly useful; and we trust yet to see it, with several editions and additions, command a circulation in most of the Sabbath schools of Scotland.

Practical Analysis of the Act 17th and 18th Victoria, cap. 80—For the better Registration of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in Scotland; with an Appendix containing the Statute Tables of Sheriffdoms, Burghs, &c.; and a copious Index. By GEORGE SETON, Esq., Advocate, M.A., Oxon, &c., &c. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable & Co.

This is a very carefully compiled analysis of an Act which concerns every inhabitant of this country; and it is simply because it *does* concern everybody, that we would wish to turn attention to it.

Acts of Parliament are, almost proverbially, difficult of interpretation; and the object of this *Analysis* is to lessen these difficulties; and, by the avoidance of legal or technical terms, to enable the great unprofessional mass of the community to understand (as far as registration is concerned) "what they have to do, and how they are to do it."

We would especially recommend the *Analysis* to those who are generally the counsel of the poor—the country clergymen of Scotland—for, as was well remarked by the noble author of the measure, it was emphatically a poor man's bill. The rich and the great had their *deeds* and their *instruments*, through which a pedigree might be traced, and a knotty point in some case of succession solved; but a poor man, in endeavouring to establish his right to succeed to property, frequently failed, from the facts of imperfect registration, and of his having no such deeds to refer to. This measure, then, is the poor man's charter; and we are sure that Mr. Seton's *Analysis* of it will be regarded as a boon by every one indeed, to some degree, but especially, by every one like our country clergymen, whose advice is frequently regarded as a rule for action.

But we anticipate not only an individual, but a collective benefit from the Act. It will be the means of affording most valuable statistical facts, and may, by its warning voice, add many material comforts to, and take away many destructive elements from the homes and houses of our land.

It should be thoroughly understood by every one, that while perfectly gratuitous, the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, is now compulsory in Scotland,* and it is well to bear in mind that the provisions of the Act are enforced by penalties—from a fine of twenty shillings to transportation for seven years—but for these in detail, and for the duties of all officials connected with the Act, and of parents at the births of their children, and of other individuals at the other two great epochs of being—one not compulsory—the other most certainly, most solemnly so—we must refer to the Act itself, or, better still, to its *Analysis*.

* Births must be registered within twenty-one days; deaths, within eight days; and marriages, within three days of the respective events occurring; and they must be recorded in the parishes (or districts) within which they respectively occur.

Sermon.

By the REV. ALEXANDER RATTRAY, M.A., Minister of Camlachie, Glasgow.

"They go from strength to strength."—PSALM LXXXIV. 7.

In forming our ideas about Heaven, there is no more impressive aspect under which it is possible to represent it, than that which is given in the text, as a state of advancement and moral progress. Let us consider for a little this subject of Christian progression. I do not think that the text refers to progression in knowledge. Such a progression, no doubt, will characterize the mind in a future state. We are born with capacities for knowing; we have powers and faculties susceptible of an endless development; all experience testifies to this truth, that growth is the law of our intellectual as well as of our moral being. Immortality preaches the same doctrine, and warrants us in entertaining the largest expectations, in respect of that comprehensive grasp of truth, in all its exhibitions and relationships, which constitutes one of the grandest objects of human ambition. And what has the Word of God revealed to us on this subject? "Now," says Paul, "we know in part, and we prophesy in part. Now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now we know in part; but THEN shall we know even as also we are known."

The progression more immediately referred to in the text is a moral progression.

First, consider what features of our being are the subjects of progression, which constitute a Christian's character, and therefore shall form the subjects of a Christian's growth. These are HOLINESS and LOVE. We are commanded to become holy, for God is holy. Holiness is also the demand and necessity of our moral nature. How miserably short do we all come of fulfilling the obligations that are laid upon us by the Word of God and the testimony of conscience! Strange and deep is the natural aversion of man to exhibit in himself the moral

features which are the crown and glory of his being. Subjects of a law of sin—willing slaves of a cruel and despotic master—living in the servitude of Satan, and the still more degrading servitude of our own lusts and passions—we have bartered away our freedom—we have paralysed our energies, and rendered ourselves incapable of a true and hearty obedience. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ; and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Holiness, then, is not natural to us; it is conferred upon us; it is the gift of God. And in the possession of this holiness there is room for growth. It is a progressive thing; it is self-developing. It is planted as a seed in the heart of a regenerated man—it is blessed with most genial influences—heaven's light and heaven's sunshine are poured upon it—the olden promise is fulfilled—"I will be as the dew to Israel;" and day by day, under the fructifying power of the Holy Spirit, that seed springs and germinates, shoots upward into beautiful flower, and finally matures into rich and glorious fruit. Here, therefore, we have a gradually unfolding process—a series of transition states, each conducting from a lower to a higher stage of Christian excellency and perfection;—"from strength to strength."

What is a Christian's life, but the exhibition of perpetuated efforts and strivings to reach forward, to a yet more striking and consistent imitation of Jesus Christ; the putting off more and more the old man—the putting on more and more the new man—the attainment of a closer walk with God—of a calmer, more heavenly frame of mind, temper,

and disposition—the rising above the world, and the realizing of God's presence and God's love? Consider Paul. This man was a wonderful and glorious illustration of Christian transformation. But his Christianity was ever expanding and ever progressive. It was his grand aspiration, "This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those that are before, I press to the mark, for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus." We have nothing to do with the past, we are children of the future—we have entered on an endless career—we can never exhaust the stages of Christian progression—we are destined for ever and ever to rise; "from strength to strength;" "from glory to glory;" for "the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

To illustrate this growth in holiness, take but one instance. A man may become holy, or rather moral; he may strive to keep the commandments of God, actuated simply by the fears which are his only motives to obedience. Let him but practise evil—let him but cherish the purpose of unholy action, and his conscience is awakened; the terrors of the Lord are upon him; notes of warning sounded in his ear, of a future judgment—a future retribution; the man trembles—the man is arrested—he dares not proceed further; and thus, through the mercy of God, he is saved from sin. Many a Christian may be thus holy, but it is holiness in its lowest conception, based upon a wretched foundation, and therefore in itself weak and not to be depended upon. Observe now the advanced Christian, the man who has passed through successive stages, and is rising to perfection. What are the motives that weigh with him in his holy walk and devout conversation? They are all comprehended and summed up in one word—love. No man can be true-hearted and sincere in his practice of obedience who is not governed by this principle. It is love alone which can strengthen for the performance of duty and the endurance of trial. All duties are easy, and all burdens light, when devout and hea-

venly love is the moving inspiration of a Christian's conduct. Love is the mark and test of the growth of a child of God. "There is no fear in love; fear hath torment: but perfect love casteth out fear." Never can we say of a man that he is growing in grace, till he can testify that he strives after a holy life, not because he dreads the consequence of sin, but because he hates sin as God hates it, and loves holiness as God loves it—till out of a rich experience he can say, exultingly: "I am no longer the slave I was—going about my Master's work in the spirit of a wretched drudge; I have risen to the high conception of adoption in Christ Jesus; I feel, and think, and act, as a child of God; and, in spite of weakness and besetting sin, I can look upon His face in peace, and cry with devout assurance, 'My Father who art in heaven.'" Truly, brethren, of such a man we can say that he is growing in grace, and rising from "strength to strength."

We have said that Christian progression includes a growth in love. Why should we stop to illustrate so obvious a truth? Love, from its very nature, is susceptible of an endless development. Who that has ever loved—loved as a mother, a sister, a husband, a wife, a friend—does not know that to love once is to love for ever? Years cannot change affection, nor extinguish the sacred fires that burn impassioned in the human heart; or if there is change, it is only the change which marks the progress of the risen sun, whose rays, as they shoot upward to the zenith, kindle in intensity, and augment in splendour, and diffuse over hill and valley a more genial heat—a richer colouring—a fuller glory.

Christian love is still more distinguished for its progressive character. Modelled after the love of Christ, it is undecaying and everlasting. However feeble, and mingled with grosser elements, as everything heavenly must on earth be so alloyed, it will one day be purified from the base admixture of worldliness and selfishness; it will emerge refined and spiritualized; it will rise emancipated from corruption, like the soul of

which it is the life; it will glow into the ore of seraphim, or, rather, in the view of that intensified flame, the love of seraphim will pale and expire, for *they* cannot know the love which animates the throng of the redeemed who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Farther, I remark, there are two features of character as connected with love, in relation to both of which there is and must be a marked progression. Christian men may be said to grow, inasmuch as they become MORE LOVING and MORE LOVABLE. These aspects are not identical. A man may love, and yet in himself, alas, be unlovely. Is there any more frequent phenomenon in human life? Everywhere about us are beings whose hearts are the seat of strong attachments which are unreturned and unreturnable. Is it not the fate of many to appear to their fellowmen as a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, and when they see them, there is no beauty that they should desire them? Nor is it always otherwise even with Christians. It is strange, but true, that the Gospel does not always make a man lovely. There are natural characteristics which are not obliterated by the transforming power of God's Spirit. Temper and disposition, habits and pursuits, may still act as repellant forces even in the case of those who are drawn together by many ties—one faith, one baptism, one Lord, and one hope of their calling.

The religion, too, of men of peculiar temperament, is frequently distinguished by a spirit of austerity and asceticism altogether foreign to the scope and tendencies of the New Testament. Hence the spectacle of want of honour, harmony, and brotherly charity, which separates Christian from Christian, community from community. The growth of love, the development of the amiable virtues and kindly sympathies, recommended by the Gospel, can alone remove from our Christian profession the stigma which gives occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Love is the great glorifier of the human soul. Love is the mighty alchemy that changes the grossest metal into pure and

precious gold. Love is the magnet that proves universally attractive—the electric fire that forges everlasting bonds of friendship and sympathy, and amalgamates into one the most opposite of natures. It is this maturity of love which creates and perpetuates the vast distinction between earth and heaven. Here, as we know in part, so also we love in part; there as we know even as we are known, so shall we love even as also we are loved. CHRISTIANS ON EARTH UNIVERSALLY LOVE THE SAVIOUR; CHRISTIANS IN HEAVEN UNIVERSALLY LOVE EACH OTHER. Loving and loveable are the grand characteristics of redeemed and happy spirits.

In further discoursing on this subject, I have to remark, that Christian progression is a NECESSARY thing. The law of progression, indeed, obtains universally in the natural and moral worlds. Nothing in the former is sure to be at once perfect and completed. All existences are originally partial and fragmentary. The flower of rich and matured beauty was once but a seedling in the ground. The oak that has waved in the forest for a thousand generations, was once but a tender germ, embosomed in a despised acorn. The child, also, is father of the man. How beautiful is childhood cradled in a mother's arms; but faint and imperfect is that infantine grace and loveliness in comparison with that which is afterwards unfolded. Thus, we observe, that everything on earth is brought under and subordinated to the law of growth. And, as in the natural, so also in the moral world. Just as the body shoots upwards in stature, so does the mind expand in intellectual vigour and moral character. Newton and Milton were once children, ignorant even of the alphabet of knowledge. The childhood of Paul and John, probably, passed away without any indications of their future eminence in the Church of God.

And, as it was with them, so also with all beings. There is this distinction, however, between progression in the natural world, and progression in the moral. In the former, we observe simply a fact; in the latter, a necessity. Not always

do things physical grow and mature. The flower is blighted; the tree is stunted; the stature of the human being arrested in its progress; and everywhere exceptions may be found to the general rule. But moral growth is a necessary thing. It cannot be that a pause should take place in the growth and developments of our spiritual being. As surely as we are now holy or unholy, so surely must we advance perpetually in one or other of these directions; we must either progress upwards in greater nearness to God, the Perfect One, or we must progress downwards, sink into deeper baseness, and approximate to the image of the fallen spirit, the father of lies, and master of all wickedness.

For we would direct your attention to this fact, that if there is progression in holiness, there is also progression in sin. Just as great and imperative a necessity exists in the one case as in the other. Examples of this law are not wanting in the present world. The progressive degradation of man is a spectacle familiar and common to every-day experience. The greatest of criminals were once comparatively innocent: they were once like the little children whom Jesus blessed and folded in his arms. Step by step they have fallen. One sin has conducted to another, and that of a deeper and darker dye; habit has induced habit; crime has necessitated crime; evil has become familiar and seductive; tendencies have been fixed, propensities confirmed;—so that wrong-doing has at last become the very nutriment and bread of life. And such a course is every way analogous to the future progression in wickedness of the finally impenitent. What exhibition can be more dreadful than that of a lost soul receding from God and goodness for ever and ever; deepening eternally in infamy and degradation; attaining, by sure degrees, to a blacker and blacker character—a more monstrous exaggeration of moral villainess; and becoming, every day and hour, a picture of more hideous and revolting depravity—a shocking and deplorable spectacle to the universe of God?

Let us leave so terrible a theme, and

turn to a brighter picture. "They go from strength to strength."

Here is progression on the grandest scale, in the noblest direction. We are always in our heart thirsting for such a progression; it is the instinct of our being—it is the best and highest demonstration of our immortality. The Gospel alone satisfies this instinct. Through it we are made holy; but not to terminate exertion—not to justify indolence. We are called upon to fight, to run, to wrestle with powers, principalities, and spiritual wickedness in high places. For what purpose? To obtain a yet grander victory over moral evil; to rise from excellence to excellence: to "add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity." There is growth, then, in the Christian life, as well as in physical and moral life. We cannot be at once perfect. My brethren, we shall never be perfect—for God only is absolutely wise, just, and good.

But the text declares we shall ever be growing perfect. We were made for this; we were destined for eternal advances; we shall never grow old or weary; our being shall be always fresh—always vigorous—possessed of immortal youth, with ever expanding powers and ever accumulating attainments.

I have now to notice another characteristic of Christian progression—it is IMPERCEPTIBLE. The progress of a soul in holiness and love is seen only in results, in the humble walk—in the beautiful life. This, indeed, is a feature of all growth, physical and moral. We do not see the unfolding process, the steps and stages involved in the part of a perpetual advancement. We do not witness, for example, the grass growing; we cannot, as it were, detect it in the act of shooting upward. We are only conscious that in certain intervals of time it has grown. We cannot watch the developments of a sown seed; the disruption of its parts; their decay and absorption in the mould; the new life germinating beneath the

surface; the mysterious processes of nature through which it is evolved. We are only spectators of the wonderful result, the upspringing from corruption of the new plant, and its onward progress to maturity and perfection. What man of wisdom and science has fathomed the beautiful mystery of the transformation of a miserable grub into the radiant creature, which,—type of a nobler resurrection,—rises from its long entombment to unfold its painted wings, and sport in the brief sunshine of a summer's day? And what eye, but the pitying eye of a loving God, has looked upon the pangs and throes which mark the advent of a soul's new birth? The man is a new creature; but we cannot enumerate or trace the steps which have finally conducted to the great change. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

And, as in the commencement, so in the advancement of this growth. It is silent; it is imperceptible. No discoveries are made of the wonder-working power of the Holy Spirit. We read, in the Book of Kings, a remarkable characteristic of the Temple of Solomon, which furnishes an appropriate illustration of the present subject. "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was in building." What an impressive spectacle must that building have been in the process of construction! Rising gradually in all its stateliness—in all its harmony of parts—in all its wonderful magnificence and beauty; yet all silently—no other sound heard than the footsteps of workmen, or the voice of the architects, with solemn and subdued tones, issuing their orders; pile after pile appearing without the appliances of axe or hammer, as if human agencies were unemployed—as if this were indeed a temple not made with hands—the surprising creation of an unseen and spiritual intelligence. The building, brethren, of this temple, is a

true type of the silent, IMPERCEPTIBLE growth of the spiritual sanctuary in man's soul, reared up by the Holy Spirit for his own indwelling. Stone after stone is added to the ascending structure; but no man witnesses the silent and impressive operations of the heavenly workman. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Another characteristic of Christian progression is this—it BEGINS AND IS CARRIED ON IN THE PRESENT WORLD. This is true of the new birth, and it is also true of the soul's growth. There is, indeed, nothing that is strictly new in the life of heaven. It is only a difference in degree and not in kind. Holiness is not created there; it is only confirmed and made perfect. Love is not an attribute peculiar to the upper sanctuary; it is not dependent for its life and growth on the nature of the influences by which it is surrounded. It is not a rare and exotic plant, which lives only in sunny climes and balmy atmospheres, and droops at the first touch of the northern blast; it is a hardy plant, natural to all soils, maturing in spite of influences the most unpropitious, flowering in the wastes and wildernesses of the world, and shedding its precious fragrance where everything apart from it is barrenness and desolation. The life of heaven is simply the life of earth prolonged, deepened, and intensified. This is a very solemn and impressive truth. It tells us, in plain language, that if we are not holy and loving now, we cannot be holy and loving hereafter. There are links of inseparable connection between our present and our future states. That which has been, is; and there is nothing new under the sun. The past has made us what we are, and the present will make us what we shall be. Youth is the parent of manhood, manhood of age, and life of eternity. "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still; he that is righteous, let him be righteous still." If, then, you would reach heaven, you must become heavenly now; you must put on heaven's character, and enter into heaven's employments, and enjoy a foretaste of heaven's felicities. And be assured that, if you are not jus-

tified and sanctified on earth, you cannot be so in heaven; if you die with your soul dead to holiness, you must live forever without being quickened; if you are not renewed in the spirit of your mind here, you cannot be renewed hereafter; for character is fixed by death, and stereotyped by eternity.

I remark, in the last place, that Christian progression is an **ETERNAL THING**. This is a blessed truth; blessed because there is much here to create discouragement and awaken despair. We can never be perfect on earth, and we do not expect we can. And why are we, therefore, so often mourning, so often disposed to cease from our efforts and abandon our Christian course? Oh! it is not from our want of perfection, but our want of ability to preserve whatever of Christian perfection we have made our own.

We mourn our weakness and waywardness, our want of consistency, our frequent declensions, our lamentable fallings away from our early faith and our first love. Well may our souls be humbled; well may we weep in bitterness, when we think that, in spite of all that the Saviour has done and suffered, in spite of the grace and assistance of the promised Spirit, we are still found worldly and selfish, still indulging in the pleasures of sense, still forced to exclaim, "My leanness, my leanness!" and this, too, in the midst of all our light and all our privileges. Oh, how blessed, how comforting the assurance, that all this will have no place in the heavenly state! All hindrances, all obstructions to our spiritual advancement, whether arising from within or without, shall be taken out of the way, and removed for ever. Never again shall sin defile us, never again shall we know a doubt, never shall the heart be the seat of coldness, never shall our zeal decline, nor our love languish. The race that is set before us we shall run without weariness, without an encumbering weight, and separate for ever from the sin which doth so easily beset us. There is no goal to that race—it is eternal.

In concluding our remarks on this subject, we are filled with profound apprehension of its richness and sublimity.

There are some thoughts that we cannot utter—that fill and possess the mind—that are too great to be grasped and expressed by human language. What could Isaiah say in presence of the grand vision of the Lord sitting on a throne, high and lifted up, and his train filled the Temple! What, in presence of this august revelation of the Divine Majesty, could the prophet say, but, "Woe is me, I am undone?" What, but language stammering and incoherent, could a man like Paul use, who had passed into the third heaven, and heard unspeakable words, which it was not possible for a man to utter? and what, if we were transported to the inaccessible glory, and gazed upon the vision beatific, and mingled with the harpers standing on the sea of glass, harping with their harps, and our eyes were filled with the light of the city which hath no need of the sun, and our ears filled with that undying music which floats through the upper sanctuary—what account could be given by us of our Parnassian vision? We should stand as dumb then as we do now. What avail our laboured efforts of description? why tax imagination to create a scene that is inconceivable? The poet may exhaust his imagery, the painter may exhaust his colouring, and what ideas have we gained from the pictures of both? Better far is the simple but powerful language of the sacred volume. Infinitely more expressive its faint sketches, its shadowy imperfect outlines, that trace out as it were the majestic picture, and leave us to muse upon it, and fill it up as best we may, with its undepicted splendours.

"From strength to strength." Ponder for ever on these words—you can never expound their meaning. What can we learn from them more than this—the onward and ever onward career of a soul in heaven? The eye of the eagle it is said grows brighter and brighter the higher it soars and the more it drinks in the glory of the risen sun. And the higher a Christian rises, the nearer his approach to the fountain of light and purity, the more will his own being be expanded and glorified; his strength will be greater, his beauty more exceeding beautiful, his

zeal more ardent, his love more seraphic. Oh, what a view is here opened up to those who have looked on the glory of the Lord, and been changed into the same image! One stage of perfection shall be reached, only to conduct you upward to another and higher.

Like the traveller among Alpine ranges, you may clamber to a steep ascent, and imagine that before you, the vision is clear, and the prospect boundless. But the summit that shall then be attained, shall be only a platform to raise you to

further advances, from which you shall speedily mount up to essay, with tireless wing, a sublimer height, and reach forward to a grander contemplation.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him."

A FEW WORDS ON TRAINING.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go."

TRAINING is not *teaching* merely a child what it ought to do; it is this, and a *great deal more*.

There may be a right *teaching* which does no good; because, along with it, there is a wrong *training* which does much harm.

"Give me some of *that*," said a peevish-looking boy of about seven or eight years of age to his mother, who was seated on the deck of a steamer in which I happened to be lately. The mother had some eatables in her hand. "Hold your tongue, Peter," replied the mother; "you won't get it." "I want *that*," again demanded Peter, with increased earnestness. "I tell you," said the mother, looking at him, "you will not get it. Is that not enough for you? Go and play yourself, and be a good boy." "But I want *that*," reiterated Peter, beginning to sulk and look displeased. "What a laddie!" exclaimed the mother. "Have I not told you twenty times never to ask a thing when I say that you are not to get it?" "I want *that*," cried Peter, more violently than ever, bursting into tears. "Here!" said the mother, "take it, and be quiet. I am sure I never, in all my life, saw such a bad boy!"

Alas! poor boy, he had more reason, if he only knew it, to complain of his mother.

This same boy, Peter, grows up, pro-

bably, to be a selfish and self-willed young man. His mother sees it, and suffers from it; but she wonders how such a temper or disposition should shew itself in *her* Peter! and consoles herself with the thought, that whatever is the cause of so mysterious a dispensation, from no fault in her could it have come, nor "from *want of telling*." That day in the steamer, for instance, Peter was probably taught many more lessons even than I heard;—such as, not to be selfish, not to ask things which he was assured, on a mother's word, he would not get. But while thus *taught* a number of duties in words, to what was he *trained* in practice? What, but to have no faith in a mother's word; to have no regard to a mother's wishes and commands; to hold out with dogged obstinacy, and he was sure, in the long run, to have his own way; and, when all else failed, to be sulky and cry, and his mother would certainly reward him by giving him all he asked for! Do you not perceive that there is some difference between *teaching* and *training*?

In another chapter I will say something about *how* children should be trained. I only wish you, at present, to understand what training implies.

Its object is to help the young to form good *habits*,—not only to teach them what it is right to be or to do, though this in-

struction is an essential element in training, but to *aid* them to be right, and do right, according to the instruction given them.

The training of the mind may be illustrated by the training of the body. You have heard of men being "trained" to perform some feat demanding great muscular strength and exertion, such as walking or running a certain number of miles within a certain given time. Such persons put themselves under what is termed a course of training, in which the *trainer*, who prepares them for their intended display, does not content himself with "telling" them what to do, or merely prescribing rules to them; but he subjects them to a hard discipline day by day; and only after a long and severe course of self-denial, are they at last fitted to perform the task they have undertaken. The apostle Paul selects the runners in the famous races at Corinth, who sought to gain a corruptible crown of green leaves, as illustrations of the earnest striving which should characterize Christians who are called to run the race set before them, for "a crown which fadeth not away;" and accordingly, the *training* to which those Greeks were obliged to submit may also, in some respects, illustrate the less severe, indeed, but not less real, discipline which Christians demand who are preparing to run the race set before them in the Gospel. The apostle says of the Corinthian runners, that they were obliged to be "temperate in all things;" or, to quote the language of an able writer upon this point,—“They exerted an habitual self-command—they kept in check every desire—they denied themselves every indulgence—they abstained from every employment—they rejected every luxury, which might tend to enervate their vigour, or clog their agility, or tame their courage; they observed a stated regimen—they trained themselves by laborious exercises—they used a thousand painful and distasteful arts to brace their nerves, sharpen their perceptions, and mature their skill; they kept their bodies under, and brought them into subjection; they parted with their freedom for a time, and

resigned themselves as slaves to the direction and control of some master of athletic arts, under whose iron discipline they had many things to do, and many things to endure,—to become patient of cold, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, and watching, and painfulness, and weariness, and all but intolerable hardships. *To a training, thus toilsome and intense, the children of the noblest commonwealths of Greece, the kings and princes of her hundred colonies, were wont to submit themselves without repining, with all the activeness and alacrity of a voluntary choice. Yet all this was but the prelude, and the preparation for the race which was to gain a 'corruptible crown!'* Far be it from me to affirm, that Christian habits may not be formed without such iron rule as this; or that the sunny Christian home must be converted into a hard and inexorable "house of correction!" But, nevertheless, every one who is, in truth, a *disciple of Christ* must be *disciplined*, and such *habits* formed as require real self-denial.

I have said that *training* has especial reference to the formation of *Habits*.

Now we all know what is meant by a habit. It is well described as being a *second nature*. It is called a *nature*, because the thing done is easily done, and comes as it were naturally to us; and it is a *second nature*, because the habit is not born with us, but acquired. The law of habit, as it is termed, is this, that what we do frequently, and with a good will, we learn to do easily. Every person is, more or less, "a bundle of habits." Most of these have been acquired so imperceptibly, or possessed for so many years, that they seem to belong to our first rather than to our second nature. Thus, walking, speaking or reading a language, are obviously mere habits. We *learned* them; and, if we think they cost no trouble or effort, just let us watch children, and see what time they take, what difficulties they overcome, and what trouble it gives them before they learn to walk steadily, to speak intelligibly, or to read tolerably. Every mechanic who learns his trade, has but acquired a habit of doing easily and well what, without repeated efforts for

months and years, he could not do at all. The musician, who plays some instrument with ease and grace, filling the ears and soul with sweetest sounds and harmonies, while executing some difficult and intricate piece of music, is a remarkable and common instance of the power of habit. Innumerable illustrations will occur to yourselves, of this singular capacity in man to learn to do what would otherwise be impossible. It is more difficult to say what cannot than what can be acquired by this singular power with which God has endowed us. It is true, that in Christian education we have to do more with mental and moral habits than mechanical ones,—with such habits as obedience, self-denial, perseverance, patience, and the like. But the same law applies also to them; for the oftener we do what is right, with a good will to it, the easier the *being* and *doing* right become and a second nature supersedes the first. The great object, therefore, of parental training is, as I have already remarked, to help the child, by the right use of all the powers and assistances God has given the parent, to acquire those good habits or ways which he will keep through life, and not depart from when he is old.

Now youth has been termed the habit season. It is then that the young twig takes the twist which the old bough retains. "The child is father of the man." Every one knows in his own experience, and to his joy or sorrow, how true it is that youth, as well as "life," is emphatically

"The season God hath given
To fly from hell, and rise to Heaven."

I shall not at present remind my readers of those conditions which require to be fulfilled, in order that habits may be formed, except that of a willing mind, or a real hearty liking on the part of the child, a *taking* to that good which the parent wishes should grow into a habit. Without this no moral habits can be formed. It is perfectly possible, perhaps, by outward authority or force, to insure the doing of certain acts again and again by the outward man, but never shall the inner man be thus made to *love* the right, as well as do it.

The power of doing a thing, and the love of doing it, are very different. The arts, for instance, of reading, writing, &c., may be taught from fear or compulsion, and be acquired with or without pleasure by the learner; and in spite of the will, can be retained and practised in after years. But all this will not insure such *habits*, as would necessarily lead the child ever to put pen to paper, or read a volume through. The reason is that no *habit* of mind can ever be formed by a rational being, however frequently acts are repeated, unless these are voluntary. The love of good can alone displace the love of evil. This leads to a practical conclusion, which must never be lost sight of in Home Education, viz., that the *happiness* and *cheerful* obedience of the child is essential to secure the formation of good habits. Without this, it may be forced up, but never trained up, in the way in which it should go.

There is one other point on which I may here hazard an opinion, and that is, the period of life in the child when parents should apply themselves with earnestness to this work of training.

Now, without presuming to decide so delicate a point, it is necessary for me to say, that I intend my few hints on Home Education to apply to the training up of the young after infancy, and from childhood till youth; or from about their fifth year till they reach twelve or fifteen. The ten years after early childhood I would specially characterize as *the habit season* of life. I have no advice whatever to offer parents as to home education during infancy beyond this,—to interfere with their children *as little as possible*.

There are few things in this world more wonderful to a thoughtful mind, or more delightful to a benevolent heart, than the joy of children. One of our greatest poets says, with much truth:—

"In clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home;
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

We need not do any thing to make the child happy. It is naturally happy in itself. From the joy which God sheds within its soul like sunlight, joy shines upon everything without, and is reflected

from all. No poet ever had a more brilliant fancy, no philosopher busier thoughts! It can create to itself an ocean from a cup of water, a ship from a bit of straw, and summon out of bits of paper, or out of nothing, men and women, kings and queens, to obey its commands and contribute to its amusements. It is planning, contriving, and enjoying all day long. With all this, God has placed it in His own school of providence; and in ten thousand ways, too many to number, and too deep to understand, He is educating this babe, and teaching it lessons innumerable. No doubt, a very wise and judicious parent can, from its earliest dawn, help to mould it gently and lovingly into many good habits, such as patience, obedience, kindness, &c. But this requires such tact and fine handling that few are fit for it. As a rule, I believe more harm will be done than good by attempting to apply any *system* of pruning and training to so tender a plant.

If you *must* give it something, confine your generosity to wholesome plain food from your hand, love in abundance from your heart, with as much light, liberty, and air as every day beneath God's sky can afford; and it will educate itself better than you can do. Let these conditions be fulfilled as far as possible, even in one of our vile and horrid streets and lanes, and the child will thrive better in soul and body, than when confined like a hot-house plant in a splendid mansion, pampered with luxuries, or teased and fretted all day long by some injudicious, vain, or sour-tempered parent or teacher, who insists on training them up to become wonderfully clever or wonderfully well-behaved. Watch, control, lead, mould your children from infancy if you will, but, oh! let them be free and joyous! "Check not a child in his merriment. Should not his morning be sunny?" Let them skip like the lambs on the hill-side, and sing all day long like the larks overhead in the sky! Let them be happy! and the light of their morning will make their day more bright, and leave some golden touches on the clouds that may gather round them at evening!

And here I cannot but express my sympathy with those Christian parents who are compelled to live in the miserable tenements which crowd the lanes and closes of our cities. It is not possible to conceive, in a civilized or Christian land, worse circumstances for the right upbringing of the young than those in which numbers of our respectable artisans are placed. The house is small and confined, because property is valuable and rents are exorbitant. There is little light and little air, order is hardly possible, cleanliness difficult, taste out of the question. All that meets the eye without is still more uncongenial. The common stair is coated with the mud of the crowded inhabitants of the various flats to which it leads. The street or lane is wet or dusty, and always filthy. The lark in the cage has some grass beneath his feet; but the children have none for theirs. The air is loaded with smoke and smells of every description, from what is contributed by the kennel below up to the tall chimney which vomits its vapours and black stream above. The blue sky is seldom seen in the narrow interval of roofs overhead or through the canopy of smoke. Is this a *home* in which to enjoy life and rear a family? Then again, any home is, in most cases, uncertain to the city workman. No attachment can be formed to its walls, such as even a prisoner forms, after years of confinement, to his cell; for he may have to quit them in a week. No attachment can be formed to its neighbourhood or its neighbours, for these are ever changing. The workman must follow his work, and if that fails in one place he must seek it in another. And thus, as the Arab, who has to move his tent when the pasture is consumed, requires to have such a tent as is easily and rapidly moved; so, many of our workmen hire their house from month to month; never burthen themselves but with the scantiest supply of furniture; and wander hither and thither, from street to street, from city to city, having no feeling of rest or home anywhere, and strangers everywhere. Schools, churches, neighbours, employers, are never two years the same. Why do I

mention such things here? To awaken sympathy with the difficulties which many of our working classes have to contend against; to make those who take an interest in them see what an important bearing steady work, and a fixed and comfortable home, have upon the education and character of our population; to turn the attention of every reader to the consideration of whatever feasible plan is proposed for combining the freedom and independence of the country with the social advantages of the town to the workman; to make intelligent artizans careful what home they select, in which to rear their precious offspring to good and to happiness; to implore every man to whom God has given the unspeakable blessing of a home among the green fields, and the sunny skies, and cheerful scenes of our beautiful country, to beware how he lightly gives it up and exchanges it for a filthy village, or a den in some dark corner of our crowded cities; and, finally, to remind landlords, in town and country, that God has laid few more solemn responsibilities upon a man, than the power of assigning a home for the up-

bringing of immortal souls; and that such proprietors must have a care how, for mere money or convenience, a spot so sacred is emptied of its old inmates, or how they are treated when within its walls. If ever our home education is to be improved among the worst classes of the community, we must improve the homes in which it is to be afforded; while all classes would do well to remember how much, in every case, home education depends on the health and happiness of the children, which again are so much connected with a well-aired, clean, and cheerfully situated home.

"For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding;
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy
Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come;
Even so may'st thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil,
For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions—
Wherefore, tho' the voice of instruction waiteth for the ear of reason,
Yet with his mother's milk the young child drinketh Education."

ON THE ELEMENTS OF FAMILY HAPPINESS.

"BEHOLD, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment that ran down unto the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down unto the skirts of his garment." We have in these words high authority for the *value* of family happiness. May they not also imply something of its *rarity*?

That Christianity has greatly bettered our domestic condition, is too commonly admitted to require discussion. The individual Christianity of each member of a family must go farther still, to ensure the happiness of the whole; but that it does not always, nor perfectly ensure it, experience compels us to allow. It is a sad fact, but none the less a fact, that religious people do not always get on together very smoothly. The truth

is, while there can be no solid happiness, no sincere confidence, without a firm basis of good principle and good intentions, it is very possible for people with the very best intentions to make each other very uncomfortable; and the well-being of our social existence depends less on the principles, than on the habits of our friends. We often offend others rather by our foibles than by our faults. This may apply also to affection. It is a common idea, that if we really love each other, all must go well. Now, we do not seek to draw affection from her corner-seat by the hearth. Where love is not, happiness must be wanting. We may find there all the polished refinement of high breeding—all the courteous amenities of social intercourse; but no true happiness. Still, love is not enough.

Many families, whose members love each other very tenderly, seldom get through the day without a quarrel. We must have yet other, if humbler, ingredients in the cup of family happiness.

Good temper is one of the first. What endless troubles spring from temper! The jealous temper, the selfish temper, the unreasonable, peevish, sullen, or self-sufficient temper—how many heads this hydra has—we had almost said, that a bad temper causes more unhappiness than a bad heart. And what a blessing even one good temper is in a house! One who is always ready to do what she is asked or *bidden*, at the time and in the way required; one whose dignity is not always prepared to resent neglect to claims of its own imagining; one whom you can tell of your pleasures without the fear of jealous detraction, or of your weaknesses, without the dread of being afterwards taunted with them; one who always leaves you hopeful and cheery. When we see how much sunshine is brought into a house by one such bright unselfish temper, we may form some idea of what happiness there would be in families if all took heed to their tempers.

As it is not so, we would recommend *mutual forbearance*. If there were less vapouring after sympathy for ourselves, and more endeavour to sympathize with others, we should be happier. If their habits and tastes are not to our liking, we may conclude that ours do not exactly suit their liking. Let us make the best of the matter as it stands. Above all, let us leave each other's opinions alone. We shall never make every one think in all things as we do; and the fine edge of happiness, perhaps even of affection, may be destroyed in constant discussions which at least look like disputes.

We would say, in passing, that *courtesy* is too little regarded in the home circle. Loving a friend "better than any one in the world," is no good reason for speaking very impertinent truths to him, or taking very impertinent liberties with him.

Good sense, discretion, *tact*, is the best name for that of which we would speak

next—that quality by which we know exactly what it is best to say and do at the present moment,—the genius of every-day life. Not that we would exclude any form of talent. We are not of those who think clever people must be disagreeable, or who would confine happiness within the bounds of prosy mediocrity. Far from it; so that affection fills, good sense mixes, good temper sweetens, and religion blesses the cup, we rejoice to see it coloured by imagination, and sparkling with wit. The more intelligence, learning, and accomplishments, the better, if these contribute, in the first place, to the sum of family enjoyment.

We would mention one thing more—*order*. If a family would be happy, every member must have a distinct place, and must keep it. There must be no jostling aside, no disregard of due authority, and, above all, the egotistical vanity must be suppressed which is so subversive of all order and happiness by exaggerating the claims of self and overlooking those of others. *Punctuality* comes under this head. It sounds a trifle, but when one-half of a family always make the other half wait for everything—when the younger members lounge down to breakfast after prayers, or drop in to dinner when the grace is said—even should this habit not be the source of perpetual remonstrance, on the one hand, and disobedience, not to say impertinence, on the other, it must greatly tend to destroy the spirit of order, which is one element of unity and happiness.

Let us not leave the subject with a sigh of despondency, with a secret feeling, that there is no family happiness. Thank God! it is not so. We have many bright glimpses of it here, though here we enjoy it not in perfection. And let us bear in mind, that our family relationships are only hallowed and happy in so far as they shadow forth, however faintly, the relationships and joys of a higher state; and that we shall then know what family happiness really is, when, renewed by the Spirit of love and peace, as co-heirs with our Elder Brother, we take our place in the glorified family of our Father in heaven.

C. M.

THE FIRST SABBATH SCHOOL.

It is both a profitable and interesting study to trace the development of the life of the Church from age to age. While the Word ever remains the same, while divine truth is absolutely immutable, the life implanted by divine revelation is a progressive one. The same truth may present itself to us in different aspects, or we may discover phases that are new to us; but it still retains its permanence, and the apparent development is only in reference to our mode of viewing it. The prism refracts light into its component colours, but it is still the same light, though seen under different hues; the prism can create no new property of light, it only exhibits those that have been hitherto latent. The human mind, when applied to divine truth, in like manner, may elicit new bearings and new shades of meaning, but the material of divine truth suffers no change by the process. The chemist, by a refined analysis, discovers wondrous properties in bodies with which we were long familiar, but no new property is imparted to these bodies by the discovery; they all along possessed them, though hid from our view. By critical analysis we may, in like manner, elicit new meanings, and discover new bearings of doctrines in dealings with sacred text; but the system of divine truth, as revealed, was complete from the beginning, and the progress has not been in any self-developing power of the divine Word, but in the advance of our own intellect.

While it is all-important to recognize the fixed and stable character of divine revelation, it is equally important that we should look for a growth in the life of the Church. We have an illustration of this in the case of missions. It does appear strange that the conscience of the Church, and even of the Protestant Church, should remain so long unawakened to the call of the heathen. How could the sacred page be read without finding the duty of missions clearly inculcated? How could the great command, "Go ye

into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," be so long unheeded, even by a Church fully awakened to the grand vital points of Christianity? To this we can only answer, that there is a progress in the spiritual life of a Church, as well as in the individual Christian. How is it with the individual? Is it not the case that he may be long intellectually acquainted with some truth which has never touched the active springs of his being, but suddenly the value of the truth flashes upon him with the clearness of intuition and the force of a divine command? In reading our favourite authors, we often glide over passages which do not arrest our thoughts for a moment; but these very thoughts, when we take up the book at some future period, may startle and arrest us by the bright glimpses of truth they flash into our inner being. This can only be explained by a progress in our own being—the objective truth not being received into the depths of our soul till there is an inward preparation for it. The Word is the good seed to be sown in the soil of our heart; but seeds will not grow luxuriantly except in soil adapted to them. Seeds that will now fall in the soil only to wither and die, will, when the ground is suitably prepared, spring up with rapid and vigorous growth. It was thus with the Church; the missionary duty was not felt till about the close of last century, when the mandate to preach the Gospel to every creature came, as a new revelation from Heaven, on the awakening Church.

As bearing out the spiritual unity of a Church, and the growth of its spiritual sensibilities, just as in the individual Christian, we may point to the distinctive features of the various Christian Churches at the present day. We shall find that each Church has its own type of piety, though there are the common features of Christianity underlying them all. The piety of the Church of England differs, in some respects, from that of the

Church of Scotland, and the piety of the Methodists from both; and this is a proof of itself that Churches, as to spiritual life, have their individuality as well as the individual Christian.

But not only is the life of the Church susceptible of development, the same holds in regard to Church organization and machinery. We find in tracing the chain of animal life, from the lowest forms to the highest, that for every addition of new instinct or capacity, there is a corresponding development in the animal organization. The higher the intelligence, the more refined is the apparatus by which that intelligence may be exhibited. In like manner, every development of the spiritual life of the Church necessitates a like development in the ecclesiastical organization through which the life may be manifested. A Church may remain true to its type, and yet be susceptible of this development. Indeed, we would regard it as the strongest proof of a Church being constructed after a scriptural model, that it is susceptible of this adaptation to the growing life of the Church.

The Sabbath school ought to be regarded as a development of the organization of the Church, just as much as the missionary spirit is to be regarded as a development of the life of the Church; and they may both be traced very much to the same period and the same source. The larger our experience of the benefits of the Sabbath school becomes, the more are we convinced that it is no longer to be considered as a mere appendage to our Church organization, which may be dispensed with or not, as the humour suits, but that it must henceforth be regarded as an essential element of that organization; and we hope to see the day when a minister would as soon think of giving up preaching, as giving up his Sabbath school.

We have been led to these reflections by accidentally meeting with a catechism by the Rev. David Morison, who was minister of Norham about the middle of last century. It was put into our hands by a descendant, who fondly cherished it as a memorial of one highly honoured of

God in his day. The interest attached to this catechism consists in the fact, that it was compiled for the use of a Sabbath school, many years before the date usually assigned to the origin of Sabbath schools. It was in the year 1757 that he commenced his school, that is, twenty-four years before Mr. Raikes commenced his in Gloucester. Mr. Morison was a native of the county of Kinross, and studied divinity under Mr. Moncrieffe, minister of Abernethy, one of the four ministers who first seceded from the Church of Scotland. He was, shortly after license, called to the Presbyterian church at Norham. He continued there till the end of his days; and after a long and zealous ministry of sixty-eight years, he fell asleep in Jesus, with the words upon his lips: "Lord, deal bountifully with thy servant!"

We do not, in signaling the services of Mr. Morison, mean to dispute the claims of Mr. Raikes as the founder of Sabbath schools. Our only object is to direct attention to the early history of an institution which is characteristic of the times in which we live, and which, we have no doubt, is destined to tell, more powerfully than it has yet done, on the life of the Church of God. Raikes is the founder, inasmuch as the subsequent extension of the institution can be traced to his early efforts. The present movement can be proved to be direct sequence from the impulse communicated by him. He was favourably circumstanced for continuing the movement which he commenced, and preventing it from dying out, as a meteor flash in the heavens. He was editor of a newspaper, and, in the exercise of his functions, shewed how a sanctified press may prove the most powerful auxiliary to the Church of God. He was soon brought in contact with that noble band of philanthropists, to whom the missionary movement may also be traced, I mean the philanthropists known by the name of the Clapham sect, and of which the more active members were Wilberforce and Thornton. They saw how admirably adapted the Sabbath school was to the growing life of the Church and the wants of the times. They lent a helping hand, and soon the

Sabbath school was established in all parts of Britain. There is no difficulty, then, in tracing the present extension of Sabbath schools to Raikes' school at Gloucester, and to him, then, belongs the honour of founder. Hook enunciated the principle of gravitation with almost as much precision as Newton himself; but to Newton belongs the honour of establishing the great law of the universe, as he made this law the foundation of a system capable of indefinite application to all the new phenomena emerging in the history of astronomy. Hook's idea was a solitary phenomenon, which did not germinate into a mighty system; and he therefore missed the honour that was reserved for Newton. But who can read the history of science without pausing at the name of Hook; and while we see him verging on the brink of a mighty discovery, and feel as if another step would put the clue to the mysteries of the universe into his hand, are we not struck with the conviction that he was no ordinary man, and that, after all, though unconsciously, he forwarded the discovery of the great law which Newton had the honour of demonstrating? It is seldom or never that the discovery of any great law in the natural world, or any great revolution in the moral world, is a sudden or accidental thing; no doubt there may be circumstances to precipitate the movement; but, after all, there was a previous and preparatory movement. The popular mind feels gratified in tracing great discoveries in the natural, and great movements in the moral world, to accident. Hence the story of Newton's apple, and the thunder-bolt of Luther. It is imagined, that the honour is greater if they stood alone, like Melchizedek, without father or mother, with no acknowledged descent from previous times. But these lights of the world never appear without a dawn announcing their advent. It may sometimes be longer, like the long twilight of the arctic regions, and sometimes shorter, like the twilight of the tropics; but there is always a preparatory period. The dawn is part of the day, as well as the full sunshine. And those names ought

to be held in veneration, that were honoured by God in ushering in a better day, though they should be afterwards obscured by others of greater lustre. John the Baptist felt it to be an honour to be the forerunner of Christ, though his own light was destined to decrease as that of his Master increased. There were reformers before the Reformation, but their light waned before that of Luther, and their names are comparatively unknown. Yet it is with no common interest and veneration that we read of these holy men, who, amidst darkness and persecution, raised the torch of truth, to prepare the way for him who was destined by God to effect a revolution, only equalled in its results by the first propagation of Christianity itself.

Though we do not attempt to place Mr. Morison on the same level with Mr. Raikes, yet it is right that his name should not be forgotten. He was spared to see the wide-spread of an institution which he was the first to commence; he died in 1824, being then ninety-six years of age. He realized in his life what he prayed for in his death; the Lord had, indeed, dealt bountifully with him—he died full of years, but full of thankfulness too, for seeing the work he had been honoured to begin, so rapidly carried out. The catechism by Mr. Morison, to which we have alluded, is admirably simple, and to the point—shewing that he was well acquainted with the requirements of the young.

It is often difficult to estimate, by any tangible results, the amount of good done by any special machinery for the religious improvement of the people. The special influence is masked by so many other causes, that it is difficult to say how much is due to this particular one. We are, however, bound to labour on, believing that good is done, if we use the means sanctioned by God, though we cannot point to any special results. We must cast our bread upon the waters, believing that it will return to us, though after many days. It is, however, satisfactory to meet with cases in which the good can be directly traced to the means em-

ployed; and it would be gratifying to know what effect has been produced in any special locality by the operation of the Sabbath school. No doubt, many individual cases can be quoted where Sabbath school teaching has been the means of conversion; and even such cases alone would be a sufficient encouragement to continue the good work. Still, the value of the Sabbath school as a part of our ecclesiastical machinery, will be tested chiefly by its power in moulding the religious character of the people as a body. We are not acquainted with the religious condition of Norham or Gloucester, and cannot say whether they bear any marks of their being honoured as the first seats of the Sabbath school. We are, however, familiarly acquainted with the religious condition of a parish which was among the very first in Scotland to benefit by the Sabbath school. A member of the chief family of the Clapham sect had settled there, and having soon caught the spirit of the movement going on in England, lost no time in organizing schools in the parish, and personally sharing in the work. The scheme at once took with the people; and its influence in this case was enhanced by the circumstance, that the Sabbath school served as a link between the highest rank and the humblest condition in life. But the point to which we would advert is the circumstance, that the blessing of this early enjoyment of the advantages of the Sabbath school is distinctly marked at the present day. We do not refer so much to the individual cases of parishioners, who look back with gratitude to the efforts made for their good, and can trace serious impressions to this instrumentality, as to the general effect upon the parish, and more especially the village, whose population has been remarkably fixed, and therefore well adapted for testing the influence of the Sabbath school. This village is noted, among the other manufacturing villages in the locality, for the orderly habits of the people, their respect for divine ordinances, and all the usual tests of a sound religious condition. The grounds of comparison are in this case so obvious,

and the cause of difference so distinctly marked, that we cannot hesitate to regard it as a most gratifying testimony to the beneficial effects of the Sabbath school, and its vital importance as a part of our Church machinery. Though it is gratifying to record such distinctly marked cases, the conscientious labourer in the Lord's vineyard will exact no such evidence as a condition of his labours. In by far the largest proportion of his labours, he must be content with unseen influence and unseen fruit. But, though unseen, may we not presume that it is great if he has really done God's work honestly and faithfully? How disheartening would it be to a minister if he could only count upon, as the fruit of his labour, distinct and obvious cases of conversion! Well might the heart of the zealous labourer sink within him if he was to take courage only from the visible. But he has the higher source of comfort, that many may rise up at the great day of account to acknowledge him as the unconscious instrument of turning them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

B. B.

"Besides the Scriptures of truth, God has provided *three* books for the instruction of His intelligent creatures. The book of *Creation*, which is interpreted by natural science; the book of *Providence*, which history unfolds to us; and the book of the *Human Heart*, in which all that is real in biography and poetry forms a chapter."—*Passages in the Life of a Daughter at Home.*

HYMN.

"Teach me to do thy will; for thou art my God."—PSALM cxviii. 10.

Give me, O God! an earnest heart
Anxious to do thy will;
Contented with whatever part
In life 'tis mine to fill.

Fearful of wealth, and worldly pride;
Glad, if a low degree,
With even sorrow by my side,
Helps me to walk with thee.

Cautious of all the gauds and glows
By earthly sunshine given;
Choosing the cloudiest paths below
So they lead up to heaven.

Mossell's Parish Musings.

JERUSALEM REVISITED.*

THERE are, we presume, few of our readers who are not acquainted with one or other of the beautiful volumes in which Mr. Bartlett has endeavoured to illustrate those spots which are memorable as the scenes of Scriptural events. His *Walks about Jerusalem*, his *Forty Days in the Desert*, his *Nile Boat*, and his *Footsteps of our Lord and His Apostles*, have each, in their turn, served to give to stay-at-home travellers striking and accurate views of these memorable places to which, day after day, the hearts of so many in Christendom are turned with earnest longing. For our own part, we frankly confess, that the engravings of Mr. Bartlett have succeeded in conveying to us by far the clearest ideas we have ever been able to form of the various scenes depicted by him. In this respect, even the magnificent drawings of Mr. Roberts—however superior in artistic effect—must yield the palm to those of Mr. Bartlett.

The volume before us,—the last, alas! that we are to receive from the pen and pencil of its accomplished author, who died somewhat suddenly last autumn on board a steamer in the Mediterranean,—is well entitled to rank with its predecessors. Taken along with his *Walks about Jerusalem*, the two give by far the best and clearest description we possess of the Holy City.

It is not, however, our intention at this time, to endeavour to give our readers any account of the outward appearance of Jerusalem, or to enter into controversy regarding the numerous disputed sites within and around it; our object is, to enrich our pages with the latest information regarding the actual condition of its inhabitants, and the progress now being made by civilization and Christianity. On these points, Mr. Bartlett's work

gives important and interesting information, containing, as it does, not merely the result of his own acute and unprejudiced inquiries, but also a lengthened contribution by Mrs. Finn, the accomplished lady of our consul there, whose long residence in Jerusalem has rendered her peculiarly fitted to give full and accurate details of everything connected with the progress of improvement, and the march of events there.

It is now many years since the attention of the English Church was first directed to Jerusalem as a suitable spot for establishing a mission to the Jews. The London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, which was founded in 1809, sent its first mission of inquiry thither in 1820; and in 1824 it sent Dr. Dutton to reside there as a medical missionary. In the following year, the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson arrived at the seat of the mission, but it was not till some years later that the work of the mission could be said to have commenced. Proposals were ere long circulated for building a church; but in consequence of difficulties connected with the purchase of a proper site, it was not till 1838 that its erection was commenced. In addition to political difficulties, however, physical obstacles of no ordinary character had to be overcome. Mr. Johns, the architect employed, at first attempted to rest the building upon a concrete foundation.

“‘I was, however,’ he says, ‘soon convinced of the utter impossibility of forming a foundation which could be depended upon of this material, from the honeycomb nature of the debris accumulated on the rock of this portion of Mount Zion, from the numberless sieges and earthquakes Jerusalem has been subjected to, from the time when David wrested his stronghold from the Jebusites till the wars of Mehemet Ali, its late possessor. Such uncertainty of soil and rubbish existed, that you could not form any conjecture as to what the next blow of the pickaxe would alight upon. It was impossible to foresee whether it would be a portion of a ruined

* *Jerusalem Revisited*. By W. H. Bartlett, Author of *Walks about Jerusalem*, with Illustrations. London: J. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1864.

chamber, loose rubbish, some part of a destroyed arch, perhaps in an inverted position—a portion of a broken floor—or, as in some cases, a small portion of tolerably solid masonry, and, if so, this would probably rest upon loose rubbish. There was not, in fact, in any of the six large shafts sunk to the rock, one foot of anything that could be depended on until we reached the maiden earth, and this only remained undisturbed in two very small portions, where it formed only thin strata upon the rock—all, all, is unsubstantial deposit of the razing siege or the destroying earthquake. Finding such an unsolid substratum, I determined at once to proceed down to the rock, and thus obtain a foundation against which the rain might descend, and the storm beat without fear of its being moved. Accordingly, the shaft at the south-east angle was commenced and carried down to the solid rock, and on the 28th January 1842, the first stone was laid by Bishop Alexander, on the rock of Mount Zion, at the depth of thirty-five feet from the surface. The other shafts were also sunk, the lowest point touched being no less than thirty-nine feet from the surface!"

Truly was it foretold that Jerusalem would be "laid on heaps," and that "the stones of the sanctuary would be poured out on every street!"

The operations of the society, and the erection of the church, led the way to the establishment of an English bishopric at Jerusalem. The history of this institution is somewhat singular. It originated with the King of Prussia, and is contained in an instruction given to Bunsen, his ambassador at London.

"The envoy was instructed to inquire, 'In how far the English National Church, already in possession of a parsonage on the Mount Zion, and having commenced there the building of a church, would be inclined to accord to the Evangelical National Church of Prussia a sisterly position in the Holy Land.' This proposal was warmly received by the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, as well as the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London, and the negotiation was speedily effected. It was stipulated that the English Bishop of Jerusalem was to be nominated alternately by the crowns of England and Prussia, the Archbishop having the absolute right of veto, with respect to those nominated by

the Prussian crown. The jurisdiction of the Bishop was to extend over English clergy and congregations,—and any who might join his church—in Palestine, Syria, Chaldea, Egypt, and Abyssinia. His chief missionary care was to be directed to the conversion of the Jews, to their protection, and to their useful employment. He was to establish and maintain, as far as in him lay, relations of Christian charity with other churches represented at Jerusalem, and, in particular, with the orthodox Greek Church; taking special care to convince them "that the Church of England does not wish to disturb, or divide, or interfere with them; but that she is ready, in the spirit of Christian love, to render them such offices of friendship as they may be willing to receive." To this it was added, that German congregations were to be under the care of German clergymen ordained by the bishop, and under his jurisdiction."

To provide an endowment, the King of Prussia subscribed £15,000, the interest of this, and of other subscriptions, to be paid to the bishop until the capital sum can be advantageously converted into land situated in Palestine. The first bishop was Dr. Alexander, a converted Jew, who, dying in 1845, was succeeded by Dr. Gobat, formerly a missionary in Abyssinia. In September 1853, when Mr. Bartlett was in Jerusalem, the census of the congregation was as follows:—

	Adults.	Children.
English, . . .	34	18
Jewish Proselytes,	32	27
Jewish Catechumens,	19	7
Arab Communicants,	20	22
Prussian Congregation,	21	2
Total,	126	76

The minister of the church is the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, so long missionary there. The services are as follows:—The Anglican service at 10 A.M. every Sunday morning, and on the principal festivals; the same in German every second Sunday, at three P.M.; and the same in Hebrew every morning, at six in summer, and seven in winter, besides the communion service in Arabic every Sacrament Sunday early.

"Whatever may be thought," says Mr. Bartlett, "in a religious point of view,

of this mission, one thing is certain, it has undeniably promoted the cause of European civilization in Jerusalem. Wherever the English establish themselves, they never fail to introduce a higher standard of comfort, improved sanitary regulations, to give a stimulus to industry and agriculture. The neighbouring peasantry find their account in this new state of things, and are increasingly sensible that their interests are interwoven with those of the Franks. They get not only a better market, but better prices also. But this increase of animal comforts is the lowest result that has followed the settlement of the English. A feeling of rivalry on the part of other sects has led them to emulate the educational measures of the mission, and a general activity has succeeded to the stagnant torpor of ignorance and sloth, that has so long settled over the Eastern churches. The society of the place has been enlarged and improved. The consulates of the principal foreign powers are no longer filled up by Syrians, but by educated and often distinguished natives of the different countries represented, who form an intellectual and refined circle; so that in winter, when the city is visited by numerous travellers, as many as fifty or sixty invitations have been issued for an evening party at the consulate. The Franks in the city are now every way in the ascendant; their numbers and influence are continually on the increase, while in both respects the Turks are as steadily losing ground. It should be mentioned, in connexion with the increasing influence of the Christians, that the government of Jerusalem has been changed from that of a simple Arab Mutsellim to a Turkish Pashalic, expressly to protect more efficaciously the various Christian interests of Turkish subjects."

Such are some of the indirect results springing from the establishment of the mission in Jerusalem. These, however, are so fully and clearly traced by Mrs. Finn, that we feel we cannot do better than quote so much of her communication as we can find room for.

After giving some account of the various classes of travellers who visit Jerusalem, she says:—

"Even the more intelligent of the European travellers who visit Jerusalem at the season of Easter, are so occupied with the ceremonies to be seen or joined in, and the hurried visits to Bethlehem,

Jordan, &c., that they must leave Palestine utterly ignorant of the present state of society, manners, and feelings in the Holy City. Some who attend the services in Christ Church on Mount Zion, are surprised to find a numerous congregation, with their bishop, priests, and deacons offering the well-known prayers and praises of the Church of England Liturgy, in the English language, and with the propriety and order so dearly prized at home. But what this congregation is, and why here assembled, few appear to know. Should the traveller be furnished with introductions to the English bishop, the minister, the consul, the physician, or others, he will probably find himself some evening in either of their houses, amid a numerous assemblage, perhaps some forty or fifty, whom, he will be told, are residents in Jerusalem. Interesting conversation, carried on in French, German, Italian, English, &c., and perhaps a little music, with every appearance of European comfort, may prompt the question: 'Is this really Jerusalem, where everything has been described as so barbarous? What has brought all these people here? and what are they doing?'

"Directly or indirectly, *Religious interest in the Holy City* has been the motive which has collected together so large a number of intelligent Europeans. The various gentlemen of the assemblage are either attached to the English Episcopate, or to the Prussian Mission, or agents of missionary societies, or officers of the various consulates. These, with their ladies, form a large circle, besides other persons of independent fortune, who have chosen the Holy City as their home; and it sometimes happens that travellers prolong their visits for several months. Thus a numerous and superior society may at all times be found in Jerusalem."

She then proceeds to detail the various steps connected with the institution of the mission, the building of the church, and the foundation of the bishopric, and adds that

"The establishment by Dr. Gobat of a Diocesan school, in which were taught boys and girls of all creeds and nations, Jews, Moslems, Christians—Copts, Greeks, and Latins—children of Hebrew converts to Christianity, and of German and English parents,—the establishment of this school speedily gave an impulse to education, and schools for girls, under the supervision of Sisters of Charity, and

for boys, were opened by the Latin patriarch, and have been very well attended. The Greeks also could no longer resist the progress of events, and opened their schools. Both of these communities have now (1853) upper schools, or seminaries, in which young men receive classic and general education under European masters. The Greek upper school contains fifty scholars, and the day school numbers ninety, with four masters in the latter. Even the Armenians, an exclusive and thoroughly Oriental community, have added to their enormous convent a fine building with separate apartments, for the accommodation of twenty young men, who are here to receive a seven years' training. It is to be hoped that the effort which is now being made to re-establish the English college will be supported. Having formerly set the example to others, the English have at this moment no college in Jerusalem; but it cannot be supposed that this state of things is to continue.

"The Medical Mission of the above-named Jews' Society has been perhaps one of the most beneficial efforts made for the good of Jerusalem. The hospital, where several hundred in-door, and several thousand out-door cases are annually relieved, has been a direct benefit to the poor Jews."

After enumerating the different religious and benevolent institutions of the various Christian sects, Mrs. Finn adds:—

"The foregoing facts will serve to show, that while other cities in the Turkish empire are falling to ruin and decay, being depopulated and barbarized, Jerusalem is rapidly springing up into new life. European manners and European wants are bringing in civilization and enterprising industry. Good hotels are found to accommodate most travellers better than the Casa Nuova, so long the only shelter for the Frank pilgrim of whatever nation or religion. There are shops where all kinds of European goods find a ready sale for their commodities; carpenters, watchmakers, blacksmiths, glaziers, tinmen, dyers, laundresses, shoemakers, &c., exercise their various callings. There are three flourishing European tailors. The daily markets are supplied abundantly with good mutton; and poultry and eggs are cheap. Many hundred goats are kept for the sole purpose of supplying the city with milk; and of late cow's milk is to be had. Fruit and vegetables are abundant;

and good bread is made by several bakers.

"New houses spring up on every side. By new houses are meant new fabrics upon old foundations; for as yet the waste places are not reclaimed, and one-half the ancient city is a desolation, while other parts are overcrowded. The Frank quarter is chiefly from Mount Zion and the Jaffa Gate to the Damascus Gate; but, of late years, a good many houses have been taken in the Moslem quarter, between the Damascus and St. Stephen's Gates. It is a remarkable evidence of the decrease in Moslem fanaticism, that single ladies are permitted to live quietly in the heart of the Moslem quarter, without any man-servant or other protector. And even during the present excitement about the war with Russia, no insult has been offered even in the most crowded bazaars to any person; even ladies and children pass to and fro as usual;—and this at a time when the native Christians made no secret of their (very needless) dread of a Moslem rising to massacre themselves."

"It cannot fail to strike the most casual observer, that while the native Moslem population are diminishing in numbers and influence, the Christians, strengthened and supported from abroad, are gaining in both respects. Foreign residents, and consuls of foreign nations, intimately acquainted with the history, languages, manners, and population, must needs carry weight, which the ever-changing Turkish officers could but feebly withstand, if they were able to comprehend or appreciate. This state of things is not confined to the city of Jerusalem; the Christian villages of Bethlehem, Beit Yala, and Ramallah, are more numerous, populated, clean, and prosperous, than those belonging to Moslems, who scarcely keep their ground, while the others increase their lands and houses every year. The peasantry, both Moslems and Christians, are also far better acquainted with the Europeans (who daily meet them in their walks and rides, give them medicines, encamp on their ground in summer, buy their farm-produce, and employ their services) than they can possibly be with pashas whom they never see, and whose soldiers are but known to them as a means of enforcing payment of taxes, or the giving up of a refractory subject. The peasantry find a ready market among the Europeans and at the convents, for poultry, vegetables, fruit, corn and barley, wine, oil, straw, charcoal, wood, water, stone, lime, and other building materials; and the several thousand pounds annually ex-

pende have added so much to their buried treasures, that most of the villages are actually rich; and every year sees fresh fields cleared and sown, and more olive-trees and vines planted. Besides the daily traffic, which occupies not less than 800 camels, there is also trade carried on with Egypt in soap made in Jerusalem, and to travellers are sold great quantities of small articles manufactured in olive and Hebron oak wood, (chiefly made by Europeans,) rosaries, boxes, mother-of-pearl shells, and various other articles made in Bethlehem, whence, moreover, several thousand pounds worth are annually exported to France, Italy, Spain, and Austria. The seaport town of Jaffa has more than doubled its number of inhabitants within seven years, and has now a population of 17,000. Seven years ago, not one English merchant-ship had ever been seen there, and but few of any other nation. The first was the 'John Cobbold,' chartered in 1847 by the 'London Society for Propagating Christianity among the Jews,' to bring out the roof of Christ Church, and carpenters to put it up. Now several hundred vessels from the United States, Sweden, Norway, France, Greece, England, Italy, &c., receive and discharge cargoes. Three times per month Austrian and French steamers touch at Jaffa, for the delivery and receiving of Jerusalem mails; but there is no English steamer. The port of Kaiffa has increased its trade in at least equal proportion; so has that of Sidon; while Beyroot is now a bustling mercantile town, considered to have 35,000 inhabitants.

"The climate of Jerusalem is, on the whole, good. It would be one of the finest in the world, were common attention paid to the cleanliness of the streets and houses. During the spring and autumn months agues and fevers prevail, being engendered by the exhalations from the cisterns and rubbish accumulated in the city. But the mountain breeze rarely fails by day or night, excepting during a part of April and May, when the easterly winds are oppressive. A very little care in covering the head from the sun, avoiding too low a diet, especially undue quantities of fruit and vegetables, and in taking open air exercise, preserves the health of the Europeans; and even when they are attacked by fever or ague, the disease is easily subdued if treated without delay. Travellers are most blameably careless in all the above points, and frequently fall victims to their ignorance and folly. Many of the European residents encamp at a short distance from Jerusalem during

the summer months, and are treated with the utmost respect by the peasantry, who gladly let their grounds for the pitching of their tents. Even with those engaged in guerilla warfare among each other, no one case has occurred, during eight years, of incivility or annoyance to the various camps from the Arabs. On the contrary, they have been known to drive their cattle thither by night for safety. The large number of English, American, and other travellers who annually visit Jerusalem, has had a great effect upon the manners of the Arab population, and the wild Bedouin. Having learnt the value of foreign gold, they respect the persons and property of those who spend so much money among them; and the visits to Petra, Jordan, and Palestine in general, which were formerly made at the risk of life, are now a matter of business arrangement between the sheikhs, the travellers, and their consuls. How is it that persons, who are obliged to leave England in search of a milder climate, or others who prefer living abroad, do not choose the most interesting city and country in the world for their residence? Why should not young clergymen, at least, spend one year among Bible scenes, and acquiring Bible languages, before entering upon their active duties? Sixty pounds per annum would be quite enough for all expense of board and lodging (including the keep of a horse) for a single person, and sixty pounds more would cover the expense of the journey there and back. Even travellers, who spend a little fortune in Palestine to the enrichment of their dragomen, (who sacrifice the character of their employers, and oppress and grind hotel-keepers, muleteers, &c.) know little or nothing of the country which they have passed through, under the blind guidance of blind guides. Nevertheless, the mighty tide which during three centuries impelled half the nations of Europe towards the rocky shores of Palestine—then ebbing during the temporary ascendancy of Rome—is now rising annually higher. Travellers from every western nation, and 10,000 pilgrims from the East, visit the shrines of Bethlehem and Calvary; Moslems come from Arabia, Tartary, and India, and from the utmost shores of Africa, to worship at the (falsely called) tomb of Moses. The Jewish people go to pray over the ruins of their city and temple, that the time of their deliverance may be hastened.

"The deep religious interest in Jerusalem, which has for two thousand years been gaining strength among the nations of the earth, is becoming more intense; and high and mighty potentates study,

with anxious care, politics, whose interest centres in Jerusalem.

"It is often asked why Russia, which takes so decided a part in Oriental politics, whose interest in the sanctuaries of Jerusalem has threatened to disturb the peace of Europe, whose army annually devotes one day's pay to the support of the establishments of Jerusalem, and whose sailors may frequently be observed marching two and two, in military order, from one hallowed spot to another,—why Russia has no consul in Jerusalem? Hitherto it has been quite unnecessary that she should have any. The influence of her consul-general at Beyroot, and of her vice-consul at Jaffa, supported by the powerful Greek patriarchates and convents at Jerusalem, is quite sufficient for the protection and advancement of Russian interests. At this moment, when the dismemberment of Turkey and the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians are the engrossing themes, it has been thought by many that they have forgotten the Holy Land, or that they regard Jerusalem as a question of minor importance. Far from it. It must be remembered that the Emperor of Russia is head of the Greek Church; that 'there are two almighties (autocrats)—one in heaven and one in St. Petersburg.' During a period of several years, the Greek convent has been gradually extended over one-fourth of habitable Jerusalem, by the purchase of houses which have been connected with the convent, by means of arches thrown over the intervening streets. Of late, not only the houses immediately contiguous, but buildings and plots of ground in every part of the city, have been bought up by a Greek ecclesiastic, who, being a native of Turkey, can legally purchase. The convent cannot legally purchase land, but it is allowed in law to become possessor of property left to it by will on the death of the purchaser. The archimandrite Nikephoros has revenues so inexhaustible, that there can be no doubt as to their source. Every kind of property in the East is supposed to consist of twenty-four parts or carâts. Whether a horse, a house, a field, or a diamond, it is divisible into twenty-four carâts, and may be owned by one person or by several. Each person, in the latter case, is considered possessor of one, two, three, four, or more carâts, according to circumstances, and these descend to his heirs; so that the horse, house, field, or diamond, may at length have forty or fifty proprietors, each owning carâts, half or quarter carâts, or less, and so on; and without the consent of all, the said pro-

perty cannot be let or sold. The proprietors have always the first choice and refusal, should the property be sold. Now, the said archimandrite is known as the purchaser of half-carâts, quarter-carâts, or whole carâts, as the case may be, of every ruined shop, house, or plot of ground, to be bought within the walls of Jerusalem; and, moreover, as possessor of immense tracts without the walls of the city, as far as Bethlehem, and in other parts of Palestine.

"Even the tiny plots of vegetable garden belonging to the village of Siloam own the same person as possessor of carâts, or half-carâts. Until very recently, no part of these great possessions was cultivated; but within the last five years, many thousand mulberry and olive trees have been planted in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem; the most unpromising hills, apparently mere masses of rock, have been cleared with the aid of gunpowder, the rich soil exposed, walls built, terraces formed, vines planted, and small annual crops raised between the trees. Silk factories and houses are being built. At present public roads, twenty feet wide, are being made and walled in across the hills and valleys, between the Convent of the Cross and Jerusalem, a distance of twenty minutes, in order to prevent passengers from trespassing upon the plantations in progress. Gradually one piece after another is fenced in, and already the rides around Jerusalem are much interfered with by the boundary walls, while the rich verdure is a beautiful addition to the hitherto barren landscape. Large numbers of the Moslem and Christian Arab peasantry are employed in building, ploughing, and planting; and they commonly, while calling down blessings on the Greek Convent, term the Patriarch 'Aboo Dahab,' (the Father of gold.) The corrupt Effendies are also well acquainted with the various Russian coins, which are very common in the markets of Jerusalem.

"Thus, while diplomacy is exercised by the various European powers,—while able ministers are arranging the Eastern question, and studying the ancient limits of the sanctuaries, title-deeds are being accumulated in the Greek Convent, which the shock of war itself will not be able to invalidate, and which must indisputably confirm the right of the Russo-Greek purchasers to their possessions in Jerusalem and Palestine.

"These are some of the effects of the *religious interest* felt for Jerusalem. Thirteen years ago, destitute and barbarous, with a plague-stricken and decreasing

population, dead to trade, politics, or enterprise of any kind, Jerusalem was still the Holy City. Turkish pashas have since been sent 'to protect the interests of the Christians.' England and Prussia have founded their Protestant bishopric; Austria defends the Roman Catholic institutions; France appears as 'Protector of Christianity in the East;' and the Emperor of the Russias is head of the most ancient Gentile Church in Jerusalem, Asia, or the world; while around the holy place, whence the glory has departed, still linger the Jewish people—their sole support that quenchless faith in the promises of God, which eighteen centuries of suffering have not been able to diminish or to abate. How often it is said, in these *enlightened* times, that politics have nothing to do with religion! and yet it has ever been found that the fiercest and most intense political struggles are those which arise out of religious questions. The desolating wars of the Greek empire, the Crusades, and the Reformation, may serve to warn us what convulsions may yet shake the nations, when the tide of *politico-religious interest* in Jerusalem has burst the barriers which still feebly oppose its rising floods."

What may be the result of the present

shaking in the East, God alone knows. Still we cannot divest ourselves of the hope that all these wars and fightings, though brought about by the evil passions of men, will work together for the accomplishment of His wise, holy, and gracious purposes. Nay, we feel satisfied that, be the result what it may, they are the harbingers of the time to favour Zion, yea, the set time. Even if Jerusalem be destined yet for a time to continue under the grinding and barbarous sway of her Mohammedan rulers, they will not for the future dare to disregard, as they have hitherto done, the remonstrances of these Christian nations which are now lavishing their blood and their treasure in propping up their imbecile and barbarian government; and we may therefore expect that full protection at least, if not every encouragement, will be extended to those devoted labourers who have settled there for the purpose, not merely of bringing back to the fold of the Lamb the wandering sheep of the house of Israel, but also of purifying the corrupt forms of Christianity which have so long prevailed throughout the East.

SACRED POETS.

I.—GEORGE HERBERT.

(Continued from page 49.)

THE choice of a profession by a youth, or by his guardians for him, is very difficult, where there is no leaning to any one field of exertion; and the difficulty is increased by the untried nature of the youth, as well as by the untried nature of the profession he is urged to follow. A most observant eye is required to note the peculiar capacities of the individual, and to provide for counteracting early and idle prejudices for or against certain life-occupations. It frequently happens that great talents are accompanied by little or no ambition, or that their possessor is deficient in practical activity; while ambition overruns many natures of an inferior description. Distrust in their

fitness for some particular employment often haunts those who have the greatest fitness for it. This has been the case with many who should have been found labouring in the great vineyard. Whereas, a too hasty entrance on the work of the ministry, and unfitness for its most incumbent duties, have been chargeable, in every age, against a considerable number. We have heard of a youth being compelled against his will to enter into the office of the ministry, and by a father himself a minister. How painful must such a position be! If there be any profession which a youth ought not to be compelled to follow, it is that which Herbert chose. He, as we shall prove by

some of his poems, hesitated more from a sense of unworthiness than from unwillingness to enter on the sacred office. Those whom he valued would seek to guide him to a choice of which he would not repent. Nor would the lights which Providence is ever holding up to the eyes of the watchful fail to guide one like him. His life-experience, and the better tendencies of his nature, all pointed to an opposite path from what he at first had been induced to walk in. Early thoughts, too, and sacred feelings, before he could well interpret them, were to him premonitions of what Master he was to serve. He felt upon him, even in the morning of life, *that glance*, of which, in after days, he felt the greater power, and in the bright effulgence of which we believe he now dwells:—

THE GLANCE.

“ When first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsafed, even in the midst of youth and
night

To look upon me, who before did lie
Weltering in sin,

I felt a sugar'd strange delight,
Passing all Cordials made by any Art,
Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
My soul hath felt, even able to destroy,
Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm

His swing and away :

But still thy sweet original joy,
Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
And surging griefs, when they grew bold, con-
trol,

And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerful be,
A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
Thy full-eyed love !

When thou shalt look us out of pain,
And one aspect of thine speed in delight
More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
In Heaven above.”

At one time, however, the poet expected to be called to serve his country in some high office about Court. This expectation was lessened by circumstances, and by his own firm purpose was ultimately extinguished for ever. How well he could bear any passing disappointment, and how much more he was fitted for the teacher's than for the courtier's life, we may gather from the following:—

SUBMISSION.

“ But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are thine,
My mind would be extremely stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some place and power on me ?
Then should thy praises with me grow,
And share in my degree.
But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my sight ;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Disseize thee of thy right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
That I should then raise thee ?
Perhaps great places and thy praise
Do not so well agree.

Wherefore unto my gift I stand ;
I will no more advise :
Only do thou lend me a hand,
Since thou hast both mine eyes.”

The dramatic style of writing which Herbert often uses—his arguments, pursued to a still greater length than the Psalmist's, when he argued about Divine wisdom, power, and love, or even *with* the Supreme Being, almost—will never appear profane to those who follow out the meaning of the poet. Sometimes the lively, dramatic style of his lyrics serves to fix them very vividly in the memory. The following, which describes the struggle he had against the temptation to go abroad and leave his holier aspirations unfulfilled, is of that description ; and the way in which the force of it is kept up to the close, and the gentleness of the change, so gently produced, yet made so startling in its effect, is a true stroke of genius:—

THE COLLAR.

“ I struck the board, and cried, No more !
I will abroad !

What? shall I ever sigh and pine?
My lines and life are free—free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store.
Shall I be still in suit?

Have I no harvest but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost, with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine,
Before my sighs did dry it : there was corn,
Before my tears did drown it.

Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay?—all blasted?
All wasted?

Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
And thou hast hands.
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures ; leave thy cold dispute

Of what is fit, and not; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away! take heed!
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there; tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But, as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, 'Child!'
 And I replied, 'My Lord!'

It must not be supposed that there was any ignorance, on the part of Herbert, of the advantages he might have gained by selecting an employment that would bring him into the alternately gay and busy ranks of courtiers, statesmen, and ambassadors of the time, or into the first literary circles. He asserts his knowledge of these in

THE PEARL.

Matt. xiii.

"I know the ways of Learning; both the head
 And pipes that feed the press, and make it run;
 What Reason hath from Nature borrowed
 Or of itself like a good housewife spun
 In laws and policy; what the stars conspire,
 What willing Nature speaks, what's forced by fire;
 Both the old discoveries and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and history;
 All these stand open, or I have the keys:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Honour: what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesy and wit;
 —In vies of favours whether party gains,
 When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle wheresoe'er it goes:
 —How many drams of spirit there must be
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes:
 Yet I love thee.

I know the ways of Pleasure, the sweet strains,
 The lullings and the relishes of it;
 The propositions of hot, blood and brains;
 What mirth and music mean; what love and wit
 Have done these twenty hundred years, and more;

I know the projects of unbridled store:
 My stuff is flesh, not brass; my senses live,
 And grumble oft that they have more in me
 Than he that curbs them, being but one to five:
 Yet I love thee.

I know all these, and have them in my hand;
 Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes
 I fly to thee and fully understand
 Both the main sale, and the commodities;

And at what rate and price I have thy love;
 With all the circumstances that may move:
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my grovelling
 wit,
 But thy silk twist let down from heaven to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee."

The influence of bantering and ridicule, if they were not often employed to turn Herbert from his attachment to sacred things, were yet appreciated by him at their proper worth—if worth it can be called which worth hath none. In one of his song-like lyrics, which has, as many of his poems have, a peculiar music of its own, he quaintly sets forth the influences which he had to resist in "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures" of the world.

THE QUIP.

"The merry world did on a day
 With his train-bands and mates agree
 To meet together where I lay,
 And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a Rose;
 Which when I plucked not, Sir, said she,
 Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those?
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,
 What tune is this, poor man? said he:
 I heard in music you had skill:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by
 In silks that whistled, who but he!
 He scarce allowed me half an eye:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,
 And he would needs a comfort be,
 And, to be short, make an oration:
 But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of thy design
 To answer these fine things shall come;
 Speak not at large, say, I am thine,
 And then they have their answer home."

And three verses from his poem on the Priesthood will suffice to show his final determination.

"Blest Order, which in power dost so excel,
 That with one hand thou liftest to the sky
 And with the other throwest down to hell,
 In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh;
 Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay sword
 For that of the Holy Word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
 And I but earth and clay: should I presume
 To wear thy habit, the severe attire
 My slender compositions might consume.
 I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
 To deal in Holy Writ.

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
Through old sins and new doctrines of our
land.

Only, since God doth often vessels make
Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
I throw me at his feet."

We might well suppose the strain that follows to have been written at the time of his entering on the sacred function of the pastoral office, if it does not refer to some occasion, when he had a peculiarly strong feeling of unworthiness for the position he had already been holding.

AARON.

"A Holiness on the head,
Light and perfections on the breast,
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
To lead them unto life and rest:
Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

Profaneness in my head,
Defects and darkness in my breast,
A noise of passions ringing me for dead,
Unto a place where is no rest:
Poor priest! thus am I drest.

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making 'live not dead,
Without whom I could have no rest:
In him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me even dead;
That to the old man I may rest
And be in Him new drest.

So holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine tuned by Christ (who is not
dead,
But lives in me while I do rest,
Come, people; *Aaron's* drest."

It is interesting to find so great a proportion of Herbert's lays in "The Temple," bearing so evident a relation to certain periods in his life. How many struggles of the noblest spiritual beings who have had their abode, and their trials, and their sanctification on earth, have been unrecorded; and how thankfully should we receive the devotional wrestlings of a David, a Paul, or even of a Herbert! To minds properly balanced, and alive to their truest interest, nothing can well be so engaging as the contemplation afforded them, in such cases, of what has been felt and said in their most momentous hours,

by those who have stood highest in God's favour, highest among His devoted servants. There are times when the human spirit needs as it were a voice not its own, to tell its wants, aspirations, or woes, and to plead at the mercy-seat for blessings such and in such measure as the human heart and mind require. Often at those times a song of Zion—a song of one of the children of Zion—is like a clear fountain welling strongly up, in sight of a sun-scorched and weary traveller.

The mind—the mere intellect—may suffice to act as the critic on *other* poems, but on such as give new life and freshness to sad hearts—hearts withered almost, or parched up by doubt, sin, trial, or sorrow—it is the *heart* that must be the critic. For, what is the use of the keenest intellect, where the affections that mark the renewed spirit are the principal things in question? In any circumstances, a keen, shrewd, or strong intellect, with little or almost no heart, is a kind of monstrosity or deformity, far more worthy of being shuddered at than any bodily defect; but where the deepest secrets of the heart and its communings with self and with Heaven are concerned, your merely eloquent, keen, smart, witty, worldly critic, even though he be a divine, is about as useful as a blind Hercules would be, in a matter in which clearness of vision was absolutely indispensable. All praise to those who use their wits well. The more mental insight a man has, the better. But there have been ages—are they past?—when religion has been esteemed, by a large proportion, as a matter for the mere intellect—as a study—something to speak about—to make sermons on—a thing, at the utmost, to keep you healthy, and attentive to sanitary matters, respectable in your neighbour's eyes, and comfortably free from everything like "what poor canting Herbert fell into."—Herbert was a follower of Him who prayed in agony beneath the shadowing olive-trees of Gethsemane, and to whom sin appeared a far more dreadful plague than leprosy. But you, perhaps, O worldly-wiseman! are above seeking to walk in the footsteps of any master.

We have often traced the fruit of Wordsworth's teaching in Tennyson, and sometimes his very words; but it may not seem so true to the poet himself or to his admirers, as we have been inclined to think it, that the poetry of Herbert has had a greater impression on Tennyson's style of thinking than any other poetry. Not that we would accuse Tennyson or his friend Maurice, (who would fain accommodate the Bible and religion generally to the peculiar feelings and expectations of poets, and literary men; so that they might not have to stoop too low, like mere unlettered sons of toil or puny intellects,) of being orthodox. Far from it. Mr. Maurice has pretty clearly hinted at his own and Tennyson's freedom from that odious charge. But a style of thinking and speaking—even an earnest or vivid style of expression may be caught up from one man by another, without the result of similar belief or similar practice following. Sometimes, too, there is closer resemblance than we have said between Tennyson's poetry and that of holy George Herbert. The "In Memoriam," which deserves better critics than it has yet found, begins with this invocation—

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we that have not seen thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

'Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made."

The first part of Herbert's poem, entitled "Love" begins thus:

"Immortal Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcelled out thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which thou hast made."

It is very clear that Tennyson has read Herbert, and that without knowing it his memory echoes with his olden strain.

Those who can recollect Tennyson's *Palace of Art*, beginning

"I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell,

I said, 'O soul, make merry and carouse
Dear soul, for all is well,'"

and ending

"'What is it that will take away my sin,
And save me lest I die?'
So when four years were wholly finished,
She threw her royal robes away,
'Make me a cottage in the vale,' she said,
'Where I may mourn and pray.'
'Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully, built,
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt.'"

will be inclined to say with us, that the germ of this poem, which has evidently cost the modern poet much labour, and which is really one of his best, may have been silently and imperceptibly suggested—it might be invidious to say *must* have been—by Herbert's on "The World."

"Love built a stately house; where *Fortune* came,
And spinning fancies, she was heard to say,
That her fine cobwebs did support the frame,
Whereas they were supported by the same,
But *Wisdom* quickly swept them all away.

Then *Pleasure* came, who, liking not the fashion,
Began to make Balconies, Terraces,
Till she had weakened all by alteration:
But reverend *Laus* and many a *proclamation*
Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then entered *Sin*, and with that *Sycamore*,
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought
and dew,
Working and winding slyly evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore,
But *Grace* shored these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sin* combined with *Death* in a firm band,
To raze the building to the very floor,
Which they effected, none could them withstand;
But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glory* by the hand,
And built a braver palace than before."

The differences between the two poets are very great indeed; but from the style of Tennyson's thought, from his poetical logic so to speak, we are inclined to think he must at one time have regarded Herbert as "a master." There will be found in the writings of both, a force, a manliness, a condensed fullness of expression, a suddenness in changing the thought,—only, however, to give a weightier emphasis to the argument, which make one interested, in either case, not only in the poet but in the man. Herbert, we believe, had the stronger sense and the larger heart; Tennyson has a more intoxicating beauty in his poetry; nor is it unlike

lotos-eating, so far as he himself teaches us to imagine what that is, to read many of Tennyson's poems.

But our allusion to Tennyson is merely incidental. As yet he is not to be classed

among sacred poets. Let us hope that ere his harp is for ever silent, some songs of Zion may come from its sweet-toned strings.

J. L. B.

(To be continued.)

Gleanings from the Mission Field.

GLASGOW MISSION TO THE HOSPITAL AT SCUTARI.

THE Secretary has received a letter from Mr. Dreunan, one of the chaplains to the army from the Church of Scotland, intimating the serious illness of Mr. Fergusson from fever. May God spare his valuable life! Of this there are good hopes, as he was slowly recovering, though the medical men thought that his removal for a time would be necessary. We commend him to the prayers of all who are interested in himself and in his labours.

The Committee have secured the services of a second missionary, the Rev. Robert Macnair of Gourrock. Mr. Macnair's name is familiar to the readers of the *Missionary Record* of the Church, as their indefatigable labourer for some years in Nova Scotia. The same missionary zeal which led him first to the West, now leads him to the East. He has also been accepted as a Government chaplain, on the same terms as Mr. Fergusson; and we hope to be able, in our next Number, to announce his safe arrival at Scutari. A large collection of books and tracts, contributed partly by Christian friends, and partly from the funds of the mission, has been sent with him for Smyrna and Scutari.

The Committee thankfully acknowledge the kind and spontaneous support which the mission has received from every part of Scotland.

[Since the above was in type, the Secretary has received a note from Mr. Fergusson, (dated May 14th,) stating that he is in a fair way of recovery, but very weak, and that it will be some time before he can resume duty.—*Ed. Christian Magazine.*]

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE SCUTARI MISSION.

Miss Hunter of Thurston . . .	L 0 10 0
Port-Glasgow Parish Church . . .	0 18 2
Mrs. Gordon, 7 Athole Crescent, Edinburgh . . .	1 0 0
Miss Gordon, ditto . . .	1 0 0
Miss Carnegie, ditto . . .	1 0 0
Collected in Kirkpatrick-Fleming, per Rev. Mr. Murdoch . . .	1 11 6
James Barr, Esq., Fairy Knowe . . .	1 0 0
From Three Readers of the <i>Edinburgh Christian Magazine</i> . . .	0 6 0
From Friends on the Banks of the Tummel for Bibles to Scutari . . .	3 0 0
Josephine Daniel Forbes, Writer, 45 West George Street . . .	0 2 0
Per John Mackie, Deacon, Barony Church—	
J. M. Smith & Co.	0 5 0
Miss Faulds	0 10 0
Matthew Faulds	0 10 0
W B Faulds	0 10 0
Mrs. Weir	0 5 0
Alex Brownlie	0 1 0
Wm. M'Leod	0 1 0
Per R. M'Kinlay, 4 Franklin Terrace—	
Thos. Wardle	0 2 6
John Taylor	0 2 6
Mr. Jones, Yorkshire	0 2 6
Miss Rennie	0 5 0
Mr M'Kenzie	0 5 0
Collected at prayer meeting in St. George's Church, in connection with Rev. Mr. Macnair's leaving for Scutari, L.1, 12s. 9d; less expenses, 10s 6d.	1 2 3d
Per Rev. Mr. Nisbet, collected in St. Stephen's Church	5 15 0
J. G. M'Kirdy, Birkwood	1 0 0

ST. ANDREWS STUDENTS' MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, ST. ANDREWS,
March 17, 1855.

(To the Editor of the *Ed. Christ. Mag.*)

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—In forwarding you this communication, relative to the proceedings of the St. Andrews Students' Missionary Society, I feel it superfluous to offer any apology for so doing to one so zealous as yourself in the cause of Christian missions.

It is to the Deputation Scheme of the Association that I could wish, through the instrumentality of your Magazine, to direct particular attention.

During the session of 1851, the Society proposed (and have since carried out, with the greatest success, during

the summers of 1852, 1853, and 1854) the plan of sending deputations of their members to various presbyteries in Scotland, for the purpose of advocating the cause of Christian missions, and of making collections in aid of the funds of the Association. How this Scheme has prospered may be learned from the fact, that in the year 1830 the income of the Society was returned at £19, 8s. 3d., from which period the funds gradually fell off, until in 1843 the Treasurer could command no larger a sum than £6, 2s. 0½d.

Its prosperity increased for a few years, although slowly, until the commencement of the Deputation Scheme, through the first efforts of which the income of the Society for the year 1852 was raised to £51, and for 1853 to £110.

The balance sheet for 1854 will give no less evidence of a progressive improvement, which, while it encourages us as a Society, by the prospect of increased eminence, is gratifying only in so far as it puts within our reach the means of increased usefulness.

It is much to be regretted, however, that the labours of several of the summer deputations have not been regarded by many of the ministers of our Church with that degree of interest which their object so well deserves; and that that spirit, which it is so important to cultivate and foster in the minds of the future ministers of the Church should have been but too often checked by the most marked disapprobation in quarters where least of all it should have been expected.

Although this is felt deeply by us to be a great barrier to our operations, yet the consciousness of the purity and sincerity of our motives, together with the importance of the end in view, is sufficient to carry us through what we are persuaded can be only a temporary opposition.

For, were our objects more deeply impressed upon the hearts of all, we would be "bid God speed" rather than hindered in the good work; and it will now be the earnest endeavour of the Society, by a zealous performance of duty, under whatever difficulties, to conduct its operations in a Christian and missionary spirit, in the assurance that its aims and objects must, sooner or later, come to be recognized as praiseworthy and useful even by those who at present, through mistaken ideas, look upon it with disfavour.

The Society has at present under earnest consideration the proposition to establish a school in some destitute part

of the Highlands of Scotland, in the view of which steps are now being taken to ascertain particulars as to a suitable locality for such an erection. This Scheme, so feasible in itself, cannot, we think, fail to interest the public mind and that of the clergy in favour of our operations; and we hope that the day is not far distant when, being able to point not only to one or two, but to many schools in Scotland, reared at our expense, as monuments of our zeal, we may have not merely the sympathy of the whole Church in our exertions, but also the satisfaction of having been instrumental in the doing of good, together with the blessing of God in the advancement of His cause, which, as a Society, we ever strive to make peculiarly our own.—I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

A. J. MURRAY.

KYLIUS, THE PASTOR OF SIMPHEROPOL.

Towards the close of 1822, a young man, whose whole bearing was marked by strong health and great benevolence, presented himself to the benevolent Blumhardt, at the Mission House at Bâle, requesting him to receive him as pupil missionary. His name was Kylius, a native of the Grand Duchy of Baden, and he carried with him very high certificates. For several years he had been deeply impressed by the word of salvation, and now yearned to go forth to some distant country, to proclaim it to souls who were as yet in ignorance of it. But a serious obstacle stood in his way,—he was marked out in the conscription. Early in the next year, fate would decide if he were to be a soldier or a missionary. This uncertainty made him very sad. "Go," said the holy Blumhardt, "go, my son; if the Father wills you to be a missionary, you will not be a soldier; if He wills you to be a soldier, as such you can be a missionary likewise." Kylius remained some time at Bâle; but when the lottery day drew near, he prepared to return home. He was detained on his way by a most unforeseen occurrence, and did not arrive at Lahr, his native town, until several hours after the selection had taken place. The mayor had drawn a number instead of the absent conscript; it was the highest in the vase. Kylius was a free man! He entered the Institution of Bâle, and remained there for four years. His studies being finished, and that with high honour, he was appointed to go to the Crimea. The Crimea was then the field of a peaceful, happy, and prosperous activity.

The Emperor Alexander encouraged the working of evangelical missions. When this work was prohibited, or, at least, exceedingly limited by his successor, Kylius became the pastor of the Protestant colonies, principally German, which are now established in the localities where St. Chrysostome, John Howard, and Julie de Krudener died.

Neusatz and Friederthal, Kronthal and Simpheropol, were the fields of evangelization assigned to Kylius; and this field, unknown to the world, prospered till the time when the war came to cast around it sorrow and disaster; but in God's council, it was for these days that the young man of Baden had been called for thirty years to be a missionary. The following letter shews us what he did during this time of fear and desolation, in the name of, and from love to, his Saviour and Comforter: "The misfortunes which have fallen on the Crimea, hitherto so peaceful, weigh heavily upon our German colonies. All work has ceased; the inhabitants have nothing now to do, but to make baskets for the transport of the stores, for the ammunition, and, above all, for the innumerable sick and wounded. These are carried far away, the nearest towns to the seat of war being long since overcharged. For example, Simpheropol, with its 25,000 inhabitants, is now one large hospital. Here our dear Kylius has sealed his faithfulness to the service of his Master with his life. Fearing no fatigue, no privation, no scene of suffering, however heart-rending it might be, he went from one hospital to another, animated by a deep Christian sympathy, seeking his brothers in the faith;—on one hand offering them lovingly the spiritual consolations, which, by the grace of God, are found in the Word, prayer, and the sacraments; on the other hand, all the temporal relief which his judicious love knew how to bestow for their comfort. He loved them all; and his presence at the bed of suffering shed joy and comfort on all, to whatever nation they might belong. His own particular friends earnestly besought him to be careful, if not for his own sake, for theirs; but nothing could prevail upon him to be less assiduous in his attendance on those who were threatened and carried away by virulent typhus fever. At last, he himself became a victim. On leaving one of our hospitals, on one of the last days of the year, at a late hour, and when the cold was intense, he sickened, and he immediately felt that his illness would be fatal. He was not mistaken; his sickness was unto death, but it was for the glory of God. He

suffered much at first, but his end was joy and peace in Jesus.

VICTOR JÆRGLE."

(From the *Esperance* of 19th April.)

III.

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL IN CHINA.

The excellent William Burns, well known and much respected in Scotland, visited a town near Amoy in January 1854. For many years, Mr. Burns had laboured in China with unwearied zeal and singular self-denial, but no visible success had attended his mission. But God's time at last came, and, most unexpectedly, the Gospel was believed by a few in a town called *Pehchia*. Mr. Burns was obliged to leave, and American missionaries were requested to carry on the work. We extract the following from the report of one of them in the Mission Board, which is given in full in the May number of *The News of the Churches*. That man has indeed acquired such fame as angels would rejoice to possess, whose name is remembered by heathen as his who first brought them to Jesus!

"*Pehchia* contains, probably, some five or six thousand inhabitants. It is situated in the midst of a very lovely and fertile valley, on the south branch of the Chiang-chiu river, about twenty miles south-west of Amoy. It is about half-way from Amoy to Chiang-chiu, a few miles off from the direct route. It is a market-town, at which, on twelve days of every month, there is a large concourse of people from the surrounding region. There is a water communication to the city of Chiang-chiu, and to the large town of Hai-teng, some seven or eight miles distant, and Chioh-bey, some ten or twelve miles distant; also to many populous towns and villages still nearer. The place was not selected by ourselves, but by our Master, who has thrust us into it. Yet, if we had desired a central position, where we could operate to the best advantage in the country between this and Chiang-chiu, perhaps no better one could have been selected."

"On the 30th of August, Mr. Talmage wrote again, inclosing the subjoined affecting appeal of this infant church for a missionary. It is addressed to the American Board, which these brethren call the 'Public Society.' 'They tell us,'

says Mr. Talmage, 'that every sentence has been prayed over. According to their own statement, they would write a sentence, and then pray, and then write another sentence, and then pray again.'

"By the mercy and grace of God, called to be little children of the Saviour Jesus, we send this letter to the Public Society, desiring that God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ, may bestow grace on all the saints connected with the Public Society.

"We desire you to know the boundless grace and favour of God towards us, and in behalf of us, little children, heartily to thank God because that the announcement of God's grace has been conveyed by your nation to our nation, and to our province, even to Amoy, and to our market-town, Pehchia. We desire the Public Society to be thoroughly informed, so that they may very heartily thank God and the Lord Jesus Christ; for we at Pehchia originally dwelt in the region of death and gloomy darkness, a place under the curse of God, and were exposed to God's righteous punishment. But, many thanks to God's compassion and mercy! the Holy Spirit influenced the pastors of your nation to send holy brethren [Amoy native Christians], in company with the English pastor, the teacher, William Burns, unto our market-town, to unfold the holy announcement of grace, and preach the gospel. Many thanks to God, whose grace called several brethren, by day and by night, to listen to the preaching of the gospel for the space of four months. Many thanks to the Holy Spirit, who opened our darkened hearts, and led us unto the Saviour Jesus, whose precious blood delivers from sin. By the grace of God, five persons were received into the church and baptized. Again, two months afterwards, four persons were received into the church and baptized. There are still some ten persons and more, from different quarters, not yet baptized, who have been operated on, so that they listen to the preaching with gladness of heart.

"By the will of God, the English pastor has been called to return to his own nation. Our place is distant from Amoy by water several tens of *lis*, so that it is difficult to come and go. The two pastors of your nation at Amoy have not a moment to spare from labour; for the holy brethren (native converts) there are many, and it is difficult for them to leave home.

"We, the brethren of the church at our market-town, with united heart, pray, earnestly beseeching God again graciously to compassionate us, and send

a pastor from the Public Society of your nation, that he may quickly come, and instruct us plainly in the Gospel.

"It is to be deplored,—the brethren having heard the teacher William Burns preach the Word a few months, their spiritual nature only just born again, not yet having obtained firmness in the faith,—that just at this time, in the seventh month, the pastor should be separated from us. It is like the mother's milk failing her child. The Word to us, who are little children, is like milk. Day and night our tears flow; and with united heart we pray, earnestly beseeching God graciously to grant that of the disciples of the Lord Jesus a pastor may hastily come, and preach to us the gospel, this food of grace, with its savouriness of grace, in order to nourish and strengthen the faith of us, little children.

"Moreover, we pray God to influence the saints of your nation that they may always keep us, little children, in remembrance. Therefore, on the twenty-eighth day of the seventh month (August 21, 1854,) the brethren with united heart have prayed, earnestly beseeching God that this our general letter may be conveyed to the great Public Society, that you may certainly know these our affairs, and pray God in behalf of us, that this our request may be granted. Please give our salutation to the brethren.

"KONG-BIAU, "LIM-SAN,
 "U-JU, "TEK-LIAN,
 "KI-AN, "JIT-SOM,
 "TEK-IAM, "KIM-KOA,
 "SI-BU,

"*The Disciples of Jesus at Pehchia.*

"Presented to the Public Society, that all the disciples may read it."

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The fifty-sixth anniversary meeting of this society was held on Tuesday morning, May 8th, in the Large Room, Exeter Hall, London.

The Rev. John Venn read the Report, of which the following is an abstract:—The committee present their annual report on this occasion under very different circumstances from those which have characterized the anniversaries of this society since the year of its jubilee. Hitherto they have had to report an advancing and a surplus income, and have made their appeal for men. Now they have to report a large increase of men, but a deficient income—a debt, instead of a balance in hand, and an apprehension of considerable difficulty in meeting the demands of the ensuing year. The total income received in the United Kingdom is L.107,343, whereas the expenditure has been L.116,256, being an increase of expenditure over income of L.8,913; and deducting a balance in hand at the beginning of last year this year commences with a debt of

L.5,621. The exertions of the friends abroad, especially in North India, have been most noble, and have raised no less than L16,917, which, added to the amount collected in Great Britain, makes a grand total of L 124,260, being the largest amount ever received. But as the sums raised abroad are all expended in the Missions, the debt upon the society remains the same. Referring to the various Mission Stations, the committee commence with Western Africa. The statistical returns of Sierra Leone show a considerable increase in the number of communicants, who now amount to 3,354. The committee are thankful to say, that they have been able to strengthen their mission by several new agents; one of them a man of extraordinary powers in the acquisition of languages, who will devote his whole labour to the preparation of translations into the various and obscure languages which are spoken in different parts of Scinde, and in the countries adjoining. The statistical returns from all the stations in North India show that there are now more than 7,500 native Christians, being an increase of more than 400 in the year. At Bhagulpore, the work of the mission, especially among the hill tribes, has continued to prosper. At Benares, the various departments of labour have been carried on in the same spirit of perseverance, of holy decision, and of the love that is in Jesus Christ, which has characterized this mission in former years. At the new station of Jubbelpore, in Central India, where an experienced European catechist has been placed, he writes, that a Pundit and several men in the village have embraced Christianity. The last statistical returns of South India show that there are now more than 22,000 baptized and registered native Christians in connexion with this society, besides 11,800 under instruction, with a view to baptism, making a total of 33,500; that these are distributed in 59 villages, possessing 384 places of public worship, and that the communicants exceed 5,000. A new feature in this district is an itinerating mission amongst the unevangelized portions of North Tinnevely, which has been continued throughout the year. The area over which they have been itinerating is about 300 square miles, containing about 300 villages, most of which have been visited two or three times, and some as frequently as five or six times. The information received sufficiently proves that the time is come when the native church in New Zealand may be gradually transferred to self-support, and the funds of the society withdrawn from that island, to be expended upon the unevangelized portions of the world. The number of missionaries at Rupert's Land has been much increased, four European labourers having received ordination in the country. A new station of York Fort has been occupied during the last year. This will communicate with the Esquimaux from the far-north, and will be the limit of missionary operations in that direction. Connected with the Moose Factory station, there are 1,000 baptized Indians.

The following, it was stated, were the statistics of the Missions:—European Laymen, Schoolmasters, Secretaries, Printers, &c, 39;

European Female Teachers (exclusive of Missionaries' wives), 11; Native and Country-born Catechists and Teachers of all classes, 1,697; number of Communicants, 17,899.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The annual general meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society was held on Monday, May 7th, in Exeter Hall, London.

The payments of the year have equalled the receipts, viz., L.111,048, 14s. 4d.; and the debt of the society has been reduced from L.19,501, 11s. 1d. to L.15,723, 19s. 7d.

The General Summary of all the missions under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee and British Conference, in Europe, India, China, Australasia, and Polynesia, South and West Africa, British America, and the West Indies, was as follows:—Central or Principal Stations called Circuits, 377; Chapels and other preaching places, 3177; Ministers and assistant missionaries, including twenty nine supernumeraries, 539; other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, day-school teachers, &c., 798; unpaid agents, as Sabbath school teachers, &c., 8913; full and accredited Church members, 111,557; on trial for Church membership, 6478; scholars, deducting for those who attend both the day and Sabbath schools, 84,076; printing establishments, 8.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Mr. W. H. Watson read the report. The extent of the reference to home operations compelled the committee to omit any lengthened reference to the foreign field. They recorded, however, with satisfaction the progress of the Sunday school cause in France, where it had recently been ascertained that no less than 300 Evangelical Sunday schools already existed. In New South Wales a union had been formed at Sydney, and the committee of the parent society had just received an order from Melbourne for L.300 worth of their publications.

IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

The Rev. Mr. Welch read the report, which stated that the committee felt bound to acknowledge the encouragement which the society had received during the past year, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty. The amount received from all sources was L 39,489, 2s., which was an increase over the receipts of the preceding year of L.2306, 8s. 4d. The number of lay agents and Scripture readers was 271, and of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses 144. The number of persons paid by the society as Irish and English teachers, and who were employed upon the plan originally pursued by the Irish society, was 99. The report then proceeded to state at length the success that had attended the society's operations, which was of an encouraging character.

S E R M O N .

By the REV. WALTER WEIR, one of the Ministers of Campbelton.

"O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. xv. 55-57.

THIS chapter is one of great sublimity and absorbing interest. No page written by the pen of man ever discussed a subject of more momentous concern. How fares it with us when we die? What fate overtakes this wonderful frame? Whither does the disembodied soul resort? These have ever been anxious questions with frail and dying man. Here they are answered. This chapter reveals to us a resurrection of the body, and an eternal life beyond the grave. It speaks of another world than this; a state of incorruptible blessedness, of imperishable joys, of enduring glory.

What subject can be compared with this? What subject at any time more interesting? At present, at this very moment, it is engaging the anxious attention of tens of thousands upon dying beds, for there are always tens of thousands dying. Consider; there are one thousand millions of our race upon the face of the globe; it is computed that thirty millions die annually, more than eighty-two thousand die daily, three thousand four hundred and twenty die every hour, nearly sixty die every minute, one dies *every moment*; another and another and another has sunk into the dread ocean of death, and still its dark waves seek and *get* another and another and another!

Oh! if we could see ourselves as God sees us! If we could look for one short hour upon all the families of men, how would the vast vision of death subdue our souls! What an affecting scene! Consorts, parents, children, brothers and sisters are continually being parted. In the crowded city, in the quiet hamlet, in the rural home, the angel of death tears its victims from the dotting heart.

In one quarter all is quiet, and *life* not death seems to be the *law*. But let every door open, and groups of weeping friends are here and there watching the dying bed. With bursting hearts they behold the sinking eye, the spreading paleness, and the convulsive motions that tell them a dear one soon shall be no more. In another quarter *death* seems to be the *law*, and to reign unrivalled and unchained; there are famines and pestilence, conflagrations and battles, and tens of thousands die. Crowded cities are left desolate, and scenes lately loud with life are now silent as the grave.

Oh! it is true, that a great destroyer is busy in the fair creation of God! that an enemy has entered that world which the holy and life-giving One once pronounced to be "very good."

But it is not from an *outward* view that we can derive just ideas of the awfulness of death. To contemplate the human race dropping off one here and one there like the withered leaves of a forest when the air is calm, and then again falling in thousands when a tempest comes, is melancholy enough, but it is not all. Death does more than sever us from friends, and lay our bodies in the chilly tomb. Fearful as may be the apprehension of parting with life, and closing the eye on all we hold dear, it is nothing compared with other terrors that death brings. "The sting of death is sin." All the pains and struggles incident to the separation of soul and body might well be endured, the sinner thinks, if that were all that death brings. But is it not a punishment for sin? Is it not a messenger from angry Heaven to take our guilty spirits to their doom? Ah! it is the feeling that death comes from an

offended Judge that makes him so fearful to contemplate. Oh! if we could assemble in one view, the eighty thousand who are this day to die! How many superstitious alarms, cowardly imaginations, despairing prayers should we see! And what is the great agony of all? Listen to the groan with which the sinner dies: "I am not only to be cut off from earth and earth's pleasures, but I am to be cut off from God for ever, *this* death is the wages of sin."

To terrors such as these our text points, and recognises them as clinging to fallen man, till once a victory over them has been given him. And, blessed be God, there are many now dying who have achieved that victory. If we could open now the apartments of the righteous, and listen to all the praises that ascend from thence to God's redeeming love, all the joyful expressions of faith in the Saviour, all the thanks for a conscience relieved from guilt, all the exhortations and blessings imparted to weeping friends, and all the adoration which the gleams from opening glory call forth, surely our souls would burn with the sentiment of the text: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

We shall first examine the grounds of this sentiment in the Christian breast, and then endeavour to make it plain that none of us may be without it.

1. What are the grounds of this sentiment in the Christian? Vain are the reasonings of man on this subject. The saint that can echo on his deathbed the triumphant words of our text, has looked beyond human light. The eye of faith has pierced for him the drapery of sense, and carried him within the veil, where he gazes on a once crucified but now risen and exalted Saviour. Should the weeping friends that bend over him ask how it is that he can so confidently say, "Death is swallowed up in victory?" his reasoning would seem weak if he could merely point to the analogies of nature, and say, "Fear not; as surely as spring

succeeds winter, so surely will life succeed death. Think of the beautiful butterfly, how it springs from the worm that seemed frozen and dead, or the swelling germ rising from the rotting seed, shall I seem more hopeless than they, as you lay me in the grave?"

If he only spoke of these things, well might weeping friends say, "Miserable comforters are they all," we require some other assurance that we are not to lose you for ever.'

But the departing saint speaks not of these things; they bring himself no comfort, and can impart none to others; they are not suited to the dying hour. When men are in health, and have time to examine them, they will indeed do much to strengthen our faith in the truth, that life succeeds death, but they are not the grand reason for our faith. Christ, when He was about to leave this world, spoke not in this way, neither do His followers: "Because I live, ye shall live also." In the strength of this faith, the Christian has joy in himself, and comfort for others: "Behold!" he says, "the *Prince of life*, in the tomb at Golgotha, how He rises from the grave, how He throws aside the garment of the tomb, and stands in quickened humanity a conqueror over death! Here is comfort, deep and lasting comfort for me and for you, my friends, in such an hour as this. The resurrection of our Lord is the pledge of ours. Because *He* rose, we shall rise; 'blessed be God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

If we look back on this chapter we see that the Apostle had been answering some false teachers, in the Corinthian church, who said "that the resurrection was past already." Those persons, not apprehending to its full extent the emancipation which Christ brings us, taught that a spiritual resurrection from sin was all men were to look for from their connexion with Christ. Many expressions of the apostles seemed to justify this view to them: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth." "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised from

the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Such expressions as these, used by the apostles, they thought justified them in saying that the resurrection, so far as man was concerned, was only a new *spiritual* life imparted through their Saviour's death and resurrection; and this they said was past already in all who believed on His name.

They received the fact, that Christ had triumphed over death by rising from the grave. In this He had proved His own power and divinity, but they could not see that it proved anything for *them* beyond the fact, that their Master yet lived, that the Strong One was on their side. They thought that their connexion with it was merely *spiritual*; that it only symbolized the new life, which every one who confessed Him was to experience in this world. Therefore they taught, that the resurrection of Christians was *past* already. Narrow were the views those men entertained of Christ and His work. They saw not that He came to destroy death *entirely*. That is, not only to renew in man's soul a principle of holiness, whereby he may serve God here below, but also to justify him *entirely*, by freeing him in his *whole nature* from every mark of sin. They saw not the full meaning of those great contrasts: "The first man, Adam, made us all subject to death. The second man, Christ, redeemed us from the power of the grave."

Looking at man as a composite of body and soul, a state of death is plainly one of *deficiency*. Death never could have existed but for sin. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin." This violent parting of soul and body, which we naturally dread so much, would not have been entailed upon us if we had kept our first estate. In communion with God, we should not have dreaded the passage from this world to a higher and more glorious one. The body celestial, the spiritual body that St. Paul here speaks of, would have been got in some other way. We should not have been sown in corruption, in order to be raised in incorruption, sown in dishonour and weakness, in order to be raised in glory and

power. But for sin, there would have been no dishonour or corruption in us; there would have been no *death*. Think of Enoch and Elijah, how they were translated without parting with the body! The body as well as the soul comes from the hand of the pure and holy One. He is the Creator of both, and He saw them both that they were *good*. In these bodies of ours there is no *inherent* evil; did not Christ show us this? Did not He live holy, harmless, undefiled in this body of ours? He showed us what we were made for, body and soul. There was no law of sin in His members. He needed not to cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" Brethren, the dominion of evil in us is our *own* act. It is of ourselves that we lie under the curse of sin. The end of God in our creation was, that we might be holy as Christ was holy; perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect. Had we fulfilled this end no dishonour would have assailed us. Our bodies would not have been subjected to the deep humiliation of the tomb. But, blessed be God, Christ hath risen from the dead, that this humiliation might not remain, that our whole nature might be restored, our bodies as well as our spirits.

No one can doubt the resurrection of the body without doubting at the same time the real *humanity* of Christ. He cannot be the *true* representative of mankind if we cannot follow Him through all the different stages of His manifestation as a man. This is plainly the conclusion of Paul. In his answer to those who said, that all men had to look for was the resurrection of the soul from sin, he tells them that Christ actually brought His *body* from the grave; that after His resurrection He appeared in His entire humanity, which many brethren could attest; that he was seen of the twelve apostles, after that he was seen by above five hundred brethren at once, of whom the greater part being alive might be inquired at. "Now," he reasons, "this could not be if dead men rise not with their bodies; for Christ was a dead man. He made himself so; He entered so completely into our state; He made Himself

so truly one with us, that whatever befall Him in life or death may befall us." This is clearly the force of the apostle's reasoning on this subject, as laid down in the chapter from which our text is taken.

To understand the work of Christ in its relation to us, we must bear in mind that there is a complete conformity of His nature with our nature, of His manhood with our manhood. When He took upon Him the body of Mary's son He took on Him our whole nature in its root and essence. There is no understanding of the apostle's argument without having this truth deep rooted in the mind. Without it, we shall find ourselves always, putting the Redeemer at a distance from us. In reference to the resurrection we shall be apt to reason thus: Christ the Son of God was different from all other men; He may have arisen as a declaration to the universe, that "though found in fashion as a man" He was yet very different from men, and far above them; it does not, therefore, follow, that because He rose we shall rise also. To avoid this darkness, we must bear in mind that He had *given up* all advantage over us, that He had come down to man's estate, and as *man* lived and died, and rose and revived.

Nothing more need be said to make our connexion with Christ plain, and show us the deep meaning of those words of His, spoken for the comfort of the anxious heart—"Because I live, ye shall live also." There is a union between Christ and His people, close, vital, and federal—a union which no distance of time can affect, and which no power can ever alter. "What shall separate us from the love of Christ?" When He died who is our *head*, we might be said to die; when He arose, we arose also. What was done by Him was done not for himself but for us. He did not arise from the dead as a private individual, but as the head and representative of mankind. Hence, therefore, it is said to the race of man, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

If any one should say that it is impossible our dead bodies should rise again, then the resurrection of Christ himself is plainly denied. But if Christ be not risen there is no redemption for us, no justification; as the apostle declares, "we are yet in our sins, and they which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." What comfort have we in the death of Christ without His resurrection? There is no proof in His death that He paid the penalty incurred by mankind on account of sin; the proof lies in His resurrection. By it the eternal Father declared that the law was satisfied; that death, the penalty of sin, was borne to its full extent; that he who had the power of it was conquered in his own stronghold. While, therefore, the words of inspiration tell us in one place, that "God set forth Christ to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," and all our redemption is ascribed to His death; "Blessed be His name," it says, in another place, "He was raised again for our justification." In death *itself* we can never rejoice, we can never be in love with it—no, not even with our Saviour's. It is in the destruction of death that we rejoice. The death of our Saviour in *itself* is not a theme in which we can delight, but only that death which was conquered by His resurrection.

The body that "was made sin" for us He resigned to its penalty; the frail humanity that on account of sin was subject to weariness, and pain, and death, He delivered up to all these miseries. He submitted to die; for such was the sentence of offended law. For a time His body lay in the tomb, and His soul dwelt in the abode of the departed, but it was not for death to triumph over Him. Good is stronger than evil. The Good One could not be holden by the Evil One. "His soul was not left in the habitations of the dead, neither was the Holy One suffered to see corruption." He rose from the tomb, He triumphed over death, He conquered the grave.

We say *He* did all this, for it was of himself that He rose. Other men had been raised from the dead before this scene at Golgotha, but of none of them

could it be said he rose of himself; they were all raised by a power *external* to themselves. Christ alone had power to lay down His life and take it up again. A Lazarus had come forth from the grave, but he had not the life in himself by which he did so, and he came forth only to return again. Christ's resurrection tells us another tale. His body sprang out of the earth transformed and glorified—a spiritual body. Remember how it could accompany His spirit wherever He wished, how it could appear and vanish, how it went through doors closed and barred, how it ascended up into heaven before the admiring gaze of men! Wondrous change! but oh! mystery of mysteries, it is but the type of our change! Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?

The apostle, in a former part of this chapter, having proved to the Corinthians, from the very nature of Christ's manifestation itself, that a belief in the resurrection is inseparable from the Christian faith, takes up some questions that may arise in men's doubting hearts regarding it. "But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?" Thou fool, the seed sown in the earth yields a beautiful flower and a ripened ear; doubt not that God can make thy buried body produce a glorified body. "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be. . . . But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him." Christ's body sprang in beauty and glory out of the earth where it had been sown like a seed. It sprang a *spiritual* body, a body with which He could appear and vanish. It was as different from the buried one as the flower is from the seed, yet it was the *same* body still, even to the print of the nails and the wound of the spear. Who can describe the body with which the dead shall arise? Yet who need doubtfully ask, "With what body do they come?" Oh, what a glorious victory Christ has achieved for us! May we not all join in the apostle's song of triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Yes, beloved, we may all join in it; and this

is what we proposed in the *second place* to shew. "Christ has conquered death for every man." The victory He gained over the grave He gained not for himself, but for us, we have only to believe to rejoice in it. We inherit death from Adam, but life from Jesus Christ. The last is our birthright as well as the first, for by Jesus Christ we have a *right* to the tree of life. Every child of man born into the world is Christ's child,—His by creation, His by purchase. True, it belongs to a race who sold their original birthright for a mess of pottage,—who, for the gratification of self, renounced their allegiance to their Creator—cast from them their title as His children. But, in the fulness of His love, that Creator bought them back the title, and a reconciled Father loves to call them children. Ah! that little one, born with the nature Christ redeemed by His sufferings and death—that little one may live to *deny* the Lord that bought it, and take its portion in the second death! But this alters not the fact that it *rightfully* belongs to Christ. Oh, that it may claim its eternal inheritance in Him! Woe be to the parent who shall not tell it to do so! Who shall not by his *own life* declare that men are bought with a price, even the precious blood of Christ! "The Son of God died for our sins, and rose again for our justification;" but what avails it if we believe not? What avails it if we put away the purchased glory from us? Without Christ in the soul the sting of death remains. Brethren, it is only on behalf of believers that death is spoiled of his sting, and yet I say again that *all* of us may join in the apostle's song, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" The necessity of faith puts no barrier between us and that eternal life which the risen Saviour has purchased for men. What is believing, but just taking God at His word, when He says, "My Son died for your sins, and rose again for your justification?"

Surely God knows what was required to magnify His law and make it honourable. Now His Word declares that Christ did all that was required. "God is just while He justifies the ungodly." Christ

has consulted all His attributes and reconciled them all. God's justice suffers not, when He pardons to the uttermost all that come unto Him in Christ. Oh, sons and daughters of men, think of this! There is nothing required of you. A *free* pardon is offered you. You have only to reach out the hand of faith and accept the gift. You have not to wait till you get what you call repentance. That is an *after* work,—it follows from receiving the pardon. The principal ingredient in repentance is humiliation, from feeling the infinite love against which you have sinned. Oh, bring not your own work before Christ's work! Begin not by thinking that you must do something—that you must *repent*. Begin as the Gospel begins, by declaring you are saved,—saved not by works, but independently of works, nay, before works. Not till you begin thus will you fall down and adore God; not till then will you pour out your whole heart and soul to God. Not till then will you use the words of the text: "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Thus do we see that we may all join in the sentiment of the text, and not till we *all* join in it heart and soul does Christ get His due. Let no man be afraid lest our obligation to "work the works of righteousness" is lessened by this doctrine of free and sovereign grace. It would be easy to shew that it is increased tenfold,—that the law becomes the delight of the soul as the law of a Father.

Sin makes death utterly fearful, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God we are not under the law, but under grace. Christ has removed the law as a principle of government. He who is the author and witness of the law has changed our rule of life from obedience to himself, to faith dependent on himself. The law being destroyed, sin and death are destroyed, and we need have no more fear. "Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." All our guilt was laid upon Him, and by His

death He bore it away. Thanks be unto God that, "through death, Christ Jesus destroyed him that had the power of death, that is the devil, and delivered men, who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." He has not only destroyed death, but also him that had the power of death,—the great deceiver, who gave death all its terrors. What need of terror now? Henceforth, when Satan seeks to frighten us with the pale face of death, we can say that we know what it is,—that though it was entailed at first as a consequence of sin, yet, since Christ has died, it is changed into a memorial of God's love, a pledge of His fellowship, a witness that He has reconciled us to himself and made us one with Him. Well may the Christian exult, "O death, where is thy sting?" Thou art not now *fearful*. Thou dost but call to mind that new and living way which is opened to the presence of Him who gave His Son to die for me.

Sin was long death's sting. Sin and death—these are twin sisters, who were always together till Christ died. But when Christ, who knew no sin, walked through the dark valley of the shadow of death, then, indeed, were these two divided. Death was there, but her sister, sin, was not; death was there, but she was in company with the Holy One.

Consider, O man! what Christ endured to separate sin and death, and ask yourself if He could have done more to gain your confidence and love. Oh! it is a great mystery, God manifest in the flesh! The second person of the Godhead coming down into a world of sin, and sanctifying it anew; sanctifying its pains, its miseries, and its death, by making them His own. Oh! holy and loving Saviour, what must it have been for thee to surround thyself with all our sins, and miseries, and death, and feel them as thine own! Think of it, oh man! for whom He travails in pain! It was not only on the cross He suffered; before that He cried, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Ah! we may fancy, but we can never realize the pang from which that cry

came forth! We may well believe that, in that terrible moment of agony, the Son of God felt all that men, since first they sinned, have felt of the hidings of God's countenance, and the risings of giant despair. Oh, wonder of wonders! He made himself to have no comfort,—He felt not that He was God,—He looked upon himself as sin! Oh, how completely did He sympathize with us! He looked upon himself as the sinner of all sinners, as the sufferer of all sufferers. Gathering into His own self all our sorrows and our griefs, our tears and our terrors, He felt them as His own. Oh! who but God was sufficient for this? Who but God could sympathize so deeply? That He might fulfil completely the old prophecy, "Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows," His all-searching eye goes round the world's wide circle, and looks in every heart for wailings and for woes; He calls from the four winds, and from all the generations of men, into one conscious and infinite pang, the sins and sufferings of the world. They gather around Him in numbers that no man can number, the sorrows and sighs, the weepings and wants, the terrors and trials, of every age and every clime. His eye is on every death-bed, and on every battle-field, and on every scaffold where a creature dies; His ear is in every dark dungeon where a victim pines, and in every hungry home, and in every bleeding heart. Here is a misery for the loving, the tender Jesus. What wonder that He cries, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death!" Now, just because Jesus could feel all this, He was able to offer

up the full and conscious sacrifice that took away the sin of the world. When He bore all our sufferings, all our sorrows, and all our deaths, did He not bear the full vengeance of offended law? Henceforth may all men say, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

To us, brethren, if we believe, is given this glorious victory—all the blessings of the Redeemer's death—all the glories of the Redeemer's resurrection. If we believe not, woe be unto us. By virtue of Christ's resurrection, we must arise; such is its effect on *all*, believers and unbelievers. But what have unbelievers done? They have turned the unspeakable blessing of the resurrection into an endless curse. Oh! let us remember, that if we continue in sin, our mind will be different from Christ's mind, and so we shall have no fellowship with Him. We shall not be beyond His power. God hath given all things into His hand. "He hath the keys of hell and of death." We shall not be beyond His power, but we will have no fellowship with Him. No fellowship with the Good One—fellowship only with the Evil One; with him who is selfishness, hatred, malice, cruelty, revenge—with him, for ever!

Oh! let us remember this, and live as remembering it, that, by firm faith, we may join ourselves to Christ Jesus, "who died for our sins, and rose again for our justification," that when the time of our departure comes, we may look on death with thankfulness and hope, and not with terror and despair.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION IN RIGHT THOUGHTS OF GOD.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

As underlying all Christian education, and as essential to the formation of all right habits, parents ought to cultivate in their children's hearts right thoughts of God.

If the sum and substance of religion is

to "love the Lord our God with heart, and soul, and strength," this affection should be directed towards God from the earliest years in which it is possible to possess it.

A child's heart may reach heaven, and

dwell there, very long before the reasonings of its understanding can rise above the clouds of earth. From its father here it can ascend to its Father there; and love both, when it cannot tell why.

"When I was a child," says St. Paul, "I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I reasoned as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things." But he also had *loved* as a child; and, as a man, he would not put away, but retain and cherish that beautiful feature of childhood, in its simplicity, purity, and devotion.

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" Let not thoughts of Him be deferred till maturer years come. Let Him not be the light of thy winter only, but also the life and beauty of thy spring!

1. The young should be trained to "Remember their Creator" as their *Father*; as one who knows them individually, and loves them. Oh! never let the impression be given that He is some dread being, possessing irresistible power; with a severe and angry look; always watching people—especially children who are not supposed to be so good as their seniors—in order only to detect their faults, and to punish them to the utmost capacity of endurance, here or hereafter; a being for whom they ought to be frightened, or for whom they cannot help being frightened, whether they ought to be so or not! It seems to me that the devil could not select better teachers for *his* scholars, than nurses or parents who habitually impress such an image of God as this on the young and tender heart! "The *fear of the Lord*" is indeed "the beginning of wisdom"—but not *terror* for the Lord, which is the beginning of wickedness and misery; for such "*fear hath torment*." "He who loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love;" and "there is no fear in love."

Let me not be misunderstood. I believe that God hates and punishes sin both here and hereafter; that there is a hell now, and a worse coming for the wicked. Nor do I mean to affirm that God's counsel in this, as in every other matter pertaining to our faith or duty,

should not be taught at fitting seasons to the young; but not *this* counsel chiefly, far less separated from the fact of His love; for surely this is not what is *characteristic* of God! His "Name," or that by which He reveals himself, is not Punisher, but "Father." It is not vengeance, but "love." "He doth not willingly afflict the children of men." "God sent not His Son to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." It is equally true that the most holy and loving father on earth will hate evil in his child, and punish it too, and that just because he is holy and loving, and not selfish, unrighteous, and indifferent. But would any parent, therefore, wish his child to think of him as one who lived only to punish him? or would he wish himself to be an object of terror and alarm to his family? Let a parent think of this as he says to those around his fireside: "Come, children, listen unto me, and I will teach you *the fear of the Lord!*"

Accustom your children, then, to remember their Creator as a Father who indeed loves them, and who hates only what they should also hate with all their heart—*SIN*; and that of all sins this is the chief, not to love God who so loves them.

2. The young ought also habitually to "remember" *the presence* of their Creator and Father, and not to think of Him as one far away in some mysterious distant place called heaven; nor as one who is specially present on Sabbath-days, or in churches only, but as one who is ever with them, laying his hand upon them, besetting them before and behind, and seeing their thoughts when they are afar off. Such thoughts of God, however, can never be welcomed by young or old until they first know this God as their Father. How can we be else than terrified at the thought of the presence of an unseen and powerful enemy? If by any means we can get quit of so terrible an apparition, we shall certainly do so as speedily as possible. But far otherwise will it be with those who know God, and who, not forgetting His holiness and power, associate with His name loving-kindness and tender mercy.

In order thus to realize the love of God, and the blessedness of His presence, they ought to be accustomed always to think of Jesus as one with God, or as God. For it is not difficult to picture to the mind and heart, through the words of the Gospel history, the reality of the presence and love of Jesus as a living person, journeying with and teaching His disciples; doing good in every possible way to all who came to Him; living in the house of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus; weeping with his friends in their sorrow; taking little children into His arms and blessing them; and restoring to their parents those who were sick or even dead. And the transition is not difficult from knowing about such a person to believing that it is this God who loves us and is with us still, and who says to every disciple, old and young, "*It is I, be not afraid!*"

It will also help to make children welcome the thoughts of His presence, by leading them to associate their daily common mercies with God in Christ. Most people do not forget to speak of Him in connexion with sickness or death in the family, or any sudden accident which may occur, until the young are apt to become impressed with the idea, that only on such sad occasions does He ever enter their dwelling. Instead of this, let them be habituated to remember Him as the Giver of every good and perfect gift; as giving us "all things *richly* to enjoy;" as opening His hand and liberally supplying the wants of every living thing. Let them remember God as He who gives to them their days of sunshine and health; their joyous sports, innocent songs of glee, loving companionships,—all, in short, that is good and worth having. Let them learn that He not only *permits* such happiness on earth, but *gives* it to them, and that He withholds nothing, or forbids anything, but what is bad, or would injure them; or in order that He should, in some other way, do them more good, and make them better and happier. **The** very joyousness of the birds, that have been safely brought through the cold and stormy winter, and now sing among

the branches—or of the young lambs that sport themselves in the lights and shadows of the green pastures; these and all such proofs of God's goodness should be presented to the child's heart to draw it to God, even when it cannot take in those proofs of love through Jesus which amaze angels.

Such training as this will be in harmony with the teaching of God's Spirit. It will help to fan the flame of love from their infancy, so that, with increasing years, they may be able, with increasing intelligence and affection, to say, "Our Father;" and, like David in the 139th Psalm, to sing with joy at the thoughts of His presence.

3. Children ought also to be habituated to "Remember" the *authority* of God their Creator and Father. Any system of education which tends to exclude thoughts of God as One to whom we owe *obedience*, is an ungodly system. It is quite possible, and nothing more common, to accustom children to regulate their conduct by motives quite irrespective of God's being, presence, or authority, and merely by what is agreeable or pleasing to themselves; gratifies their pride, vanity, ambition, love of ease, and self-indulgence; or gains the approval of their friends, or their own advancement in life, or the like. Now, without despising, or treating as valueless, innumerable inducements to encourage young and old in their obedience, and to cheer them on their journey, yet the *habit* should be fostered of their doing *what is right*, just because it is right, irrespective of all present consequences. Let them be accustomed to thoughts of *duty*, and to what *ought* to be done, come what may, but believing all must come well in the end. And if they are to learn this all-important lesson, the best and truest method of teaching it is to connect their life with an ever-present Person, God in Christ; to lead them to remember Him as One who is really personally concerned, so to speak, with their well-doing and happiness; who, because He is their Creator and Redeemer, loves them as His own dear children; who rejoices over them when they do well, and is delighted

with them when they try sincerely to do what is right; who is ready to forgive their many faults when they forsake them; who is always with them to help them and strengthen them to be good; and who is displeased with them only when they wilfully and obstinately continue to love and to do what they know He hates and has forbidden, because it is wrong.

Such habitual thoughts of God—of His love, presence, and authority—will produce habits of *conscientiousness* in the young—a living “before God” as One who knows the heart. Such a “seeing of Him who is invisible” will also root out hypocrisy and eye-service, and produce sincerity and truth.

4. Once more, I would suggest that children should be trained to remember God as *the Hearer and Answerer of prayer*.

This thought of God will naturally spring out of those which I have been inculcating, and the child cannot but feel how an ever-present loving Father must be a hearer and answerer of prayer. I have yet to address parents upon the subject of family prayer, and shall not therefore here point out how intimately it is connected with the cultivation of the habit of prayer in each child. But in whatever way that habit is attained, children, from the time in which it is possible for them to possess right thoughts of God, however imperfect these may be, should be habituated to *speak to himself* directly in prayer.

“Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling.”

A form of prayer may be taught the young, with words and thoughts suitable to their age. But with or without this, it would be well to cultivate in them the habit of uttering their own thoughts to God, thanking Him for what they have received from Him, confessing to Him the faults for which they have been corrected, and asking from Him what they wish for themselves and others. In all this there will be, no doubt, the thoughts, reasoning, and speech of a child; but there may be also a child's faith, simplicity, and love. And, oh! that angels

may hear from them, in riper years, a prayer so acceptable at a throne of grace!

One other hint on the cultivation of right habits of thought regarding God, and it is this,—check all irreverent words and conduct that are positively inconsistent with faith in God's presence or authority, especially in connexion with whatever is intimately associated with ideas of God, such as any of His names, titles, sacraments, or Word, by which He reveals himself; His sanctuary where He is worshipped; or His holy day, which He has set apart for himself.

A child should be early led to connect those holy things with God, and to treat them with respect, and not with levity, just because they are, in a peculiar sense, sacred, and speak of the Creator. But do not suppose that a child, however truly it possesses this reverential feeling, will ever express it in its outward conduct as an advanced Christian will do. The child will still speak and think as a child, and cannot, until it becomes a man, put away childish things. Do not, then, force it into an unnatural or premature growth of feeling and behaviour, or compel it to appear without, what it cannot possibly, from its years, be, or feel within, lest all genuine, truthful feeling be obliterated, and mere cant or unreality take its place. In one word, train it to feel aright, and to act aright in reading the Bible, attending church, and keeping the Sabbath holy; but, oh! do not demand in all this the self-control, the thought, the relish of what is good, characteristic of more advanced years. As it is in the days of our *youth*, so must it be with the feelings which belong to such days, that our Creator can be remembered and revered; and He who remembers that we are dust, and that “childhood and youth are vanity,” will accept of a child's heart, and a child's services, though these may be expressed in a form which, in manhood would indicate thoughtlessness, indifference, or ignorance. Only cherish right thoughts and feelings towards God, and these being in the spirit, will, as they grow stronger, more and more express themselves according to the letter, of the law.

CHRISTIAN MEDICAL BIOGRAPHIES *

THE happy change which the minds of the accomplished members of the medical profession have gradually undergone in relation to Religion, may be regarded as one of the noblest triumphs which Christianity has obtained in the present age. In regard to the matter of religion, and the inseparable affinities which appear so visibly to subsist between it and medicine, medical men and medical students now, to a great extent, judge from a new and genuine standing point. The infidelity and materialism which so long disfigured the profession are becoming like the things of the past; and instead of everything of a religious nature being banished from the medical curriculum, Religion now receives the homage of the elite of the profession. An extensive experience has enabled Professor Balfour to declare that there is "now much less scoffing, less of heterodox views: more general respect for religion, and less persecution of those who profess it." And believing, as we do, that medicine cannot by any possibility fulfil its lofty mission until it is combined with religion, we hail with delight the efforts now made by liberal, enlightened and Christian members of the medical profession, through the medium of medical missionary associations and otherwise, to bring, not direct medical missionary work under notice, (we quote the words of Professor Balfour,) "but to call the attention of students of medicine to the importance of those things which concern their eternal wellbeing—to the responsibility under which they lie to do

all for God's glory, and the value of that wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy—to guard them against oppositions of science falsely so called—to point out the bearings of medicine as a handmaid of religion—to stir up a missionary spirit, so that by a holy walk and conversation, they may commend the Gospel of Christ to others—and to shew them that the only means of a young man purifying his way is by attending thereto according to God's Word, which is a lamp unto his feet, and a light unto his path."

Dr. Golding Bird's professional career justifies, to the fullest extent, the observations now made, and commends medical missionary associations to the approval and encouragement of every earnest mind. Although not a long career, it was energetic, successful, and deeply instructive. It exhibits the picture of a devoted student, prosecuting zealously his professional studies, yet cultivating, with scarcely inferior assiduity, the collateral sciences. It illustrates the course of one who, *avidus gloriae*, had determined to realize the climax of professional ability, and whose hopes were not disappointed. It pictures him, yet further, in the possession of the objects of his ambition, smitten by the chastening hand of God, and, under this chastisement, discovering the vanity of terrestrial things, and the emptiness of ambition. Lastly, it shows him coming forth, purified like gold, from the furnace—dedicating all his talents to Christ—working with new motives and new desires—and exhibiting the sanctified result of this mighty change in his heart by his "consistent holy walk, his lowly view of himself, his anxiety for the spiritual good of others, especially of his patients, and of medical students; his

* *Biographical Sketch of the late Dr. Golding Bird*: being an Address to Students, delivered at the request of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society, by John Hutton Balfour, M.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. Constable and Co.; Hamilton, Adams and Co., London. 1855. *Thomas Zuckerbecker*: a Biographical Sketch, addressed to Students of Medicine by William Brown, F.R.S.E. Edinburgh: William Whyte and Co. 1855.

advocacy of Christ's cause in spite of the sneers of the world, and his patient resignation in trial and affliction, and his peaceful and triumphant death."

Our space will not permit us to allude to the details of Dr. Bird's professional life. For information regarding this, we refer the reader to the book before us. It may suffice to observe, that it is full of inspiration to the ambitious, persevering, self-denying student, and strikingly illustrates, what is now so often illustrated, that earth's honours are open to all; while, at the same time, it utters forth a solemn warning, as it reveals the facts, that over-exertion may be fatal to the frame, and that the proudest distinctions of earth possess no qualities which in themselves can satisfy the noblest aspirations of our heaven-born natures. It is not surprising to find that the incessant study and professional labour to which Dr. Bird exposed himself as a London physician, and a public lecturer on scientific and medical subjects, told at an early period, and fatally, upon his constitution. About the year 1848-49, when about 34 years of age, symptoms of heart disease became apparent, but whilst this arrested his ambition, it proved the blessed instrumentality by which his soul was led to take shelter under the divine "hiding-place from the wind, and covert from the tempest." Previously, indeed, he had not overlooked the duties of religion, but he had not placed his trust in Christ as his all. "It was but late in his short life," remarks a medical friend, "that he gave that earnest attention to religion, which ended in his mind undergoing a very decided and happy change. To this he was led by his affliction, and by being compelled to see that his brilliant worldly success was about to be cut short, and his prospects blighted. This he told me himself, saying, at the same time, that he had never cared for money, but that his snare and idol was ambition—reputation." Henceforth the spirit of the Christian disciple and the devoted missionary was conspicuous in his laborious, brilliant, but brief life.

In the autumn of 1851 his health again failed, and, in the summers of 1852 and

1853, he was under the necessity of seeking repose in the country. We cannot give a better idea of the tenor of his daily walk than by quoting from a letter of his friend, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Villiers, Rector of Bloomsbury. He thus writes:—"Dr. Bird's ardent desire to speak for his Master, and to make his well-known talent in his own profession give weight to his word when he spoke for the soul—the manner in which he faithfully rebuked sin, which he knew to be the cause of particular diseases—his generosity to the poor, and to the clergy in particular—his sensitive faith and reverence for God's Word—his zeal to establish Bible reading among medical students—were all points strongly developed in my departed friend. His fault was, in my opinion, that he thought he *must* attend to his patients when he felt it was to cost him his life. There was a little vanity in this, as if, as I often told him, God could not do without him; the result being, that if he could not content himself with attending to a few patients, till his health was re-established, then the Lord would take him away altogether. I never saw any man who seemed to illustrate more forcibly Phil. iii. 8."

We were greatly desirous to insert a letter from the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, as beautifully illustrative of Dr. Bird's professional and Christian spirit; and a letter of Dr. Bird himself, written to a dear friend at Torquay, from whom death had taken a favourite child—but we are compelled to rest satisfied with the simple recommendation of them to the attention of the reader. It will, perhaps, subserve our purpose quite as well, and bring out the *ideal* of a medical man, by inserting here a letter, written by Dr. Bird, which is thus prefaced by Professor Balfour,—“Dr. Bird had been consulted in regard to a friend of my own, who suffered under an obscure affection of the kidney, &c. My friend was one who knew the value of religion, and his godly mother had frequently corresponded with Dr. Bird in regard to his case. The interest which he took in the patient's welfare was beautifully shewn in the following letter, which was transmitted along with

the prescription:—"Although, my dear patient, I am personally unknown to you, the intense anxiety shewn in your dear and devoted mother's letter, induces me to write to you. A lady from Edinburgh, who is now in town under my care, who knows your dear mother, has still more interested me in her and your behalf, by confirming the impression conveyed to me in the letters I have received. Now, it is true that it has pleased God to chasten you with an anxious and perilous disease, one which excites our deepest anxiety; but it is equally true that it is one in which it often pleases Him, in His mercy and His love, (Heb. xii. 6.), after a time, to lift His hand and bless the means employed for the cure of the patient. I am anxious to tell you that one of the greatest sources of peril in this disease arises from too many remedies being employed, and no one employed with sufficient assiduity. I have been permitted to witness many cases of recovery, after continuing the remedy you are now taking during several months. That remedy acts, 1st, by removing from the blood those unhealthy matters which are too generally retained in the disease; 2d, by gradually checking the formation of sugar; 3d, by promoting the conversion of the food you take into healthy chyle; and, 4th, by preventing the distressing constipation. For these reasons, I wish you to continue the remedy; and that God may, in His mercy, restore you to health and usefulness, if it be His will, is the sincere prayer of your friend, Golding Bird."

In 1853 Dr. Bird organized a series of religious meetings among his professional brethren in London, and endeavoured to impress them strongly with a conviction of the immense importance of teachers and practitioners using their influence for the spiritual benefit of students. His own "anxious and large experience," he states, had convinced him that "no great improvement will ever take place in the ethics of the medical profession, until the religious training of the students is made a matter of solicitude by those whose influence is respected by them, and whose example should guide them. His bene-

volent efforts naturally excited formidable opposition, and the cry of cant and hypocrisy was raised; but his procedure was vindicated by some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, and its triumph, in its results, is immutably sure. As an illustration of the effect which such associations are calculated to produce, we insert part of a letter, written by a student of Guy's Hospital:—"The time allotted to my medical studies is now almost expired; and with regret I shall leave these lecture-rooms and wards, where so much research and knowledge have been freely unfolded before me, and where the condescension and urbanity of the medical officers of the hospital, on all occasions, have produced feelings of obligation and gratitude, which can never be effaced. In addition to all these claims upon my respect and gratitude, I have now superadded an interest and care for me in my progress in knowledge of a still higher kind. I am now reminded and encouraged to believe, that to all my possible skill and knowledge of my profession, may be added the additional excellence of humble Christian piety,—a guide through life, a safeguard from the evils of life, and a support in that hour which awaits even a medical man,—the hour of death."

The state of his health at length compelled Dr. Bird to resign his physicianship at Guy's; and, in a short period thereafter, most reluctantly to desist from all professional labour. He quitted London to take up his residence at Tunbridge Wells. Here death overtook him upon 27th Oct. 1854—a death characterized by every trait of the Christian's departure. "To him it was but a means of translation to another and a brighter world. With an assured and profound belief in his own unworthiness, and in the atoning sacrifice of his Saviour, he passed in perfect consciousness, and perfect happiness, into eternal life."

The biographical sketch of Dr. Zuck-er-becker possesses considerable interest, but cannot be brought into comparison with that of Dr. Bird. Zuckerbecker died a young man, and was not permitted to

enter upon the discharge of the duties of his profession. By birth he was a Russian. He studied medicine in Edinburgh; but further than diligence and perseverance in the prosecution of his studies, and a good knowledge of languages, he does not seem to have exhibited pre-eminent ability. In his personal habits and mode of life, he was simple, retired, and unambitious, and thus escaped many of the snares of student life. At this period of his life he was by no means religious. Indeed, we cannot characterize the religious views then cherished by him otherwise than as decidedly deistical, living as he did in ignorance of the Redeemer, and cultivating no reverential feelings towards the Sabbath, or the ordinances of religion.

In the course of the second or third year of his residence in Edinburgh, he experienced an attack of typhus fever, which was sanctified, as Dr. Bird's affliction had been, as the means of his spiritual enlightenment and conversion. From a Christian lady, who resided in York Place, he learned to love the Word of God. He also derived much edification from the Edinburgh Medical Students' Religious Society. From the time of his conversion he revered the Sabbath, revered and studied the Bible, became a member of a Congregational church, and endeavoured, like Dr. Bird, to interest others in the holy cause of religion. In the autumn of 1818 he obtained his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and in the course of the same year removed to London, for the purpose of obtaining additional medical experience. Having satisfied himself, he took his departure for Russia, and prosecuted his studies at the University of Moskwa. His health now began to give way, and by the mysterious appointment of Providence he was cut off in the very dawn of his usefulness, and thus all the fond hopes cherished regarding him when he left Edinburgh, were frustrated.

The biography of Zuckerbecker is interesting, as presenting a life in which the hallowing influence of religion is vividly perceptible, and valuable, as indicating the weighty influential power for

good which a medical man possesses, if, with skill, he combines piety and earnestness of purpose. Zuckerbecker's letters have little general interest, and to a great extent might have been suppressed, without the public suffering any loss; but yet we are glad to see them as the heart expressions of an amiable, pious, and benevolent student of medicine. We close by strongly recommending the biographies of Golding Bird, and Thomas Zuckerbecker to the favour of the public, and especially of the members of the medical profession; assured that therein all may recognise the beautiful propriety of not being slothful in business, but fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, and, seeing the universal uncertainty of terrestrial things, may lay up treasures in the "house not made with hands."

ON ATHEISM.

Quoted in the "Eclipse of Faith."

No God! no God! The simplest flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound.

No God! astonished Echo cries
From out her cavern hoar;
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head
The Almighty to proclaim;
And the brooklet, on its crystal urn,
Doth leap to grave His name.

High swells the deep and vengeful tide
Along its billowy track;
And red Vesuvius opens his mouth
To hurl the falsehood back.

No God! With indignation high
The fervent sun is stirr'd;
And the pale moon is paler still
At such an impious word.

While from their burning thrones the stars
Look down with angry eye,
That thus a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty.

"I know but of two uninterrupted successions: first, of *sinnners*, ever since the fall of Adam,—second, of *saints*, for God always had, and always will have, a seed to serve Him."—*Toplady*.

SKETCH OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

As superstition springs from ignorance of the doctrines of Holy Writ, and from disbelief in the constant and universal providence of God, we present our readers with a series of papers on various forms of *groundless faith in supernatural beings, and supernatural agency.*

The subject is one of very great importance, and peculiar interest; for gross superstition reigns throughout the world, and has contributed largely to the crimes and sufferings of the human race. From earliest ages men have bowed down in fear and trembling, before a gigantic bugbear of their own creation; and even in these enlightened times, millions worship at the shrines of imaginary gods, and shrink from the phantoms of their own distempered brain.

If we view superstition in a historical light, we find it a blood-stained chapter in the annals of the world. Witness the spectacle of priestly fraud, atrocious vice, and human sacrifices in heathen lands. Witness the crusades for the sepulchre of Christ, the wholesale massacres of Protestant Christians, and the diabolical crimes of the Inquisition. Witness the numberless victims of the witch-persecution, especially in countries blessed with the light of the Reformation. Nor has superstition proved the friend of science, art, and civilization. It has branded the men who shone like stars in the intellectual firmament as heretics, infidels, and agents of the prince of darkness; and though it dare not doom them now to the fate of Galileo, it still obstructs them in their noble efforts to dive to the deepest secrets of nature, to soar to the loftiest realms of science, and there to unveil the resplendent glory of the great Creator. Superstition, indeed, has been ever the foe of human advancement. Machinery, which cheapens every article of commerce, was declared profane, since it enables man to earn his bread without the sweat of his brow. Vaccination, which lessens mortality so much, was denounced as Satan's discovery, since it

diminishes the sinner's fear of death and eternity. Chloroform, which relieves from the pangs and danger of childbirth, was condemned as a wicked attempt to rescue woman from the original curse. Umbrellas did not escape the assault of a false theology, in as much as they seemed a proof of ingratitude to God, who sends his rain on the just and on the unjust. Revelation itself is never safe from the attacks of absurd and deadly superstitions. Not to refer to Pagan and Mohammedan creeds, or to the Greek and Roman corruptions of Christianity, in the present century four religious impostors have caused the moral destruction of multitudes, who, more or less, had enjoyed the blessings of a scriptural education,—viz. Joanna Southcott, Robert Matthews, Sir William Honeywood Courtenay, and Joseph Smith, the leader of the Mormonites.

Few, indeed, we venture to say, are totally free from superstitious fears. If these emotions are not instinctive in every man,—as they are in some of the lower animals,—they seem to lurk in every breast; and perhaps we remember the trembling eagerness, with which, in childhood, we listened to legends which made the darkness terrible, and peopled our dreams with ghostly phantoms. Who can read Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, without thrilling sensations? Who, at the witching hour of midnight, can pass through a lonely churchyard, or haunted castle, without apprehending that there may be "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy?" The bravest men that ever lived have felt the terrors of superstition, which, like conscience, "can make cowards of us all." When Charles Gustavus was beselging Prague, a peasant offered to amuse the king by eating a hog in the royal presence. Appalled at the words and hideous features of the countryman, old general Konigsmarc, advised his majesty to burn the former as a dangerous wizard. "Sire!" cried the peasant, en-

raged at the insult, "if you make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him alive before your face!" At this proposal the veteran soldier stood aghast; and though he had fought in a hundred battles, and performed prodigies of valour against the Austrians, he fled in horror from the imaginary wizard, and hid himself in his private tent!

Nor can mental culture or extensive learning shield the breast from superstition. Did feelings of delicacy not forbid, we might mention the name of a clergyman, who nightly retired to rest in dread of apparitions; of another, who entertains the fatal belief, that he, his brothers, and sisters, are doomed to an early death by a witch's curse; and of individuals of rank and mental refinement, who firmly believe in visitations from the spirit world. Nay, not a few illustrious scholars cherished a similar faith. Lord Bacon declared that he would "rather believe all the fables of the Talmud," than disbelieve all the subjects of popular superstition. Niebuhr, who exposed the romantic legends of Roman history, admitted the supernatural claims of the ancient oracles. Southey, a man of logical acuteness, as well as of poetic genius, was "not ashamed to avow his persuasion," that spirits return from the invisible world. The philosophical Wordsworth, has recorded the sentiment, that he would rather stoop to the ignorance of a boor, than *not* take

"A fearful apprehension from the owl,
Or death-watch;—and as readily rejoice,
If two auspicious jackdaws crossed his way."

John Brown of Haddington, and the Synod of the Secession church, denounced the repeal of the penal laws against witchcraft, as a national sin. And Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the deist, informs us that, ere he published his work against Divine revelation, he knelt on the ground, and prayed for a sign from heaven, to sanction his insane and impious attempt to refute our most holy religion! Truly, when men of preeminent talents thus give credence to absurd imaginations, we cannot marvel at illiterate persons

nailing horse-shoes behind their doors, as talismans against evil spirits;—telling their bees of the death of a relative, to prevent their pining away in the hives;—cutting the gum with a nail, and driving the latter into an oak, to cure the toothache;—putting the head of a fish or a frog into the mouth of a child, as a specific for certain fatal diseases; and placing unlimited confidence in omens, spells, vulgar prophecies, and apparitions.

These remarks may serve to introduce the various forms of popular superstition: and in prosecuting the subject, our aim will be to expose the irrationality of faith in supernatural agents and phenomena,—and thus to inculcate fearless confidence in the fatherly care and government of God.

I. BELIEF IN MYSTERIOUS SIGHTS AND SOUNDS, AS SUPERNATURAL.

In the good old times of popular ignorance, this form of superstition reigned with absolute sway over kings and statesmen, philosophers and fools. If a comet showed its fiery face and streaming tail, it smote whole nations with the general dread of dire calamities: nor could an eclipse of the sun appear, but it was viewed as the signal of war, famine, or pestilence. Wise men trembled at the flashing brilliance of the northern lights, and the dazzling glory of a falling star. If an insect made a startling sound, inside a wall or a mantlepiece, it was called "the *death-watch*," and warned the household to expect bereavement; or if the cock at midnight crowed in a dream of fancied victory, they anticipated some impending danger, or domestic loss.

Mariners are generally a superstitious class,—partly owing to the perils of a sea-faring life, and partly to the strange optical illusions which constitute part of the wonders of the deep. And it merits remark, that the heathen sailors, in Jonah's flight, ascribed the storm to the presence of some atrocious criminal,—that the disciples in the tempest imagined Christ to be a spirit, when he majestically walked on the lake of Galilee,—and that the islanders of Melita, the instant the

viper fastened on the hand of Paul, pronounced him a murderer pursued by the avenging justice of Heaven. Among the mysterious sights at sea, ships have been seen floating in the air; and cities have appeared on the clouds, and suddenly vanished. Till lately these to mariners were fearful mysteries; but science explains them on the established principles of the refraction of light, which can make the atmosphere a concave mirror, reflecting the images of ships even twenty miles below the horizon. Sounds, in like manner, are heard at sea at amazing distances. On a calm and sunny day, the sound of a bell was heard by the sailors on board a ship, when far from land, and when no other vessel could be seen from the top-mast. Many were seized with alarm and dark forebodings; till the officers accounted for the sound on the well-known laws of an acoustic tube,—the clouds having conveyed the sound of the bell, as was proved next day, from a vessel sailing at many leagues' distance from their own.

Kindred wonders abound on land. On the mountains of Germany the *Spectre of the Brocken* is frequently seen by wondering travellers. In 1797 it suddenly appeared to Mr. Hane, on the distant atmosphere, as a human figure of gigantic size. Having raised his hand to secure his hat from the boisterous wind, the colossal shadow did the same; and when he summoned his landlord to the spot, two monstrous spectres appeared on the mountain-mists, and mimicked the gestures of the two spectators. In a similar manner we might explain the *mirage*, that is, the vision of lakes in Egypt and the Arabian desert;—the *fata Morgana*, that is, the spectacle of cities and landscapes in the southern sky;—and the sight of horsemen riding on the hills of Cumberland, where cragmen on foot can scarcely climb,—and of armies in the air engaged in battle, or silently marching with floating banners, and all the pomp and magnificence of war. But from the realm of clouds we hasten to the mountain-turf and the forest glade, to glance at "*the fairy rings.*" These are circles of natural sod,

smooth as a lawn, and beautifully green as the finest emerald. From time immemorial men fancied them the playground of King Oberon and his fairy court, on which they held their nightly feast, and danced in moonlight to unearthly music; and many a man would rather have bearded the lion in his den, than set his foot within these green enchanted circles. But the naturalist tells us, that fairy rings are formed by *fungi*, or by colonies of grubs, which eat the grass and emigrate outwards, till they produce these strange phenomena.

Another appearance, which, like the mysterious marks of the badger's feet in the recent snow season, has often excited much superstitious fear, is the print of footsteps across a field of grass in early spring. These, which are named by country-people "*SATAN'S footsteps,*" seem burned by fire into the tender herbage; yet are they produced by human feet, crossing the field while *night-frost* was on the grass, which is thus as effectually destroyed, in its *icy brittleness*, as it could possibly be by fiery feet, and with exactly the same appearance. A still more striking object of superstitious fear is the *ignis fatuus*,—popularly designated "*Will-wi'-the-wisp,*" and "*Jack-o'-lantern.*" Before the draining system was introduced, a pale blue light was often observed at night above wet and marshy soils. The countryman who saw this light gliding through the silent wood, or dancing over the treacherous bog, was a wise and stout-hearted man indeed, if he did not imagine it a brimstone torch in a dead man's hand, or the glaring eyeball of an evil spirit. But the chemist discovered it to be nothing but a simple gas, called *phosphuretted hydrogen*, which is set on fire the moment it comes in contact with the open air. This gas escapes from marshy lands and churchyards, in the latter of which it is generated by the decomposition of dead bodies; and many a heart has it made stand still, and many a traveller has it led astray like Caliban and his sottish friends, in Shakespeare's enchanted island!

II.—SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF IN OMENS.

Omens are imaginary signs of good

and evil. They were in high repute among the ancient Romans, Greeks, and other heathen nations, whose priests pretended to read the future by watching the flight of birds, and examining the entrails of animals slain in sacrifice. Here we need not remind the classical scholar of the story related by Xenophon, that the fears of the ten thousand Greeks, in their famous retreat, were at once dispelled by the accidental sneezing of one of their generals;—or of a celebrated conqueror's alarming his troops by his falling to the ground in the act of disembarking on a foreign shore, and instantly filling them with confidence in victory, by grasping a handful of sand and shouting, "that the gods had already given him a hold of the country!"

In our own favoured land, faith in omens is entertained by thousands. We do not here allude to watching the habits of swallows, bees, and other animals, or observing the state of the atmosphere, the motions of vegetables, or the feelings of the human body,—for indications of future changes of the weather; for, indeed, very many of these are more trustworthy than the best barometers. We refer to such superstitions as trusting to sneezing, spilling salt, and dining with twelve at table, as omens of good or evil import. What, for instance, can be more irrational, or a sadder abuse of the doctrine of divine providence, than the faith in omens entertained by our Scottish fishermen? If a hare cross their path, if a hare's skin is found in their creel, or if a line is discovered traced across their road to market, they will not venture to sea, nor sell a fish all the following day! Sailors are equally afraid of setting sail on a Friday, as the Russians are of commencing a work on a Monday; and if they do, they apprehend shipwreck or other disasters. In order to discourage this superstition, an American gentleman built a ship, and called it "*Friday*." Its keel was laid on a *Friday*. It was launched on a *Friday*. It sailed on a *Friday* for a foreign port,—and was never heard of more! Belief in this unlucky day was only strengthened by the experiment; yet, how many thousand vessels sail

on *Fridays*! On *Friday*, some of our glorious naval victories have been gained. And on a *Friday* Columbus commenced the most successful voyage in the annals of the world,—the voyage which issued in the discovery of the Western Hemisphere.

The following case, condensed from a medical work, affords positive proof of the senselessness of trusting in omens, good or bad:—A person, named E. F——, was dangerously ill. The disease was accompanied with copious bleeding at the nose; and as the weather was hot, one of two bed-room windows was kept open during the night. It so happened that a *dog* howled outside the house; a *death-watch* sounded its omenous tick behind the bed; a *bat* flew into the chamber, and extinguished the candle; and a *raven* alighted on the sill of the window which was shut, pecking with his beak against the glass. Of course the nurses concluded that E. F—— would die; but the patient recovered; and the four unlucky omens may be explained by supposing that the watch-dog howled through irritation,—that the death-watch insect was roused by the summer heat,—and that the bat was attracted by the candle-light, and the raven by the scent of blood. W. L. W.

(To be continued.)

————— "Providence,
Hiding from us Futurity,
Unveleth all the past, to guide us."

"The Turks attribute lightning to the breath of an angel, and thunder to the clapping of his wings."—*Southey's Notes*.

"A man is far from experiencing the grace of God who desires martyrdom, but is restless under the yoke of Divine providence, which places martyrdom beyond his reach, and requires him to glorify God in the humblest and most retired avocations of life."—*Wm. Guyon's Life*.

"The power of faith often shines the most where the character is naturally weak. There is less to intercept or interfere with its workings."—*Hare*.

EXETER HALL LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN.*

We have now before us the tenth series of lectures, delivered annually, in Exeter Hall, to the Young Men's Christian Association. What a valuable library of information and Christian wisdom is furnished by these ten volumes to reading and intelligent young men! It is hardly possible to exaggerate the wholesome influence exercised by such associations and such lectures upon young men, whose opinions and character will contribute so extensively and powerfully to mould the next generation.

Without occupying our limited space by further observations of our own, we will rather select a few passages from this volume, which may interest the reader who does not and cannot possess it.

The first Lecture—from which alone we would at present extract—is by Archbishop Whately. Its subject is a highly important one, "The Origin of Civilization;" and its object is to prove that the savage state is not man's original one, or that mankind as a whole, or any portion of them, ever raised themselves from it by the unaided exercise of their own faculties. This inquiry is, of course, conducted on grounds altogether independent of Scripture authority. But though starting from a different point, the investigation leads to the same point with Scripture, that some communication from God, that is, Revelation, must have been made to man, and that he has become embued by a power from without and not merely from within his own nature.

The following extracts will, we have no doubt, prove interesting to our readers:—

"If you look to the very lowest and rudest races that inhabit the earth, you behold beings sunk almost to the level of the brute-creation, and, in some points, even below the brutes. Ignorant and thoughtless, gross in their tastes, filthy

* Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, from November 1854, to February 1855. London: Nisbet & Co.

in their habits, with the passions of men, but with the intellect of little children, they roam, half-naked and half-starved, over districts which might be made to support in plenty and in comfort as many thousands of civilised Europeans as there are individuals in the savage tribe. And they are sunk, for the most part, quite as low, morally, as they are intellectually. Polygamy, in its most gross and revolting form, and infanticide, prevail among most savage tribes; and cannibalism among many. And the sick or helplessly aged are usually abandoned by their relatives, to starve, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Even in bodily person they differ greatly from the civilised man. They are not only, in general, very ugly and ill-made, but, in the structure of their limbs, and especially in the head and face, they approach considerably to animals of the ape tribe; and the countenance is usually expressive of a mixture of stupidity, ferocity, and something of suspiciousness and low cunning.

"The liberty enjoyed by the savage consists in his being left free to oppress and plunder any one who is weaker than himself, and in being exposed to the same treatment from those who are stronger. His boasted simplicity consists merely in grossness of taste, improvidence, and ignorance. And his virtue merely amounts to this, that though not less covetous, envious, and malicious than civilized Man, he wants the skill to be as dangerous as one of equally depraved character, but more intelligent and better informed.

"Such is Man in what is commonly called a 'state of nature.' But it can hardly be called, with propriety, man's 'natural state;' since in it a large proportion of his faculties remain dormant and undeveloped. A plant would not be said to be in its most natural state when growing in a soil or climate that would not allow it to put forth the flowers and the fruit for which its organization was destined. Any one who saw the pine-trees high up on the Alps, when growing near the boundary of perpetual snow, stunted to the height of two or three feet, and struggling to exist amidst rock and ice, would hardly describe that as the natural state of a tree which, in a more genial soil and climate a little lower down, was found towering to the height of fifty or sixty yards. In like manner, the natural state of Man must, according to all fair analogy, be reckoned, not that in which

his intellectual and moral growth are as it were stunted and permanently repressed, but one in which his original endowments are—I do not say brought to perfection, but—enabled to exercise themselves, and to expand like the foliage and flowers of a plant; and especially in which that characteristic of our species, the tendency towards progressive improvement, is permitted to come into play.

“The savage, then, is only so far in (comparatively) a state of nature, that the arts which he learns and transmits to his children are very few, and very rude. And yet it is remarkable that in many respects savage life is decidedly more artificial—more anti-natural—than the civilized. The most elaborately dressed fine lady or gentleman has departed far less from nature than a savage of most of the rudest tribes we know of. Most of these not only paint their skins with a variety of fantastic colours, but tattoo them, or decorate their bodies (which is the New Hollander’s practice) with rows of large artificial scars. The marriage ceremony among some of these tribes is marked, not by putting a ring on the woman’s finger, but by cutting off one of the joints of it. And in those same tribes, every male, when approaching man’s estate, is formally admitted as coming of age, by the ceremony of having one of his front teeth knocked out. Some of them wear a long ornament of bone thrust through the middle cartilage of the nose, so as to make the speech indistinct. Other tribes cut a slip in the under lip, so as to make a sort of artificial second mouth, in which they fix some kind of fantastic ornament. And some tribes, again, artificially flatten, by pressure, the forehead of their infants, so as to bring the head even nearer than nature has formed it, to a resemblance to that of a brute.

“And their customs are not less artificial than their external decorations. To take only one instance out of many: marriage, among the most civilized nations of Europe, usually takes place between persons who, living in the same society, and becoming well-acquainted, contract a mutual liking for each other; and surely this is the most natural course: but among the Australian savages, such a marriage is unheard of, and would be counted an abomination; a wife must always be taken, and taken by force from another,—generally a hostile tribe; and the intended bride must be dragged away with brutal violence and most unmerciful blows.

“Such is man in what is called a state of nature!

“Since it appears, then, a complete moral certainty that men left unassisted in what is called a state of nature,—that is, with the faculties Man is born with not at all unfolded or exercised by education,—never did, and never can, raise themselves from that condition: the question next arising is, When and how did civilization first originate? How comes it that the whole world is not peopled exclusively with savages?

“Such would evidently have been the case if the human race had always from the first been left without any instruction from some superior Being, and yet had been able to subsist at all. But there is strong reason to doubt whether even this bare subsistence would have been possible. It is most likely that the first generation would all have perished for want of that scanty knowledge, and those few rude arts which even savages possess, and which probably did not originate with them (for savages seem never to discover or invent anything), but are remnants which they have retained from a more civilized state. The knowledge, for instance, of wholesome and of poisonous roots and fruits, the arts of making fish-hooks and nets, bows and arrows, or darts, and snares for wild animals, and of constructing rude huts and canoes, with tools made of sharp stones, and some other such simple arts, are possessed more or less by all savages; and are necessary to enable them to support life. And men left wholly untaught would probably all perish before they could acquire for themselves this absolutely indispensable knowledge.

“For, Man, we should remember, is, when left wholly untaught, far less fitted for supporting and taking care of himself than the brutes. These are far better provided both with *instincts* and with bodily *organs*, for supplying their own wants; for instance, those animals that have occasion to dig either for food, or to make burrows for shelter, such as the swine, the mole, the hedgehog, and the rabbit, have both an instinct for digging, and also snouts or paws far better adapted for that purpose than Man’s hands. Yet man is enabled to turn up the ground much better than any brute; but then, this is by the use of spades and other tools, which Man can learn to make and use, while brutes cannot.

“Again, birds and bees have an instinct for building such nests and cells as answer their purpose as well as the most commodious houses and beds made by men; but Man has no instinct that teaches him how to construct these.

“Brutes, again, know by instinct their

proper food, and avoid what is unwholesome; but Man has no instinct for distinguishing from wholesome fruits the berry of the deadly-nightshade, with which children have often been poisoned, as it has no ill smell, and tastes sweet. And, again, almost all quadrupeds swim by nature, because their swimming is the same motion by which they walk on land; but a man falling into deep water is drowned, unless he has *learnt* to swim, by an action quite different from that of his walking.

"It is very doubtful, therefore (to say the least), whether men left wholly untaught would be able to subsist at all, even in the condition of the very lowest savages. But at any rate it is plain they could never have risen *above* that state. If it be supposed—and this is one of the many bold conjectures that have been thrown out—that Man was formerly endowed with many instincts such as those of the brute creation, which instincts were afterwards obliterated and lost through civilization, then the human race might have subsisted in the savage state; but we should all have been savages to this day. How comes it, then, that all mankind are *not* at this day as

wild as the Pupuans and Hottentot-Bushmen? According to the present course of things, the first introducer of civilization among savages, is, and must be, Man in a more improved state; in the *beginning*, therefore, of the human race, this, since there was no man to effect it, must have been the work of *another Being*. There must have been, in short, something of a REVELATION made, to the first, or to some subsequent generation of our species. And this miracle (for such it clearly is, being out of the present course of nature) is attested *independently* of Scripture, and consequently in *confirmation* of the Scripture accounts, by the fact that civilized Man exists at the present day. Each one of us Europeans, whether Christian, Deist, or Atheist, is actually a portion of a standing monument of a former communication to mankind from some superhuman Being. That Man could not have *made* himself, is often appealed to as a proof of the agency of a divine *Creator*; and that mankind could not, in the first instance, have *civilized* themselves, is a proof of the same kind, and of precisely equal strength, of the agency of a divine *Instructor*."

"THE MIND OF JESUS."*

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

THANKFULNESS.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth."—(MATTHEW. xli. 25.)

A THANKFUL spirit pervaded the entire life of Jesus, and surrounded with a heavenly halo His otherwise darkened path. In moments we least expect to find it, this beautiful ray breaks through the gloom. In instituting the memorial of His death, He "*gave thanks!*" Even in crossing the Cedron to Gethsemane, "He sung an hymn!"

We know, in seasons of deep sorrow and trial, that everything wears a gloomy aspect. Dumb nature herself, to the burdened spirit, seems as if she partook in the hues of sadness. The life of Jesus was one continuous experience of privation and woe—a "Valley of Baca"—from first to last; yet, amid accents of plaintive sorrow, there are ever heard subdued undertones of *thankfulness* and joy! Ah! if He, the suffering "Man of

Sorrows," could, during a life of unparalleled woe, lift up His heart in grateful acknowledgment to His Father in heaven, how ought the lives of those to be one perpetual "hymn of thankfulness," who are from day to day, and hour to hour, (for all they have, both temporally and spiritually,) pensioners on God's bounty and love!

Reader! cultivate this thankful spirit; it will be to thee a perpetual feast. There is, or ought to be, with us no such thing as *small mercies*; all are *great*, because the least are undeserved. Indeed, a really thankful heart will extract motive for gratitude from everything, making the most even of scanty blessings. St. Paul, when in his dungeon at Rome, a prisoner in chains, is heard to say, "I have *all*, and abound!"

Guard, on the other hand, against that spirit of continual fretting and moping over fancied ills—that temptation to exaggerate the real or supposed disadvantages of our condition—magnifying the trifling inconveniences of every-day life into enormous evils. Think, rather,

* "The Mind of Jesus." London: James Nisbet & Co.

how much we have to be thankful for. The world in which we live, in spite of all the scars of sin and suffering upon it, is a happy world. It is not, as many would morbidly paint it, flooded with tears and strewn with wrecks,—plaintive with a perpetual dirge of sorrow. True, the “everlasting hills” are in glory, but there are numberless eminences of grace, and love, and mercy below—many green spots in the lower valley—*many more than we deserve.*

God will reward a thankful spirit. Just as on earth, when a man receives with gratitude what is given, we are more disposed to give again; so also, “the Lord loveth” a cheerful “receiver,” as well as a cheerful “giver.”

Let ours, moreover, be a Gospel thankfulness. Let the incense of a grateful spirit rise, not only to the great Giver of all good, but to our covenant God in Christ. Let it be the spirit of the child exulting in the bounty and beneficence of his Father's house and home! “Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

While the sweet melody of gratitude vibrates through every successive moment of our daily being, let love to our adorable Redeemer shew for whom and for what it is we reserve our notes of loftiest and most fervent praise. Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift!

“Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind.”

PRAYERFULNESS.

“He continued all night in prayer to God.”—
(LUKE VI. 12)

We speak of *this* Christian and *that* Christian as “a man of prayer.” Jesus was emphatically so. The Spirit was “poured upon Him without measure,” yet—*He prayed!* He was incarnate wisdom, “needing not that any should teach Him.” He was infinite in His power, and boundless in His resources; yet—*He prayed!* How deeply sacred the prayerful memories that hover around the solitudes of Olivet and the shores of Tiberias! He seemed often to turn night into day to redeem moments for prayer, rather than lose the blessed privilege.

We are rarely, indeed, admitted into the solemnities of His inner life. The veil of night is generally between us and the great High Priest, when He entered “the holiest of all;” but we have enough to reveal the depth and fervour, the tenderness and confidingness, of this blissful intercommunion with His heavenly Father. No morning dawns without His

fetching fresh manna from the mercy-seat. “He wakeneth morning by morning; he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned.” (Isa. l. 4.) Beautiful description!—a praying Redeemer wakening, as if at early dawn, the ear of His Father, to get fresh supplies for the duties and the trials of the day! All His public acts were consecrated by prayer—His baptism, His transfiguration, His miracles, His agony, His death. He breathed away His spirit in prayer. “His last breath,” says Philip Henry, “was praying breath.”

How sweet to think, in holding communion with God, *Jesus* drank of this very brook! He consecrated the bended knee and the silent chamber. He refreshed His fainting spirit at the same great Fountain-head, from which it is life for us to draw, and death to forsake!

Reader! do you complain of your languid spirit, your drooping faith, your fitful affections, your lukewarm love? May you not trace much of what you deplore to an unfrequented chamber? The treasures are locked up from you because you have suffered the key to rust; the hands hang down, because they have ceased to be uplifted in prayer. Without prayer!—It is the pilgrim without a staff—the seaman without a compass—the soldier going unarmed and unharnessed to battle.

Beware of encouraging what indispenses to prayer—going to the audience-chamber with soiled garments—the din of the world following you—its distracting thoughts hovering unforbidden over your spirit. Can you wonder that the living water refuses to flow through obstructed channels, or the heavenly light to pierce murky vapours?

On earth, fellowship with a lofty order of minds imparts a certain nobility to the character; so, in a far higher sense, by communion with God you will be transformed into His image, and get assimilated to His likeness. Make every event in life a reason for fresh going to Him. If diffculted in duty, bring it to the test of prayer. If bowed down with anticipated trial—“fearing to enter the cloud”—remember Christ's preparation, “Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.”

Let prayer consecrate everything—your time, talents, pursuits, engagements, joys, sorrows, crosses, losses. By it, rough paths will be made smooth, trials disarmed of their bitterness, enjoyments hallowed and refined, the bread of the world turned into angels' food. “It is in the closet,” says Payson, “the battle is lost or won!”

"Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

UNSELFISHNESS.

"For even Christ pleased not himself,"—
(ROM. XV. 3.)

Too legibly are the characters written on the fallen heart and a fallen world—"All seek their own!" Selfishness is the great law of our degenerated nature. When the love of God was dethroned from the soul, self vaulted into the vacant seat, and there, in some one of its Proteus shapes, continues to reign. Jesus stands out, for our imitation, a grand solitary exception in the midst of a world of selfishness. His entire life was one abnegation of self—a beautiful living embodiment of that charity which "seeketh not her own." He who for others turned water into wine, and provided a miraculous supply for the fainting thousands in the wilderness, exerted no such miraculous power for His own necessities. During His forty days' temptation, no table did He spread for himself, no booth did He rear for His unpillowed head. Twice do we read of Him shedding tears—on neither occasion were they for himself. The approach of his cross and passion, instead of absorbing Him in His own approaching sufferings, seemed only to elicit new and more gracious promises to His people. When His enemies came to apprehend Him, His only stipulation was for His disciples' release—"Let these go their way." In the very act of departure, with all the boundless glories of eternity in sight, *they* were still all His care. Ah! how different is the spirit of the world! With how many is day after day only a new oblation to that idol which never darkened with its shadow His holy heart; pampering their own wishes;

"envying and grieving at the good of a neighbour;" unable to brook the praise of a rival; establishing their own reputation on the ruins of another; thus engendering jealousy, discontent, peevishness, and every kindred unholy passion.

"But ye have not so learned Christ!" Reader! have you been sitting at the feet of Him who "pleased not himself?" Are you dying daily;—dying to self as well as to sin? Are you animated with *this* as the high end and aim of existence—to lay out your time, and talents, and opportunities for God's glory, and the good of your fellow-men—not seeking your own interests, but rather ceding these, if, by doing so, another will be made happier, and your Saviour honoured? You may not have it in your power to manifest this "mind of Jesus" on a great scale, by enduring great sacrifices; nor is this required. His denial of self had about it no repulsive austerity; but you can evince its holy influence and sway by innumerable little offices of kindness and goodwill, taking a generous interest in the welfare and pursuits of others, or engaging and co-operating in schemes for the mitigation of human misery.

Avoid ostentation—another repulsive form of self. Be willing to be in the shade; sound no trumpet before you. The evangelist Matthew made a great feast, which was graced by the presence of Jesus; in his Gospel he says not one word about it! Seek to live more constantly and habitually under the constraining influence of the love of Jesus.

Selfishness withers and dies beneath Calvary.

Ah, believer! if Christ had "pleased himself," where wouldst *thou* have *been* this day?

"Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

PARISH TRACTS.

No. I.

ARE YOU IN EARNEST?

MY DEAR PARISHIONERS,—I intend addressing you occasionally by means of a short and simple Tract. In a short time I must render to God an account of my ministry among you; and I am quite sure you will agree with me in thinking that I ought to do everything I possibly can to promote your salvation. I have ~~nothing~~ whatever, that you will receive

my address in the same spirit in which it is sent to you.

I believe you like to see *ministers* in earnest. The Lord Jesus Christ was always in earnest. And they who are His servants in the ministry, are expected to be always in earnest like Him. They are like Him to be earnest in prayer; earnest in preaching; earnest in doing good.

In all they say and do, they are expected to shew themselves earnest men. The Bible authorizes you to expect such constant earnestness in ministers. It becomes them to devote themselves wholly to their work. Want of earnestness in them is most inexcusable and sinful.

But if ministers should be in earnest, their *people* should be in earnest too; and yet, I fear, there are hundreds in the Parish who are not at all in earnest about the most important of all concerns. They may be in earnest in regard to many other things, such as obtaining food and raiment for the body; but they shew no earnestness in seeking to save the soul!

But what do I mean by earnestness in religion? I shall tell you in a few words:—

You have all seen a farmer in his fields in Spring. He is very busy. He works hard. He ploughs, harrows, and sows the seed with care; for he knows that unless he do so, he cannot reap a good crop in harvest. *He is in earnest.*

Many of you have been reading in the newspapers the accounts from the Seat of War. The Siege of Sebastopol is going on. The trenches are dug. New and larger guns have been mounted on the batteries. *Our soldiers are in earnest.*

You have all your employments. You don't spend your time in idleness. From day to day you labour at one trade or another; for you know that it is only in this way you can gain a livelihood for yourselves and your families. *You are thus in earnest.*

When any of you are sick, what efforts will you not make to recover! What nauseous medicines will you not swallow! What painful operations endure! What long conversations will you engage in about your maladies! Why? *You are in earnest.*

And so in regard to religion. The earnest man is thus anxious about the welfare of his soul. He looks upon salvation as *the one thing* needful. He believes that Jesus Christ is the only Saviour of the world, and that it is through Him alone he can be saved, and that this salvation is now or never! He believes that there is a great harvest of the world coming, and that it is only they who sow to the Spirit, who shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting; and that he must sow *now*. He believes that he has many spiritual enemies, and that if he would conquer, he must be ever on his guard—watch, and fight! Believing all this, he is in earnest.

And how does he show his earnest-

ness? He kneels down morning after morning, and night after night, and *prays* heartily to God for pardon, and holiness, and strength, to resist temptation. From day to day he reverently reads *God's blessed Word*, that he may know what God would have him be and do. On the Sabbath, he is not to be seen spending the whole day sitting at the fire reading the newspapers, or some worldly book, or wandering about the fields; but he regularly *attends the House of God*: and if not at some church or school-room where there is public worship in the evening, he is profitably engaged at home. And, besides all this, he is ever striving against sin. He is ever seeking to subdue evil habits and dispositions. He is ever aiming at being wiser and better; because *he is really in earnest.*

Now, how comes it that so many in the parish are not in earnest about religion?

I am not for the present going to speak to you about the natural depravity of the human heart, or about the unwillingness of men to give serious thought to such a subject as this. I wish rather to shew you the worthlessness of one or two of the common excuses which some make why they need not be so earnest about their souls.

A man sees hundreds around him in no way earnest about religion. They are spending their days, regardless of God's will. Their whole thoughts are taken up with the present world. The future state seldom or never occupies their minds. He is no worse than they, nay, in some respects he is far better; and, accordingly, he seems to think that *if so many are utterly careless about religion, he need not be so very earnest about it.* But how strange the infatuation of such a man! We are all separate beings. Each of us is a responsible agent. Every one of us must bear his own burden. "Each man must give an account of *himself* to God." Each must for himself receive a sentence of everlasting weal or everlasting woe.

Others again seem to reason in this way. God is a very merciful Being. He has no pleasure in the punishment of any one. Such punishment, at all events, He can inflict only on those who are openly and grossly wicked—drunkards, swearers, thieves, liars, habitual Sabbath-breakers. These may be cast into hell. But it must be very different with us. We are quiet, decent, respectable. We are kind to our relatives, and friends, and neighbours. We would not, for the world, do anything wrong or dishonourable. We cannot say that we are at all earnest

about religion. But we say our prayers and read our Bibles at times. We attend the church pretty regularly. We always go to the Lord's table. God, surely, can never punish us at last. But are you born again? Do you love Christ? Are you "striving," "believing," "giving all diligence?" *Are you in earnest?*

Many others again seem to reason in this way. We are not what we ought to be. We confess that we have hitherto been very thoughtless about religion. We acknowledge that what you say about the necessity of being in earnest in order to be saved is true. But wait a little. We will not be long ere we begin to give greater attention to religion. It will be more convenient for us in a short time to do as you would wish. How often do I hear people pleading one excuse or another for putting off attention to the soul and eternity! Infidelity has slain its thousands; but Procrastination its tens of thousands. "The road to hell is paved with good intentions." Hundreds resolve, and re-resolve, and die the same. "*Now*," not to-morrow or next year, but "*now*" is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation."

And why is it so important to be in earnest about religion? For a very simple reason.—Without earnestness, you cannot be saved.

The Christian life is compared to a race—to a wrestling—to a fight. It is spoken of as a "striving to enter in at the straight gate"—as "a labouring to enter into rest"—as "an abounding in the work of the Lord." It is described as a "praying in the Spirit," "living in the Spirit," "walking in the Spirit." If these be correct representations of the Christian life, it is very evident that you must be in earnest if you would be saved.

Are you in earnest then? Are you bearing in mind, from day to day, that you are immortal beings? Are you looking upon heaven and hell as no fables, but as solemn realities; and are you

seeking, through Christ, to obtain the one and escape the other? Are you striving against sin and longing after holiness? Are you living not for yourselves but for Him who died for you and rose again? If so, all is well. You may be called—blessed!

But are you *not* in earnest about religion? Are you living only for time? Are you regardless of the great future which awaits you? Are you making no endeavours to prepare for eternity? Are you living to self? Are you among those who seldom bow the knee in prayer—who seldom read God's blessed Word—who seldom enter the sanctuary? If so, with my whole heart I pity you, and beseech you to beware. You are in a state of fearful peril. You are on the very brink of everlasting ruin! Oh, that ere it be too late you would calmly consider your condition in the sight of God, and give heed—earnest heed—to the things which belong to your eternal safety and peace!

Perhaps you may disregard this warning. If so, I cannot help it, though I deeply deplore it. But ere I close, I must tell you that I know a time when one and all of you will be in earnest. Men may continue indifferent to religion through life, and I have seen some apparently indifferent to religion even when on their death-beds. But there will be no indifference on the morning of the resurrection. There will be no indifference when you stand before the great white throne. There will be no indifference when it is *your* turn to receive the sentence from the Judge. Ah, no! Then will you be in terrible earnest. Christ—the Soul—Eternity, will then wholly fill your souls. But what will earnestness then avail? It will then be too late—too late even to be earnest.

Earnest about these things, is the fervent prayer of,

Your most affectionate Friend,

R. S. H.

MANSE OF C——

Gleanings from the Mission Field.

THE GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

THE Rev. Mr. Macleod, the Secretary, has received a Note from their much esteemed missionary, Mr. Ferguson, of date 4th June. He says—

"I have not recovered so rapidly as

was expected. Now, however, I am gaining strength very fast, and hope soon to be able for duty. There are not many sick here now, and the work is light comparatively. Mr. Cannon, a minister of our Church, has had charge of my field since I became ill. He will remain in charge of it, and when I resume I shall

relieve our friend, Mr. Drennan, a little in the Barracks.

I was recommended to go to Prince's Islands or Therapia for change of air, and in the beginning of last week I got a certificate from Dr. Calder, which Dr. Cumming, G.I.H., recommended, and of which Lord Wm. Paulet approved; so I spent last week at Prinkipo with much advantage. I returned here to spend the Sabbath, and I go off to Therapia in the afternoon, intending (D. V.) to return again on Saturday first, when my fortnight's leave of absence expires. It is quite long enough for me, as the expenses are high.

On Thursday first, I shall have been eight weeks off duty—which, of course, I regret, but you need not be told that it was not my choice."

The following is a portion of Mr. Ferguson's Journal, and is interesting, as affording what we know to be a truthful and unexaggerated account of his valuable labours, which we hope are by this time resumed—

February 10th.—Commenced duty to-day in the hospital, and made the acquaintance of fifteen Scotchmen. All seemed glad to see me. Spoke also to several English and Irish. Every one appears thankful for the smallest attention.

February 11th.—Sabbath. Visited in the forenoon, and returned to preach at four P.M.; but not one solitary hearer made his appearance! though several had promised, and I ordered a written notice to be read by the ward-master in all the wards. Rather discouraging. I hope such apparent carelessness may be satisfactorily accounted for. Must devise some sure method of giving notice throughout the whole hospital.

February 12th.—Wrote four letters at the men's bed-sides—a very pleasing duty. Many men without Bibles, who seem anxious to have one.

February 13th.—Took a pot of jam to R. B., whose gratitude could not find utterance. Think him one of the Lord's people. Slung round my shoulders a bag full of tracts, which created quite a sensation in the wards. Intended them only for my own people, but I could not resist the wistful looks of many as I passed along. Many asked for them, promising to return them when read. Have talked with thirty-eight Presbyterians. Took the addresses of the relatives of two men seemingly dying.

February 14th.—I am satisfied that I was the means of helping to comfort the

distressed soul of a dying man this day. He is of the Church of England, but the nurse called me, as she could not find his own chaplain. When I first saw him, he was convulsed, and apparently quite unconscious. I spoke into his ear, and he seemed as if he heard me, and the nurse said that he liked it. By-and-by he opened his eyes, but could not speak. His eye caught my tracts, and he plucked one from the bag, with the eagerness of a dying man thirsting for the "Bread of life," and held it as a sign that he wished to hear instruction. I spoke to him again for a few minutes, and then offered prayer shortly. When I saw him again, in a little while, he was able to whisper, and he prayed earnestly and constantly, "O Lord, O Lord, have mercy upon me—have mercy upon my soul." Next time I called to see him he was able to speak, and as soon as he saw me, he inquired, "Are you the minister?" When he learned that I was, he said, "God bless you—God bless you." I put my hand upon his head, and said, "God bless you." I then repeated to him a few texts, which he seemed to prize much. When I made a pause, he said, "Pray," which I did in a few sentences; and at the close, he repeated, with a loud voice, "АМЕН, АМЕН, АМЕН." He expressed a confident hope in the mercy of God through the Redeemer. I left him, commending him to the care of Him who careth for all His people—promising to write to his mother—and hoping to meet him in glory. He wished me to tell his mother that he had every comfort he could desire, and that he died in hope of heaven.

February 15th.—H. W., mentioned above, died in peace last night. Three of my men apparently fast going the same road—shall not be astonished though two of them be dead by the morning. Spoke to those whose strength could bear it, in stronger language to-day than I have formerly used. Several seemed to listen with deep interest. Two Episcopalians are apparently deeply impressed, but not through my words; one of them, I fear, is dying. How needful is wisdom, to be at once faithful and judicious! Had a long talk with a sergeant of the 63d at the gate—touched his feelings acutely, when I asked if he had a wife and family. "Ay, Sir, that's the worst of it,—that we may die here, and never see those dear to us again."

February 16th.—Made the acquaintance of several for the first time, and visited all those in a dangerous state. Had much encouragement from some. A few apparently under convictions—others, alas! seemingly dying, trusting

to their own good deeds, or rather, comparative innocence. A Methodist wished to speak to me—he wept much, but said he was enabled to say, “Thy will be done.” I read to him from “The Sheltering Vine,” parts iii. and iv., page 163:—

“Thy will be done.”

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home on life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,
“Thy will be done.”

A beautiful hymn. It seemed as if it had been expressly written for his case. I would here again thank Mr. McLeod for that book. It has cheered the hearts of many!

February 17th.—Wrote letter for W. M'N. to his wife. Spent the rest of the time among those seemingly dying, and those under convictions. To myself a profitable day, and I trust to others even more so. Two, formerly indifferent, melted under the word. God grant that these impressions may not soon pass away. It is necessary to be earnest with all, but especially with dying men. Visited the Sable Hospital for the first time, and found five Presbyterians. Went to the Palace Hospital, to inquire whether any Presbyterian officers were sick; none. Dr. Menzies said that the Scotchmen seem more healthy than the English and Irish. Two of my people gone this morning. Have hope of one; but, alas, none of the other!

February 18th.—Sabbath. Other two of my people gone; know nothing of the state of either. Very many dangerously ill. Must exert to see them often, and be faithful to their souls. Had a meeting for public worship at 4 P.M. Eight convalescents attended, and six or seven others, of whom some seemed deeply impressed. Hope to have a larger attendance next Sabbath. We had no psalms, and could not have singing; but our meeting, such as it was, is the first that has been held at Scutari in the Presbyterian form.

February 19th.—A very pleasant day. Several seem deeply humbled. Wrote four letters. Many still very ill, and some apparently dying. One, to whom I proclaimed the fullness of the Gospel offer, said, “It is too late now.” I replied, “No! it is not yet too late. ‘Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.’” He cried *Alas!* and said I had quoted his father's text. He added “Amen” to the prayer with much fervour. He seems very near his end.

February 20th.—Another pleasant day among my people. Feel much encouraged

to persevere in earnestly addressing the men. Two died—one in the morning, whom I had seen only twice, and the other in the afternoon—the Methodist spoken of, Feb. 16th. I doubt not he has gone to the “Happy Land.” A young man said, when I asked how he did, “I am just going; I shall not see to-morrow;” and so it was. Alas! he made no response to all I said to him.

February 21st.—Still saddened at so many being so ill. Yet what a change in the health of my people! Scarcely one but had to tell me that he is decidedly better. Exhorted all to give the praise to God, and to express their gratitude. Many were in tears. One to whom I had spoken only twice before, declares he shall rise, if God spare him, a new man. The first time I spoke to him, he appeared exceedingly indifferent. The next time I called he was asleep, and I did not awaken him. Two days ago I found him awake, and seemingly glad of my visit. When I told him I had found him asleep last time I came round, he said, twice over, “You should have awakened me; I like always to hear a few words now and then.” He was now very low, and seemed rather apprehensive of death. I offered to pray with him, but to my surprise he declined. To-day he received me gladly, told me he had received bad news, and put into my hands a letter informing him of the death of his father. He said, “When I saw you come in at the ward-door, I said to myself, then the Lord is sending me a friend to comfort me in my sorrow.” He wept much, and exclaimed, “Oh, what the Lord hath done for my soul!” The Scriptures are very precious to him now. He tried to repeat the 2d Paraphrase, which he said he remembered from his youth. He could scarcely repeat it for tears. Every word seemed to tell upon him. He said it was his prayer. To God be all the praise.

February 22d.—Wrote three letters, and thirty-two notices of the hour of public worship on Sunday, to be posted on the ward-doors. Visited the Palace Hospital, and found fifteen men who have a special claim on me; all seemed glad to see me, some extremely so; the whole getting better; the whole much in want of books; some want Bibles, and desire particularly to have the Scotch Psalms and Paraphrases. Left four notices of Sunday meeting, in case any of the surgeons or others able to do so might wish to attend.

As I passed along one of the wards, inquiring for those to whom it is my special mission to minister, my attention was arrested by the giant-like appearance

of one of the patients. He told me that he is the stoutest, and at the same time the youngest, of the heavy cavalry. He had caught cold in the trenches. To see such a large-bodied man laid prostrate by disease, and speaking in a whisper, shows, in very deed, that no man need glory in his might. I was surprised and gratified to find him speaking, and with every appearance of sincerity, in the language of a devout Christian.

February 23d.—One of my people died this morning. Several very bad cases are apparently getting better. Fear much that the feeling which many show is only temporary, and will, as soon as they get well, pass away like the morning cloud and the early-dew. Still, I cannot but hope that there are several cases where a decided change has been wrought. Put up notices of the hour of public worship.

February 24th.—Took two oranges to one to whom I had promised them yesterday, and, to my surprise, his spirit had just fled from its feeble prison-house, when I reached his bedside. Was no less surprised to find another gone, who, two days ago, had his name taken down for England. A great improvement in the health of the men generally. Visited, with Lady Alicia Blackwood, all the soldier's wives. Her ladyship has much credit for her efforts in behalf of this degraded and neglected class. Have promised to preach to them occasionally.

February 25th.—Sabbath. Prepared to preach in the afternoon—had about twenty hearers. Baptized one child—was called, after the service, to visit a man thought in a dying state. One of those pleasant cases, where the fire of divine love has been enkindled in the soul, and only requires to be blown a little to make it mount into a flame.

February 26th.—Visited S. F., Irish Presbyterian, whom I was called to see yesterday. Found him still alive, and able to converse freely. He said he felt the Lord was about to call him hence, and that a few days more would finish his race here, and that he felt more and more comfort at the thought of leaving this sinful world. Was much surprised to find W. R., alluded to on 21st, gone; I doubt not he sleeps in Jesus. Several of my people worse in health, but apparently more thoughtful. Two young men told me that they think there will be a great change in the army after these afflictions, and that many of those who recover will lead new lives.

February 27th.—Visited Palace Hospital; all my people improving in health there. Added six to my list, five of whom have just come from the Crimea.

All seemed most thankful for books and tracts.

February 28th.—Visited nearly the whole of my men in the General Hospital. Four apparently dying—two of them, I fear, impenitent. One man, who is getting better, and whom I formerly thought impressed, seems truly penitent, and says he wishes to prepare for the Communion. Gave him something to read on the Lord's Supper. Found out four Presbyterians whom I had not before seen. Visited also the Sable Hospital; all there doing well.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SCUTARI MISSION.

Collected at Evening Sermon in Camp-
side Parish Church, by Rev. T.
Munro, L 4 3 0
Mrs. John Faulds, 0 5 0

NOTICES OF THE STATE OF RELIGION AND MINISTERIAL LABOUR IN BUENOS AYRES. —No. V.

THE Government of Rosas kept the country quiet by the strong arm of power; but it did little or nothing for the moral elevation of those placed under it. The Church was not less remiss than the Government in caring for the young; and, between the two, ignorance and vice were allowed to extend at will. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, with those so trained, we should meet with a want of sincerity, a disregard of the principles of rectitude, and a tendency to be guided by the mere impulse of the moment. Had the natives of this country enjoyed the religious privileges of Scotland, we believe that, in many respects, they would be an estimable people; and, considering the way they have been brought up, and the natural depravity of the human heart, the wonder is they are no worse. They are ignorant of that Word that can alone savingly enlighten the understanding, and the Church which is charged with their moral wellbeing shuts the book that our Saviour has commanded all to search, gives them instead a species of Christianized paganism, and leaves them to all the demoralizing influences of a godless world. Every care is taken to prevent Protestants from teaching the Gospel to the natives, and if the same zeal had been displayed in morally elevating them that has been exhibited in keeping out the light, they would have been now in a very different condition, and the magnificent country they inhabit might have been a terrestrial paradise. Rosas was ever ready to support the priests in keeping out the light of knowledge, though, when it suited his

purpose to do so, he made them the mere tools of his will. Here, accordingly, Popery is seen fully developing its native tendencies. The host, a bit of wafer, is carried in procession, and worshipped as a god—large dolls, arrayed in gaudy attire, and bearing the name of the Virgin Mary or some saint, are presented for the adoration of the faithful; and thus the worship due only to God is given to the work of men's hands. That these images would be essentially different if they were pagan instead of Christian names, it would require the ingenuity of a Jesuit, or the logic of the schoolmen to shew. The salvation of souls, which cost the God-Man so much to obtain, is, in the Church of Rome, turned into a mere mercantile transaction. Carrying candles in procession, visiting churches, confessing and receiving absolution from a fellow mortal, and paying for masses to help the soul through purgatory—such things secure salvation. Money answereth for all things in the Romish Church, and he who has plenty of it has nothing to fear for time or eternity. The whole worship, moreover, is addressed to the senses—paintings, images and priestly decorations for the eye, and fine music for the ear, but almost nothing for the immortal part which constitutes the real man. In this way its members are treated as mere children; and, when by any means they become convinced that the forms through which they have been led to look for salvation are absurd, having no principle to guide them, and no opportunities of learning the truth, they become infidels.

Popery can be seen in its true colours only in a Roman Catholic country. When opposed to Protestantism, it is forced to be respectable and energetic; but, when left without an antagonistic principle, the inherent evils of the system fully manifest themselves, and its corrupting influences flourish with fatal luxuriance. They have flourished, and now flourish with fatal effect in the soil of Buenos Ayres, throwing their blighting shadow over this fair land, and rendering abortive every attempt to morally elevate its inhabitants. Let those who wonder at the strong hatred of our forefathers to Popery live in such a land as this, and they will soon cease to wonder.

The Government of Rosas, not less than the Church, reaped as it had sown. Appealing only to the fear of punishment, it was implicitly obeyed while unopposed; but, having no hold on the affections or gratitude of the community, it was allowed to fall before the first vigorous assault, which came from within.

The blockades did not affect it, as they were looked upon as directed against the whole country; but one battle was sufficient to overthrow it when Argentine met Argentine. Urquiza, by whom this was accomplished, was at one time the active supporter of Rosas; but jealousies arose between them that could only be satisfied by the fall of one or other. Rosas had full confidence in his own resources; but Urquiza having only at his disposal the troops of Entre Rios, of which province he is governor, applied successfully to the governor of Corrientes and the Brazilian Court for assistance. The imperial cabinet had long looked out for an opportunity of upsetting the power of Rosas, regarding it as inimical to their interests, and were not, therefore, slow in affording Urquiza the wished-for assistance in men, money, and ships. The first campaign raised the siege of Monte Video, and lost to Rosas an army that, for ten years, he had supported around the walls.

Monte Video being liberated, Urquiza lost no time in setting his troops in motion towards Buenos Ayres, in order, finally, to settle, by the arbitration of the sword, the fate of the Argentine republic. Whether Rosas was too confident in his own resources, whether he trusted too much to former success, or whether he discovered that those who had flattered him in the days of his prosperity were not to be depended upon, certain it is, that almost nothing was done to arrest the march of his enemy, and all was risked to the chance of a battle. After a short resistance, his forces broke and fled, and he himself found an asylum on board an English man-of-war. Such was the fall of the dictator of the State, whose will had for twenty years been supreme law, and who, had he been as enlightened as he was powerful, might have done much for the good of his native land. Having neglected to cultivate sincerity and morality as the only basis of national character, he did not meet with them in the hour of trial, and like many who have gone before him, he has taught a lesson to those who think that any power can be stable that is not based upon morality and supported by enlightened attachment.

The destinies of the Plate now fell, as the consequence of victory, into the hands of Urquiza, and it cannot be denied, that, during his short stay here, he made several very excellent enactments. Many improvements were begun; and the University and public schools were placed under more efficient management. The education to be given, too, was not only

extensive, but of the right kind. The Bible was ordered to be taught in the schools, and the minds of the children exercised on its contents. Plans for docks, and other public works, were ordered to be given in, and hopes were excited in the breasts of the foreign community, that the resources of the country were about to be developed. These, like many former anticipations, were disappointed. Some cases of interference led the natives to imagine that they had only exchanged one tyrant for another; and, accordingly, no sooner did Urquiza leave for Santa Fe, to install a congress that had been meanwhile elected, than a revolution broke out, (11th Sept. 1852.) Most of the troops left in Buenos Ayres, were brought over, and the rest retreated, pursued by the national guard. The first impulse of Urquiza was to return and put down the revolution; but, on second thoughts, he resolved to leave the province of Buenos Ayres to approve of, or put down the revolution, as it might think fit. Accordingly, a counter-revolution was got up in the country districts, troops were marched on the town, and for nine months, we were besieged by land, and a part of the time, were also blockaded by water. After some months, Urquiza put himself at the head of the besieging army, and everything seemed to indicate success. The town's party, however, managed to barricade the streets, and ultimately to throw up entrenchments, which, though nowise formidable to regular troops, were sufficiently so to the militia of the Pampas. Seeing no prospect of taking the town by assault, and the blockading fleet being bought over, the outside party lost heart, and at last broke up. The loss of life, and the destruction of property, were small considering the length of the siege, and the number of balls fired on both sides. We and several members of the congregation had occasion in the discharge of duty, to cross the lines more than once, but a gracious Providence kept us from harm. A few foreigners were killed, but the wonder is there were not many more, considering the extent and recklessness of the firing.

Urquiza having failed to take the town, returned to Entre Rios, and was appointed director of thirteen of the provinces, forming the Argentine confederation, and the province of Buenos Ayres, now left to itself, refused to have anything to do with the other provinces, while presided over by Urquiza. Representatives were accordingly elected, so many for the town and so many for the country districts, by whom a permanent

governor was elected and a constitution formed, granting, within certain limits, liberty of conscience, and changing the legislature into two chambers in imitation of the United States. The governor is one of the most upright men in the country, and very favourable to foreigners; but many fear he will be unable to rule the country upon constitutional principles. A good deal is being done in the way of educating and improving the town; and despite the priests, one of our members is professor of English in the University, and a member of the German Protestant Church is inspector of schools. How long this state of things may continue, or what is to be the next phase in the ever-shifting history of the Plate, is known only to Him to whom the present and the future are alike open. Meanwhile, we are feeling the effects of the siege, in the want of produce, the enhanced price of animal food, and a depreciated paper currency. Between the Indians and the outside party, some 500,000 cattle were destroyed; and we are thus taught the lesson that revolutions are expensive games to play at, and that moral and religious influences have an indissoluble connexion with temporal prosperity. "For the nation and the kingdom that will not serve These shall perish: yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

MISSIONS IN INDIA.

The following is an extract from an admirable speech, delivered in the Free Church Assembly, by Macleod Wylie, Esq., judge in Calcutta:—

Large portions of the country have never even been traversed, and have never seen copies of the Scriptures. They are as little evangelized as Turkey or Abyssinia. That is the case as to the native stations. What is the case as to our own territory? I will take the Presidency of Bengal, with which I am most familiar. It comprises a population of fifty millions of people. In that Presidency there are many large districts, as large as Yorkshire, and some containing a population as large as Scotland, with no missionary at all. There are other large districts, as large as Yorkshire, with as large a population, with one missionary alone. You may take a series of districts of this kind. Go from district to district; and while you are talking of your mission to Bengal, here are parts of Bengal,—the most thickly-peopled parts,—parts that have been

portions of your territory for a hundred years, and they have no missionary at all. I have long felt this. For some years I was Secretary of the Bible Society in Calcutta, and for a series of years, as the cold season set in, I tried to get copies of the Scriptures sent out to the zillahs of Bengal, and every year I failed. So far is it from true that Bengal is nearly evangelized, or even well supplied with the Scriptures, that a large part of Bengal is utterly untouched,—has never been traversed,—and a large proportion of that country which has been our territory so long, has never yet received a Bible at our hands. These are facts with reference to Bengal,—that territory which is so peaceful, in which the people universally are accessible, in which they are all ready and prepared to hear the gospel. Now, taking a series of districts in Bengal, I found, from calculations made not long ago, that there were a series of districts in the north and east of Bengal, probably the most populous and fertile of the whole country, with seventeen millions of people, and for these seventeen millions of people there were ten missionaries, and no more. And that is the state of things with reference to a large part of the country. Not only are many parts unsupplied altogether, but some parts which are supplied are supplied in such a proportion, that every missionary has a work before him utterly beyond his own strength and management, and is almost driven to sit down in despair. The time was when the chief hindrance to Christianity arose from the conduct of professing Christians. Undoubtedly many such hindrances continue still. But, Sir, the times are changed greatly from those days when Carey lived by suzerance in India, and when many of the missionaries were driven away,—when Judson, coming as the first missionary from America, was expelled the country,—when the conduct of the Government, and of many of the rulers of the people, was such as to bring discredit on the name of Christ, and cause the people to blaspheme. There has been and is a wonderful change since then. There has also been a great improvement, from which we may derive great encouragement, in many distant parts of the country. Take the southern provinces of India,—take the province of Tinnevely, and, after making all fair deductions from the statements made relative to the Missions there, it is unquestionable that there are many thousands of Christians,—a population perhaps of about eighty thousand Christians,—that there has been a real work of grace among

this people, more or less, from the time of Swartz, and that it still exists to a considerable extent. This is still more the case with reference to Pegu, one of the provinces of Burmah, which has been lately annexed to the British empire. The American Mission to the Karens has been blessed with such signal success, that I may say this Mission is the most hopeful and fruitful in modern times. They have amongst the Karens about twelve thousand baptized adult converts, and about one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty effective native teachers. I must say, without entering into the details of our own missionary labour in Calcutta, that there is the utmost encouragement from the success we have experienced there,—I say not by us alone, but from the success that has been obtained there from the combined efforts of all the missionary labourers there for so many years. With respect to Calcutta, I know not how to convey to the House anything like an idea of the strength of my conviction, from long personal observation there, that we have reached a point that requires not only an increase of the staff of missionary labourers, but a widely different system of missionary labour. It is impossible to suppose that the system that has been pursued in Calcutta for so many years, not by us alone, but by the Government also educating and training up a large body of well-instructed young men who have ceased to be Hindus,—it is impossible that could have continued up to this time without raising up a very peculiar and very extraordinary class in society that is altogether an anomaly in a heathen country. It must be so. It undoubtedly is so; and many facts confirm the impression. It is not long ago that a person of the highest family in Calcutta,—a young man, the only son of one of the wealthiest natives in Calcutta,—surrendered a fortune of no less than £10,000 a-year, became a Christian, and was baptized.

“We are none of us grateful enough for the discipline of circumstances, for the immediate punishment in the shape of disappointment or difficulty which waits upon our weakness and error.”

“The highest object of training is to prepare people to do without it.”—*Miss Bremer.*

“Some hearts are like certain fruits, the better for having been wounded.”—*Southey.*

Notices of Books.

Christ as made known to the Ancient Church: an Exposition of the Revelation of Divine Grace, as unfolded in the Old Testament Scriptures. By the late ROBERT GORDON, D.D., F.R.S.E., Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter. 1854. Vols. III. and IV.

The two admirable volumes before us, which it was our intention to have noticed ere this, amply justify the expectations raised by the perusal of the volumes which preceded them, and realize the judgment, that the christology of the Old Testament is a theme, with which, in its *practical* aspect, the late Dr. Gordon was pre-eminently qualified to grapple. But although we use the term "*practical*," we by no means wish to convey the impression, that the critical student of the Old Testament will discover nothing in these volumes to gratify his intellectual curiosity, or to reward his research. On the contrary, there are not seldom presented choice specimens of exegesis, for which, inasmuch as we believe that the divine enlightening Spirit discloses "mysteries" to the humble-minded student, which it pleases Him to conceal from the intellectual or exegetical student, we might search in vain in the elaborate pages of Kitto, or Hengstenberg.

It is, however, when the work is looked at in its practical tendency, that its peculiar excellence becomes most apparent. In this orbit, Dr. Gordon was conspicuously formed to move; and as we read those his remains, we are vividly reminded of that preacher who, by the placid majesty of his demeanour, the heavenly tone of his words, and the rich deep practicability of his reasonings, so often used to charm us. We do not know whether Dr. Gordon would ever have attained the acmé of celebrity had he limited his ambition to strict Scriptural exegesis; but in this respect, he was signally fortunate, that, in his pulpit ministrations, as they are reflected from the work before us, he devoted his energies to that department to which his heart, if not also his entire mental development attached him.

Nothing could have contributed in a greater degree to strengthen his influence upon the general mind than the course thus pursued. Rigid exegetical compositions, doctrinal discussions, or intellectual disquisitions have charms

only for the few. They occupy a range too elevated for the general mind. It is very justly observed by a writer in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, that we "are now continually reaching after results. The whole cast of our thinking is practical; and, as a natural consequence, the popular mind is becoming more and more averse to abstract speculation of every sort." The peculiar excellence of these volumes may therefore be recognized in their eminently practical character. They present, in that form with which the general mind can most readily associate itself, the thoroughly digested results of long matured and accurate investigation and study, without introducing the apparatus by which these results have been gained. For these reasons we feel ourselves authorized to press the work earnestly and confidently upon the attention of the public, assuring them that while they may meet with little of that which renders attractive the profound pages of Neander, the elaborate treatises of Hengstenberg, the pictorial chapters of Kitto, the dramatic sketchings of D'Aubigne, or the pure mysticisms of Maurice and his school, they will discover the ripe reflections of a pious, acute, learned, and practical mind upon the manifestations of God, in providence and grace, towards the Church of the Old Testament.

The design stated in the preface to the work, — viz., to trace the progress of supernatural revelation, through the historical and prophetic eras of the Church, and to exhibit the process by which provision was made for sinners, of every era, upon a "plan of free grace, and through faith in a Mediator to come," has been successfully completed. The 3d and 4th volumes, taking up the subject where the former volumes had left it, prosecute the inquiry from the close of the historical to the close of the prophetic periods. As might have been anticipated, the tone of the work seems to rise in its Christian dignity, and the spiritual flame of earnestness and love to glow with greater brilliancy, as prophecy speaks with less disguise regarding the Great Antitype.

The style of the work is fascinating, alike from the rich vein of practical truth, and faithful application which permeate it, and the clearness, simplicity, gracefulness, at times grandeur, and scripturality by which it is characterized.

Sermon.

"THE GRIEVOUSNESS OF WAR."*

By the REV. PETER MACMORLAND, Minister of St. Luke's Church, Edinburgh.

"The burden upon Arabia. In the forest in Arabia shall ye lodge, O ye travelling companies of Dedaim. The inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty, they prevented with their bread him that fled. For they fled from the swords, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war. For thus hath the Lord said unto me, Within a year, according to the years of an hireling, and all the glory of Kedar shall fail: and the residue of the number of archers, the mighty men of the children of Kedar, shall be diminished: for the Lord God of Israel hath spoken it."—ISAIAH xxi. 13-17.

SOME of these shorter burdens are to us obscure, because of their very brevity, and because of our ignorance of the whole circumstances in connexion with which they were uttered. They would be understood at the time, and it is not at all improbable that there are witnesses lying hid in the bosom of the earth, which, when brought to light, may add confirmation, and shed a flood of illumination upon different parts of Old Testament history! We look forward, without the least misgiving, to all kinds of discoveries in every direction, being confident that those that are yet to be, will only add to the confirmation and elucidation of the Scriptures, as those that have been have done; and we regard it as no slight evidence of the truth of the Scriptures, that, touching as they do on all sides the histories of the most prominent and important nations of the world, nothing has ever been brought to light in connexion with the history, antiquities, or customs of any of them, which could be shewn to be *contradictory*, but which has rather been *confirmatory*.

What we have now before us is the "*burden upon Arabia*." This is that great peninsula, comprising the south-western extremity of Asia, and situated in a south-easterly direction from Palestine. It was divided into three great parts; probably the northern division is that referred to, as that with which the Jews were more immediately brought into contact. It is

a region of much interest to those who look back upon God's dealings in the past, and associate them with the scenes where they took place. There Job lived, there Moses lived for a time, there Elijah found shelter, marvellous exhibitions of divine power and mercy took place there of old; and, in later times, Paul "went to Arabia." The people of that country were closely allied to the Jews in blood and customs, being descended from the same renowned forefather; and no doubt that country, like the other neighbouring countries, often afforded the Jews a shelter when the destroying scourge of invasion or persecution swept across their land! It was because of their being involved in the history of God's ancient people, that they, along with the Moabites and Egyptians, and other countries around, were made the subject of the "burden" of Israel's prophets; partly that they might be put upon their guard against the woes that were coming upon them, and partly that Israel might be warned from them!

This "burden" was to be fulfilled "within a year" from the time when it was delivered; so that the verification of the prophet's word was not long to wait for. Sometimes long periods were to elapse before the prediction uttered should be fulfilled, but there were other instances (as in that before us) where the period was short, and in such a case the evident fulfilment of it would serve to establish the prophet's character as a seer, so as to give greater weight to his

* Preached in St. Luke's Church, Edinburgh, on the day appointed for national humiliation on account of the war, March 1855.

word in other matters. With all the more confidence would the prediction that had a longer time to run be rested in, when it was seen, in some instances, that within a briefer period it was made to "come to pass!" This had all the effect of rousing the attention of men to the Word of God, and leading them to give more "earnest heed" to whatever else the same lips might deliver!

But the expressions of Scripture are fraught with lessons beyond their mere original application, and even from those portions that seem least promising or productive, they are to be richly gathered, as will become apparent from the passage before us. If we select out of it this expression, "The grievousness of war," and look at the remainder of the passage in the light of it, it will not be unsuitable to the circumstances in which we have met,—to the circumstances through which we have passed as a nation, and in which we are placed now; or to the objects of the day that has been thus set apart for confession of sin, and humiliation under the hand of God. The judgment that has been let loose upon the world, is that of war. The burden under which we are groaning, is that of war. It is this that is tasking all our energies to the very uttermost as a people; and it is success in this that we are called upon to pray for to Almighty God, with a view to the bringing about of the unspeakable blessing of *peace*. In these circumstances it is not out of place to let our minds dwell for a little upon what is suggested by the "grievousness of war," if it were only to let us see it in its true light, and to quicken our prayers more for that peace which is so great a blessing, and which, when it comes, I hope we shall prize more than ever; so that that nation shall be execrated by the whole world, which will take the first step in the direction of breaking it again, and stopping that career of social improvement which can only be prosecuted under the reign of peace!

I. In the first place, "The grievousness of war," is to be seen in the *state of insecurity* that ever accompanies it. Verse 13th brings this to view: "In the forest

in Arabia shall ye lodge, O ye travelling companies of Dedanim." The idea is, that the caravans of a certain tribe, which once used to pass through in safety, laden with all manner of precious merchandise, will now, that the country is exposed to the ravages of war, be obliged to "lodge" in concealed and inaccessible places. It thus brings out the idea of *insecurity*. It speaks of a lawless state of things; of caravans and travellers hiding themselves for safety; otherwise, they would be sure to be spoiled by the fierce and eager bands of plunderers let loose.

In our own case, indeed, arising from our peculiar circumstances and position, although we are actually engaged in a great and engrossing war, there is no present experience of this. We dwell in the midst of the most perfect security; and there is no risk of property being plundered or destroyed. Our "travelling companies," that bear our merchandise, whether by land or sea, go forward in the most perfect safety; and surely we should be stirred up to thankfulness on this account. But it is very different in the actual scene of hostilities. Every trade becomes paralyzed; the sources of a nation's wealth and comfort are dried up; property becomes insecure. *The past tells us abundantly of this!* It tells us, that where the tide of war has rolled along, a strong and iron hand, which could neither be questioned nor resisted in its act, has reduced inoffending citizens of wealth and substance to penury and want! It might be realized in our own case by some sudden and successful invasion of our unprotected shores; and then we would know by *experience*, what we know now, happily, only by *report*,—of that *insecurity*, and rapine, and destruction of property, which accompany an unsettled state of things, and constitute no slight part of the "grievousness of war!"

II. A second circumstance illustrating the same thing, is presented to us in *verse 14th*; where *the case of utter extremity and want*, as to even the ordinary means of sustenance, is referred to as an accompaniment of this "grievous" condition: "The inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty,"

they prevented with their bread him that fled."

There is nothing more dreadful than to think of our fellow-creatures, in any circumstances, being reduced to such extremities. The very thought of it harrows up the feelings. If but one case of that kind occur in a neighbourhood, there is the deepest sensation excited. It is so dreadful a thing to think, that where there is plenty in the land, and where there are hands that would readily hold out help, any one should perish through want of food! Yet such are the evils that follow in the train of war, and accompany it in its cruel and oppressive progress! The inhabitants of a country are driven to the utmost extremities of suffering; they perish of famine, in wildernesses and in forests, whither they have betaken themselves for safety; and the sufferings that ordinarily beset humanity are thus fearfully aggravated. Lest any one should think that it is only on the part of the *conquered* that such sufferings are endured, let him be reminded of the state of things even with regard to our own army in the war in which we are now engaged—not to say anything of the Turks—thousands of whom seem to have perished from actual want! By whatever mismanagement, our own troops have felt this "grievousness of war," and we have felt it in them. There have been, alas! all extremities felt, of privation and of suffering; whereby the vital energies of the human frame have been wasted, and a rich harvest has been reaped by death, otherwise than in battle, and that both on our part and on the part of our enemies. The thousands on thousands who have perished miserably under the rigour of the climate, (and, if report be true, this was even to a greater extent among our foes than ourselves); those who have been condemned to scanty and insufficient, or unprepared food; those who have contracted diseases in consequence of such privation, beneath which they have ultimately sunk; the want of forage even for inferior animals;—all these are comprehended under the head of *extremity*, and all these, we know, have been the accompaniments of this war, conducted

in many respects under better advantages than any other! Yet all this is only a part; what has been suffered by the population of the country, and by our adversaries, has not transpired. But there is enough in all this, and under this one aspect of it, to speak to us of the "grievousness of war," and to shew us what a dreadful scourge it is from God! How, in so many ways, it preys on human life, and gloats on human suffering! But this is the character of a *fiend*, of an enemy to the welfare of our race. It is the malignity that triumphs in misery, which we find thus embodied in the actual inflictions of war!

It is a redeeming circumstance of which we are informed in the text, that "the inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty;" and, in the midst of all the sufferings and outward extremities of this war, (which would almost seem to say that for some reason there was a frown upon us,) there have been many redeeming circumstances of a similar kind, which have taken off the severer aspect of things. Our gallant and better organized allies have been these men of "Tema" over again, who brought help in the time of need. May the giving and the receiving of it cement the good understanding between the two nations—which the man is a traitor to the welfare of the world who would break, and would not wish to draw closer the bonds of a friendship so auspiciously begun; so that, in the long run, they may not only *give to us*, but *get from us*; and, if we have the TRUTH to give them, let us rise to the height of the great duty that so lies upon us! The efforts, again, that have been made in every direction, both by Government and by private individuals, to supply both food and clothing, whenever the real circumstances became known, is a redeeming thing; and so have been the efforts that have been made to lighten the burdens of disease. If you were to walk through the length of those hospitals, either for the wounded or the sick, you would learn something of the "grievousness of war," from the extremities of outward sufferings to which many a brave man was reduced in its service.

But, when you might look again at the care and wisdom of the arrangements, and the devotion of the physicians, and the zeal and faithfulness of the attendant nurses, led on by that high-born and high-hearted English lady, whose undertaking was one of the happiest thoughts, and whose presence is one of the greatest blessings connected with the whole expedition, you will see in such things that same relieving element which is brought into view here, when the "inhabitants of the land of Tema brought water to him that was thirsty," &c. &c. It is a blessed thing to help those who are in extremity, even though they may be enemies; it is a blessed thing to bring relief to those that are in need, especially to those who are of our own name and people; and if the "grievousness of war" is seen in the infliction to such an extent of these dreadful evils of outward privation, suffering, and extremity, it is according to the very spirit of our blessed religion to interpose for relief. Instead of neglect, it brings ready help; instead of breathing cruelty, it deeply pities; instead of inflicting suffering, it would wait beside the sick man's couch and bind up all his wounds; instead of taking the sword, like Peter, in his excess of misguided zeal, to cut off the ear of the high priest's servant, it rather, like the merciful Jesus, says, "suffer it to be so now," and touches the member to make it whole!

III. In the third place, "the grievousness of war" is to be seen in the *bloodshed and loss of life by violence and suffering* caused thereby; thus we read, verse 15th, "They fled from the swords, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow." It is under this aspect that war is presented to us,—at once in its highest excitement, and in its most dreadful horrors. We see human beings trained and disciplined for the conflict, arrayed against one another with lethal weapons in their hands, having all the worst passions of our evil nature roused and bent upon the slaughter; we see them coming into actual collision, sword crossing sword, and blood flowing till the ground is soaked and slippery, while the wild tide flows on, leaving the dying and the dead behind; and then we

see again the weaker giving way, turning their backs to flee, casting away their weapons that they may the more readily escape "from the swords, from the drawn sword, and from the bent bow, and from the grievousness of war." You can understand what it must have been when such weapons were held in ruthless hands, when every adversary encountered in the field was looked upon as a personal enemy, and hated so well that to be cruel was a duty, and to spare was a crime; when no quarter was given to those who fell; and when that act, of butchering the wounded upon the field where they had fallen, which has excited the indignation of the whole civilized world, was only the common result and the ordinary accompaniment of the triumph of the powerful;—when the tale of heads was delivered, or the tale of scalps, amid the savage triumph of barbarian war.

Nor, though civilization has introduced many changes, so that the dreadful business has been reduced to a science and made a regular profession, with its own laws and its own moralities, is there any change with regard to its destructiveness, and violence, and loss of life; except, perhaps, to a great extent *increasing*, in this respect, its "grievousness." The "drawn sword" and the "bent bow" were but as the weapons of a child in comparison with our more formidable engines of destruction. What are they compared with our tremendous artillery, that can batter down the strongest walls? or the bursting bomb, bearing a death on every fragment? or the Minié, "king of weapons," deadly almost at a mile? It is only to be expected that war should be bloodier now than it ever was,—and so I believe it is; at all events, it has lost nothing in this respect. The victors still go back upon the ground they have won, where they have fought and conquered; and what is it to do? To bury the thousands of the mutilated dead, to single out friends who had fallen, that the last honours may be rudely paid; to supply water to those who had that thirst upon them which their loss of blood occasioned; to have limbs amputated, and

wounds bound, and suffering, if possible, relieved; when we think on the suffering that is realized in each individual case, and then on the thousands on thousands that fall in every great battle, (counting friends and enemies), the extent of it sickens and fills with horror, while it reveals the "grievousness of war." If there is nothing else in which human beings take so deep an interest, so that almost everything else is suspended while the fight goes on; and if there be nothing else that so develops the resources and energies of the human mind, in the plans and inventions that are connected with it, so as to carry out its objects with success; surely, it is also true, that in its very aspect it is a judgment of the sternest kind let loose upon the earth, that the very prevalence of it is a standing evidence of a fallen world, (since in no right state of things could such ever be,) originating as it does in the "lusts" of our evil heart; and thus, in its very aspect of cruelty, in its origin being from the lusts of the heart, in the loss of life which it occasions by the stern use of those instruments of death which it employs, in the fearful sufferings which it inflicts on the mutilated frame, in the wild passions which it cherishes, in the diseases that accompany it or follow in its train, as well as in the myriads of hearts that it crushes on all hands, and the burdens of all kinds that it brings upon the poor and the oppressed,—in all these we have a picture that should not be speedily forgotten of the "grievousness of war." There are many, many families in this land that, within the last year, (though we have only happily heard from a distance the alarm of war,) have had that picture hung up before their eyes; and in it, as the prominent figure, some noble youth stricken to the heart amid the raging battle; or some pale youth sinking under the influence of deadly disease; or buried in a far country, with a small heap of stones raised, to mark the spot, by some comrade's hand!

There is the "glory of war" by which so many are captivated; and there is the "grievousness of war," by which so

many are oppressed, and which brings out to us the dread reality. What can, in every respect, be more "grievous?" hindering, as it does, so much good; inflicting so much positive evil; bringing along with it so long a train of woes, as it sweeps over a land!

It suggests the question, "*Whether it be lawful?*"—and, certainly, in one view it is not. It is not lawful, and it is not guiltless, on the part of him who brings it on, out of the lust of ambition or of conquest. Such a one must be held to do that which is unlawful, and must be held responsible for all the bloodshed and injuries that result. But, in another view, *self-preservation* is lawful. It is lawful to stand for our lives against oppression, and to defend ourselves by every means we can. If bloodshed result, that lies at the door of the aggressor. It is quite lawful to prevent the liberties, and civilization, and religious welfare and hopes of the world, from being engulfed in a flood of barbarian aggression! I would rather see a people fighting for their liberties, and falling for them, though wrapt in the "red burial" of battle, than see a people a nation of serfs, trodden down by despotism, with not a thought or an action free, even though they were well-fed, and lived all their days in peace! Such storms are, it seems, necessary to assert the best interests of man, and to promote the welfare of the world as long as it remains what it is.

While, however, we say this, we would ever cherish the deepest sense of the "grievousness" of such a state of things; and this ought to stir us up to seek that this war may speedily terminate. We pray for success with a view to peace. We enter into these horrors, knowing them to be what they are in all their extent, but believing them to be "necessary" with a view to the bringing about of a better state of things; and all the more that we feel the "grievousness," would we pray that that state of things may be speedily hastened on, when the Prince of Peace shall reign,—when His kingdom shall be established everywhere,—and when "all nations shall flow into it." Oh! how different shall that time be from

this, when men are "fleeing from the drawn swords and bent bows" of their brethren, and blood is shed like water on the earth! We wonder incredulously whether there shall be such a time. Yet we have in our hands the very instrument by which it is to be accomplished; for if this blessed "Gospel of the grace of God" were but truly and everywhere believed, that time would be already come!

IV. I have still, however, to notice another thing in this passage illustrating the expression of my text, viz., the *wasting and diminishing of the strength, glory, and resources of a country*, which come upon it through severe and protracted war: "Within a year, according to the years of an hireling, and all the glory of Kedar shall fail; and the residue of the number of archers, the mighty men of the children of Kedar, shall be diminished: for the Lord God of Israel hath spoken it." This is invariably the case. We have felt it *al-ready*. The "residue of the number of our archers and our mighty men" have been "*diminished*." How strange to think of almost the whole of that splendid cavalry as swept away, and of nearly the whole army that fought at Alma having vanished from the earth! "Our mighty men have been diminished," both officers and soldiers, and the drain is already *felt*, for it is what we cannot very easily supply. Even with regard to the resources of *wealth*, although an old and rich country like ours can stand that drain a while, it will be felt, too. If commerce, on which we depend so much, be paralyzed for a time, "our glory shall fail." But even without this, we shall feel for many a day the weight of taxation which war brings; and that will be most felt where it can least be borne, among the classes of the labouring and the poor! If it be so with us, how much more must it be the case with our gigantic adversary, who has neither the wealth nor the resources of this country, and whose "archers and mighty men" even have been reduced by tens of thousands, through war, and the elements, and disease. I do not insist more largely

upon this. But if war be such a drain, as it undoubtedly is, upon the strength, and wealth, and population of a nation, which constitute its "glory;" and if we have seen this realized in this war, even as far as it has gone, we may well see in it another representation of the "grievousness of war," and another evidence of its real character, amid all the "glory" and dazzling pomp with which it is ordinarily invested, until we come near and behold it as it in reality is.

There are two suggestions with which I conclude:—

1. One cannot but think of the difference with which its own matters, and those belonging to religion, are treated by the world. It so happened, as we all know, that by a mismanagement—which is the subject at this moment of Parliamentary inquiry—matters were so ill ordered, as that there resulted, both in our camp and in our hospitals, the greatest suffering and loss of life among those whom we were bound to do everything that we could for, and whom we could but ill spare. We were greatly indebted to the public press for bringing these things to light, especially to the *Times* newspaper. That paper is a kind of embodiment of the world, of the talent and wisdom of the world. And what did it say while it blamed? It said, "These things must be altered; they must be set right. We shall never be able to accomplish our objects otherwise. We have blundered; let us rectify our mistakes!" But it never said, "Let us give up the expedition on that account, or let us loose heart! Rather, with right means, and right appliances, and with the help of our noble army, we shall succeed." It was good counsel, and matters are in the way of being brought round. But not a man has been withdrawn from the Crimea who was fit for duty, and not a gun has been removed from a battery before Sebastopol! But I am going to tell you of a somewhat different story, where the advice given by that same organ of the press, was, in similar circumstances, quite *different*. There was arranged, a year or two ago, an expedition to Terra del Fuego, of men bent on making known the

Gospel in a part of the world where no missionary's foot had ever trod. It was as heroic an enterprise as the attempt on the Crimea, to say the least. They landed, but they made mistakes too; they had their guns, but forgot their ammunition; they met with hostilities on the part of the natives; their stores failed; by some failure in their arrangements, too, new stores were not supplied, and every man of them died upon the spot, in the spirit of that Christianity which made them more than heroes! The *Times* commented on the undertaking, pointed out the causes of the failure—the want of ordinary common sense that Christian men exhibit in carrying on their enterprises; and ended by saying, "Let us hear no more of Patagonian missions!" In what a different spirit! It was not now, "redress your mistakes," "lay your plans better the next time," "gather experience from the sufferings of those who have already fallen." But, "leave it off, and give it up!" But, no! That different advice was only given, because the importance of the object was not realized. The Christian Church, however, knows that importance, and will never leave it off. It would cover her with dishonour, as much as our withdrawal from the Crimea would us and France, without planting our flag on the very highest tower of Sebastopol! And so, by the blessing of God, we have heard again of Patagonian missions! Those have appeared who have offered themselves in the room of the dead, and the vessel is either about to sail, or is now upon her way. One cannot but be struck with the difference of the advice, with regard to different objects, when the circumstances are so similar. And one cannot fail to see that it is, in the one case, the world realizing well and firmly its own object; but, in the other, indifferent to those higher concerns that have been entrusted to the Church of God! Yet must we learn something in the prosecution of our objects from that admirable wisdom, and spirit, and tenacity, of the world!

2. The second suggestion is this: That as "within a year, according to the years of an hireling, all the glory of Kedar

should fail," according to the word of the prophet here set down; so, within a period, limited at the very longest, and defined in the view of God, all the glory of the world shall fail, all its strength will be broken, all its "mighty men" will be diminished, all that men are living for and fighting for, will be sought in vain. The "failing glory of Kedar" very well speaks to us of such a time, leading us to sit loose to present things, carrying forward our thoughts to what is enduring and eternal, and urging us to "seek these!" "The Lord God of Israel hath spoken it." It might well help to correct the mistakes into which we are constantly falling, about the splendours, and glories, and inheritances of earth, if we only pondered the deep truth involved in these wonderfully weighty lines, inscribed upon an old tombstone in Melrose churchyard, which were so often on the lips of Walter Scott:—

"Earth walketh on the Earth,
Glistening in gold;
Earth goeth to the Earth,
Sooner than it wold!
Earth buildeth on the Earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth sayeth to the Earth,
All shall be ours!"

And so it will, for the "Lord God of Israel hath spoken it." But He has told us also of a "Father's house," where there are "many mansions," into which His people shall be gathered; and of a heavenly rest which will never again be disturbed or desolated by the "grievousness of war!"

"The ambassadors of Peace
Go weeping, that men will not cease
To strive with Heaven. They weep and mourn
That suffering men will not be blest,
That weary men refuse to rest,
And wanderers to return."

R. C. TRENCH.

"The pilgrim they laid in a large
upper chamber, whose windows opened
towards the sun-rising;—the name of the
chamber was *Peace*, where he slept till
break of day, and then he awoke and
sang."—*Pilgrim's Progress*.

"Only by looking up can we see
heaven."—*L. E. L.*

SACRED POETS.

I.—GEORGE HERBERT.

(Continued from page 92.)

THE excellence of Herbert as a poet, as a man, and as a Christian minister, is so conspicuous, that one becoming acquainted with his works for the first time wonders how he has heard so little of them before. But it is to be considered that his poems are intensely religious. This one fact at once deprives him of a great number of readers who may have poetical taste, but scarcely any religious feeling. Moreover, it requires a well-educated person to comprehend the greater part of his poems. This, again, will deprive him of the attention which the pious but poorly-educated might otherwise bestow on one so worthy of their attention. And yet it is one of the fairest sights on earth to see the hale and vigorous peasant, or the grey-headed sire pondering over the difficulties of a sacred poet, or of a great and good divine, in the sunbeam that falls aslant through his little cottage window. Efforts like these are blessed to the eager student of every rank. Nor, with the power which the Bible and Scotland's fervid preachers of the Gospel exercise on the growing intellect of every true worshipper of God, can even our peasantry fail to have a high intellectual, moral, and spiritual culture blended with their natural disposition, wherever they eagerly desire such culture for themselves.

Some minds, again, and those to a certain extent improved by education, regard all poetry as an unknown tongue—a dead form of expression, or a fanciful and undesirable representation of what would be better signified, as far as its signification is needful, in plain prose. Now, there is so much genuine poetry in the Bible, and inseparably connected with religious feelings and hopes, that it seems to us a mystery how any one can be long acquainted with religious truth and obedient to it without having this defect in their nature supplied.

But even among intelligent Christians, who have good taste as well as high

character, Herbert has been less known than he ought to have been.

Although he died in comparatively early life, and cannot therefore be regarded as a type of what the Christian ought to be, after he is well tried and purified by the asperities and sorrows that mature the experience of the children of God, and fit them for the high state of mental repose and the perfect submission to the divine will, which constitute so noble and so remarkable features in some aged Christians,—yet he was one of those who grow soon old and experienced in the realm of thought and emotion; and there are many passages in his works that may instruct and benefit the oldest and wisest. In the sixth verse of the following poem he speaks as if he were an old man; but it can only be in the sense to which we have referred that he could use the terms he does:—

THE FLOWER.

"How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart
Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing bell.
We say amiss,
This or that is:
Thy Word is all, if we could spell.

Oh! that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither:
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring-shower,
My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own.

Thy anger comes, and I decline ;
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When thou dost turn,

And the least frown of thine is shown?

And now in age I bud again,
 After so many deaths I live and write ;
 I once more smell the dew and rain,
 And relish versing : oh ! my only light,

It cannot be

That I am he,

On whom thy tempests fell at night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.

Who would be more,

Swelling through store,

Forfeit their Paradise by their pride."

His knowledge of human nature and of the extraordinary subtlety and versatility of evil, so long as open war is not declared against it,—so long, that is, as toleration is exercised towards besetting sins,—is wonderful for one whose religious life ended at a time when many only begin theirs. A genuine spirit of self-examination, and a sincerity so pure that it looks very quaint and curious to eyes that have been accustomed to the ordinary sincerities of the nineteenth century, give us the key at once to his knowledge and to his character. Bad men, and men ignorant of themselves, will think Herbert a worse man than he really was; the good and wise will esteem him as they ought: "Wisdom is justified of her children." And we may clearly infer that wisdom's children are least prone to misunderstand one another, or to "put darkness for light and light for darkness."

In illustration of some of the remarks now made, we quote the following poems:—

SIN.

"Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!

Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,

Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes.
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears;
 Without, our shame; within, our consciences;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away."

THE SINNER.

"Lord, how I am all agone, when I seek
 What I have treasured in my memory!
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
 I find three quarries of piled vanities,
 But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since cross to thy decrees:
 There the circumference earth is, heaven the
 centre.

In so much dregs the quintessence is small:
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundredth part.
 Yet, Lord, restore thine image, hear my call:
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee
 can groan,
 Remember that thou once didst write in
 stone."

SIN'S ROUND.

"Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
 Until their Cockatrice they hatch and bring:
 And when they once have perfected their
 draughts,
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
 They vent the wares, and pass them with their
 faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions:
 My hands do join to finish the inventions:
 My hands do join to finish the inventions:
 And so my sins ascend three storeys high,
 As Babel grew, before there were disensions.
 Yet ill deeds loiter not: for they supply
 New thoughts of fainning; wherefore, to my shame
 Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am."

SIGHS AND GROANS.

"O do not use me
 After my sins! look not on my desert,
 But on thy glory! then thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me: for thou only art
 The mighty God, but I a silly worm:
 O do not bruise me!

O do not urge me!
 For what account can thy ill steward make?
 I have abused thy stock, destroy'd thy woods
 Suck'd all thy magazines: my head did ache,
 Till it found out how to consume thy goods:
 O do not scourge me!

O do not blind me!
 I have deserved that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers; because my lust
 Hath still sew'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light:
 But I am frailty, and already dust:
 O do not grind me!
 O do not fill me
 With the turn'd vial of thy bitter wrath!"

The first expression that we have put in italics exhibits most comprehensively and briefly, and by such an illustration as proves the genius of the poet, the amazing and almost inexplicable eagerness to sin—the prurient curiosity—the diabolical restlessness—the insane hurry to snatch at misery, before good thoughts, or good angels, or God himself, shall interfere, which are all characteristic of human nature. The second expression in italics, we have noted as Shaksperian. And there is not a little in Herbert that forcibly reminds us of the great dramatist. For the sacred poet often attains to such full possession both of the thought and feeling which are proper to the occasion, as makes his every word descend with trenchant force into the very place and with the very rhythm that are most desirable and fit.

In one respect Herbert is a most valuable companion. He has a full-eyed perception, in all their length and breadth, of some doctrines which narrow minds fail, after the greatest efforts, to attain. To take an example. How often is the idea of *human merit* so preached against that a spectral merit is almost made to rise out of the very denunciation itself—that is, a sense of merit in disclaiming all merit,—a kind of self-gratulating joy in calling one's self "dust and ashes,"—a hasty but not a humble or permanent prostration of the soul, which prostration is contemplated as something well done. Mark how Herbert deals with this.

THE HOLD-FAST.

"I threaten'd to observe the strict decree
Of my dear God with all my power and might:
But I was told by one, it could not be;
Yet I might trust in God to be my light.

'Then will I trust,' said I, 'in Him alone.'
Nay, even to trust in Him, was also his:
'We must confess, that nothing is our own.'
'Then I confess that He my succour is:'

'But to have nought is ours, not to confess
'That we have nought.' I stood amazed at this,
Much troubled, till I heard a friend express,
That all things were more ours by being His.

What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
Christ keepeth now, who cannot fall or fall."

Very beautifully, too, does he illustrate the doctrine of the assurance of faith, or assurance of reconciliation, (as we may

here be allowed to call it,) and there could be no better medicine for a Christian mind, that has become sickly and desponding, or injuriously self-inspecting, than his poem on

ASSURANCE.

"O spiteful bitter thought!
Bitterly spiteful thought! Couldst thou invent
So high a torture? Is such poison bought?
Doubtless, but in the way of punishment,
When wit contrives to meet with thee,
No such rank poison can there be.

Thou saidst but even now,
That all was not so fair, as I conceived,
Betwixt my God and me; that I allow
And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceived:
Either the league was broke, or near it;
And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poison, if it had a tongue, express?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils? I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. 'O most gracious Lord,
'If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
'Were from myself, I had not half a word,
'Not half a letter to oppose
'What is objected by my foes.

'But thou art my desert:
'And in this League, which now my foes invade,
'Thou art not only to perform thy part,
'But also mine; as when the league was made,
'Thou didst at once thyself indite,
'And hold my hand, while I did write.

'Wherefore if thou canst fail,
'Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
'And rivers stir, thou canst not shrink or quail:
'Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
'Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
'And make their ruin praise thy power.'

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.

What for itself love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man."

There is sometimes what, in these days, we might call a violation of good taste in the close of a few of Herbert's pieces; or at the conclusion of some admirably stated or illustrated truth or argument. We think the illustration in the lines third and fourth from the end of the last poem, to be of this description. There is a free-spirited and buoyant state of mind, in which a happy issue of one's thoughts or speech may leave one; and in this

condition it is that the unpruned, unguarded, or untasteful expression is most apt to escape. Valuing and loving Herbert and his fame as we do, it is not out of a wish to find fault, that we mention this. Perhaps the illustration we have singled out may be defended, as being consistent with the one beside it, and with the bringing of a foolish thought into ridicule. But other passages, which we rather save ourselves the censorial task of quoting, exhibit greater neglect of what we now-a-days account the principles of good taste. Neither Milton nor Shakspeare, however, are always obedient to such rules. Still, it is right to regard sacred subjects as urgently requiring the highest intellect and the highest taste that can be brought to bear upon their illustration. Are any other subjects more worthy of the best that man can give to them—are any less bound to dispense with reverential and tasteful treatment? Needless additions, over-laboured illustrations, cumbering weaknesses, are often appended by an eloquent and successful extemporaneous speaker; but in a poet we expect the fault to undergo the supervision of the “quiet eye” and elegant mind. At the same time, over-pruning is as possible a thing as bare and stunted architecture is; at least amid the frosts and mists of our northern clime. And there is something in a natural style, where you cannot see, as you so often do, in some of our foremost orators and historians, the strong mark of the pruning-knife or chisel. There is a stiffness of propriety that ceases to be graceful, because it is bent on being so. True grace is oftenest self-forgetting, and is most graceful perhaps when it learns to have such qualification in its highest degree. Herbert has this natural grace, but sometimes his illustrations are profuse and cumbersome, and now and then disagreeable and untasteful; or, playful and childish where such qualities are out of place. These minor faults, however, become still less, as the diligent reader finds himself in the atmosphere of devotional thought and feeling in which Herbert delights. His intense earnestness, and the beauty of the great proportion of

his illustrations, soon hide his faults of style. We are bound to allow also for that vigorous youth of literature which had its glorious existence in the age in which Shakspeare, Herbert, and Milton lived.

With a sense of power untamed and untrammelled by set limits, those earlier poets could wander over the fields of life and nature, gathering in rich abundance illustrations and truths from every quarter. The Reformation had shone around them at their birth, and its free-born spirit and beautiful light were flung far forward into a future towards which they bounded, rather than walked, each anticipating the realization of his own peculiar views and wishes. The minds capable of being influenced by men of genius, were ever increasing in number. And an acquaintance with the famous men of former times, had come like a great tidal wave upon the mind and heart of Britain. It might be an interesting subject to debate, what Shakspeare would have been before the diffusion of literature through the invention of printing; or, what Herbert and Milton would have been previous to the Reformation. But be this as it may, our modern poets have none of that grand sweep of invention, or that apparent sense of power and freedom which characterized the “old masters.” They seem to feel as if the whole eloquence and poetry of humanity had been said or sung already; with a look of meagre ambition they betake themselves to insignificant little plots in the great fields of poesy, and as it were with microscope incessantly at the eye despairingly look for something that has never been seen before.

Let us be glad that we have the poets we have named, in all their untamed luxuriance, when we see the lifeless polish, and the unmeaning and half-sincere spasmodic energy, that now-a-days try to make up for the broad culture, the great learning, and the unaffected and nobler humanity of an earlier day.

But we must hasten, in another number, to conclude our notice of Herbert, as a sacred poet. J. L. B.

SKETCH OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

PART. II.

In a former paper, we presented our readers with some remarks—I. *On belief in Mysterious Sights and Sounds as supernatural*; and II. *On belief in Omens, or imaginary signs of good or evil*. We proceed to notice.

III. DREAMS, VISIONS, AND VULGAR PROPHECIES.

In healthy sleep, the mind is dormant like the body. But when sleep is not profound, dreams arise from external causes, from indigestion, or nervous excitement. Nevertheless, as in Scripture we read of dreams and visions being the vehicle by which God revealed His will to men; as even in New Testament times, Pilate was warned by a dream of his wife not to condemn the innocent Saviour; and as authentic cases are on record of persons still escaping impending danger by means of warnings in sleep, we may admit, at the very least, that if such dreams are not communications sent from heaven, they have proved, in the overruling providence of God, the instrument of averting evil affecting life. At the same time, as dreams are generally, and nightmare is always, the result of physical causes, to expect their fulfilment, as a rule, is gross and contemptible superstition.

Dismissing, therefore, the vulgar creations of disordered sleep, let us glance at a few remarkable dreams occasioned by memory recalling facts for a time forgotten. Galen, the famous physician, being sick, was directed in a dream to open the vein between the fourth finger and the thumb; he did so, and the operation restored his health. Similar to this is the case of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of St. Paul's, London. Being in Paris in 1671, blood-letting was prescribed for a pain in the reins; but being averse to the use of the lancet, he dreamed that a female in an eastern dress offered him dates.

Next day he resolved to try the experiment, freely ate the fruit referred to, and speedily recovered. Sir Walter Scott relates, in a note to the *Antiquary*, that Mr. R. of Bowland had bought the teinds of his family estate. After his death, however, his son was prosecuted for arrears of teinds, and could nowhere find the legal receipt. Retiring to rest in extreme anxiety, he dreamed that his father appeared, and said, that the missing document was in the possession of a writer at Inveresk. Accordingly, the papers were found, and he gained his cause in the civil court.

Now, in all these cases, sound philosophy must pronounce that memory recollected simple facts long forgotten. But, in the following instances, the dreams can be accounted for, only by tracing them to the interposition of God, or to *mysterious laws as yet unrecognised in mental science*. A lady, on the eve of marriage, dreamed that she and her lover walked in a wood, when he asked if she wished to examine his future home. On expressing her desire to do so, he led her to an open grave, and said, "*There is my dwelling!*"—and in a few short days she learned the death of her bridegroom.—Dr. D., late bishop of Down, had a very fine child, who, one morning at breakfast, related a dream to this effect: A strange but beautiful box had been brought to the house, with his name upon it. Its use he could not conjecture; but he traced its shape with crumbs on the table. The outline sketched was that of a coffin; and strange to say, that evening the boy was flung from a horse's back, and killed on the spot.—A member of the legal profession dreamed that a deceased friend came to his bedside, and shewed him a coffin-plate bearing the name, age, and date of the death of a lady then alive. That date was "December 25, 1835." On the following day, he heard

of the sudden illness of the lady; and his feelings can scarcely be imagined, when, some weeks thereafter, he attended her funeral, and read this inscription on the lid of her coffin, "December 25, 1835!"

Did space permit, we might examine such visions as that of Colonel Gardiner, who, when sunk in remorse and nervous debility, imagined he witnessed the Saviour's sufferings, and heard His voice demanding, "*Did I bear all this for thee?*" Suffice it to say, that it has no claim whatever to a miraculous character; for Dr. Newnham published the case of a lady, who laboured under nervous illness, and fancied she beheld a vision exceedingly similar to Colonel Gardiner's. Nor can we dwell on the pretended gift of the second sight; but, whether the Highland seers were sheer impostors, or rank enthusiasts, this is a proof of the falseness of their visions, that the so-called second sight has been totally lost since the spread of secular and religious knowledge.

From dreams we turn to *Vulgar Prophecies*. We pity the man who can believe that gipsies and others possess the spirit of prophecy. There was something imposing in the ancient heathen oracles and auguries. There was something grand in the fancied science of the old astrologers, who read the fate of men and nations in the majestic motion, and mystic influence of stars and planets. But we descend, indeed, from the sublime to the ridiculous, if we do believe that our lot can be predicted by a knavish wretch tracing the lines on the palm of our hand, or shuffling a pack of cards, or observing the dregs at the bottom of a tea-cup. It is silly enough to be swindled by the tricks of a thimble-rigger; but unspeakably more absurd it is to suppose, that fortune-tellers can foresee our attaining to wealth, or rank, or happiness. There was mirth, indeed, in the mysteries of "Hallowe'en night," but danger mingled with all the forms of Scottish merriment; and we trust that soon the charms and spells of superstition will live only in the poetry of Robert Burns.

In short, omens, dreams, and vulgar prophecies, when they are fulfilled, may be thus explained:—They are fulfilled by

coincidence; or, while one is fulfilled, ninety-nine in the hundred are not; or they fulfil themselves, as in the well-known case of the native of Berlin. Having incurred the enmity of a fortune-teller, by publicly exposing his vile imposture, the man foretold he would die on the scaffold, and the prophecy wrought its own accomplishment. It so preyed on the mind of the unfortunate Prussian, that he murdered a child to get rid of his life by the hand of justice.

IV. BELIEF IN MAGIC.

Magic was practised by the ancient Egyptians, Indians, Chaldeans, and other nations; and as Scripture mentions, or rather seems to mention, Simon Magus, Balaam, and Pharaoh's wise men as magicians, the belief prevails, that these impostors possessed supernatural power over evil spirits, by means of charms and incantations. This popular notion mainly rests on the works performed by the magi of Egypt. If, however, we once admit that the point at issue between Moses and his adversaries was, whether Jehovah alone was the true God; it follows, that God would not permit idolators to work miracles in proof of the power of the gods of Egypt. Indeed, the language of Moses, rightly interpreted, brands the magicians as blasphemous pretenders to supernatural power. He describes them first as *Hekemin*, or "learned men;" then as *Herethim*, or "sacred scribes" skilled in hieroglyphics; and, lastly, as *Mekeshetim*, or "users of drugs," "poisoners," "jugglers." Again, when he tells us that they imitated his first three miracles "*by their enchantments*," he employs a word (*Chethim*) which signifies *secret arts, or sleight-of-hand tricks*. Farther, when we reflect that, in producing serpents, blood, and frogs, these men had time to prepare their artifices; that when lice were sent by God without a warning, the magi failed in counterfeiting them; and, above all, that neither they nor Satan himself can create an atom, or perform a miracle,—this being the act and prerogative of God alone; it is amply evident that the magi imitated three of the miracles of Moses, not, by Satanic

agency, but by the dexterous arts of legerdemain.

But magic was not confined to the East. In Europe, under the reign of Popery, men who had studied chemistry and natural philosophy, were feared as sorcerers, whose power depended on evil spirits, called their "*familiars*," in the shape of owls or ravens, apes or cats. Accordingly, these pioneers of modern science ran the risk of martyrdom itself. Michael Scott, a man of genius, was persecuted as a dark magician. Friar Bacon, the inventor of gunpowder, was incarcerated, and finally driven to beg in the streets. Nay, about two hundred years ago, a learned horse which had been taught some surprising tricks, was condemned to a public execution by the Inquisition, as an imp of darkness, or, at least, as a disciple of Beelzebub in the black art!

Since the blessed dawn of modern enlightenment, European jugglers have dropped all pretensions to miraculous power, and confess that they work their miracles by sleight of hand, and a knowledge of the secrets of art and science. On their startling feats we need not dwell, as they are more or less familiar to all our readers. The magic of eastern lands, however, is practised in such perfection, that we may lay a few interesting cases before them:—A Brahmin, who lately died at Madras, was wont to amuse his friends by sitting cross-legged in the air, several feet above the floor. This he might accomplish by filling tubes with elastic gas, and rolling them round his body beneath his loose and flowing robes. One of the most popular feats in India is the sowing of date or orange seed in a vessel of earth, and its growth, blossoming, and bearing fruit in less than an hour, which fruit the spectators eat, and find of excellent relish. In this there is nothing supernatural. We believe it is done by mixing chemical substances with the soil; for a friend of Mr. Wistanly, the architect of the first Eddystone lighthouse, sowed salad every morning and ate it at dinner every afternoon; and this he effected by his knowledge of chemistry. Every traveller in Egypt relates the story

of "the magic mirror of ink." A boy is brought from the streets of Cairo, and receives some ink in the palm of his hand. After some spells, the magician commands him to gaze on the ink, and to describe the person named by the traveller. When the individual named is a public character, such as Wellington or Queen Victoria, the picture described is frequently accurate, and *vice versa*. Thus, when a gentleman named a Scottish lady, the boy declared that he saw an old man with a long white beard. But when such mistakes are made, the boy is dismissed as too unholy; and the magic mirror is infallible still.

In the East these men pretend to die, and to live again. At Jaisalmar a Hindu suffered himself to be buried for days, guarded by a succession of British sentinels; and yet he was disinterred alive! But here, again, no miracle was wrought. For we know, on the testimony of Dr. Cheyne, that Colonel Townshend had the mysterious power of suspending every symptom of animation. He ceased to breathe; his heart was motionless; and in this state he remained, till, by some strange act of volition, he recovered his animal functions! These cases remind us of a Hindu impostor, who assumed the appearance of a murdered man. The body was borne to an adjutant's tent, while he and his mess were seated at breakfast. The crime could be proved against no one; yet there lay the man, apparently killed by one of the sepoy. Suddenly, the commanding officer, suspecting an imposition, and chancing to have the tea-kettle in his hand, poured boiling water on the lifeless corpse, when it rose with a scream, and fled to the neighbouring jungle!

V. WITCHCRAFT IS NEARLY ALLIED TO MAGIC.

Witches and wizards, as it was imagined in darker times, had sold themselves to Satan, and possessed the power of flying through the air, of changing themselves into various animals, and inflicting disease, calamity, and death, on those who offended them. Absurd though this superstition is, it was devoutly believed

in by Luther, Bacon, Judge Hale, Baxter, Gianvile, and Dr. Robertson,—by General Assemblies, Secession Synods, and the Puritan Fathers,—by statesmen, kings, and popes. Nay, in 1834, Baxter's "World of Spirits," and Mather's "Wonders of the Invisible World," were republished by a firm believer in modern witchcraft. And at this day, in the parish of Auldearn, one witch, at least, is a living proof of Scottish ignorance and credulity.

But believers in witchcraft appeal to Scripture. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," is deemed conclusive. But the word translated, "witch," in the Hebrew is, *Mekeshpeh*, and properly signifies "one who uses drugs or poisons," practising secret juggling arts. Against such practices the penalty was death; because they who used them dishonoured God, opposed His prophets, and seduced His people to gross idolatry.

Another argument for faith in witchcraft is drawn from the case of the *witch of Endor*. Some maintain that Satan raised Samuel; others that Satan assumed the form of Samuel; others, that God sent Samuel to announce His will; others, that Samuel did not appear, and that the woman imposed on Saul by crafty devices. In this last hypothesis we firmly believe. True, indeed, the narrative reads as if Samuel did appear, and did converse with the king of Israel. But, as when they speak of the sun "standing still in heaven," the sacred penmen write in popular, and not in philosophical language, representing things just as they appeared, and as they were believed to be, and not according to their actual character. Nor can it be granted, without deep dishonour to Almighty God—as we conceive—that the woman or Satan raised up Samuel; for this is the absolute and exclusive prerogative of God. On the other hand, as to Satan's personating Samuel, there is not in Scripture one jot of proof in support of the theory. Therefore, we have only to ask whether God himself commissioned Samuel to confront and condemn the king; and, we humbly think, the answer must be negative. For the witch's pro-

phesy was not fulfilled in all its parts; for Saul fell not by the sword of the Philistines, nor were all his sons destroyed next day in battle. Besides, God had forsaken Saul, and refused to answer him by Urim, dreams, or prophets; and we dare not think that God would answer him now, when seeking counsel by infernal and forbidden arts. This, indeed, would be to think of the holy One as acting in concert with an infidel of the vilest character—a witch whom his own pure law condemned to death! In our opinion, this single argument is decisive. But Scripture furnishes abundant evidence that the witch of Endor was a mere impostor, and that Samuel did not appear. (1.) In the Hebrew text she is designated, not a witch, but a *ventriquoist*, who used her voice in imitating Samuel's. In our translation she is said to have had "a familiar spirit;" but the Hebrew word *awoob* signifies one who, by ventriquoism, acts the part of a necromancer. (2.) She undertook to bring from the dead—from heaven or hell—any person Saul might name, though this is the work of Omnipotence alone. (3.) She pretended not to know Saul till Samuel appeared, though she must have recognized the king at once by his gigantic stature. (4.) She conveyed to Saul no real information, except such as might have been conjectured by one who knew that God had forsaken Saul, that he was encamped in the neighbourhood, and that his army was weak compared with the host of the Philistines. (5.) She pretended that the prophet rose from the ground; whereas, if the *spirit* of the latter had appeared, it would have descended from heaven; and if his *body*, it must have travelled from Ramah to Endor under ground!

From these remarks it clearly follows that this bad woman was not a *witch* in the modern sense of the term, and that there never was a witch or wizard possessed of supernatural power. Yet the learned men who translated our English Bible, and King James I. to whom it was dedicated, sanctioned sanguinary laws against the so-called crime of witchcraft. The penalty was death by torture; and this was the more deplorable, as these laws

were founded on mistranslations of the Hebrew Testament. Any sudden evil, such as disease among cattle, the blight in corn, a destructive storm, a wasting pain or mysterious death, was at once ascribed to this "diabolical art." Men thought of the witch of Endor, and enforced the law against the victims of superstition. But where, or who were the witches? Such infamous villains as "the witch-finder," Hopkins, pretended to know them by bodily marks! And it is sad to think that, though the rich and great were sometimes accused for the sake of their wealth and dignities, these wretched victims of popular ignorance were generally poor aged women, rendered frantic and careless of life or death, by hunger and thirst, want of sleep, and bodily torture, in order to extort a confession of

an imaginary crime! And we regret to add, that Protestants as well as Papists, and clergymen as well as laymen, must bear the guilt of these persecutions. From fifty years before the Reformation, to one hundred and ninety years after that great event, the witch-persecution reigned through Europe. The pope issued a bull entitled, "A HAMMER FOR WITCHES;" but, though the Hammer fell with murderous effect, the witches multiplied at every blow. Multitudes were burned in Scotland, thirty thousand in England, one hundred thousand in Germany, and countless numbers throughout the world. At last these well-intentioned but atrocious cruelties ceased, and with them witchcraft speedily disappeared.

W. L. W.

A PEEP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Few things we enjoy more than a peep across the Channel. Call it not a "tour," for that grand name might include Pekin as well as Paris; nor "visiting the continent," for to rap at a door, enter the hall, leave your card, is hardly a visit to the house and family within. We are now recalling something far more humble, less ostentatious and pretentious, but what, nevertheless, we have frequently enjoyed, and consider most enjoyable.

To peep across the Channel you need not obtain, through Lee the bookseller, or Coutts the banker in the Strand, any passport from the Foreign Office which may open a path of safety through Austrian police in Italy or Hungary. The passport of "the Lord High Admiral of the Firth of Forth," known commonly amongst us in Scotland as the Provost of Edinburgh, we have always found quite sufficient for such short excursions, and is, moreover, a few shillings cheaper than any other. You require no well arranged and assorted luggage—a single hand-bag will carry what you need. But, I believe, you must have *Murray*. Till science makes still more rapid and gigantic strides, till immense changes take place

in language and popular education, and a great social revolution alters the continental kingdoms, I fear *Murray* is indispensable to every traveller beyond the Channel, far and near. One advantage is gained by possessing this infallible guide in red; it is this, that no other guide is required, and upon this fact much of a man's happiness abroad depends. To stroll through a city with the dreadful presence of an hotel guide is impossible; and unless one can stroll and peep where he pleases, and when he pleases, he may be travelling, but not enjoying. He must be free to wander at his own sweet will, —to gaze as long as he likes at that old house or street, with its wonderful bits of architecture, which Prout would almost worship,—to loiter in the market-place, and master the form of every odd-looking head-dress and sunburnt countenance of peasant, old and young,—to enter the churches, and study the carved pulpit, old tomb, tinsel altar, famous picture, or, amid the smell of incense, the booming of the organ, the dramatic priest at the altar, and the kneeling people scattered through the nave, or clustered around some chapel in the aisles;—he must be

allowed, undisturbed, to ponder over all that is seen and heard. This sort of quiet *dander* is essential to enjoyment. For this, *Murray* is to be desired as useful, but any other guide to be eschewed as abominable.

A good companion,—two, certainly, if the world can afford such—dare not be despised or rejected. But they must be well known to each other, congenial spirits, moreover; men, too, whom nothing you are capable of saying, or doing, or choosing, can by any possibility insult, anger, irritate, or sulk. Any man, for instance, who expects that an answer shall be returned to his question, even if put before a magnificent picture or view seen for the first time, or in the cathedral, or at dinner; any man who insists upon anything except what his friends insist upon; any man who does not lose all trace of a will or personality as distinct from that of the travelling guild of which he is a member; and any man, it must be added, as a warning to those who aspire to such a position, who does not thoroughly understand a joke or a bad pun, ought never to ask or receive admittance into the fellowship of other two who mean to take a peep abroad. Such a person must go alone, or hire a guide, or, what is better, remain for sea-bathing at home. We speak from a happy experience. It may be well to assure those who do not value this trio arrangement, that it is decidedly more economical than any other.

Where shall we go, reader? for we have peeped into many a strange place from the Baltic to the Mediterranean. But let us take a look into one or two well-known corners nearer home; where you have probably been, but will perhaps, on that very account, like the better to talk over them at the fireside, and so to pass a half-hour in that sort of quiet chat, which is so far good that it helps one to forget some of the little scratches and frets which poor frail humanity may have suffered from during the day.

On the evening of a lovely day in May, not a hundred years ago, three friends—each fulfilling eminently the qualifications

above described as required for good fellowship, at least such was their own opinion, and, practically, theirs was the only opinion needed to confirm the fact,—started from London *via* Harwich for Antwerp, to take a peep of the Netherlands and Holland. Not a hundred years ago, but very nearly so, two persons, better known in the world since, travelled by the same route; one being on his way to Utrecht, the other to keep him company as far as Harwich. The intending student was James Boswell; the friend who accompanied him to bid him farewell, was Samuel Johnson;—the former a far less man than he ever suspected himself of being, and the other a far greater man than his biographer, who enables others so well to understand him, could possibly comprehend. It was lucky for the small planet from Auchinleck that, in the mysterious movements of the heavens, he happened to rise above the horizon in company with that “great rolling sun,” and in whose reflected light he shone, until he began to think himself a sun! What an amusing account Boswell gives of their trip to Harwich in the stage-coach, with the young Dutchman and gentlewoman! He tells us how Johnson read *Pomponius Mela*, rebuked “Bozzy” for giving a shilling instead of sixpence to the guard, and shocked the passengers by defending the Inquisition against the violent attacks of the lady upon that famous Church institute; and how he defended torture in criminal cases in Holland, to the horror of the Dutchman; and then how, after supper, he descanted upon the glories of eating, laying down the maxim, “that he who does not mind his stomach, will hardly mind anything else,” which leads “Bozzy” to give a long dissertation upon the gastronomy of the great moralist. But what was more true and real to his convictions than all those opinions defended for the sake of argument, and much more worthy of the man than his eating propensities, was, that when in the church at Harwich, he sent Boswell to his knees, saying, “Now that you are going to leave your native country, recommend yourself to the protection of your Creator and Redeemer.” “As the

vessel put to sea," adds his biographer, "I kept my eyes fixed upon him for a considerable time, while he remained rolling his majestic frame in his usual manner; and at last I perceived him walk back to the town, and he disappeared!"

These illustrious travellers occupied two days in journeying from London to Harwich. How long Boswell lay in the packet, pitching and tossing in the North Sea, before he reached *Helvetsluya*, he does not inform us. Our journey and voyage from London to Antwerp *via* Harwich, did not occupy more than sixteen hours; and I fancy we agreed fully as well as the moralist and his friend would have done.

Let not the reader manifest the least impatience at these digressions. I must tell my story in my own way. This haste is destructive to all enjoyment. It provokes one to maintain that the old stage to Colchester was better than the rail. "Better," says Falstaff, "to die of rust than to be scoured to nothing by perpetual motion." If you have anything, reader, more useful to occupy your time at this moment than this rambling paper, please lay it aside; if not, let us proceed—but gently and freely.

At one in the morning all the passengers were below, except one or two who, knowing a little about voyaging, could not leave the deck till the vessel—a beautiful Clyde-built steamer—had made a good offing. For hardly had she left the pier, with a brilliant moon shining, than a thick eastern *haar* came rolling in from the ocean,—first obscuring the moon; then reducing it into the appearance of a poached egg; then so completely hiding it, that its place in the foggy thick atmosphere could not be discovered. And now, surrounded by sandbanks, and unable to see any light-ship, if even within one hundred yards, the steamer slowly tried to make her way out, with three men peering at the bow, seeking to penetrate the darkness, the captain and mate on the gangway, and the lead kept constantly going from the chains; while the repeated and peculiar plaintive cries of the leadsmen announcing the depth, ever and

anon interrupted by those of the look-out a-head, of "shallow water on the lee-bow," or "vessel a-head," &c.; followed by the energetic commands of the master, "Stop her;" "back her;" "set on half time;" consumed so much time, that the most enterprising passengers at last went below. We have often been struck at sea by the contrast presented by an anxious master and crew upon deck, and the ignorance of all difficulty, and utter indifference of passengers below. Once, when sailing in similar foggy weather through icebergs, when the one half of the ship could not be seen from the other, and when, in a moment, we might go to the bottom, without any human power being able to avert the danger, the passengers were chiefly occupied in playing cards, and enjoying the songs of an Italian with his guitar. It is good to be thoroughly alive to any danger, however slight; for then only is the blessing found of realizing perfect dependence upon God, or of feeling grateful to Him for protection and deliverance.

"It is all right now, sir," said the captain, as I stepped on deck about six in the morning. "You see the bank of fog astern. It came on so suddenly and unexpectedly, last night, that I was caught in it before I knew where I was, or I never would have left the harbour. We never made out a light or buoy all night."

It is, indeed, a beautiful morning, clear, but rather cold. The steamer is running along the Belgian coast, some miles off. It is refreshing to leave the hot cabin, full of indescribable smells, contributed by new paint, preparations for breakfast, and innumerable ingredients, found nowhere else save in a steamer's cabin. Besides, the society is not interesting; most of the passengers who stepped on board last night, are stretched in silence upon a double tier of couches, popularly termed berths, and by some benevolent persons, "*beds*," but presenting a miserable display of confused blankets covering sufferers, who are most of them wondering what infatuation tempted them to leave home for such pleasure, and others making earnest inquiries of the steward when

they may reach the Scheldt, and get into smooth water, for "the sea is stirring in its bed," as it always does in the Channel. But if one can at all enjoy the sea, there is something most exhilarating in it on such a morning. The vessel under full steam, with foresail and jib set. The waves not fierce, but coming toppling along in a gladsome mood, not impelled by any strong wind, but as if by their own free accord. Seaward, a few sails were visible. Landward, a long low line of sandhills stretched north and south, broken here and there by a steeple or windmill. No change takes place in the view until Flushing is reached, at the entrance of the Scheldt. Flushing, in its days of smuggling celebrity, furnished beautiful lugger prizes for the revenue cruisers on the west and north of Scotland, and an inexhaustible supply of gin and contraband for the inhabitants of the same district, from the laird to the cottar, including every grade and every profession. It now is known to our countrymen chiefly as furnishing only respectable pikots. The sail up the Scheldt is one along a broad, quiet, insipid river, with low, quiet, insipid banks; yet it affords singular pleasure to the passengers, who come creeping up from the cabin, and are no longer horrified at the mention of breakfast.

The high steeple of Antwerp soon attracts attention, and every turn brings it nearer. Then comes the pier, along which the vessel, with steam roaring from her funnel head, slowly advances. Then follow the *Douanier* with wide blue trousers, small caps and large scoops, the examination of luggage, the recommendation of sundry hotels on landing, by crowds of polite informants, the struggles to keep hold of your bag, until at last you are safely landed in the "Hotel St. Antoine" or "Park," with the prospect of an excellent *table d'hôte* in half an hour. The said *table d'hôte* is surrounded by countrymen and countrywomen. Here is a respectable pair, with two daughters and a son, who have just landed, and beg a tour never to be forgotten in their sweet home in Yorkshire. They are modest and retiring, "tasting of Flora

and the country green." There are two impudent, forward London bagmen, who insist upon being familiar with every one,—avoid them as you would fever. Removed by a few yards are two aristocratic young men who never speak, but stare with dead lack-lustre eyes on all around them,—take no notice of them, for they wish you to do so. On the opposite side are frank, unsophisticated people, who seem to like every one, and fancy every one likes them, as they deserve. They are ready to tell you all their plans and family history, and insist on speaking bad French, learned from a book of conversation conned every five minutes. The father twits Susan for not being more fluent, after all he has spent on her education, though she was taught to read only, not to speak French. The waiter is English, and smiles while he replies in French. Add to these, Germans, with long hair, large heads, and spectacles, round, soft-faced Belgians, one or two Frenchmen, with sharp, dark features, moustache and peaked beard, and a couple or two on their marriage tour, who see none else in the room but themselves, and you have a fair idea of the group that meets your eye around the *table d'hôte*.

Thus far, reader, you have followed me seeking in vain for some "useful information;" but what if I have none to give, and only wish to tell you what I saw, and what you cannot help seeing if you make the experiment of going abroad? But let us, with Murray, take a turn into the town, and go right down past the tobacconist's at the corner, across the square, through that narrow street, and now you are before the cathedral of Antwerp. I never in my life understood a sight, which possessed the eye by its beauty or its magnificence, from any description given of it by words. The reality was always different from the idea. No hill or lake in the real landscape was ever found, when visited, to be in the very place assigned to it in the one created in the mind by the word-description. So is it with buildings; so is it with every object which meets the eye, in proportion as it deviates from the simplest

adjustment of a few lines. Therefore, I leave all attempts to describe the cathedral without; but yet within this venerable pile, as well as the other churches in Antwerp, there are many sights easily described, and which give one as vivid an impression of the genius of Popery as can be received from anything seen in Spain or Italy. The fact is, that Belgium, which lies within a ten hours' sail from England, is as far removed from her Protestantism as if worlds lay between. It was not so always. Protestantism once was strong and flourishing in her once rich and flourishing cities; and in no part of the world were truer martyrs found to the truth, or more bloody persecutions perpetrated to extinguish it. And Rome did so extinguish the truth, that one might now be months in Bruges or Ghent before he heard of a Protestant. We are not aware of the existence of a public place of Protestant worship in either, nor of one in Antwerp even, except the English chapel. So much for persecution! What nonsense to talk of the blood of the martyrs being always the seed of the Church. True, persecution will not extinguish the Church in the world, or hinder the dawn of the brighter day in the end; but in the meantime it may extinguish the Gospel for ages in particular countries, as it has certainly done in Spain, Italy, Belgium, and France, and would have done in Britain but for the courage of our people.

The month of May is the month which, in Popish countries, is devoted almost exclusively to the worship of the Virgin. Hence, by the way, the reason why, in Protestant Scotland even, and without the reason being known, Popish superstition has so stamped itself upon the vulgar mind that marriages are considered unlucky in this month. Well, every church has a magnificent altar erected in its midst to Mary. A figure of her, large as life, holding the Child in her arms, with halos round their heads, and seated on a throne, forms, of course, the centre group; a canopy, which generally reaches to the roof of the church, covers her. Round this altar, and on each side of the steps that conduct to it, are arranged huge vases of artificial flowers; candles

and tinsel glitter there in every available spot. It is a huge mass of tawdry idolatry, made to captivate the vulgar taste; for in truth, as one must see abroad, as well as learn by inquiry at the best sources of information, the intelligent and educated classes utterly scorn Popery. They are very far from embracing Protestantism, or true religion of any kind, of which they are profoundly ignorant; and they wish so far to adhere to the only Church they know, as to have baptism for their children, to please their wives, not to forfeit any civic privileges, and to receive absolution at death for themselves, so as to soothe their consciences, secure a decent burial, or comfort their sorrowing relatives; but Popery as a system of truth they utterly reject. A most intelligent friend of mine, who has been forty years in Antwerp as a merchant, told me he never met a Roman Catholic gentleman who had read the Bible, or professed any sincere faith in Popery as a religion from God; but a short time ago, he was asked after dinner at the table of a Roman Catholic, what was meant by this immaculate conception of which so much was said? and on being informed that it meant the conception of the Virgin herself, not of her Son merely, without sin, he expressed his wonder how such nonsense could ever be promulgated or believed.

It is this Mariolatry, which forms so essential a point in the faith and worship of Romanism, which is its most shocking element; and the more one studies the outward worship and inward faith, not of subtle metaphysical priests, but of the mass of the people, the more will he be convinced that Mary is as really and truly worshipped as Jesus, and apparently with more love and reverence. Why do any Protestants imagine that such an assertion or supposition is uncharitable? Pray, let me ask them to consider how any honest mind can hear and believe such statements as the following regarding Mary, and yet feel towards her only as to a creature?

A French work, entitled "New Month of Mary," and written by a French Abbé, was published at Malines in 1844, and

carries on its title-page the approval of two archbishops and three bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. We extract the following praises of the Virgin from this aid to devotion:—

“Devotion to the adorable mother of God brings with it so many blessings, that eternity itself will be too short to recount all the good which flows to us from this source. In this devotion the poor find wealth, the weak strength, the ignorant knowledge, the afflicted consolation, sinners grace, the just their sanctification, the souls in purgatory their deliverance. In short, the whole earth is filled with blessings which flow from her.
‘Thy temple, my God, is holy, and Mary is thy temple. She has bruised the head of the Serpent, according to the promise given for the consolation of our first parents. Oh! holy Virgin, when I think of my great ingratitude and the innumerable sins which I have committed against my God, I dare not hope for his pardon; but thou, O tender mother! who art called by the Church the refuge of sinners, the hope of the despairing, succour of the lost, be thou my refuge, my hope, and my help,” &c.

But all this may be considered the extravagant language of ignorant, ill-educated, ultra-montane Popery; but whatever it be, such is the sum and substance of the innumerable sermons addressed during the month of Mary, to the people by the priests. Do we wonder that a worship thoroughly idolatrous should be the result of such teaching? But to shew our readers the intensity of this Mariolatry in the Church of Rome, let them ponder the following passage from a sermon “on the glories of Mary” by John Henry Newman, and published in his *Discourses addressed to mixed Congregations*.

“Mary gave birth to the Creator, and what recompense shall be made to her? What shall be done to her who had this relationship to the Most High? What shall be the fit accompaniment to one whom the Almighty has deigned to make, not his servant, not his friend, not his intimate, but his SUPERIOR, the source of his second being, the nurse of his helpless infancy, the teacher of his opening years? I answer as the king was answered. Nothing is too high for her to whom God OWES HIS LIFE; no exuberance

of grace, no excess of glory but is becoming, but is to be expected there, where God has lodged himself, whence God has issued. ‘Let her be clad in the king’s apparel,’ i.e., let the fulness of the God-head so flow into her that she may be a figure of the incommunicable sanctity of God himself, that she may be the mirror of justice, mystical rose, the tower of ivory, the house of gold, the morning star. Let her ‘receive the king’s diadem upon her head,’ as the queen of heaven, the mother of all living, the health of the weak, the refuge of sinners, the comfort of the afflicted,” &c.

Enough of such shocking blasphemy. Enough to prove the idolatry of the Roman Catholic Church:—enough to make us tender and charitable in our judgment regarding the poor people, to whom God’s Word is denied, and such teaching as this alone afforded:—enough to make us think of such teachers as men who—but we forbear passing any judgment upon them, leaving that to Him who judgeth righteously!

(To be continued)

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half’s delight,
And so to bid good night?
’Twas pity Nature brought you forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne’er so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you, a while, they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

“Nature, to the poet’s eye, becomes ‘a great sheet let down from God out of heaven,’ and in which there is no object common or unclean.”—*Giffillan*.

“The revolving of a single verse in our minds is often better than the mere reading of a whole chapter.”—*Bridges*.

To be right in a wrong way is wrong.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND IN THE MISSION FIELD.

1854-55.

We love to see a church placed upon an eminence. Apart from all ideas of picturesque beauty, such a position appears most appropriately to symbolise its character. If, indeed, the duty of a church were merely to sanctify those within its pale, we should have it planted in some lowly valley, embosomed in the shades of luxuriant foliage, and hidden from the unhallowed gaze of the worldly. But the true Christian Church has a much wider and more universal object in view. With no mythic rites darkening her precincts, her doors are open to all—her invitations are addressed to all—her prayers and her works are on behalf of all. If she has the brightness of a star, it is that her light may be seen even at a star-like distance; not that it may expire the moment it meets the outer air, like the fabled lamps in the tomb of Terentia. But while to extend her influence for good is one of the Church's noblest duties, her efficiency in this respect, is perhaps the highest test of her Christian vigour and zeal. The deeper the oak strikes its roots in the soil, the wider will its branches spread—the fuller the gush of the fountain, the stronger will be the stream which freshens and beautifies its banks; and so, we may say, that the more vigorous the principles of faith and love are within a church, the wider will be the extent of her Christian enterprises, and the richer the outpouring of her Christian sympathy and affection.

Of the manner in which the Church of Scotland humbly performs such duties, and may be tried by such a test, we now desire to present a short review. It is long since she recognised the privilege, as well as the duty of her Mission Work; but it cannot be said that there is now less need for urgency and strenuous exertion than there was when she first put her hand to the plough. In the present

age, as in the past, it is but too true that the old Adam is mightier than the young Melancthon. It is still the night-time of the world. The darkness of ignorance and sin, the horrors of idolatry and crime, the clouds of infidelity and worldliness brood over the greater portion of the globe, and even war with its dread ravages bespeaks the awakening of passions which moralists had fondly dreamed were asleep for ever. It is, indeed, no time for rest. Watchman, what of the night?—is often the anxious cry of the storm-tossed wanderer upon a dangerous ocean. With a deeper earnestness of inquiry may we scan the dark future of destiny, as we ride over the billows of the sea of life. We know not what storms may arise, or what perils may be encountered. But cloud-wrapped as is the present, and distant as the dawn of brightness may appear, we have no cause for hopelessness. As yet we may see but faint and widely-scattered streaks of light spread over the moral horizon; but as the voice of Heaven breaks forth from the surrounding gloom, in accents of encouragement and promise, well may we gladden our souls with the prospect of a better era, when the full triumph of an ineffable love shall be accomplished, and the darkness of the night of earth be turned into the glory of the day of Heaven. "O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength: lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, behold your God!"

In the cursory review which we are now to take of the mission work of the Church of Scotland for the past year, we shall avoid as much as possible, a full detail, since this will be found in the Report of each Scheme, published in the *Missionary Record*; and our object is

merely to present a succinct view of the whole.

We begin with a Scheme which, while it was the first effort of the Church in her missionary field, appears second to none in importance. The

EDUCATION SCHEME

carries with it the high recommendation that it spreads the light of truth and knowledge among thousands of children who are found even amid Scotland's lonely moors and barren hills, both enveloped in ignorance and oppressed by penury. It is an encouraging fact that through the means which the Scheme has called into existence nearly 20,000 children are at present receiving education. The number of the schools is 181, irrespective of the Normal Schools; and the number of pupils in attendance at these schools during the last year was about 17,234. Including the Normal Schools, the whole scholars enrolled during the year was 19,234. As a pledge of the character of tuition imparted at these schools, it is interesting to know that about a third of the teachers hold government certificates of qualifications entitling them to participate in royal bounty. This is doubtless in a great measure to be attributed to the *Normal Schools* in Edinburgh and Glasgow—the fountains of supply for the re-ignoration of the channels of tuition all over Scotland. During the last year, 187 students have been admitted to these schools, 23 of whom were instructed at the cost of the Education Committee, and 39 were Queen's scholars. The remainder were self-supporting. Of the students examined last June, 71 obtained the government certificate, shewing an increase of 22 on the preceding year.

Parochial education forms a most important element in the inquiries and care of this Committee, and interesting information on this subject has been obtained by them. But as the results of that information have been fully supplied to our readers in the elaborate discussions which have so recently taken place in regard to education, we do

not think it necessary to give any summary here. At the same time, we cannot forbear to observe how important it is for the interests of religion that an influential superintendence, whatever may be its nominal character, should still be maintained. If, as is but too surely indicated by the course of legislative measures recently attempted, but for the present happily frustrated, the main element of religion is to be ignored or even inadequately provided for in a national education for the youth of Scotland, what a strong appeal must this be to the renewed energy of the Church in endeavouring to mitigate such an evil by a more plentiful supply of the pure waters of life to those who are still unsullied by habits of worldliness and vice?

We regret to say that the income of the Scheme for the past year has fallen short of its expenditure,—a state of matters which can scarcely fail to be deeply felt by every friend of religious education. The total income amounted to £7674, 16s. 3d., and beyond this amount there has been expended a sum of £176, 2s. 6d. A greater number of parishes have indeed contributed for the year, but from no less than 129 parishes no aid has been received. This is to be deplored when we consider that, in place of meeting existing deficiencies by extending the operations of the Scheme, it may be necessary even to lessen the number of the schools already receiving support. We are sure the contemplation of such a fact must be in itself a more powerful appeal than any which can be made on behalf of this Mission; we will only add that it has peculiar claims upon us at such a time as the present, since no small part of its work is to convey the blessings of instruction to the children of the brave and gallant Highlanders, who are at this moment fighting the battles of their country and crowning their arms with a well-earned glory.

Although the Education Scheme may be regarded as a most interesting and efficient means of promoting religion throughout the land, the Church has devoted to this end a Scheme of no less

importance, and of wider interest, which especially receives the name of her

HOME MISSION.

It is often truly said that the darkest pictures of heathenism may be found among the masses of our own countrymen, who are groping in blindness amid the light of Christian truth; and since it is so, surely this is a loud call to our brotherly love. Indeed, both in a social and in a religious aspect, it is fraught with the most impressive appeals. While we cannot hope that the man who is ignorant or careless of the true principle of moral action,—the love of Christ,—will be restrained from vice and crime by any mere human laws, we are inspired by higher motives,—a regard for the salvation of souls,—to wipe away from a Christian country the reproach of her benighted children. It is the object of the present Mission to attempt this by supplying the means and ordinances of grace to all who stand in need of them. We need scarcely say that a wide moral and religious waste is thus opened up for the operations of the Scheme,—a field which the limited resources of the Mission only enable it to occupy in part. So far as its capabilities have permitted, the Scheme has been hitherto highly successful. But without any review of what it has already had the privilege of accomplishing, we may state that in regard to its branch of *Church extension*, three applications have been made during the past year. Only one of these applications—that of Lochgelly in the parish of Auchterderran—has been as yet disposed of. The grant made was £281, 5s., the erection of the church being in the centre of a large district covered with a mining population. The other applications are under consideration.

The principal part of the funds of the Mission is expended in aiding unendowed churches, and in employing probationers as missionaries. At present there are in all 98 places of worship receiving aid out of the funds to the amount of about £4250.

During the past year, two chapels—Edgerston in the parish of Jedburgh,

and Springburn in the Barony parish of Glasgow—have been erected into parish churches, and they consequently require no further assistance from the Scheme. Encouraging instances have also occurred of the increase of numbers in congregations and among communicants.

Three applications were made and sustained during last year under the branch of encouragement to promising young men.

We have already stated that the operations of the Scheme are only limited by its resources; and we regret to add, that during the past year the ordinary revenue has been less than that of the previous year by upwards of £800, while of that deficiency the larger portion—fully £500—arises from a decrease in the amount of church-door collections. The falling off in the contributions for this as well as other schemes, is only too satisfactorily to be accounted for by the numerous appeals to Christian charity which have otherwise been made during the past year. We sincerely trust that the important objects of the Home Mission will still maintain for it a deserving prominence in the affections and sympathies of the Church at large.

We are happy to state that yet another medium is afforded for the efforts of the Church towards the evangelization of our brethren at home. Her desire is to impart to others, and especially to the dense populations of our large towns and cities, the advantages of her own privileges and ordinances. Although nominally included in parishes, no existing parochial ministrations are sufficient of themselves to supply the blessings of Christian instruction and aid to the thousands congregated in a single district; and when it is recollected that no less than one-sixth of the population of Scotland—nearly half-a-million of immortal beings—are in no way connected with a Christian Church, we cannot surely be satisfied to stand idly by. Such urgent wants the Church endeavours in some measure to meet by means of her

ENDOWMENT SCHEME.

It would be difficult to over-estimate

the good which this Scheme has already accomplished. No less than 25 chapels have been erected into parishes through its aid. For 19 the requisite endowments have been secured, and for other 26 endowments have been partially obtained. The subscriptions for 7 of these endowments, and for 3 of the partial endowments, were obtained during the past year. But the scheme of provincial subscriptions, by which it is proposed to endow no less than 100 chapels in various districts of the country, has chiefly occupied attention. While we meet with satisfactory argumentative refutations of critical objections to the plan, it seems the best argument of all in its favour, that subscriptions have been received for carrying it out to the amount of £9600 during the past year.

In regard to the whole operations of the scheme, it is pleasing to observe the large amount of benefaction which it has called forth from the noblemen and gentlemen of the land, while the congregational contributions, which for the last year were somewhat increased, have also been well calculated to inspire the Church with vigour in the prosecution of the scheme. The gross amount of subscriptions made, is £194,201 8s. 8d., of which no less than £28,293 13s. has been subscribed during the past year. It is worthy of notice, that by the munificence of his Grace, the Duke of Hamilton, another new parish is on the eve of being erected. While such facts afford much reason for congratulation, when we consider the important objects which the scheme has undertaken, and how much still requires to be done in the vast field which it has opened up, we hope that its past history will be but an incentive to further progress.

All the schemes we have mentioned have one common object—the spread of Gospel truth and Gospel blessings among the people of our own land. They may take apparently different roads, but they all lead to the way of life. The child is not left amid penury and neglect to find a path for himself; the wandering and godless, whether in manhood or age, have the

voice of heavenly instruction sounding in their ears; and even the privileges of a pastoral superintendence are provided for their desolate homes. But the Church feels that with all this, her duty has not yet been fulfilled. Her religion is not designed for any single clime or any peculiar caste. It is a response to the universal wants of the human soul,—wants which find but one changeless utterance from a sin-darkened world. It has blessings common as the air we breathe, and gladdening as the sun-light, while they are far more invaluable than the gift of life to the dead. By such considerations we are led to feel the urgent call there is upon the Church to set her watch-tower on the dark heights of a world lying in wickedness. Nor can she neglect, as she scans the vastness of the scene, the primary claims of those who have left their Scottish homes to dwell in foreign lands. It is frequently found by dear-bought experience, that the most precious boons are only known to be valuable when they are torn from our grasp. With what different feelings, for instance, would any one of us regard the plentiful water which he enjoys, were he wandering, parched, and wayworn, and unprovided, amid the sandy desert of Sahara. We can conceive, then, with what emotions of earnest longing those distant sojourners, who have gone from their native country, will seek to enjoy the living waters of salvation which flowed so freely in the land they have left, and, in the spirit of Christian patriotism, the Church has endeavoured to assist in conveying her own ordinances to their foreign homes. Nor must we overlook the fact, that our colonies are but the nurseries of nations, and that the seed of Christian truth which is sown among them, though hidden for a time, may yet convert their spiritually waste and arid plains into gardens of the Lord, glowing with the light of salvation, and fair in the beauty of holiness. This, then, is an additional call upon the Church in undertaking her

COLONIAL SCHEMES.

The field is necessarily an extended one, for the colonies of Great Britain cover

one-tenth part of the habitable area of the globe. Over such a wide range, we cannot expect that the Church of Scotland can achieve striking triumphs, when single-handed. Her object, indeed, is rather to lend encouragement and aid to our brethren abroad, than to go forward alone to the work. We can give but a brief note of each of the districts to which the operations of the scheme extend. From *Canada* the accounts of progress are at once interesting and encouraging, and the history of Queen's College, Kingston, continues to be satisfactory. During the past year two ministers, educated there, were appointed to charges in Canada,—viz., the Rev. James Gordon, and the Rev. James M'Ewen. There are in regular attendance in the institution fifty-four students, of whom nearly two-thirds are being educated for the church. There are fifty-three students in the preparatory school, of whom great hopes are expressed. From the clergy reserves, a very considerable amount of revenue will likely be secured to the ministers of the Synod, and the sum of £500 per annum to Queen's College. The grant of £300 in support of this institution has been renewed. Three students receive bursaries. Only one minister, the Rev. Duncan Anderson, has been sent out to Canada last year. He is now ordained minister of Point Levi, Quebec. Grants were made for his outfit and passage money, and for his services at Montreal. The Rev. Archibald Walker, who was sent out last year as a missionary, has been appointed minister of the church at Belleville; and at the recommendation of the Presbytery of Kingston, a grant of £50 has been made to him for one year. A grant has also been made to the Rev. John Macdonald, formerly at Lochiel, and now at Beechridge. On the advice of their respective Presbyteries, a grant of £30 has been made to the Rev. Donald Monro, Finch, whereby his church has been freed from encumbrances; and of £50 to the Rev. Mr. Johnston, to assist in the erection of a place of worship at Binbrooke. The widow of the late Rev. Archibald Milligan, Norvaltown, has

received a grant of £50, on the recommendation of the Presbytery of Montreal.

In the extensive and interesting districts of *Nova Scotia*, *New Brunswick*, *Prince Edward's Island*, and *Cape Breton*, the services of missionaries and ministers are highly valued, great attachment to the Church is manifested, and from no quarter are more frequent and urgent applications for additional labourers made. Two missionaries have recently been appointed to the Synod of New Brunswick, the Rev. Robert Stevenson, and the Rev. Peter Keay. Both have received a very kind reception, and have entered on their duties with every prospect of success. Another missionary has been appointed to Prince Edward's Island, the Rev. George Harper. In the meanwhile he is acting as missionary in the destitute localities of the Presbyteries of Halifax and Pictou. The Rev. Alex. Forbes, one of the missionaries in the Synod of New Brunswick, has accepted a call from the congregation of St John's Church, Dalhousie, and a grant has been made in supplement of his stipend. The Synod of Nova Scotia, after having been in a state of abeyance for ten years, has been reconstituted. We regret to say, that although in all these districts great need is felt for additional ministers, few are found willing to undertake the work. It is encouraging, however, to notice that the scheme for sending young men to this country to be educated for the ministry, has proved successful. Very favourable accounts of the proficiency and good conduct of the students have been received from the Professors under whom they studied. From St. John's, *Newfoundland*, accounts have been received that the state of the Rev. Mr. Nicol's congregation and school is very encouraging, and a renewed grant has been made. Two ministers have been appointed to *British Guiana*, since the commencement of the present year, viz., the Rev. George McCulloch, St. Saviour's; and the Rev. John Kinnison, St. Mark's. For success in teaching, an additional grant has been made to Miss Geddes. From *New Zealand* and *Jamaica* favourable accounts continue to be received. In

Grenada the Rev. Mr. Beaton has accepted a call from the Trustees of St. Andrew's Scotch Church, in the town of St. George. He has given high satisfaction by his exertions in his former charge. From *Ceylon* favourable accounts have been received of the ministrations of the Rev. John M'Bean, since his arrival. Mr. M'Bean has made a donation to the funds of the scheme of £100, being a half-year's salary, voted to him, in consequence of the circumstances in which he was unfortunately placed in his former charge at Inverbrackie, South Australia. Before leaving, his position became so much improved, as to enable him to surrender a sum which he felt to be no longer needed. In the important colony of *Mauritius*, the Rev. Patrick Beaton still continues to labour with zeal and success, notwithstanding the many difficulties peculiar to his situation which he has to encounter. By recent accounts from *Australia*, with one exception, all the ministers sent out last year, are now settled in different parts of that vast country, and are usefully and acceptably employed in the service of our common Master. The exception referred to is Mr. Boag, who is said to have connected himself with a body under the pastorate of Dr. Lang. The earnest attention of licentiates is invited to the great and deeply important sphere of ministerial labour presented in this colony.

To the mighty impulse upon the exertions of the Church, arising from the common necessity of salvation to man, there has hitherto, in the schemes we have noticed, been added an appeal to our patriotism. But if our hearts have responded, with any depth of Christian love, to the calls of our countrymen, they cannot fail to be touched also with zeal for the cause of

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

We know well that, in prosecuting such a Scheme, there are many difficulties to overcome. It is no easy task to level the strongholds of human power, and establish a temporal sway in opposition to the might of nations, however righteous be the cause and laudable the end; and yet how insignificant is such an undertaking when

compared with the attempt to subdue the powers of the human heart, even although our aim be to emancipate from a thralldom worse than the most terrible of despotisms, and to let the soul go free amid the light and liberty of eternal hope and endless happiness. No unaided influence on earth can be successful in such an enterprise; and while with her humble instrumentality the Church goes forth to heathen lands, and displays the banner of the Cross among the benighted nations of the world, it is in believing reliance that He who turneth the hearts of men will bless her efforts for the advancement of His cause and kingdom in the earth. The Foreign Mission is principally directed to the youth of the vast territories of India, and for many years it has been leavening an extensive body of the young with the soundest scriptural knowledge. We can only note a few particulars of its progress for the past year in the various Presidencies.

In *Calcutta* the Mission has been prosecuted with stedfast zeal and ability by the Rev. Messrs. Ogilvie and Anderson. Mr. White, who was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, has also for several months been engaged in the work. By their exertions hundreds receive religious instruction in the Institution, and by preaching and otherwise they endeavour to bring young and old to the knowledge of Christianity. A single instance of the baptism of a native convert has occurred during the year.

From the Presidency of *Madras* we have the cheering intelligence of the conversion of eight natives, and of their subsequent admission by baptism into the Christian Church; and the Rev. Mr. Grant is still continuing, with unabated vigour, to prosecute the work in which he is engaged. In this Presidency the erection of presbyterial bodies in India has already been productive of good, and Messrs. James Sheriff and Alexander Walker, two of the European missionary agents of the General Assembly there, have been admitted as licentiates of the Church of Scotland in India.

In the Institution at *Bombay* there is at present only one ordained missionary, Mr.

Wallace. The Institution, however, is in a generally prosperous condition. The total number of names enrolled is close upon 500—including the Marathee preparatory school. The number of pupils daily present in the English department is from 320 to 350, shewing a considerable increase as compared with former years. The importance of sending out another missionary to aid Mr. Wallace has not been overlooked; and during the present month Mr. Thomas Hunter, who had acquired a competent knowledge of the Hindustanee language, has been ordained with the view of immediately proceeding to Bombay. Mr. Hunter has, however, been especially set apart as the first missionary of the Church to the Punjaub—a mission provided for by the munificent gift of General and Mrs. Campbell of Lochnell—and his ultimate sphere of labour will be at Lahore or its neighbourhood. Within a year, during which time he will remain at Bombay, it is hoped that suitable associates in their work will be found both for Mr. Wallace and Mr. Hunter.

The important auxiliary Scheme of the Ladies' Association for Female Education in India, and the Missionary Institution at Ghospara, endowed by the congregation of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh, are still successfully and zealously engaged in the mission work. To the corresponding boards at the various Presidencies the thanks of the Church have been tendered for their united sympathy and co-operation.

It is interesting to notice that contributions have been received in aid of the Scheme from Montreal and Buenos Ayres, examples well calculated to provoke the liberality of the Church at home. The call upon that liberality is becoming louder every day. It is impossible to over-value the good which might be accomplished by the mission, if ample means were placed at its disposal. The clouds seem to be already breaking in the East. The tumult of war, and the gathering together of the nations may be no more than the thunderstorm heralding the approach of a brighter sky and a purer air. There, at such a time as the

present, when the brotherhood of danger in the struggle for liberty is linking together the adherents of the Cross and the crescent alike, the services of the Church might prove invaluable; for while we do not seek to unravel the hidden mysteries of the future, we can scarcely fail to recognise the importance of diffusing, by the knowledge of heavenly truth, the love of a freedom nobler than emancipation from the fetters of any earthly thralldom. It is a cheering fact that already other churches are hurrying to the field; and we hope the Church of our land will not be the last to lend her aid in the work.

In all her missionary efforts the Church looks for strength and encouragement to the numerous promises of Heaven, as she endeavours, by her humble influence, to hasten the coming of the glorious era when "the earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." But while these heavenly promises, like a brilliant rainbow of mercy, encircle the world in their sphere, perhaps their brightest hues are caught from the sheen of the returning glory of Zion. And hence we may well believe that our efforts for the ingathering of the children of Israel shall be crowned with a peculiar blessing. But if we may thus obtain encouragement from the future, not less powerfully are we impelled, by motives of true Christian love arising from the history of the past, to go forward among the dispersed of Israel, and with loudest and latest voice proclaim the coming of the Lord, no longer in the accents of prophetic vision, but in the sober and truthful words of past realization: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." We are glad to say that such claims have found a willing response in the establishment of the arduous but important Mission for the

CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

Various stations have been selected as best fitted for carrying out this work. We subjoin a short notice of the progress at each:—

Cochin.—In consequence of arrangements made for the appointment of an

additional missionary at this station, Mr. James Bonthorne, a licentiate of the College of St. Andrews, was ordained to the office, and arrived at Cochin in January last. Mr. Laseron has also returned to the scene of his labours, although by untoward accidents he was for some time delayed on his voyage.

Although, during Mr. Laseron's protracted absence, the schools attached to the mission have suffered greatly, he states that the school in the *Compound* has now fifty-eight on the roll,—the average attendance being forty, and new pupils are received almost daily; that the *Ameravedy Tamul* school, at which there had been, previous to his return to this country, an attendance of thirty boys, and which had been shut during his absence, is again opened, and is attended by above twenty; and that the *Jewtown* school, which he had found in a very depressed state on his arrival, is now giving indications of decided improvement. Mr. Laseron has received an interesting letter from the Metropolitan of the Syrian Church at Malabar, congratulating him on his safe return to the sphere of his missionary labours.

Germany.—The labours of the three missionaries in this country, the Rev. G. F. Sutter at Karlsruhe, the Rev. J. C. Lehner at Darmstadt, and the Rev. Rudolph Stern at Speyer, are viewed with peculiar satisfaction. We regret to say that Mr. Sutter has been suffering under the pressure of heavy domestic affliction from the death of his wife.

During the year two instances have occurred of persons being admitted to the fellowship of the Christian Church by baptism, and interesting accounts have also been received of other two who are anxious to be baptised.

At *Darmstadt* Mr. Lehner has been prosecuting his labours with zeal and devotedness. But we regret to state that these have been arrested by indisposition, and from his last letter, dated 26th April, it appeared that he was entirely laid aside from active service.

At *Speyer*, the work of the mission has been steadily progressing, under the care of Mr. Stern.

The German Missionary Board, have held three meetings during the year for the fellowship of prayer, and the study of the Scriptures bearing on the condition and future prospects of Israel. The meetings took place at Karlsruhe, Speyer, and Darmstadt.

Extension of the Mission.—In regard to a proposal formerly made for employing a missionary at Paris, it may be stated that the subject is still engaging the anxious attention of the Committee.

Ladies' Association.—At Cochin, the Association maintains a school for the instruction of young Jewesses, and also an orphanage in connexion with their branch of the mission. In London, Mrs. Rosenfeldt, and, in Germany, Miss Mittelbach at Karlsruhe, and Miss Huth at Darmstadt, have, during the past year, continued their labours with all their accustomed fidelity, and not without tokens of encouragement and success.

The whole income of the Scheme during the past year has been L.356, 17s. 1d. less than the income of the previous year; while the expenditure was L.3396, 15s. 5d., or L.980, 12s. 2d. above that of the previous year. It is a fact to be deplored that there has been a decrease in the church-door collections of L.157, and there are no less than 268 parishes which have not contributed. It will be observed that the Education and Home Mission schemes have also suffered from the want of that liberal support which is usually extended towards them. It is, perhaps, enough to set these facts before a Christian people, since, heavy as may be the pressure of other claims, no real philanthropist can ever rank them above such urgent appeals to labour for the welfare of countless human souls.

We have thus pointed out the chief means by which the Church of Scotland endeavours to scatter the precious seed of the Word of life among those beyond her precincts both at home and abroad. As usual, we annex a note of the entire voluntary aid extended to the Schemes. This amount of contributions is, however, exclusive of many private acts of donation, and instances of beneficence, of which a knowledge can only

be acquired from the good which they accomplish. But, in such a state of matters, we fear the Church has little cause for congratulation. It is true we cannot tell to what extent she has advanced the cause of Christ during her labours for another year. We cannot tell what changes she may have wrought on many a dreary heart, nor with what blessings of increase the dews of heavenly grace may visit the scenes she has traversed,—causing, even now it may be, the solitary place to be glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. But leaving, in humble faith, the results of the work in the hands of our Heavenly Father, it is for us to inquire whether we have used the best and most efficient means for the promotion of His cause. In some measure, indeed, we may satisfy ourselves that the outward machinery is complete and well adapted; but let us think of what rests with ourselves as regards its application. We may give the accustomed contribution, and direct it to the wonted channel, but how often do our individual exertions go no further? How often does the hand which gives find, no guidance from the heart, and the voice of the prayer which accompanies the gift remain altogether untouched by a holy and noble enthusiasm, dignified by the importance of the objects to be attained? If we would but act in opposition to this, if our hearts were full of the work, if our prayers were earnest for its success, not only might our contributions be greater, but more productive of good. The struggle in which we engage is a long and arduous one; the enemy strong and indomitable. If we have been often victorious, we have not less frequently been repulsed. We rejoice to think, however, that we are not single-handed. On the earth we have many allies full of courage and vigour, and we are fellow-workers with Heaven itself. We have

only to advance in the might of faith to renew assault upon assault, and we are assured that, though the siege be protracted, the strongholds of the powers of darkness shall inevitably fall at last, and the banners of salvation wave from the battlements of a pure and holy world. "My yoke is easy, and my burden is light," are the inviting accents of our Lord to every soul wayworn and oppressed. What Christian heart does not feel the beauty and truthfulness of that saying, while the same voice which uttered it described the burden of the cross as the peculiar characteristic of his disciples? To bid adieu to the pleasures of earth, to cultivate holiness, to encounter reproach, that is a cross which the worldly man has no power to bear. But to do all this, ay, and to live no longer to ourselves; to walk in the beauty of holiness; to kindle the star of hope for the lost, and to shed abroad the light of the love of Heaven, these are the highest joys of the Christian. We cannot, however, disguise the fact, that, in the eye of the world, he has much to accomplish full of toil and peril—much that appears to be the bearing of a cross, heavy with sorrow. But to the soul fraught with Christian love, this thought affords only new delight in doing the will of Heaven. Before the light of a mere earthly affection, suffering and danger oftentimes take wings and flee away—nay, they may furnish but fresh impulses to the sinking heart. Ah! little can we feel of that heavenly love which is nobler and deeper far than any which gladdens the world, if we find not that under the kind and loving smile of Heaven, our labour is joy, and our yoke light and gentle, and easy to be borne! But again, if we be truly actuated by such a transcending love, what holy aim, what good work, what missionary enterprise can be too arduous for us to undertake?

SUMS COLLECTED DURING THE YEAR 1854-5.

(The first column contains Collections, Contributions, and Legacies; the second contains Interest, Dividends, Government Grants for Normal Schools, &c.)

Education Scheme,	£3878 17 5	£3773 19 7	£7652 17 0
Do, East and West India Fund,	200 0 0	..	200 0 0
Do, Agricultural Instruction	91 15 6	2 13 0	94 8 6
Do, Ladies' Gaelic School Association,	485 0 0	...	485 0 0
Do., Elders' Daughters' Association,	118 17 6	...	118 17 6
India Mission,	3339 15 4	219 2 8	3558 18 0
St Stephen's Congregation for Ghospara,	180 13 0	...	180 13 0
Ladies' Association for Female Education in India,	1740 0 8	...	1740 0 8
Home Mission,	3529 12 0	257 16 9	3787 8 9
Colonial Churches,	1846 15 6	179 15 9	2026 11 8
Jews' Conversion,	2432 9 1	211 17 3	2644 6 4
Ladies' Association for Jewish Females, for Year ending 15th Oct. 1854,	409 11 9	10 15 10	419 17 7
Do, for Cochin Orphanage Fund,	212 12 2	...	212 12 2
Endowment Scheme,	7408 6 0½	180 10 10	7588 16 10½
Do. Feu Duties,	937 1 3	937 1 3
Lay Association,	1654 11 0½	6 0 8	1660 11 8½
Ladies' Association for Promoting Female Industrial Education in Scotland	223 3 3	...	223 3 3
Central Protestant Society of France,	20 12 7	...	20 12 7
Committee on Popery,	201 0 8	...	201 0 8
Liquidation of Chapel Debts,	503 8 6	...	503 8 6
Total,	£28,476 12 0	£5779 13 7	£34,256 5 7

Besides the above, there have been brought into account this year the following sums for the Endowment Scheme—

Contributions for Particular Churches and Local Funds,	£14,804 0 0
Provincial Subscriptions,	9,769 10 0
	£24,573 10 0

THE GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

THE Rev. Mr. Macnair has arrived safely at Scutari. He and Mr. Fergusson have each written the Secretary, expressing their happiness in each other's society, and their common gladness in carrying on the work of the mission together. Indeed, two more devoted men for such Christian labour could hardly be found; and the friends of the mission should

therefore thank God and take courage. Another portion of Mr Fergusson's journal has come to hand, and will be published in our next number.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs John Mackie, Barony Congregation,	L.0 5 0
Anonymous, for Testaments and Psalm-books,	1 0 0
Mrs Keith Hamilton,	0 10 0
Lady A. K. Murray, Auchtertyre	2 0 0

Notices of Books.

An Appeal in behalf of Native Education in India, in connexion with the School and Mission of the General Assembly in India. By Rev. JAMES BRYCE, D.D. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

This well-timed and excellent Appeal relates to one of the most important questions connected with India missions which ever came before the General Assembly. We blush to think of the treat-

ment which such a question has received by the Church! It was noticed in the most superficial and unsatisfactory manner in the Report of the India Committee. Those who spoke in favour of the conclusion to which the Committee had arrived, declaimed about the India Education Scheme, or abused it; but no one, except Dr. Bryce, who spoke in its favour, attempted to give any clear account

of the measure, and he was scarcely listened to. The Convener of the India Committee had an opportunity, very properly, afforded to him of explaining to the House and to the Church what his views were upon so great and so momentous a question; but the only information which he thought it necessary to give was in the form of an ultimatum, not uncommon of late among perplexed conveners, that of threatening to resign if the report of his committee was not agreed to. The very Despatch of the Indian Government, which embodied and described this great measure, and on which the General Assembly of a National Church deeply interested in India was called upon to decide, either never was laid before the House, or lay unnoticed and unknown in the Balaclava of motions and reports on the table. This great measure, moreover, was brought up for discussion, or possibly to avoid discussion, on a Saturday afternoon when a few members were scattered along the almost empty benches. For all this we blame the India Committee more than the Assembly. Why not insist upon its receiving the most earnest consideration of the fullest House which could be commanded? Why confine the discussion to a mere repetition by its members of what had been discussed and concluded by them in Committee? Why not give full and adequate information to the Church, by printing the Despatch, or otherwise, before landing her in the grave position of rejecting a measure which all other Christian churches hail with admiration and thankfulness? It is clear that this question must again come before the Assembly. Should the decision of last Assembly be adhered to, either of two things *must* follow—we shall either be compelled by circumstances to give up our schools and begin a preaching mission, or be driven from the mission field altogether. But we feel assured that when the real merits of the case are known to the Church, and fairly brought before the Assembly, as they must and shall be, it is not such a motion as Dr. Bryce made, but that which opposes it, which, in another year, will, in all probability, want a seconder. In the meantime we thank Dr. Bryce for his Pamphlet, which we shall more fully consider in our next Number.

The Scottish Psalm and Tune Book
Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

THIS is by far the most complete and unique Psalm and Tune Book hitherto

published. It supplies a desideratum long and widely felt in our Presbyterian Churches. The more the practice of part-singing increases, the more painful is the want of some uniform congregational singing experienced. The great difficulty we apprehend in the way of so desirable a result, lies in producing a work, at once free from local partiality in the selection of tunes, and arrangement of harmonies, in combining a sufficient variety, with cheapness to place it in the hands of all. These have been successfully attained in this work. The collection embraces considerably above *two hundred* of our finest and most popular sacred tunes, selected from numerous sources, including many extremely beautiful and original compositions specially designed by the editor for this work. Thus there is united with what is entirely new all that is meritorious in the labours of former compilers; and, from the very multiplicity of these sources, there is secured that desirable result—uniformity. This work, while it is a perfect tune book, presents also the form of a complete psalter, containing all the psalms, paraphrases, and hymns, thereby admirably suited for our church pews. Above each Psalm, &c., will be found an appropriate tune, having appended a reference to others also suitable. There is no small difficulty in selecting tunes suitable to every Psalm, for much allowance is due to the variety of taste and difference of opinion; but in this we think the editor has been singularly felicitous, combining nice discrimination and taste with almost endless variety. In regard to the melodies themselves, he has carefully adhered to the authors' own texts, with but a few exceptions where improvements were necessarily called for. In the harmonies, he has admirably succeeded in combining the massive richness of the ancient style, with the graceful flow of the individual parts. Much credit is due also to the publishers who have produced a neat duodecimo in a clear music type, with a fine and large impression of the Psalms. It is well suited for the church pew and psalmody classes.

“Beautiful before, how much more beautiful do the words *kind* and ‘*kindness*’ appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our *KIN*-ship with our brethren of all mankind.”—*Trench on Words.*

Sermon.

GOD'S MERCY IN WITHHOLDING KNOWLEDGE.

By the Rev. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, Minister of Monzievairst and Strowan.

"I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."—JOHN xvi. 12.

We think of God by what He has revealed to us. We look abroad on the earth, and read manifestations of the wisdom, mercy, and power of the Creator. We gaze on the firmament, and consider the glory of the sky, and we learn the majesty of Him who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names. We open the pages of inspiration, and gather wondrous things out of the Scriptures—we are instructed in the purposes of Divine mercy, and the administration of the Gospel, which publishes glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth. Our conceptions of God are thus limited to what we are enabled to know of His nature, and can comprehend of His government; and, if God had been as one of us, this might have been a correct method of estimating and honouring Him. But I have now to show you, that, with regard to the Almighty, such thoughts are altogether unworthy and dishonouring; for, even after you have fully appreciated all that God has made known—after you have fully comprehended the revelation which God has given us, you are merely on the threshold of the mighty edifice of truth. What God has concealed lies beyond your reach.

This is a solemn truth, which should teach us the narrow range of human knowledge. We are apt to imagine that God is to be measured and estimated solely by what He has made known. And yet, who of all mankind has been able to comprehend perfectly any one part of the Divine manifestations! But the nature and attributes of God are by no means circumscribed to what is placed within our reach, or confined to that administration in which the human family is concerned. We are to think of God as infinitely great and glorious and exalted, not only in what He has made

known, but also in what He has concealed. This is far too little considered; for we think and speak of God as if His power and dominion were exhausted and fully detailed in what has been revealed, and in what is placed within the reach of human comprehension. Do you not, for example, believe that the works and the word of God contain a full manifestation of all that He is, and all that He knows, and all that He designs? It is a very idle and ignorant imagination; for, beyond all the revelations which God has given us, there is the infinite, the incommunicable, which God only is and which God only comprehends. With all our knowledge we have to remember that God holdeth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it; and with all our comprehension of His works and purposes, we may not forget that these are only parts of His ways, and how little a portion is heard of Him!

You may stand on the shore of the ocean and gaze over the waters. The billows are rolling far as your eye can discern, till they are lost in the sky. A wide, but still a circumscribed portion of the abyss of waters is open to your vision, and you are interested in all that passes within the sphere of your notice. Does that little sphere embrace the ocean? It is but a spot, a mere point in the mighty dominion of the waters. They stretch away to other climes, and gladden other shores which human eyes may never have seen.

Such, but infinitely greater, is the wisdom of God. It is an ocean encompassing the universe—it is incomprehensible by any finite intelligence. And, therefore, while we love and adore God for all that we know, we must reverence and fear Him for what is beyond our knowledge. "Canst thou by searching find

out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" And yet there are lingering thoughts in men's minds that they are able to understand and comprehend the Almighty. This is but the thought of a child, that his eye can scan the ocean. God has indeed revealed His word to man—that word which proclaims glad tidings of great joy to all people; but I would have you consider that this does not exhaust and include all the purposes of God or all the prerogatives of the Divine Majesty. It is only a revelation of that part of God's designs and will which in His wisdom He saw fit for our guidance and salvation. It is a *revelation*, a light to direct us, but on every side there is darkness, and the light shines only on the point which it was intended to disclose. Even in respect of the Divine mercy to man, the revelation has left many things untold and unexplained. There are mysteries in the faith, mysteries which human powers and attainments can never unravel, and which arise from the necessary fact to which I have adverted, that the Divine nature is incomprehensible by humanity. This is sublimely illustrated in the history of Moses, when he besought God to show him His glory. "And God said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee, and I will proclaim the name of the Lord before thee, and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy. And God said, Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live." (Exodus xxxiii. 19.) The same truth is directly stated by Isaiah in a passage which even associates the Divine mystery and silence with God's purposes of salvation. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the SAVIOUR." (Isaiah xlv. 15.) These considerations establish the extraordinary but elevating thought, that while God is glorious in all that He has made known, He is more glorious in all that He has hid; and that while He has even revealed what we cannot fully attain to, He has concealed far greater and more wondrous depths of knowledge.

This Divine reserve, this silence on

many subjects too high for us, has been occasioned by considerations of mercy as well as of necessity. God has had compassion upon our nature, and has disclosed only what He knows shall minister to our comfort and salvation. He has consoled and instructed—He has not overwhelmed us by revelation. He has not shed on the tender and sensitive eyeball the concentrated glories of a light above the brightness of the sun, for the excess of glory would only wither and darken the sight. But He has concealed His throne in clouds, and veiled the light which is inaccessible with thick darkness. In merciful consideration for the frailty of men, He has given them rays of heavenly light suited to their condition. And when the Son of the Highest came down among the homes of mortals to seek and save them that were lost, He also veiled His glory in the form of a servant, and was made like unto His brethren. In His very humility He bore in mind all the infirmities and frailties of men, and mercifully adapted His teaching to the capacities, the characters, the sensibilities of those whom He addressed. My text gives us a singular and beautiful example of this Divine benevolence. Though He was about to depart from the disciples, though there were many things which He had yet to explain and reveal, His very tenderness and love made Him silent regarding them. In merciful solicitude for the comfort of His disciples, He told them, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now."

Some have supposed that those "many things" which the disciples were not yet able to bear were the rejection of the Jews, the abrogation of the ceremonial law, and the calling of the Gentiles. But if these were all, they had already been simply explained and revealed to the disciples. Our Lord's parables and plain sayings had shown that the kingdom of God was to be taken from the Jews and given to others. Our Lord's conversation at Jacob's well, with the woman of Samaria, clearly intimated that the rites and ceremonies of the Law were about to give place to the spiritual worship of the Gospel. He

had expressly assured the disciples of the ruin of the temple, when not one stone would be left upon another. He had told them, too, that the very Abomination of Desolation would stand in the Holy Place, and that unequalled tribulation would attend the downfall of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Jews. The disciples had been fully warned of all these things, and therefore we must seek for other topics on which the Saviour had yet to speak, but which now they could not bear.

At first sight, but at first sight only, the verse which follows my text seems to imply that our Lord referred to those doctrines and events which were soon to be unfolded in the Christian Church and recorded in the other parts of the New Testament. "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you unto all the truth: * for He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come." Now, the more that you reflect on the whole passage, you will be the more convinced that the guidance and instruction of the Spirit were not to refer specially to the "many things" which our Lord *himself* had still to say. The Saviour announces that there are truths which, in His own person and capacity, He has to unfold—truths which He himself has yet to say to the disciples. And it appears that this interpretation of my text is forced upon us by the whole tenor of that wondrously beautiful address in which it occurs. For our Lord speaks again and again of future personal intercourse with His disciples. He tells them that in a little while they shall see Him again; and at the conclusion of His prayer, He thus speaks of renewed, direct, and personal fellowship with all His disciples. "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am: that they may behold my glory which Thou hast given me." These passages boldly call attention to our Lord's renewed personal communion with His disciples, and suggest the time when He could say the "many things" which now they could not bear.

* The passage should be rendered thus.

I. It is unnecessary to linger for a moment to prove that the condition of the disciples faithfully represents our own, and that my text has its reference and application to ourselves. It involves then a general truth—the present imperfection and weakness of our nature. For there are many truths which we cannot bear now—truths connected with our own destiny, or with the character and will of God. Are there not many doctrines in Scripture at which humanity is offended, and which it cannot comprehend? The great doctrines of the Gospel are testimonies of our wickedness and weakness, and all the provisions of salvation are only for the helpless and the lost. Thus, strange to say, the very message of pardon is ill to bear; and the proclamation of the Gospel which calls us to glory, honour, and immortality, is humbling to the man who hears it. Marvellous contradiction! The deepest debasement—the most resplendent honour; the most wretched poverty—the most glorious inheritance; the terrors of the Lord—the love of the Eternal, are all curiously combined. In the work of redemption, mercy and truth have met together, righteousness and peace have embraced each other in all the Divine purposes. So also, in the same work in the history of every sinner that repenteth, there are associated the lingering power of sin and the progressing power of godliness, the infirmities of humanity and the grace and strength of Divinity, the darkness of the natural mind, and the light and hope of a renewed spirit. For now, even at best, we know in part and we prophesy in part.

Do you doubt that there are many things which you are now unable to bear? I will not speak of the mysteries of the world to come—I will gather from the life that now is, and from your own experience, sufficient demonstration of your frailty. In your history have you met no trial—have you endured no affliction—have you never sought a place wherein to weep? "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Your life has surely been no exception to

the universal rule. But if hitherto fortune and happiness have invariably been your portion, you may well tremble for the sorrows which ere long shall mark your lot with the sad characteristic of all humanity. You may have been able to bear all that is past, but boast not of to-morrow. Yet why should I suppose that any man can be a stranger to trouble? Let me deal with stern reality, and appeal to your own experience for a confirmation of the truth now before you. There have been events in your history which you could not contemplate with composure—trials which well-nigh broke your heart—visitations of Providence which laid you in the lowest pit, in darkness, in the deeps. What were the consolations which you enjoyed in these sorrows? You have received an explanation of none of them; and to this hour they are as mysterious and unaccountable as ever; but you have been enabled partly to forget, though not to understand the mystery. Do not suppose that I underrate the grace of resignation. It is enjoined by God—it is a Christian blessing, as well as a Christian duty. But what is resignation? It is a meek trust in God's love and wisdom, when all things seem to be against you; it is an undoubting persuasion of God's tender mercy when everything externally betokens God's anger. It is the triumph of faith over sight; it is the victory of the spirit over the flesh. But in all this, there is no clearing up of the trial. So far as we are concerned, the way of God still remains dark and mysterious, though we are mercifully helped to believe that goodness and truth have gone before His face. Our comfort must be drawn not from the stroke but from the wisdom and compassion of Him who strikes—the one is grievous and sad, the other is gentle and fatherly. We must wait patiently for God, submitting ourselves implicitly to His will, and in all affliction being persuaded of His mercy. So true it is, that in every trial there is something which we cannot bear now.

Since this is the case with regard to sorrow already past, how much more is it true with regard to sorrow yet to come!

Yet on this subject we are very foolish and unreasonable. We are even willing to deceive ourselves in our anxiety to anticipate the future. What if God, wearied by our folly, and wrathful at our impiety, were to withdraw the cloud which conceals the future from our knowledge and contemplation! How terrible would be the issue! Painful, perplexing visitations would be seen about to befall us, for God's ways are not as ours. Misfortune, calamity, and death would rise up in battalions on our path, and all that vexes the heart and gives a melancholy tone to human life, would seem gathered in reserve to envelope us in misery. We would shrink from the wrongs and dangers which every path of ambition would disclose—we would be scared from the noblest prizes of human achievement by the dark shadows which guard them—and we would concentrate all the trials of long years to come into the awful experience of a moment of agony ever present, a moment which no night could carry into forgetfulness, and no morning could chase away into the shadows of the past. The misery of to-morrow would torment us to-day. The history of the most happy and fortunate year would be insupportable in anticipation; for you could not bear to anticipate even what you may be able to endure. And still you look wistfully to the future. You long to pierce the cloud as if you were able to sustain the view beyond it. Gaze no longer. The fairest vision would vex you. Friends would be estranged. Old familiar faces would be awaiting. You might see yourselves wronged, forsaken, alone. Unknown forms might be crowding your chamber. Nay, think of it no longer. There are many things, many things yet to be experienced by us all, but God in great mercy conceals them, for we could not bear them now.

II. But this very expression, "Ye cannot bear them now," implies a prospect of greater strength and knowledge, when we shall be able to bear them. And this opens up what had previously seemed indistinct as to the special work of the Spirit referred to in the verse following my text. For in this life we are under the

ministration of the Spirit, and, at the same time, we know that this is a dispensation only preparatory to another. This is not our rest. We have been begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens. For this inheritance we are now preparing. For this glorious condition the Spirit is guiding us into all the truth, and enabling us more and more to love and comprehend it, and sanctifying our whole nature that we may be fit for the heavenly kingdom. Our state, therefore, if we be Christ's disciples, is one of progression and advancement. It is a gradual progression from the *now*, when we are frail, imperfect and unable to bear many things, to the *hereafter*, when we shall be perfect, and know even as we are known. What truth is more frequently announced in Scripture than this? The wise man says, "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." The great apostle of the Gentiles also declares, "Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." I might easily quote very many passages to the same purpose. They all teach the doctrine and the fact of *progression*. Yet why should I call it a doctrine? Because if it be really believed, it will constrain you to diligence—it will lead you to purify your hearts—it will give an element of sacred ambition and energy to your religion—it will urge you to follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. It will even comfort you in your godly sorrow for your unprofitableness, and for all the hindrances to your faith; and while causing you to be more watchful, it will at the same time disclose the blessing which a patient waiting for God never fails to secure. Oh, believe me, the religion of Jesus is the most practical, the most homely, the most effective of all things. You may think that, in order to

enter on its duties and undertake its obligations, you must return home and make a formal commencement of a Christian life. You may imagine that, by some public rite or dignified solemnity, you must be admitted to the service and love of Christ. Brethren, begin *here*, and begin *now*. Above all things, be not Pharisees: above all things, be Christians. The Gospel of Christ claims the present moment, and seeks to prepare you now for the dread hereafter. It is the connecting bond between the sorrows and weakness of poor humanity, and the honours and perfections of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. It is the power of God transforming us from the present frailty to the future strength—from the perplexities of a state in which we can only see through a glass darkly, to the privileges and gifts of a city which hath no need of the sun.

These considerations may serve to shew how aptly the Christian life is compared to a journey, a pilgrimage, or a race. The main idea in these comparisons is advancement and progression—a leaving behind the customs and peculiarities of one region, and the reaching forward to the privileges and blessings of another. It is a pilgrimage from infirmity to perfection—from the misty ignorance of earth to the light and knowledge of heaven. Here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come. And yet there is a feature in the pilgrimage to the abiding city which may probably have perplexed you. Years bring with them labour and sorrow. The bright eye grows dim, and the firm footstep becomes feeble. The energy of early life dies away, and the cares and exhaustion of age take its place. And is this the progression of which I spoke; is this the advancement from infirmity to strength? Yes, brethren, if you will but regard it wisely. For, if the city which hath foundations had been built on earth, the pilgrim's eye would have become brighter, and his footstep bolder as the journey of years brought him nigher the gate. Age would have added vigour and given new power. But as the end of the journey is in a world unseen, and is reached first by

the spirit alone, it is necessary that the soul should be loosed from its tabernacle, and that the changes of years should plant their impress on that which is to die. The little which we know of the spirit of our dearest companion on the narrow road, is dependent on the healthy condition of bodily organs. But though these become diseased and feeble, and thus impede or even obstruct the communion between his thoughts and ours, we are to regard reverently the spirit which is being gradually loosened from the body, and withdrawn to be with the Lord. The eye may be dim, the form may be wasted and feeble, the thoughts may seem to wander, but the spirit, the hidden man of the heart, may be renewing strength, and, beyond our cognizance, may be gathering that power which shall enable it to bear those many things which hitherto could not be revealed to it.

Before passing from this subject, there is an idea which I cannot omit. Hitherto I have spoken of trials rather than of honours; and yet the honours in store for God's people are such as cannot now be comprehended. St. John says in one of his epistles, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Yet there is a statement in Scripture still more remarkable, which actually represents the glories of heaven as a weight such as we cannot bear now. St. Paul thus exhorts the Corinthians: "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And thus we learn, that the very honours of the world to come are included in those many things which the disciples on earth would be unable to bear. Nor would we forget the remarkable testimony of the same apostle, who was caught up into paradise, but whether in the body or out of the body he could not tell, and heard "*unspeakable words*, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

My text, which intimated that many things were mercifully withheld by the Saviour from His disciples, was spoken

immediately before His last sufferings and death. He was comforting their hearts in that day of trouble, and tenderly preparing them for all that they would have to endure. He was about to return to His Father, and to leave the world. Yet He did not allow His disciples to think that His interest in their welfare, or His care over them, was to cease, or that His instructions to them were at an end for ever. On the contrary, He told them that He had many things yet to say, although they could not now bear them. And if not *now*, when could these many things be spoken? To answer this question, let us follow our Lord's subsequent history. The agony in the garden is over; the cross, with its holy offering, has been reared on Calvary; the darkness has passed away; the Divine Redeemer has said, "It is finished," and has bowed His head. The tomb of the Saviour has been sealed and guarded, but He has come forth, spoiling death of his sting, and the grave of victory. Jesus has received all power in heaven and in earth, and has sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. He has fulfilled His promise to the disciples: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." Holy men, in every succeeding age, have gone from this present evil world to be with Christ;—does Scripture then unfold, in any degree, the nature of this communion between the Redeemer and the spirits of just men made perfect? Scripture tells us that Jesus, as our great High Priest, has passed into the heavens. Scripture expressly assures us that "we have such an High Priest who is set on the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched, and not man," (Heb. viii. 1.) We have thus ascertained that our Lord in glory is not only a High Priest, but emphatically "a minister of the sanctuary," the steward of its mysteries, the revealer of its truths. Many things there were which the disciples on earth were unable to bear,—they have heard them, and are able to bear them in heaven. They had only

known in part; but for them, that which is perfect is come. With nobler gifts and higher powers, they have listened to the teaching of the Divine Minister in the temple not made with hands; they have reached to truths which, during their pilgrimage on earth, had been a painful mystery; and they have entered on new fields of contemplation and study, for which their former attainments had been utterly inadequate. With hopes glorious and high as these, we may be well content to walk by faith and not by sight, being sure that what we know not now we shall know hereafter.

In this life we witness many events, and endure many ills which are most perplexing. God's way is in the dark waters, and His dispensations are generally shrouded in mystery. The sudden circumstance of an hour sometimes changes the whole tenor of our history, and leaves behind no solace or interpretation, save the last reflection, that it is the Lord's doing. Wonderful it is, that this only consolation is that which we strive the most to avoid. In thoughtless unbelief we would rather question the wisdom and mercy in which we are afflicted, than sit down in silence and humility before the rebuke of the Lord. How little do we think that there is kindness in the mystery, and that it fosters and increases the faith by which we look on the things not seen, and see Him who is invisible! Without this mystery we should have no cause to commit our way unto God, and cherish a devout confidence in His mercy—we should lose the higher attainments of that faith which overcomes the world—we should be deprived of many powerful inducements to watchfulness and fidelity which now aid our piety. For our very blindness as to the future, when rightly considered, constrains us to trust our guidance only to Him who seeth the end from the beginning; our very ignorance urges us to come to Him in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; our very infirmities become helps to our faith, and bring us to Christ, as little children, stumbling and fearful, to the strong hand of a father. But the hour is

coming, when many mysteries which now perplex us, and which are necessary for our present welfare, shall be revealed to the people of God, and when those things, which are now mercifully withheld from them, shall be known and understood. No new guide, no stranger to the saints, shall disclose himself at the gate of the heavenly temple. The same merciful and compassionate Saviour, who led them through much tribulation, and comforted them in sorrow, shall still be their guide and companion. Even now, in the mansions of our Father's house, the Minister of the sanctuary has unfolded to our friends and kindred who died in the Lord, the wisdom and tenderness in which all the sorrows in their lot were ordered. Mothers have discovered that they had wept and mourned over their dearest blessings—children have seen that they had been made fatherless on earth, that they might seek and find a Father in heaven. The doubts, the fears, the griefs, the dark thoughts which in this life had vexed the hearts of God's people, now assume an aspect of wisdom and benevolence when seen with the pure vision and the glorious light of the better country. The Lamb in the midst of the throne feeds them, and leads them to living fountains of water, and God wipes the tears from every eye.

Children of sorrow! who now are walking in darkness, and seeking the kingdom of God, you shall yet look back with wonder and gratitude on all your pathway thither. You will see the valley of weeping which you traversed, and all the stones of stumbling by which you fell. You will see the spot where you sat down to mourn when some one very dear to you disappeared in the darkness and was lost for ever on the journey. But you will look back on your pilgrimage illuminated by divine light, and you will discover meanings and designs of love in every sorrow. The night and silence which now surround you shall then give place to the brightness and joy of the day; and, amid the light and intelligence of heaven, you will perceive the mercy of the divine silence as well as of the divine revelation—the benevolence of

divine mystery as well as of divine knowledge, and you will learn from those lips which spake as never man spake, that our blessed Lord withholds from us many things because He has compassion on our infirmity, and knows well that now we could not bear them.

Now unto Jesus Christ, the brightness

of God's glory, the express image of God's person, the upholder of all things by the word of His power, who by himself has purged our sins, and has sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, the minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, be all glory and honour for ever. Amen.

ON THE INTELLIGENT STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

SUCH is the title of a short but most edifying lecture to the Young Men's Association, given in Exeter Hall* by Mr. Alford, the well-known and learned editor of an edition of the Greek New Testament. It is, like all we have read of Mr. Alford's other writings, clear, judicious, earnest, and presenting the results of matured learning and profound study to the ordinary mind, in their most simple and practical form.

The lecturer begins by expressing wonder and sorrow at the general ignorance of the Bible which exists, and especially at the few who devote themselves to an *intelligent* study of its marvellous pages, so that the Bible is at once the glory and the shame of England.

"Hundreds of thousands," he says, "of grown-up Christian men among us, would be ashamed to be as ignorant of the contents of the daily journals as they are of their Bibles. Christian women, highly educated, speaking and reading the languages of modern Europe, and acquainted with their literature, spending half their time in the pursuits of intellect and taste, have yet bestowed little or no pains on their Bibles, and would scout as preposterous the idea of learning the language in which their New Testament was revealed. We cannot refer to Scripture authority in the society of ordinary and respectable Christians, without being met with the look of blank ignorance which testifies too surely that we are citing from a book almost unknown. We can hardly enter a church by chance, and hear the lessons

for the day read, without being grieved by the absence of meaning in the tone and feeling of the reader, the blunders in emphasis and in connexion, and without a saddening thought in our minds. — 'What must be the teaching, where such is the ignorance of Scripture!' And, among those fully qualified by education to read the New Testament in its original language, very few indeed ever care to do so; but at the end of their University career, in which they were obliged just to come up to the very small amount of knowledge of the Greek text required for an examination, they drop back into the ranks again, and are contented with being as ignorant of their Bibles as other men about them."

The intelligent students of the Bible, Mr. Alford says, are those "who study to acquire an acquaintance with the contents of its various books, to become familiar with the style and character of its writers, to appreciate its beauties, to rise within sight of its difficulties, and attempt their solution." The necessity for such study, he shews, arises from the plan which God has, in His wisdom, adopted in revealing himself to man.

"He saw fit to raise up holy men filled with His Spirit, through each one of whom has been contributed some portion of His revelation to man. And as we find it to be in common life, so it has been here. The fact of a man being a spiritual man, among ourselves, does not deprive him of his individual mental character. The child-like mind retains its freshness and simplicity; the profound thinker still carries on his researches, and wields his powerful arguments; the joyous and high-spirited is still the cheerful exultant Christian; the meek-hearted and subdued still goes softly, and utters gentle words. And so was it, in their

* Lectures delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, in Exeter Hall, from November 1854 to February 1855. London: Nisbet and Co.

far higher degree, with the inspired writers of God's Word. Their mental character, bound up, as it always is, with physical temperament and the incidents of life, appears as clearly in their writings as does that of ordinary writers in theirs. The style and habit of thought of St. Paul differ as entirely from those of Peter,—and those of St. James from both,—and those of St. John again from all,—as the style and habit of any mere human author from those of another. And thus it is, among other gracious purposes in this variety, that God's Word is able to lay hold of so many differing sympathies, and to strike its roots among the infinitely various mental characters of men. And not only so, but thus also is the individual Christian able, by studying his Bible, to see divine truth, not through one medium only, but through many; to appreciate it on all its sides, and become well-furnished unto the kingdom of heaven; prepared for all the trials by which the different parts of his own being must be tried in the course of perfecting his faith."

But while this is the case, how common is a mere indiscriminate use of Scripture? How few know any distinction, for instance, between the narratives of the four Evangelists? As an illustration of this distinction, we give the following long but very interesting extract from the lecture on

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR GOSPELS.

"Take the gospel of St. Matthew. The peculiar gift of the Holy Spirit to this apostle was the recording, in all the fulness of their majesty, of our Saviour's longer and more solemn discourses. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters, we have the sermon on the mount; in the tenth, the missionary discourse to the twelve, sent forth to teach and to heal, reaching onward in its prophetic import to the latest ages of the Christian ministry; in the eleventh, that wonderful discourse concerning John, where, answering the question, 'Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another?' our Lord, having described the office of the law and prophets and the Baptist, cried, saying, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'I am He that should come, and ye need not look for another.' Then in the twelfth chapter, we have His reply to the blasphemy of the Pharisees against Him; in the

thirteenth, the wonderful series of noble parables, the commencement of His adoption of that method of teaching, opening with the sower sowing his seed, carrying onward the similitudes through each successive age of Christendom, and concluding with that last sitting down on the shore of time, and emptying the net of the Church. In the sixteenth, again, we have the answer to Peter's confession expanded at length; in the eighteenth, the beautiful exposition of the child-like spirit, ending with the parable respecting the necessity of Christian forgiveness. And so we might proceed, with a great discourse at every turn, till we come to the grand climax of all, His denunciation of the false formalists of Israel in chapter xxiii., ending with His final departure from that temple, which was no longer His but theirs, left now unto them desolate;—and followed by the solemn prophecy of chapter xxiv., the two prophetic parables of chapter xxv., and its sublime close, where only Jesus reveals himself as the King on the throne of His kingdom, and proclaims the final doom of all nations gathered before Him. The characteristic of St. Matthew's gospel is *majesty*, and that principally manifested in the discourses of our Lord. His depictions of incidents, as compared with those of St. Mark and St. Luke, are generally but scanty: in some cases, if we had not the other Evangelists to fill them out, we should hardly gather the peculiar instruction, which from them we learn the history was meant to convey. This, it is true, is most plainly to be seen in matters which occurred previously to his own call as an apostle, and which we may well believe that he related more generally and summarily than those which he himself witnessed; but the same character, that of less grasping minute details, and giving more the general view of incidents, prevails throughout. In one remarkable instance, and in some minor ones, the chronological order of events is inverted by him. The one great instance is, in his relating our Lord's visit to the land of the Gergesenes, and the casting out of devils there, in chapter vii., whereas we know, from St. Mark, that it happened on the evening of the day when all those parables related in chapter xiii. were spoken.

"If we now proceed to the gospel of St. Mark, we shall find almost every characteristic varied.

"St. Mark's gospel is not an abridgment of St. Matthew's; but it is a wonderful, independent record of distinct character and spirit.

"Its character is distinct: for, whereas

the first Evangelist is for the most part, as I said, in his narrative, summary and general; the second is most minute, vivid, and particular. Everything, even including those matters which are lightly passed over, is given with the graphic touches which betoken an eye-witness, of fervent spirit, and deeply impressed with what he saw and heard. Almost all the descriptions how our Lord looked, what gestures He used, what exact words He spoke in the vernacular dialect of Palestine, are derived from St. Mark's gospel. If you follow out this clue for yourselves, you will find a mine of interest, in which much treasure will reward your search.

"The *spirit*, also, of St. Mark's gospel must be noticed. St. Matthew's was the Gospel of our Father's kingdom; St. Mark's is, as its first verse declares, 'the Gospel of Jesus Christ the Son of God.' Before, it was Jesus the Fulfiller; but here there is, for the most part, no backward look on type and prophecy; the Son of God stands personally and alone, as the central figure, busied in His work as the Redeemer. Let me give you just two characteristic points of comparison. First, as to fulness and character of narrative:—

MATTHEW ix. 1.

'And He entered into a ship, and passed over, and came into His own city. And behold they brought to Him a man sick of the palsy, lying on a bed. And Jesus, seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.'

MARK ii. 1.

'And again He entered into Capernaum after some days: and it was noised that He was in the house. And straightway many were gathered together, insomuch that there was no room to receive them, no, not so much as about the door: and He preached the Word unto them. And they came unto Him bringing one sick of the palsy which was borne of four. And when they could not come nigh unto Him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was; and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. When Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee.'

"Next, as to both character of narrative and spirit—St. Matthew dwelling on the fulfilment of prophecy, St. Mark adducing the spiritual power of the divine Son of God:—

MATTHEW viii. 16.

'When the even was come, they brought unto Him many that were possessed with devils: and He cast out the spirits with His word, and healed the sick. That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Esaias the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.'

MARK i. 32.

'And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils: and all

the city was gathered together at the door. And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him.'

"St. Mark relates very few of our Lord's discourses; but those few are given with wonderful solemnity, and with all their impressive repetitions, the sound of which evidently still haunted the ear of the writer.

"It was ever believed in the ancient Church, that St. Mark was the companion, and secretary or interpreter, of St. Peter, in his ministry; and certainly the internal character of his gospel may well agree with the idea that it constitutes the substance of the testimony of that apostle. Warm-hearted as we believe him to have been, full of love to his Divine Master, close to Him on the very occasions which this Gospel depicts so minutely, we may regard much of it, at all events, as contributed by him who was the most valuable, as he would be one of the most impressive of eye-witnesses.

"The record of St. Luke consists of two parts: the former treatise and the latter treatise; the one known to us as his Gospel, the other as the Acts of the Apostles. And these two, by one who would drink second draughts of Scripture, should be treated together.

"In narrative, St. Luke is exactly what we might have expected from his own declaration in his preface, where he describes himself as having accurately traced down all things from the first. His narrative, accordingly, is derived from various sources, to which he was led by the inspiration of the Spirit. The large and important opening portion, so distinct in style and character, seems to have been a written record, perhaps, from some internal tokens, drawn up by the mother of our Lord herself, and preserved in the holy family. The rest is of a mixed character—sometimes wonderfully minute and precise, sometimes summary and general, but all put together with the most patient care and accurate attention, with precise dates and notes of order, where such were required; and less certain sentences of connexion, where the events do not follow one another, but merely relate to the same period of our Lord's ministry.

"We know St. Luke to have been the constant companion of St. Paul. St. Paul was eminently *the apostle of progress*. We ever find him in advance of the Church, and, in his own striking words, 'forgetting the things that are behind, and reaching forth to the things which are before.' And both in his gospel and in the Acts, St. Luke is of the same on-

ward spirit. His is the gospel of the new dispensation. The joyous hymns which ushered it in; the simple shepherds who heard them; the prophecy of Him who was to be 'a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel,'—these all belong to the character and the subjects of the coming age, not to the fulfilment merely of that which was gone by. He grasps all humanity in Christ, and brings all humanity to Christ. She who loved much and was forgiven much, is only found here. The whole of the chapters describing that last great progress to Jerusalem, in which the Lord appears eminently as the friend of publicans and sinners, are only here. The world-wide parables of divine love, the lost sheep (in its fuller form), the lost piece of money, the lost son, are only here. The parable of the Pounds, to shew that the kingdom of God was not immediately to appear, is only in this gospel. The Ascension, in all its details, and with all its consequences for the future, is only here. It is the Gospel of 'the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;' the Gospel of the *ϕυρμα*—of the man who went down to his house justified, because he cast himself as a sinner before the merciful God: the gospel which leads on to St. Paul, with all his glorious testimony of free grace, and pardoning love, and the sanctifying Spirit. And St. Luke's second treatise carries on the same spirit and character. Its argument is found in our Lord's words in chap. i., 'Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in Judea and in Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of earth.' This order is strictly observed in its narrative. First, we have the great apostle of the uncircumcision opening the door of the Church to the Jews, then to the Samaritans, then to Gentiles. Next, the greater apostle of the circumcision, his wonderful conversion, his course through perils innumerable, from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum, until finally we leave him in the metropolis of the world, though a prisoner, yet 'preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ, with all confidence, no man forbidding him.' Thus in our three narrative gospels, we have St. Matthew the Evangelist of the fulfilled kingdom; St. Mark the Evangelist of the ever-abiding personal Son of God; St. Luke the Evangelist of the New Covenant: we have the Gospel in its past, in its present, and in its future. Is something yet wanting to combine all these? Some

record which may set forth Him who was in the beginning, whose glory was manifested in the flesh by His conflict with unbelief, whose love, eternal as His power, persisted through all the weaknesses and all the treacheries of His own disciples, triumphing gloriously in this, that He laid down His life for His friends,—sealing that triumph by the satisfaction of the doubting apostle, by the triple restoration of the triple denier—carrying it onward to all future disciples and all future time, by His last recorded admonition, 'Follow thou me?' Do we want a gospel which shall be, at the same time, the gospel of the Past—beginning before the world—of the Present, giving us our Lord in all His personal fulness of grace and truth, the Bread of Life, the Water of Life, the Light of the World,—of the Future, telling us of our ascended Saviour abiding with us by His Spirit, the Comforter, speaking of Him in whom whose believeth shall live though he die, and announcing the hour when all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth; a gospel which shall proclaim to us Jesus as the Son of God, the Son of man, the Saviour of sinners; a gospel of wisdom, of power, and of love, which shall twine together in one threefold cord all that has gone before, and bind it indissolubly on our hearts? Behold it in the gospel of St. John—that divinest utterance of the voice divine—that sublimest, and yet simplest portion of God's sacred Word!

PEACE AND WAR.

Last week came one to the county town,
To preach our poor little army down,
And play the game of the despot kings,
Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well:
This broad-brimm'd hawker of holy things,
Whose ear is stuff with his cotton, and ring
Even in dreams to the chink of his pence,
This huckster put down war! can he tell
Whether war be a cause or a consequence?
Put down the passions that make earth hell!
Down with ambition, avarice, pride,
Jealousy down! cut off from the mind
The bitter springs of anger and fear;
Down too, down at your own fireside,
With the evil tongue and the evil ear,
For each is at war with mankind.

Ah! God, for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
For ever and ever by,
One still strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I,
Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one
Who can rule and dare not lie.

TENNISON.—(Maud)

SACRED POETS.

I.—GEORGE HERBERT.

(Continued from page 136.)

LIKE all whose orthodoxy is borrowed from the Holy Scriptures, Herbert has a due amount of moral as well as doctrinal teaching in his works. We shall now quote several passages of strong practical bearing from his "Church Porch." And in doing so, we may remark that there have been times in the history of the Christian Church, when the moral has been generally neglected for the dogmatically doctrinal—while individuals are often found with mere theoretical tendencies, who either cannot teach, or are not willing to teach morality as it is inculcated in the gospels and epistles. But there have been times too when morality has been taught, or rather attempted to be taught, without any reference to the holy truths on which it is founded. And nothing can be more unsuccessful. It is like teaching one to read who has not been taught the alphabet. Attempts to divorce the moral from the spiritual, are unhallowed. The two are inseparable. Men may dispute as to the manner of teaching the one or the other; but until they know how to combine them, and to see their intimate relation, everywhere, and always, and in all circumstances, their argumentation on the subject is of little value.

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

"Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance

Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may find him who a Neron flies,
And turn delight into a Sacrifice.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in baptism wash'd with his own
blood :

It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much less towards God, whose lust is all their
book !

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not
tame,

When once it is within thee ; but before

May'at rule it, as thou list : and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor ;
It is most just to throw that on the ground,
Which would throw me there, if I keep the
round.

Shall I to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own ? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can, and body ; must I find
A pain in that, wherein he finds a pleasure ?
Stay at the third glass : if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room ;
(All in a shipwreck shift their several way ;)
Let not a common ruin thee entomb :
Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place,
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof ; nor make thy shame thy
glory,
Fralty gets pardon by submissiveness ;
But he that boasts, shuts that out of his story :
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy,
With his poor clod of earth the spacious sky.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain:
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and wine plead a pleasure, avarice gain :
But the cheap swearer through his open alicie
Lets his soul run for nought, as little fearing :
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need :
Pick out of tales the mirth, but not the sin.
He pares his apple that will cleanly feed.
Play not away the virtue of that name,
Which is thy best stake, when griefs make thee
tame.

The cheapest sins most dearly punish'd are ;
Because to shun them also is so cheap :
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
O crumble not away thy soul's fair heap.
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad :
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

Lie not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to themboth :
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod ;
The stormy working soul spits lies and froth.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie :
A fault, which needs it most, grows two
thereby.

Fly idleness, which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take u thy day, the Sun will cry
Against thee ; for his light was only lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those
feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate? then be severe;
If studious; copy fair what time hath blurr'd;
Redeem truth from his jaws: if Soldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword
Throughout the world. Fool not; for all may
have,

If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England! full of sin, but most of sloth;
Spit out thy phlegm, and fill thy breast with
glory,

Thy Gentry bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishness into thy story:
Not that they all are so; but that the most
Are gone to grass, and in the pasture lost.

This loss springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke
their son:

Some mark a partridge, never their child's
fashion:

Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Study this art, make it thy great design:
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind; so both are lost thereby;
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave: this is flat poverty.
For he that needs five thousand pound to live,
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

The way to make thy son rich, is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches:
For wealth without contentment, climbs a hill,
To feel those tempests, which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be call'd his treasure.

When thou dost purpose ought, (within thy
power.)
Be sure to do it, though it be but small:

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly:
Think the king sees thee still; for his King does.

Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task:
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

Look to thy mouth; diseases enter there.
Thou hast two sconces, if thy stomach call;

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so but man?
Houses are built by rule, and commonwealths.
Notice the trusty sun, if that you can,
From his Heliptic line; beckon the sky.
Who lives by rule, then, keeps good company.

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
And rots to nothing at the next great thaw,
Man is a shop of rules, a well-truss'd pack,
Whose every parcel underwrites a law.
Lose not thyself, nor give thy humours way:
God gave them to thee under lock and key.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own:
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his
mind.

Be thrifty, but not covetous: therefore give
Thy need, thine honour, and thy friend his due.
Never was scraper brave man. Get to live;
Then live, and use it: else, it is not true
That thou hast gotten. Surely use alone
Makes money not a contemptible stone.]

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make:
Even with the year: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoth some evil;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim'
To all things else. Wealth is the conjurer's devil;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath
him.

Gold thou may'st safely touch; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take stars for money; stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.
None is so wasteful as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means run in debt: take thine own
measure.

Who cannot live on twenty pound a year,
Cannot on forty: he's a ^{man} of pleasure,
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading
clothes

Do fortunes seek, when worth and service fall,
Would have their tale believed for their oaths,
And are like empty vessels under sail.
Old courtiers know this; therefore set out so,
As all the day thou may'st hold out to go.

In clothes, cheap handsomeness doth bear the
bell.

Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
Say not then, This with that lace will do well;
But, This with my discretion will be brave.
Much curiounness is a perpetual wooing,
Nothing with labour, fully long a doing.

In Conversation boldness now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be
As empty boldness: therefore first assay
To stuff thy mind with solid bravery;
Then march on gallant: get substantial worth:
Boldness glids finely, and will set it forth.

Be sweet to all. Is thy complexion sour?
Then keep such company; make them thy ally:
Get a sharp wife, a servant that will lour.
A stumbler stumbles least in rugged way.
Command thyself in chief. He life's war knows,
Whom all his passions follow, as he goes.

Catch not at quarrels. He that dares not speak
Plainly and home, is coward of the two.
Think not thy fame at ev'ry twitch will break :
By great deeds shew, that thou can't little do ;
And do them not : that shall thy wisdom be ;
And change thy temperance into bravery.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least :
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness.
These are the scum, with which coarse wits
abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest : nothing that's
plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
The giggler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
Or a fir'd beacon frighteth from his ditties.
Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him
rests,
And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness :
That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
Nothing from thine : in service, care, or cold-
ness,
Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
Feed no man in his sins : for adulation
Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

Envy not greatness : for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm : yet such jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur. Correct thy passion's spite ;
Then may the beasts draw thee to happy light.

Be calm in arguing : for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or poverty ?
In love I should : but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

Be useful when thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and
will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go
less.
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how the business may be done.
Blackness breeds worms ; but the sure traveller
Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
Active and stirring spirits live alone :
Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sun in every corner : see
Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree
(Love is a present for a mighty king) ;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think heav'n a better bargain, than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something : to a good poor man,
'Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot : both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour his :
Write, So much giv'n to God ; thou shalt be
heard.

Let thy alms go before, and keep heav'n's gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

Restore to God his due in tithe and time :
A tithe purloin'd cankers the whole estate.
Sundays observe : think when the bells do chime
'Tis angel's music ; therefore come not late.
God then deals blessings : if a king did so,
Who would not haste, nay give, to see the
show.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love :
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and
seven ;
Pray with the most : for where most pray, is
heaven.

When once thy foot enters the Church, be bare.
God is more there than thou : for thou art there

Only by his permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.

Kneeling ne'er spoil'd silk stocking : quit thy
state.

All equal are within the Church's gate.

Resort to sermons, but to prayers most :
Praying's the end of preaching. O be drest ;
Stay not for th' other pin : why thou hast lost
A joy for it worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee.
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose
about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thine heart ; that spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.

Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures
thither.

Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou thy
heart.

All worldly thoughts are but thieves met to-
gether

To cozen thee. Look on thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell ;

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.

The worst speaks something good : if all want
sense,

God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine
With saints on earth, shall one day with them
shine.

Jest not at preacher's language, or expression :
How know'st thou, but thy sins made him mis-
carry ?

Then turn thy faults and his into confession :
God sent him, whatsoever he be : O tarry.

And love him for his Master ; his condition,
Though it be ill, makes him no ill Physician.

None shall in hell such bitter pangs endure
As those who mock at God's way of salvation.
Whom oil and balsams kill, what salve can cure ?
They drink with greediness a full damnation.

The Jews refused thunder ; and we, folly ;
Though God do hedge us in, yet who is holy ?

Sum up at night, what thou hast done by day ;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do :
Dress and undress thy soul : mark the decay
And growth of it : if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both, since we shall be
Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely ; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains :

If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains."

And now, as we end our remarks
on Herbert as a sacred poet, we may
say that he is one of the few authors
whom one cannot help loving. Many
a great man conquers the admiration of
those who come after him. Many a wise
man continues to exact a tribute of the
deepest respect. And the good and kind
of our race are seen or long remembered
with esteem and gratitude of a very
peculiar kind. But there are some
authors who, to the winningness of genius,
add the excellence of genuine piety, the
deep humility of the true followers of
the Saviour, and a benign sympathy and
regard even for the unlovely and self-
exiled outcasts of humanity. The fea-
tures of high character possessed by such
authors are so evident, and so truly in har-
mony as well as various, that they secure
an amount of love that might be supposed
incapable of being bestowed on any who
had not been seen and known by us,
through long years of intimate and most
pleasing personal intercourse, or regarded
as worthy of our life-long gratitude and
affection.

Such we esteem Herbert to be. More
than two hundred times has winter trod
on the footsteps of summer over the
grave where, in the prime of manhood,
he had to lay down his earthly taber-
nacle ; yet is the odour of his piety and
genius as sweet as ever ; nor is there any
of the dimness of time on that sorrow-
chastened face, as it looks back on the
careworn pilgrim, telling of the light that
is behind every dark cloud, and of the
home that awaits the weary.

HOME.

"Come, Lord, my head doth burn, my heart is
sick,

While thou dost ever, ever stay :

Thy long deferrings wound me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.

O shew thyself to me,

Or take me up to thee !

How canst thou stay, considering the pace
The blood did make, which thou didst
waste ?

When I behold it trickling down thy face,
I never saw thing make such haste.

O shew thyself, &c.

When man was lost, thy pity look'd about,
To see what help in th' earth or sky :
But there was none ; at least no help without :
The help did in thy bosom lie.
O shew thyself to me, &c.

There lay thy son : and must he leave that nest,
That hive of sweetness, to remove
Thralldom from those, who would not at a feast
Leave one poor apple for thy love ?
O shew thyself, &c.

He did, he came : O my Redeemer dear,
After all this canst thou be strange ?
So many years baptis'd, and not appear ;
As if thy love could fail or change ?
O shew thyself, &c.

Yet if thou stayest still, why must I stay ?
My God, what is this world to me ?
This world of wo ! hence, all ye clouds, away.
Away ; I must get up and see.
O shew thyself, &c.

What is this weary world ; this meat and drink
That chains us by the teeth so fast ?
What is this woman-kind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste ?
O shew thyself, &c.

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joys about me :
And scowling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.
O shew thyself, &c.

Nothing but drouth and dearth, but bush and
brake,
Which way soe'er I look, I see.
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to thee.
O shew thyself, &c.

We talk of harvests ; there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay :
There is no fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
O shew thyself, &c.

Oh, loose this frame, this knot of man untie !
That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortality,
As an entangled, hamper'd thing.
O shew thyself, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and groan ?
The most of me to heaven is fled :
My thoughts and joys are all pack'd up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.
O shew thyself, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joints do pray :
And ev'n my verse, when by the rhyme and
reason
The word is, *Stay, says ever, Come.*
O shew thyself to me.
Or take me up to thee.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.*

For self-protection quite unfitted,
So poor, and blind ;
To Him entirely I submitted
My heart and mind :
Happy the child, that with a docile mind
To learn, and not to govern, is inclined.

PSALM xxiii. 1.—*The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.*

Thus spake the youthful David, while yet he pastured the flocks of his father, Jessie ; when he led the sheep by the still waters, and along the green meadows, and protected them with his staff. Here he testifies, what I am to my flocks, even such is my faithful God unto me. What a mercy is it, when we are no longer alone in the world, but know in whom we have believed ! For a long time I felt myself to be a lost sheep, not knowing on whom to rely ; and now with the deepest consciousness that I have at last attained rest, I exclaim, "The Lord is my Shepherd !" What is there now that can harm me ?

I have reached the harbour, and storms can no more drive my little vessel afloat upon the wide sea. And as I look forward into the future, I exclaim with David, "I shall not want !" What would those give, who are destitute of this faith, if they could purchase such a confidence ! Yea, if they could but guess the deep inward repose of a soul at rest in God, all would become Christians !

Verse 2.—*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.*

I travelled along a broad highway, where was so much dust and tumult that my soul became weary ; I looked often to the right and to the left for a diverging road, but I was hurried forward by the tumultuous crowd and could hardly retain my senses. Then my heavenly Friend sought me in the throng, led me forth by secret ways, and brought me into a green meadow, and by still waters. Ah ! how well was it with me there ! I have experienced the blessing which the soul enjoys when it quietly

* *Hours of Christian Devotion.* Translated from the German of Dr. A. Tholuck. With Preface by Rev. Horatius Bonar.

rests in God. "Study to be quiet,"* says the apostle; and, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength,"† says the prophet. Yes, there is a power in this rest in God, in this collectedness, which strengthens the vital spirits, a power of which the men who are rushing along the broad and dusty highway can form no conception. The meadows on which the soul refreshes itself are ever green; these sacred truths are continually new, ever revealing themselves under a new aspect, becoming in various ways as bread, or a staff, or balsam, or a shield, and ever retaining their freshness and novelty.

Verse 3.—*He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for His name's sake.*

Why does He shew such love and favour towards me? Not for my sake; and in this I rejoice, for otherwise how should I fear that He would soon become weary of my unfruitfulness and ingratitude. But the kindness that He shews unto me is "for His name's sake;" and in this is the strength of my hope. His name, which He has revealed to Moses, is, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."‡ Yes, that is a beautiful name, and if He will thus honour us, then may we reckon upon much patience and long-suffering; and we may also rest assured that much ingratitude and unthankfulness on our part will not limit the grace of God; and since it is not we that have given Him this name, but He that has himself revealed it to us,—who then can be in doubt? I know that He will not forsake me, even if I would forsake Him; and I would take comfort even in the depths of the abyss, and cry, Lord, thou canst not forsake me,—for thy name's sake, verily, thou canst not forsake me!

My life, when it is brought to a close, as well as that of millions, becomes a great and imperishable witness, that we have, indeed, a God who is "merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth."

Verse 4.—*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

The path of those who have found the only good Shepherd, leads indeed frequently through a narrow and rocky

valley, where the rocks are united overhead, so that the light of the sun can no more shine upon the road, and where one must wander in the gloomy shade. But even in the gloomy shade, even when the light of the sun is no longer visible, I will not fear. I know, that although I cannot behold it, the sun is still shining above me. *He is with me!* What clouds are scattered by this single thought, which rolls away mountains of anguish from my heart!

Though darkness may cover,
And sadness oppress,
Though trouble, and anguish,
May delude distress;

This precious assurance,
That banishes fear,
Can no one take from me,—
My Saviour is near!

Oh! what blessedness may reign in the soul, and what bright sunshine may dwell there, whilst externally all is wrapped in gloom,—faith, faith alone, lays hold of the invisible as if beholding it! Help me, O gracious Lord, that with my spiritual vision I may ever discern, through the surrounding darkness, the faithful rod and staff that guide me!

Verse 5.—*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*

Yes, if I possess but Him, and His presence refresh my soul, I can be joyful in the presence of all my enemies. Thus it frequently happens, that when we are deeply conscious of the nearness of God, we experience an indescribable calmness and tranquillity within, whilst the raging of the adversaries is most violent without! It is in such hours as these, that God is teaching us; and what we then learn, is never forgotten by us. We feel then so independent of the world, and of all created things, and stand so unfettered and undisguised before our God. Thus stood the Lord before His judge, when He uttered the words: "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." It is as the Psalmist says, "One may, as it were, sit at a well-spread table, our head anointed with oil, and enjoy the peace of God, while the adversaries toil and rage;" as also Luther writes, "That whilst they have been roaring and raging, he, in God's name, has been quietly singing his psalm." The world cannot comprehend this tranquillity in

* 1 Thess. iv. 11.

† Isa. xxx. 15.

‡ Exodus xxxiv. 6.

God, and it is often irritated at it; but it is also frequently won by it. And how true is this also in reference to inward foes! There may be raging a tumult within us, and, in the presence of all these foes, is the cup of consolation and joy filled out to us, and our head anointed with spiritual oil; and this will be the case, when in simplicity we say to ourselves, "We are His children, He cannot leave us, for, from all eternity, He hath made us accepted in the beloved."⁶

This is the case when, as the Psalmist says, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul."⁷ We have an array of foes within, but, at the same time, a strong fortress, whither we may flee for refuge.

Verse 6.—*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

Yes, it is not merely for a few fleeting years, that I have experienced this; when I consecrated my heart to God, the decision was for eternity. And how should I depart from Him, since every day shews me more clearly, that in Him is my true life! This gracious Lord has made me one of His household, an inmate of that great house, which is built on the foundation of Christ and the apostles, and which endureth throughout eternity. Do I err in thinking He has thus so greatly honoured me? No! I was indeed one of the cripples whom He caused to be sought out and to be invited to a repast, and to dwell in His house. "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the

swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God. Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee. Selah."⁸ Thus sung the Psalmist, and this also is the language of my soul, after she has found her nest and her resting-place in the living house of God, which is His Church. It is well with me in that house; it is well with me there, even might I dwell only in the most remote corner thereof. I know that I deserve no place of honour. What a blessing to know that He will never banish me thence if I do not of myself depart; but I shall offer unto Him thanksgiving, and willingly remain there throughout all eternity.

O gentle Shepherd, guided by thy hand,
My soul hath found her everlasting rest;
Thou leadest me towards my Father-land,
And on the way thy presence makes me blest!

Sadly and wearily I went along,
Tumult and vain unrest on every hand;
But thou didst draw me from the noisy throng,
And brought me to a quiet pasture-land!

And ah! what sweetness I experience there!
The blue sky crystal clear, and from the trees
A thousand balmy odours fill the air,
Borne on the pinions of the vernal breeze.

For heart and eye how rich the pasture spread!
When with unceasing change by day and night,
Like a fair garb with jewels all inlaid,
A veil of freshest flowers enchants my sight.

The noonday sun, unveiled by envious clouds,
Calls forth their varying tints in hues of light;
And when in evening shade his beams he shrouds,
The violets yield their fragrance to the night.

How well the unbroken calm, so deep and still,
My soul refreshes,—long with tumult filled!
And now, methinks, my undivided will,
May to my Shepherd's will for ever yield.

A PEEP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

(Continued from page 149.)

ONE glance more at Romanism in Antwerp. As you enter the Dominican church, a characteristic specimen presents itself of the teaching afforded by Popery. Here is a "Calvary,"—a mass of coarse rock-work, piled thirty or forty feet high against the side of the church,

with stucco figures as large as life representing the scene of the crucifixion,—while on each side of the path leading up to it, and scattered over the enclosed space, are figures of prophets and apostles. Immediately under the Calvary, in a sort of rude cave, there is a representation of

⁶ Eph. i. 4-6.

⁷ Psalm xciv. 19.

⁸ Psalm lxxxiv. 1-5.

the Saviour lying in the tomb. This is seen through a small window, at which, as usual in such places in Roman Catholic countries, old and young are begging. On the opposite side of the passage, the wall is latticed with large iron bars, like a prison gate. Inside of this are seen forms, also as large as life, of men and women in purgatory, surrounded by red flames curling over their heads. Each countenance expresses the greatest pain. The hands of the agonized suppliants are clasped in earnest prayer, and some are protruded through the prison bars. Those whose feelings are excited by such pictures of woe, and who believe, as an essential article of their faith, that in such torment their dearest friends may then be, have an opportunity given them in every church of dropping their money into a small box attached to some pillar, over which, and just where the money is to be dropped, may be seen a small coarse painting of horrified faces in the midst of flames, to remind the donor of the connexion between pay and pain, or pence *versus* purgatory.

To us Protestants, such sights as those Calvaries and coarse representations of awful scenes in the Redeemer's life excite feelings of pain only, and a sense of profanity. But it is obviously not so with those for whose benefit they are intended, and who gaze at them with deep and reverential interest. This, however, is no evidence whatever of their utility as a means even of keeping alive religious impressions, but an evidence rather of the low state of the religion of those who can be impressed by such means. We have seen immense multitudes in the secluded valleys of the Tyrol exhibiting all the excitement of feeling produced by the wildest camp-meeting in the backwoods of America, while witnessing, during a long summer's day, a drama of many acts, the subject of which was the life of Christ, with all its leading incidents from His birth down to the crucifixion, performed on a stage in the open air by peasants! Such a spectacle would to us be horrible;—to them it was the holiest spectacle of the year. Now we admit the strong temptation there was to the Catholic

Church, during the middle ages, to instruct the more ignorant people by means of such artistic representations of the historical facts of Scripture. Without schools, without books or printing, without education of any kind, wholly wanting in the culture which the apostles found among the Greeks, Romans, or Jews,—how very natural it was, how apparently wise and necessary it seemed, to teach such children by means of pictures! Had we lived then we should probably in our ignorance have done the same. But what we blame the Catholic Church for was refusing the means, when these were given her at the period of the Reformation, of lifting the people out of this state of ignorance, by means of a preached Gospel and a read Bible; so that thus becoming men, childish things should be put away. But the Council of Trent, in its blind infatuation, stereotyped all the sins and follies which had been accumulating for ages, and pronounced a curse upon all who should not accept of these; thus compelling men either to reject the bread which the Church, as it then was, offered, or to accept of it with all its poisonous adulterations. But I do not wish to get into a discussion upon Popery. I begin sometimes to suspect that we are talking too much against the lie, shocking though it be, instead of living more in the truth; and that the spirit of faction, and of mere party, may insensibly occupy the place of hearty love of Christ, and of others in His Spirit. For how different a thing it is to hate the error in a man, and to hate the man in the error! How wide apart the wish to make him one with Christ, and to make him one with ourselves!

But let us enter this old-fashioned looking gate at Ghent. We are in the midst almost of a small village, separated from the city by a high wall, and circling canal. Here is a large irregular square, with houses ranged along its sides; irregular streets crossing it; a large church in an open space in the centre of it, and an hospital close by. And such silence! Listen! A gentle ripple from the wave of the populace outside is alone heard echoing through those

mysterious little streets. The inhabitants, if there are any here, seem dead. No, there goes one, two, a third, creeping like shadows, to or from the hospital,—all dressed alike with black gowns and white caps. Nuns, every one of them! We are in the famous old convent of the Beguines, which has existed here, just as you see it, for centuries; and we can hardly fancy a better institution for respectable old ladies, who have no definite calling in the big and busy world, “bar-ring,” of course, its *credenda*, and looking only at its *agenda*. Look at that nun for instance; she is neither young nor beautiful. Such nuns, by the way, we never discovered in any nunnery ever visited by us, and we have entered many; and our belief is, that they only exist in novel nunneries, or Mr. Chambers’ bill. That old Beguine, coming towards us, is a fair specimen of her class,—round, dumpy, comfortable, half-nurse, half-housekeeper, with a large knowledge of cookery. Depend upon it she is very happy, and very useful. When her parents died long ago she was probably left with a nephew to keep his house. The nephew and she did not get on well. She was “too particular” for young Hopeful, too strict a churchwoman for his fancy. Her fast days and poor dinners came intolerably often for his carnal appetite. But no one could match her with gruels and possets in times of sickness; and no one could deny that a kinder old soul never existed than aunt Rachel. Now, when the nephew married, what better could aunt Rachel do than go to the convent close by? Of course we would insist upon it, that she would be allowed to leave it when she pleased, and this liberty we believe is actually granted to the Beguines. But there is much to induce her to remain. She has got a very neat, comfortable dwelling in the row. Before it is a small plot of flower garden. A high wall separates house and garden from those of all her neighbours, and from the convent square. But opposite each house there is a door in this wall, and on the door is inscribed, not aunt Rachel’s name—for that has been left in the parish register, and in the memory only of the

world—but the name of a patron saint, it may be St. Patrick or St. Bridget, and by some such worthy only is aunt Rachel known. And there she lives alone; the chapel close by for daily worship—the old bald-headed priest ever accessible for a quiet chat and confession—her neighbour saints always near for mutual edification, sympathy, and, no doubt, a little occasional confidential conventual gossip at tea-time, or after vespers; and, better than all, the hospital of sufferers, where the good old woman, with a band of sisters, like-bodied and like-minded, is found cooking, reading, crossing, ministering, and waddling about day and night.

We must have convents! I can name several of my lady acquaintances who would make inimitable nuns, and be very happy and very useful, without the *Witness* or the *Advertiser*, who are now wasting their time in boarding houses, or making calls to the disturbance of the studios. There, for instance, are —. But I shall rather lay my proposal before the Popish Committee of the General Assembly, and at present go to Holland to be refreshed by Protestant reminiscences.

Would we could linger in the Netherlands among those old streets and houses of Bruges and Ghent! Why, that old gateway, which once led to the palace of the Count of Flanders, is itself worth coming to see. Within the once proud walls to which it led Charles V. was born. In the church hard by can yet be seen the basin in which he was baptized. Here, too, was born John of Gaunt, (of Gand, or Ghent,) who is now chiefly remembered in history as an acquaintance of Falstaff’s more than of Justice Shallow’s. Then there are old houses, made memorable by the Van Ardenweldes of history and of poetry; and, besides all those living persons of the past, there are delightful pictures, that seem in their permanence, no longer indeed shadows but substances, such as the well known pictures of Van Eck in Ghent; and those, to me still higher in art and thought, of the Memmlings in the old hospital of St. John, in Bruges, with that mighty one of the descent from the

cross in Antwerp. But why attempt to describe pictures? as well almost describe a scent or a sound. Perception is in either case, by such means, impossible. I have a better hope from the panorama of a great landscape. Let us try.

We are supposed to be standing on the top of the great square tower of the High Kirk of Rotterdam. The day is bright and breezy. We have ascended the endless screw stair and wooden ladders, and passed far above the solitary home of the town clock, where day and night it swings its huge pendulum, and with many a whirr and chick solemnly and conscientiously divides time, which is dividing all things, and which also, during the last fifteen minutes, has almost divided our own breath from the body, in this ambitious striving to overlook the world. But, now that we are up, the view is worth all the trouble. So every one at least protests.

Below is the city of Rotterdam. Like all continental cities, it burns wood only, and is therefore free from smoke. You can count every red tile in the house-tops far down, or the stones in the streets lower still, with the innumerable ants, or black dots like men and women, who are crossing to and fro accompanied by their shadows. There is nothing in the town itself very attractive to the eye,—a mass of brick and tile houses, with green trees, and a few steeples here and there to break the sea of red. But there are some other features of the view eminently characteristic. See those canals!—everywhere taking the place of the streets in other cities, the streets here being on each side of the canals. Notice that sweeping river to the south, losing itself far off in the plain. It is not what it once was, and feels the contrast so acutely that, as if ashamed of itself, it has changed its name. Here it is called the Maas. For who would believe that a thing, now so flat and stale, so humble and quiet, as it glides in its old age to “the unfathomable gulph were all is still,” should be that imperial river,—or even an elder branch of—the once lordly Rhine, which, in its youth, thundered from the Alps, roaring in foam

and rainbow mist over Schaffhausen, and in its strength and glory gathered to its lofty sides the pomp and chivalry, the poetry and song, the learning and literature of Deutschland; and,—if teetotallers will permit the additional reminiscence of its history,—wreathed its brows with the noble vines of the princely Johannisberg? Alas! no one knows what they may come to even in this world!

But if this allusion to alcoholic wines gives pain to any worthy hater of such dangerous fermentations, let him just turn his face from the Rhine and its vinous associations, and look to the north, and there he will see a country which might form the very paradise of water-drinkers, if they were disposed to overlook the quality of the liquid in the largesse of its quantity. Take a sweep of the horizon along half-a-circle from west to east, all is as flat as the ocean; a green plain, with nothing whatever to relieve it except lines of white that indicate the ditches which divide the fields, and the windmills which drain them; with here and there a group of trees round a village, and the church spires that rise above it. Such is the scenery of Holland. The Atlantic, if dead calm and covered with grass, would be equally picturesque.

The smallness of Holland is realized from the top of this tower. To the south is seen a patch of red with steeples, which notes the venerable old town of Dort, and which, coming from Antwerp, is passed in sailing to Rotterdam from Mordyk on the Maas. Its synod and articles are well known to all students of divinity; and the discussion carried on there in the seventeenth century, between Armenians and Calvinists, is continued since, and promises in some form or other to divide men's opinions till synods and articles are no more. That town is not far from the southern border of the kingdom. Look now along the line of railway which shoots to the north-west straight as an arrow;—that steeple a few miles off marks Delft, once the world's capital of crockery; further on a few miles in the same direction are the steeples of the Hague. Let the eye follow the horizon

until it describes a semicircle on the right hand, ending due east of Delft, and the steeples of Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht can be seen in succession; and these are the chief cities of this pumped yet watery land. That village on the river to the west, and close to us, is Schiedam; from whence for generations gin flowed, and smugglers sailed, to tipsify and cheat our ancestors.

And now bidding farewell to the upper regions of the atmosphere, and the windy pinnacles of St. Laurence, we may descend—no easy matter—to the earth. Let us look into the church in passing, for it is like every other in Holland. It is very large, and without any ornaments whatever. The pulpit is attached to one of the pillars, and the congregation are all boxed in within the nave, leaving the aisles free, and a large portion of each end of the fabric. With the exception of the organ, all is as simple and unadorned as the most rigid Presbyterian could desire; for the Dutch are all Presbyterians in their forms of worship and church discipline, and in their creeds at least, Calvinistic. All the seats were furnished with Bibles of a uniform size—but such a size! They were the only things in Holland which fully came up to my preconceived ideas of Dutch size and capacity. Pocket Bibles in public seem unknown. Those we saw everywhere in the pews seemed to have reposed there since the days of Hugo Grotius. To carry them, sacks, instead of pockets, would be necessary. Now that we are again in the town, we may take a short stroll before the railway starts for the Hague. As we do so, we cannot fail being struck by some features common to all Dutch cities. One of course, is the cleanliness and order everywhere visible. The streets, with their small red brick pavement, are scrubbed like an indoor floor; and the fronts of the houses are all subjected to a constant watering from syringe pumps, like those used by our gardeners. The vessels in the canals are equally clean. They are ranged, as if by a theodolite, in straight lines; and what is wanting in elegance or variety of form,—for they are all the same in rotundity of build, looking so

like drawing lessons,—is made up in perfect cleanliness. Every bit of brass is beautifully scoured and polished. The sailors are constantly washing the oars or scrubbing the decks. At the stern may be seen small windows two feet square or so, but these have their white curtains tied up with riband, and probably a few small pots with flowers; and there live the whole family of the worthy master of the *Vrouw Catherina*. Most people are annoyed by the cleanliness of the Dutch. Scotchmen are always so. They never, at least, praise it, but either express a mere sense of wonder at such a fuss being made about it, deplore the precious time wasted in securing it, or detract from the supposed virtue, giving them “no thanks,” because of the abundance of water close at hand; and when reminded of a similar “water privilege” near many a vile collier or seaside village at home, they immediately exalt the mineral riches of Ayrshire or Airdrie above the cheese or crockery of Holland. I heard a Scotchman say, when treading carefully over a scrubbed street, “Did any one ever see the like of this? I do believe that the heaviest punishment which you could inflict upon these towns would be to shake off the dust from your shoes and leave it with them!” This was pure envy. Alas! we must admit that Scotland and Ireland contain the filthiest villages in the world. “But that is the climate.” No; look at Holland. Pray, do not excuse such habits; but whenever you can, lecture to your village neighbours on the blessings of water and the beauty of soap, and tell them about the cleanly Dutch.

The Boonjees is the best street in Rotterdam, and illustrates the peculiar character of the Dutch merchant's town-residence. The house is large and high, and within very handsome and commodious, with more white marble than red brick in its interior. But they have their peculiarities. Projecting from the high roof of each is a beam and block for hoisting up goods, which are deposited in stores in the top flats. Immediately behind, as well as before the houses in every street, runs the canal; and as the warehouse project-

from the house rearwards to the water, it can thus be filled directly from, or emptied by the vessels. Thus the whole concern, almost including the shipping, is under one roof.

I must say I was both surprised and disappointed by the appearances or bulk of all classes of the population, rich and poor, merchant and mechanic, landsman and seaman, whom I met in Holland. I cannot recal the sources of my information regarding the Dutch; nor am I sure that I ever read any genuine history of their country. Yet I felt an indescribable interest in both,—a sort of personal attachment which was mysteriously linked with the flitting memories of early days. Hugo Grotius had nothing to do with it, nor Erasmus, nor Scalinger, far less Boerhaave, or Arminius; not even Admiral Van Tromp, or De Ruyter. But who or what had? As I ransacked my thoughts to account for my impressions, I found that all I really knew about the Dutch was derived solely from my early acquired knowledge of Dirck Hatterick, Vanderdecken the Flying Dutchman, or the heroes of New York and the Hudson, not forgetting Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle! Any additional facts I must have picked up from an old smuggler, whom I admired very much in my youth, and who inspired me with a peculiar desire to see Schiedam and the Zuyder Zee. Now, this early historical training sufficed to give me a real interest in the Dutch, which I am ashamed to confess, took the precedence of the Synod of Dort; though I struggled hard to banish all my peculiar predilections, and to replace them by the five articles, and other such sober and stern realities. But if I succeeded for a moment in doing so, it was painful to find how Holland and its people became proportionably uninteresting.

No doubt it was chiefly owing to those early impressions from doubtful sources of accurate information, which made me search for Dutchmen, who, in appearance, should realize what I always assumed they ought to be; but I searched in vain. I scanned the decks of vessels, sure of finding men who bore unmistakable

evidence of wearing six pair of inexpressibles, like the crews of the old navigators in the days of Hudson,—men to whom reefing topsails in a squall would be a real cause of anxiety; but, alas! every man who trod the deck in this modern Rotterdam, was just like those who tread the deck in any other port. I could not discover in any of them a trace of their great ancestors. All were more respectable than Hatterick; none so weather-beaten, and romantic as Vanderdecken; and all wanting in the rotundity of Hudson. The women, too, were all smart and active,—utterly unlike even our Newhaven or Musselburgh fishwives, who fill up so large a portion of the public eye. In the Exchanges of Holland, and I examined them all, I could not discover any man—except one, by the way, in Amsterdam, and he seemed to inspire no special admiration or envy in his fellow-citizens—who seemed in any way suited to fill the Burgomaster's chair, as I am persuaded it once was filled when Holland was in its prime. All were men of ordinary size, remarkably well-dressed, and gentlemanly looking. The reader must excuse this ethnological digression upon the corporations of Holland, but I should be glad to save any one from the shock I received myself in finding the race of Dutchmen gone, whom we in this country have been taught to believe once existed in every city, and without whose fully developed bulk in its leading citizens, no city can flourish. I trust the Lord Advocate, in his next periodical Education Bill, will insert a clause providing for a better secular education of the people in regard to the comparative magnitudes of men and nations. Many an M.P. even, has suffered in the estimation of his constituents from their ignorance, just as the Dutch suffered in mine from the same cause; for how often have they supposed him to be a great man, until personal observations and experience dissipated the delusion. His Lordship is the very person to protect such disappointing legislators from erroneous impressions created by want of education. Let him try. Mr. Hudson, at all events, for the sake of his name—

sake, will second him in Parliament. Who will support him in our General Assemblies is doubtful. The great men

have no interest in the question. They are safe.

(To be continued.)

THE BROOK.

AN IDYL.

' HERE by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy—too late—too late;
One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.
O had he lived! In our school-books we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,
Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neigherry air,
I chanted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
To me that loved him; for "O brook!" he says,
"O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme,
"Whence come you?" and the brook, why not?
replies.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges.
By twenty thorns, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

' Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
Travelling to Naples There is Darnley bridge,
It has more ivy; there the river; and there
Stands Philip's farm where brook and river
meet.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

' But Philip chatter'd more than brook or
bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High elbowed grigs that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

' O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

' Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back—the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost,
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate The gate,
Half parted from a weak and scolding bingie,
Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement,
"run."

To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
"Run Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

' What was it? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; neither one
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouthed philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.

' She told me. She and James had quarrell'd.
Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no
cause;

James had no cause : but when I prest the cause,
I learnt that James had tickering jealousies
Which anger'd her. Who anger'd James? I
said

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
And sketching with her slender pointed foot
Some figure like a wizard's pentagram
On garden gravel, let my query pass
Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
If James were coming. "Coming every day,"
She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,
But evermore her father came across
With some long-winded tale, and broke him
short ;
And James departed vext with him and her."
How could I help her? "Would I—was it
wrong?"

(Claspt hand—and that petitionary grace
Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
"O would I take her father for one hour,
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"
And even while she spoke, I saw where James
Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet,

'O Katie, what I suffered for your sake!
For in I went and call'd old Phillip out
To show the farm: full willingly he rose;
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his
dogs;

He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
Approved him, bowing at their own deserts;
Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took
Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each,
And naming those, his friends, for whom they
were;

Then crost the common into Darnley chase
To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:

'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.'
And there he told a long long-winded tale
Of how the Squire had seen tue colt at grass,
And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd,
And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He gave them line: and five days after that
He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,
Who then and there had offer'd something more,
But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
He gave them line: and how by chance at last
(It might be May or April, he forgot,
The last of April or the first of May)
He found the bailiff riding by the farm,
And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale,
Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

'Then while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
Poor fellow, could he help it? recommended,
And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,

Wild Will, Black Bear, Tantivy, Tallyho,
Reform, White Rose, Beilerophon, the Jilt,
Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
And with me Phillip, talking still; and so
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
And following our own shadows thrice as long
As when they follow'd us from Phillip's door,
Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome
Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he,
Poor Phillip, of all his lavish waste of words
Remains the lean P.W. on his tomb:
I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
By the long wash of Australasian seas
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.'

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a style
In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
A tonsured head in middle age forlorn,
Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;
And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near,
Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
Then wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the
farm?'

'Yes,' answered she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon
me;

What do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were
strange.

What surname?' 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is
my name.'

'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplexed,
That Katie laughed, and laughing blush'd, till he
Laugh'd also, but as one before he wags,
Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and
fair,

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
To be the ghost of one who bore your name
About these meadows, twenty years ago.'

'Have you not heard,' said Katie, 'we came
back.

We bought the farm we tenanted before.

Am I so like her? so they said on board.
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
My mother, as it seems you did, the days
That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
My brother James is in the harvest-field:
But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!

TENNYSON.

PROGRESS OF A PENNY SAVINGS' BANK.

At page 335 of this Magazine for 1853-4, an account is given of the progress of a Savings' Bank in Glasgow. As that establishment has now been in existence for three years, it may be well to state the results for that period:—

The number of accounts opened is	1524
Do. still remaining open	444
The amount of cash deposited is	£730 13 6
Of this sum, there has been repaid to depositors	308 1 1

	422 12 5
--	----------

The number of transfers of sums of 20s. and upwards,	343 0 0
--	---------

Leaving a balance of £79 12 5
in the bank, belonging to 444 depositors.

The number of transactions is	15,017
--	--------

The average of each deposit during the first year being 9½d.; during the second year, 1s. 4¾d.; and during the third year, 1s. 3½d. Although the past year has been one in which many an industrious family has submitted to great privations from the high prices of provisions, and though sickness has prevailed to a great extent, yet the receipts at the bank have not been diminished in a greater degree than might have been expected. Here then is a sum of £730, which has been deposited in very small sums from a penny to a pound, and we have little doubt that, had it not been for the facilities afforded by the bank for depositing it, by far the greater part of this money would have been spent at least uselessly and unprofitably.

Since our last notice, many additional

Savings' Banks have been started; and we rejoice that it is so. As nothing here can be said to be perfect, there was a danger heretofore connected with these very admirable institutions, and that was their being extended so far as to get into the hands of parties who might have been less scrupulous than they ought about the honesty of their dealings; accordingly, government has been making inquiries in regard to savings' banks, and the result has been the appointment, in almost all cases, of a body of trustees, who have taken upon themselves the responsibility of seeing that the money deposited is quite safe, and that it will be repaid when required, in place of the irresponsible body of patrons and managers formerly appointed, so that now the depositors may at any time satisfy themselves of the security of the Bank. When they are thus based on a true and solid foundation, as they now *must* be by law, too much cannot be said in praise of these most excellent institutions; they not only afford the means of collecting and accumulating small savings, so that they may become available at a time when any emergency occurs in a poor man's family, such as the head of the family being thrown out of employment, or, when "there is trouble in the house;" but they also foster and encourage habits of saving, and stir up that noble independence which a man feels, when, in the hour of adversity, he finds that he has something to assist him which is the result of his own forethought and care, realizing the truth of that saying, that "he is a happy man who has a friend in his need, but he is more truly happy who has no such need of his friend." Afflictions will come sooner or later, and it would be well that the

poor man, while suffering patiently under his Father's rod, could look up to his God, and thank Him, that, amid an infinite number of other mercies, He has shown His love to him in thus opening up a way by which his sufferings may be relieved.

We would advise all who have the interests of the working men at heart, among other means for improving their condition, to encourage the establishment of Savings' Banks; if the depositors can be got to take the management into their own hands, so much the better; they will take care to see that the money is safe. Let all be encouraged to put in their savings, however small, not leaving out those who can only begin with a penny. This, by the way, puts us in mind of a

story, connected with one of these banks, which afforded us some amusement at the time. A very respectable looking woman came to deposit a penny for each of her sons, of whom she had seven; accordingly she entered the names of John, James, David, Andrew, Thomas, and Robert, but, when reminded that she had only given in six names, she said she could not understand how that could be, for she had "seven laddies." She mentioned all their names a second time, but still she could make no more of them;—away she went, very much perplexed, but soon returning, she exclaimed, "noo ye see I was richt enough after a', but only Willy, poor child, *was just clean forgot!*"

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW SCUTARI MISSION.

ALL the Government Presbyterian chaplains have been ordered to the Crimea from Scutari, and the Scotch soldiers in the Hospital now depend solely upon our Glasgow missionaries for pastoral ministrations.

A communion cup has been sent, at the request of the brethren, to enable them to dispense the sacrament to those who desire to partake of the holy ordinance; and to many soldiers we hope and pray it may be fruitful in eucharistic thanksgivings for God's mercy to them, in delivering them from death, and in offering them eternal life through Him who was wounded for their transgressions, and endured the cross for their redemption.

The cup sent to Scutari was a gift from members of Mr. Macnair's late congregation in Gourrock, which, as a token of love, adds to its value.

Several donations of books, both from the committee, congregations, and private parties, have from time to time been sent to the mission. The Secretary has written Mr. Fergusson to inquire about the fate of those packages, and he hopes

to be able to give a satisfactory account of them in the next number of the Magazine, although he has cause to fear that many have been lost. But whether they are irrecoverably lost, or only concealed in mountains of baggage in the Custom House at Constantinople or Balaklava remains to be seen.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Collected in the Sabbath School of Keltry Burn, Aberfeldy, by Mr. Haggart, Student of Divinity.

Mr. Anderson, elder, . . .	L.0	1	0
Mr. A. Anderson, . . .	0	1	0
Mr. Peter Haggart, . . .	0	1	0
Miss Menzies, . . .	0	1	0
Mrs. T. Menzies, . . .	0	1	0
Miss Anderson, . . .	0	0	6
Mr. John Shaw, . . .	0	0	6
Mr. John Dewar, . . .	0	0	6
Mr. A. Proudfoot, . . .	0	0	6
In Fence, . . .	0	1	8
Total, . . .	L.0	8	8

Extract from Mr. Fergusson's Journal.

March 1st.—Visited in General Hospital. Great excitement about the earthquake which occurred yesterday. Almost all were out of their beds, some so weak that they could not get into bed again unaided. Many tried to walk who were unable to do so. One man told me

he never felt himself so utterly unworthy before. He felt that he deserved to be literally swallowed up, and he feared he was to have got his desert. The Mormonite, noticed Feb. 10, is now under deep convictions, and praying most fervently to be guided into the truth. It was most painful to witness the agony of his soul. I read to him a small tract, entitled "The Compassion of God," and when I had finished it he asked if I could assure him that what I had read was the truth. I said that I rested my own eternal destiny upon it, which was the highest proof I could give of my thorough conviction of the truthfulness of the doctrine of the Bible. He then said, "You know what my views have been," and requested me to pray with him, stating, in the most particular manner, what he wished me specially to pray for, which was that whatever error he might blindly have followed might be completely eradicated from his mind, and that the truth of God might be savingly impressed upon his soul. After I had knelt at his bedside, he detained my proceeding until I had shewn him that I clearly comprehended his meaning. When I had done he was much excited, and burying his head in his bedclothes he groaned in agony of spirit. I stood for a little while unwilling to disturb him, when, as if unconscious of my presence, he prayed long and fervently. When he had done he was so much exhausted that he scarcely had strength to say good-bye.

March 2d.—An arrival of fresh invalids from the Crimea has made a large addition to my list. One desired to see me whenever he heard I was in the hospital. He requested me to visit him as often as I could. S. F., mentioned 26th Feb., died this morning; I hope, in the Lord.

March 3d.—Death is steadily doing his work. My Mormonite friend is gone today; he was very low yesterday. When I inquired whether he could look up to God as his Father in Christ, he simply shook his head. A young man, apparently on the very brink of the grave, told me that he had never been a great sinner, he had never been a drunkard, nor —. Here he stopped, finding it hard to specify. Many console themselves with the thought that they have not sinned much, since they have not been addicted to intemperate habits. One of those who came in yesterday seems under convictions of sin. Another, whom I have seen daily for some time, and who is, I fear, dying, says, "No, no! I have no hope but in Christ Jesus."

March 4th.—Sunday — Preached in Boniface House and Sultan's quarters,

and visited special cases in General Hospital. One man, who formerly appeared wiser than myself in matters of religion, asked me to read to him "something about our Saviour." There are several hopeful cases, but very many are cold and dead.

March 5th.—Visited the whole of General Hospital. One of my people died this morning. Some have returned to the camp. Several very interesting cases among 93d Highlanders.

March 6th.—At Pera, in search of a servant; a day nearly lost. Visited only five men in the afternoon. The gratitude of all, but of one in particular, was very great, and would have been a reward for almost any toil.

March 7th.—The Stable, General, and Harem Hospitals. Wrote three letters at the bedside of the men. Received a most cordial welcome at the Harem from all, even from Romanists. A loud cry for Bibles, which I promised to get supplied. Found a Romanist reading the New Testament; he said he did not care for the priest, and requested some tracts. Added nine to my roll. The Episcopalians in one ward asked me to speak to them as if they were my own people. I addressed the whole ward at once. They hoped I would give them a call when I go back.

March 8th.—Palace and General Hospitals. The welcome we receive from some is truly touching. Many of my people have gone to England. One died yesterday, and some are very ill. Large arrival of sick from the camp. I find the field allotted to me much too large to do the work efficiently.

March 9th.—Made up a parcel of Bibles and books for the Harem Hospital, which, to my regret and annoyance, I could get no one to carry over. Visited in General Hospital; nothing remarkable occurred. The men are recovering very slowly, and some who were moving about have been taken very ill.

March 10th.—Three more of my people have gone the way of all the earth, and there are others apparently about to follow. Made the acquaintance of a young man of the Irish Presbyterian Church; a most interesting case. He detailed to me the history of his enlistment, which gave me a practical illustration of the necessity of the apostolic injunction, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, lest they be discouraged." Took my servant to the Harem in the evening with a bag full of Bibles, Testaments, and other books and tracts. Gave intimation of a public service there to-morrow at 11 A.M. The

report of the Czar's death appears to give much satisfaction in the hospitals. Many add, "It is not that we wish the man dead, but it is for the sake of others we rejoice."

March 11th.—Sunday. Preached at the Harem to a large audience at 11 A.M., and in the General Hospital at the usual hour, 4 P.M. Had an increase of convalescents, but a smaller audience on the whole. Visited none to-day. Wrote two letters intimating deaths.

March 12th.—Attended the funeral of brother Proctor, and afterwards visited in General Hospital, all the cases calling for special attention. Met one man for the first time in deep distress of mind. He stated that when he was very ill he had fearful visions of the state of separation from God. He feels thankful to the Lord for sparing him, and restoring him to soundness of mind, that he may now attend to the one thing needful. Several men very ill, who yet maintain a deep sullenness on the subject of religion.

March 13th.—Visited at the Palace and General Hospitals. One of the 93d has been most unexpectedly called to his final account. I was requested by a Roman Catholic orderly to speak to another Catholic apparently dying. Refused, as the man did not ask it himself. The orderly said, he read Protestant as well as Catholic books, and thought the one as good as the other, and requested me to give him a tract, which I readily did.

March 14th.—Visited none; wrote two soldiers' letters, and spent the whole afternoon in a fruitless search for information regarding the ship "Corsica," by which I expect books from Glasgow. One thousand Bibles have arrived to-day from "The Scottish Bible Society."

March 15th.—General Hospital, whole of the upper story. Made the acquaintance of two new men, who seemed particularly glad to see me. No cases of unusual interest.

March 16th.—A very wet and stormy day—visited in General Hospital. Great complaints from some of the men of the neglect of their medical attendant. Encouraged them to put confidence in the treatment they receive as the best for them according to medical skill. The idea of going home seems to be doing good to the health of some.

March 17th.—Visited special cases only, and such others as were beside these. As I passed along one of the corridors, a spectacle presented itself, to me more truly interesting than any I have witnessed since I came to Scutari. It was a convalescent soldier acting as Scripture reader to his sick comrade. Neither of

them belong to my flock; but I could not pass without noticing and commending them for the manner in which I had found them engaged.

March 18th.—Sunday. Preached three times, twice to soldiers, and once to soldiers' wives. Visited none.

March 19th.—The whole of the lower part of General Hospital. Many men very ill—some, I fear, beyond recovery. One, formerly very polite, but apparently indifferent as to the object of my visits, gave me a long account of his past life. He had been a great drunkard previous to his joining the army, but he had not tasted spirits for two years. He says the army makes many drunkards sober men. He seems deeply sorry for having grieved his mother, but he is not yet humbled before God.

March 20th.—A most interesting day. Visited the whole of the upper story of the General Hospital, and all the special cases in the lower. Found many very ill. One of the 93d died on Sunday morning. Fever is exceedingly prevalent. One man, whose piety seems genuine, gave me some money to send to his wife should he die. He mentioned several days ago that he wished to tell me something, but that he would wait till he was a little better. Fearing he might not live long, I asked him to tell me to-day. He said that he merely wished to tell me what a blessing it had been to him to have become a soldier. He was brought up in the Church of Rome, and remained in that communion till he was twenty-three years of age. About that time he enlisted into the 93d Highlanders, and attended the Scotch church when that regiment was stationed at Carlisle. He used to put his fingers in his ears during the sermon lest he should hear anything against the Romish faith. But his conscience reproved him. He could not hold out against convictions. He listened to the word of life, and with a great struggle fled from the arms of Rome. "Many," said he, "condemn the service, but it has been a great blessing to me. Had I not become a soldier, I might this day have been worshipping the Virgin instead of Christ." This man has been telling me every time I have seen him how thankful he is for my visits. The first day I saw him, when I inquired whether I could do anything more for him, he said, "You have done more for me already than tongue can tell." To-day he said, "I like your teaching, sir. I was taken at the very first with it. You did not set forth the majesty of God apart from the love of the Saviour." He says the peace he has is sometimes a cause of ter-

ror to him lest it should be a false peace. Another old 93d man wept bitterly, and said, "No man has sinned so much as I have." Another young man, when I had prayed with him, and promised to see him soon again, said, with the tear stealing down his cheek, "Sir, I would like to see you all the hours of the day." Another told me he had borrowed a New Testament, and had spent a very happy Sabbath afternoon reading it. I promised to take him to-morrow a Bible from the Scottish Bible Society. With a face lit up with the happiest smiles, he said, "Ah! have you, Sir—have you got a Bible with the Scotch psalms and paraphrases?"

Another young man, who has lost both his feet by the frost, seemed so happy when I rose up from praying with him, that he longed for another to share his joys; and, turning round to his companion on the left, who was wounded at Inkermann, he called out, "Is S—— awake?" I told him I had been with his friend before I came to him. He then said, "S—— and I have some fine talks together during the night when we are both lying awake." But there would be no end to these details—the history of every day is full of them. Posted, at the Main Guard, a notice of public worship to-morrow (the national fast), at 11 A.M., and afterwards announced the matter in person, in every ward and corridor, in the Hospital, that none might plead ignorance.

March 22d.—No. 139, alluded to as near his end yesterday, died about 12 midnight. 132, deeply penitent, wept much when I spoke to him of the love of Christ, and declared that no man can have sinned more than he has. He said, "Men, when they are well, do not think of these things; but when they are laid upon a sick-bed, then they see the necessity for them." I have frequently observed that I have been led to men, not of my own people, as if by accident, whose cases specially needed attention. To-day, as I passed along the corridor, and was speaking to some who were bundling up their kit to go to England, I was drawn, involuntarily as it were, to speak to one who at the moment I thought was also going home. By an accident in the camp, he had received a pistol shot in his hand, and, just before I spoke to him, had the main bone of his left hand taken out. He has been in Hospital since the 9th inst, and has just come out of the fever which is so prevalent. I endeavoured to cheer him up, taking care to remind him that life is very uncertain, and that the only source of true peace and comfort is faith in the

Lord Jesus Christ. With some excitement he said, "I hope God will spare me to see my wife again. Night and day I think of her, and I literally water my couch with my tears fretting about it." And with his left hand leaning upon a pillow, supporting it after the surgical operation, he stretched out his right arm at full length, and, checking his flowing tears, he said, as if with fixed determination, "I would willingly allow that arm to be chopped off by the shoulder, if I could see her to-night." I endeavoured to point out to him the folly of speaking in such a manner. He then told me the reason why he fretted so much. He thought it possible that he might die, and he was leaving his wife in poverty, whereas, had he been a sober man, he might have left her comfortably provided for. He has been a non-commissioned officer for ten years. His wife was piously inclined, but he laughed and mocked at her piety, and by his drunken habits nearly broke her heart. When this war was spoken of, he thought it would all end in smoke; but when the trumpet called them to march to the field he found himself deceived. He has seen thousands cut off around him, and has fanned with a newspaper his comrades dying of cholera, without a thought of anything but a burning desire to be led on to battle, and not to lie rotting in camp. The Lord hath now shewn him his past sinful life. I did not conceal from him what I thought, and what the Bible says of his sins. I reminded him that I was of the Church of Scotland, and was expected by the Church of England chaplains to confine myself to my own people. He replied that he thought the difference between us hardly worth mentioning, and that he would just as soon have me to minister to him as any one else. I then offered prayer shortly, and when I was about to leave him, he grasped me by the hand, and said repeatedly, "The Lord bless you." "The Lord reward you." His gratitude seemed almost unbounded. Thus we see many of the bravest heroes of our battles weeping like children at the foot of the Cross.

Went on board two ships now receiving invalids for England. It is truly a happy sight to see the men going home. I spoke to many, begging to rejoice with them. One told me he had learned since this war began to trust only in the Lord, and through the whole campaign he had never forgotten to commit himself to His constant keeping, and that, especially since he had been sick, he had not ceased to advise his comrades to cease to do evil, and to learn to do well.

NOTICES OF THE STATE OF RELIGION AND
MINISTERIAL LABOURS IN BUENOS AYRES.
—No. IV.

STEPS were now taken by the Scotch community to raise sufficient funds to build a church, and a building committee was appointed. The limited means, however, of many, and the comparative smallness of the community, made this a matter of no easy accomplishment. While the English community received the half of the cost of their church from the British Government, and the North American received from the northern country three-fourths of the cost of their church, the Scotch community were left to their own resources. It was not wonderful, therefore, that most of the funds were raised in the shape of debt upon the church, or that many difficulties were experienced before the work was brought to a successful termination. Too great praise cannot be awarded to Dr. Brown, for his unwearied exertions in urging on the good work, and overcoming the difficulties that arose on every side. When these had been so far overcome, it appeared both to him and the congregation a matter of the utmost importance to the permanence of religious ordinances among them, that the benefits of the Consular Act should be secured. As the English community had forestalled them in their application, and as it might be difficult to induce the British Government to support two religious establishments at one port, it was deemed advisable that Dr. Brown should make a voyage to England, in order to explain the circumstances, and urge upon the Government the claims of the Scotch community. After great exertions he succeeded, chiefly through the influence with the Government of the late lamented Dr. Chalmers, in accomplishing the object of his mission. Ever since, whatever sum is raised by the congregation for the support of religious ordinances amongst them, a similar sum is advanced by the British Government. The advantage of such support and countenance at foreign ports can only be understood by those who have lived at them. As this is, so far as we know, the only Presbyterian church established under this act, and as the very existence of an act so important seems to be little known in Scotland, we shall advert to some of its more important provisions relating to the subjects before us. It was passed in the sixth year of the reign of George IV., and is entitled, "An Act to regulate the support of salaries and allowances to British Consuls at foreign ports, and the

distribution at such ports for certain public purposes." The tenth section enacts, "That at any foreign ports or places in which a chaplain is now, or shall, at any future time, be resident and regularly employed in the celebration of divine service, according to the rites and ceremonies of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Church of Scotland, and maintained by any voluntary subscription or rate levied among or upon his Majesty's subjects resorting to, or residing at such foreign port or place, it shall and may be lawful for any consul-general or consul, in obedience to any order for that purpose issued by His Majesty, through one of his principal secretaries of state, to advance and pay from time to time for and towards the maintenance and support of any such chaplain, as aforesaid, or for and towards defraying the expenses incident to the due celebration of divine worship in any such churches and chapels. And every such consul-general or consul shall, once in each year, transmit to one of His Majesty's principal secretaries of state an account, made up to the thirty-first day of December in the year next preceding, of all sums of money actually raised at any such port or place as aforesaid, for the several purposes as aforesaid; and which accounts shall, by such principal secretary of state, be transmitted by the Lord High Treasurer or the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for the time being, who shall give to any such consul-general or consul as aforesaid, credit for all sums of money not exceeding the amount aforesaid." Sections XI. and XII. provide that the same assistance may be extended to the building of churches, the plans being first approved of by one of His Majesty's principal secretaries of state. Section XIII. enacts that the salaries of chaplains in Europe shall not exceed £500, and in other foreign ports £800. In Section XIV. it is enacted, that meetings of subscribers shall be held in the consul's office, and that none are entitled to vote at such meetings except they shall have subscribed £3 per year, or £20 in all, towards the support of such establishment. The minutes of such meeting being sent home for the approval of the secretary of state.

The above are the principal points of the Consular Act (6th George IV., chap. 87) relating to the support of churches at foreign ports, and it must be apparent from the provisions, that it was designed by the British Government in passing it to enable the Church of Scotland to pro-

vide for the spiritual instruction of such of our countrymen as may be resident in foreign ports. In all respects the act is as applicable to the Church of Scotland as to the Church of England. This being the case, how are we to account for the fact, that while English chaplains are found along the whole line of commerce supported by the provisions of this act, there is only one chaplain connected with the Church of Scotland? If it should be replied, that most of the members of the Government belonging to the English Church, their sympathies may be expected to be enlisted in its favour; and that, as the English are generally the most numerous section of the British community at foreign ports, it would be difficult to persuade the Government to support two establishments at the same port. Our present position here is a sufficient reply to both objections; and were the claims of our countrymen at other ports pressed with equal earnestness upon the attention of the Government we believe that in many cases the applications would be successful; but we cannot expect to find the Government undertaking the duty of the Church, and pressing funds upon those who have never asked for them. The truth is, our interminable disputes about points of very secondary importance have fixed the attention upon Scotland exclusively, while hundreds of our countrymen, having left their own for a foreign land, find no one to care for their souls, and thus but too often sink into the practical heathenism around them. We meet, for example, in Rio, Scotchmen who have not been in a church for ten years. We found a Scotch community in Pernambuco nearly equal to the English, but no Scotch chaplain. It is in vain to say in reply, that Scotchmen at such ports do not sufficiently exert themselves to remedy this state of things, for we know how many, when left to themselves for a time, become cold and indifferent, and the more they need the means of grace the less they care for them. But were there some individuals to look after them—to remind them of their duty—to recal to their minds the training and privileges of youth, we believe they would not appeal in vain, and that, through their exertions, stimulated by the provisions of the Consular Act, we should meet more frequently at foreign ports with the simple worship of our native land, and the Church of Scotland would be a little better known in the world than it is at present.

The legislature has placed within the reach of the Church the means of fulfilling its duties to our countrymen

abroad, and unless it employ these means it cannot be free from blame. Much, we grant, has been done of late by the Church for the colonies, and earnestly has the Colonial Committee laboured to meet abounding destitution; but are not the claims of our countrymen in foreign ports as strong as those in the colonies? Moreover, one reason of destitution in the colonies is the want of an adequate provision for the support of divine ordinances; but at foreign ports only one-half of the amount has to be provided. This renders them a much more hopeful field than many parts of the colonies. No doubt a minister of the Gospel must be actuated by higher motives than such as influence men of the world, in entering upon his responsible duties; but there are duties binding upon him that he cannot discharge without being adequately supported.

Having fulfilled the object of his mission, Dr. Brown returned to Buenos Ayres, and resumed the arduous duties of his position. The church was at length opened for public worship, and the zealous minister set himself to organize a school. An excellent trainer (Mr. Rae) was obtained from the Glasgow Normal Seminary. His labours soon arrested the attention of the public; a school-room was built, which, ere long, was filled to overflowing, the larger portion of the children being Roman Catholics. Had this state of things continued, much would have been done to enlighten this dark community; but the priests, those messengers of darkness, induced Rosas to interfere. The school was shut up, and Mr. Rae was under the necessity of transferring his services to Monte Video, where he still labours with great success. The school was permitted, afterwards, to be opened, but only for Protestants. It is now taught by a member of the congregation, who was a parish teacher in Scotland in 1849. After twenty-four years of labour, Dr. Brown returned to Scotland, where his talents and character procured for him the chair of Biblical Criticism in the University of St. Andrews, which chair he now worthily fills. His memory will long be cherished here by those amongst whom he so zealously laboured. Not only the efficiency, but the very existence of religious ordinances in this community is owing to his able management and self-denying exertions. His highest reward must be the consciousness of being honoured to do so much for the cause of his Divine Master in this dark and far distant land.

Sermon.

By the Rev. JAMES CRAIK, D.D., Minister of St. George's Church, Glasgow.

"Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit."—JOHN xv. 16.

REVELATION, among its many gladdening truths, tells us much that is arresting about the love of God. It exhibits to us that love, in union with His power, and wisdom, and holiness, and it declares the infinite perfection of this, as well as of all His attributes. We are taught that, under the impulse of love, there was a movement before the foundation of the world, and the formation of a vast and glorious plan in the eternal counsels. The glory of God was manifested in the development of this love. Love was destined to go forth in *visible activity*, and, that the mission of doing something to enlighten and make happy might be early stamped with the divine authority, that love, which is from all eternity with God, has been exhibited in the performance of a work which stands out as one of its brightest and most abiding memorials. To what but to the love of God do we ascribe the purpose of bringing the visible creation into existence? To this we trace the truly astonishing determination on the part of God, when He said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" and, when we take into account all the other manifestations of that love which we,—His rational creatures,—have been made capable of understanding, combining into one both temporal and spiritual blessing, seeing it in every kind provision and every nice adjustment, we must readily acknowledge that there has been a vast expenditure of preparation and performance for the purpose of making known the truth, that God is love.

It is given to the Christian Church to contemplate this love with peculiar clearness, and under an aspect at once gracious and powerfully affecting. Vivid-

ness and distinctness of outline are imparted to our conceptions of it by the incarnation of the Son of God. In this most remarkable event, and in the grand purposes to which it is subservient, we see the same attribute, which glows in heaven from all eternity, not only shining there in perfect glory, and enlightening that blessed region with its surpassing splendour, but also going forth, as it were, on an embassy of kindness, and stooping down to earth that it may gather tokens of its triumph, and fill heaven with the spoils of a joyful victory. The ardour with which love seeks to be diffused is thus made manifest. It cannot bear to be pent up and confined. It would multiply the number on whom real happiness, in largest measure, may be conferred. In the execution of this design the Son of God appeared; and He, the visible representative of Deity, while He laid aside those attributes of overwhelming majesty, which human eye cannot gaze upon, took not on Him any form which could obscure the manifestation of His love. In the deepest season of His condescension and humility that love was all the more conspicuous. From the birth at Bethlehem to the ascent at Bethany;—in every look, and word, and expression of emotion, which proceeded from this the most glorious visitant whose presence could have dignified the earth, *love* in its active development was displayed. It was the love which comforts the afflicted with deepest tenderness,—which defends the weak with unshrinking firmness,—which rebukes hypocrisy with sternest reproof. His love flowed out in marks of warm and familiar affection to those who followed Him,—checked their waywardness,—corrected their errors,—enlightened their dark con-

ceptions. It was love which, in spite of the awful weight that was upon Him, still pressed forward to the accomplishment of the great undertaking for which He came; and which, while it dwelt with a solemn earnestness on the bitter cup, and the sad accompaniments of that dark and agitating conflict, yet never for a moment ceased to yearn after the souls about to be saved by His sacrifice, and to desire that a sin-wasted and alienated world might be purified, and made happy, and brought to God.

The freeness, as well as the touching nature of this love, must have been deeply felt by those who listened to the last counsels and admonitions of our Lord. He speaks largely both of their difficulties and of the encouragements by which their hearts would be sustained. He tells them of the peace He bequeathed to them, of the peculiar value of the legacy, and of the intimate union with Him which they enjoyed. He speaks most affectionately of the purpose for which He taught them these precious truths,—“that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full,”—and with a tenderness, not perhaps altogether free from the mildest tone of gentle reproach, He says to them, “Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain.”

In their original application these words probably referred to the labours of the apostles, and to the duties for which they had been chosen and appointed, who were about to be required to go and teach all nations; but in this discourse I propose to regard them as exhibiting to us, first, a view of that gracious love manifested in the formation of the Church of Christ—“*Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;*” and, secondly, a statement of the purposes to which the energies of the Church ought to be devoted—“*I have ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit.*”

1. In examining the principles according to which the Church of Christ is composed, we learn from such passages as this, and from every conception we are able to form of the divine attributes,

that there is a selection of the individuals who shall constitute this Church, according to the sovereign authority and eternal counsels of the Most High. And when we look to the condition of those who are destined to become living stones of this spiritual temple, it is obvious that there could have been no enjoyment of the privileges conferred on them, without the forthputting of a power on the part of God. “Ye have not chosen me,” are the very terms in which we might have expected that they would be addressed whose natures have been corrupted, and whose misplaced affections and shattered powers indicate the presence of a spiritual distemper. The grand symptom of that disease, introduced by disobedience, and inherited by every descendant of Adam, is deep-rooted hostility to God, and a consequent inability to direct any feelings of love or confidence to Him. Even under the consciousness of suffering, a sinner will have recourse to innumerable expedients rather than turn to God. Had it been possible to do so in our own strength, it could not have been said that spiritual death had passed over us; nor would our Lord have affirmed, as He does most emphatically, “No man can come to me except the Father which hath sent me draw him;” and again, “No man can come unto me except it be given him of the Father.” But, then, while in all this there is ample recognition of the sovereignty of God, we must also remember that, in the formation of the Christian Church, there is the working of love in closest union with this sovereignty. He whose sovereignty cannot be shaken, and whose love is no less one of His attributes than His sovereignty, has from all eternity chosen a peculiar people to himself. We see clearly the prevalence of love in the comforting and cheering nature of the statement: “Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.” We look to it as proceeding from the lips of one who had ever shewn a kind and affectionate sympathy with His disciples, and who, as He actually stood in the midst of them, touched with a feeling of their infirmities, and pouring out parting promises

and counsels, had attracted towards himself their warmest love. "I have chosen you" thus speaks to us of almighty power in its gracious manifestations. It comes home with a touching tenderness peculiarly affecting, and impressively reminding us of the extent to which the *principle of love* has been called into operation in the erection of the Christian Church. There is, consequently, in the execution of this design an overflowing expression of kindness and good-will to every individual believer. The manner of its execution is peculiarly fitted for those out of whom the redeemed are to be gathered, whose energies for good have been wholly paralyzed, and who must have remained miserable and hopeless unless there had been the going forth of an infinitely gracious choice from God. But nothing has been left undone necessary for the accomplishment of the destined purpose. Early promise was not withheld. No truth was kept back requisite for bringing home to men's hearts that knowledge of which, originally, they were altogether destitute. By a nice accommodation to the wants of sinners, and by carrying forward a preparation in all respects suited to their condition, there was, throughout the world, and in the largest sense, a fulfilment of the prediction spoken by the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness: "Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked places shall be made straight, and the rough places plain." All this was done, undoubtedly, according to the exercise of God's unbending sovereignty; but seeing that the eternal Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men; seeing that it was in the execution of a purpose of infinite mercy in choosing some to life everlasting, that our blessed Lord went through all the hardships that were prepared for Him; seeing that He gave evidence of His power, and signified His love, by doing and suffering in a manner in which He alone could have given service and endurance; seeing that in all His active and passive righteousness, there was an indication clearly made of His love towards His own; Oh! my

friends, can we know anything of the Gospel, of its precious privileges and the costly offering by which they are procured, without perceiving clearly that the principles according to which the Church of Christ has been formed are in all respects illustrative not merely of the power but of the love of God?

Have you been enabled to receive this doctrine, and have you felt it to be comforting? You have been overawed as you contemplated the majesty and holiness of God. You have trembled, I trust, under a sense of inherent sinfulness; you have felt that it was utterly impossible to obtain peace by attempting to exert your own powers, and to dispense with divine assistance; and as you thought of the high distinction of being promoted to be members of the body of Christ, with all the privileges attached to that condition, have you not been almost overwhelmed by the conviction that, if its attainment depended on your own exertions, it was placed hopelessly beyond you? In this condition, a right and cordial reception of the truth, that God has chosen for himself a peculiar people, and that, in Christ, He is waiting to be gracious, was fitted to bring relief; and then, if, amidst the mysterious revealings of His purposes to His own, God has made known to you that *you have been chosen*, has there not, at last, burst in upon your spirits the calm consciousness of a peace which proved, by the happiness it imparted, that its origin was from God? Perhaps you may have reproached yourselves, because you could not choose the better part by any internal impulse of independent power, and knowing the glorious attributes of God, and the claim He has on the veneration of His creatures, you lamented the sad perversion of affection that kept you away from your Maker and Preserver. Such, also, may have been the feelings of our Lord's earliest disciples. They may have been touched with self-reproach when they beheld One so loveable and attractive, who could, nevertheless, tell them, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you;" and yet, in the kindness which had graciously visited them,

and had required not, on their part, the commencement of any movement, they doubtless felt inexpressible relief. They saw, what we are so abundantly assured of by the whole plan of redemption, that there is an expression of love first from God to His creatures; and they *felt*, as we are permitted to feel, that every invitation,—every persuasion to look to God, works in harmony with that most wonderful attestation of His love that was given by sending His Son into the world. And since the grand truth on which our hopes are resting, is, that when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly; and the grand principle that ought to animate our hearts is this, that we love God because He first loved us; it may be affirmed that there is not one to whom grace has been given to know anything of the privileges which believers enjoy, who can remain indifferent to that choice which comes forth from God. The spirit of Christianity, amidst its many loud and arresting utterances, proclaims no truth more clearly than this, that He who is rich in love found, in the deliverance of sinners from universal misery a field for its bright and active manifestation; and we cannot be desirous to know its persuasive and subduing power if we will not listen to that voice which tells us how much God has freely done for man's salvation. Let the Spirit place within the heart only the faintest perception of the truth, that God has given expression of His love to you, and by a law, the operation of which is never suspended, you will be led to make this love, and the manner in which it has been displayed, and the misery from which it rescues, and the blessings it confers, objects of intense interest and repeated reflection.

2. Such being the principles according to which the Church of Christ is formed, I would now inquire, in the second place, into the view which this passage suggests of the purposes to which the energies of the Church are to be devoted.

It were altogether to overlook the manner in which the scheme of redemption is accomplished, as well as the

direct instruction which it conveys, did we for a moment imagine that the Gospel in any way affords encouragement to sloth and inactivity. It is no silent and dreamy speculation. As if for the purpose of giving forcible and prominent expression to the precept, that there must be the active exertion of energies, in obedience to the principles it unfolds, the leading doctrines of revelation have been exhibited through means of transactions, which stand out with arresting power in the page of history, and the details of which, as real events, are capable of being recorded. The change which came over the condition of Adam at the fall, might, we can conceive, have been altogether internal; and while his affections were turned away from God, and feelings of terror and aversion were awakened, no act of outward impressiveness might have marked his sad apathy. But God determined to give visible form and magnitude to the transition which then took place, and hence our conceptions of it are permitted to rest in the circumstances of the garden, and the temptation, and the act of positive disobedience, and the expulsion. And thus, also, as the history advances, there is ever an appeal to that sensibility which makes us so much alive to every thing that can be seen and actually felt. God might have shewn His anger against the wide-spread wickedness of the world's inhabitants, either by a direct expression of rebuke, uttered through the mouth of a prophet raised up to warn and reprove, or by kindling within the secrecies of each individual heart those feelings of self-reproach which the commission of sin might have awakened; but in the rising of the waters, and the breaking up of the fountains of the great deep, and the destruction of living substance, this indignation was inscribed, in enduring language, on the earth itself, and proclaimed in a form fitted to be universally known and remembered. That God teaches by action, and not by abstract truth, is obvious in every page of the history of the Hebrews. And then, when we come to contemplate that wonderful love wherewith God has

loved His chosen inheritance, and the manner in which He has been accomplishing His purpose, we cannot fail to mark the fulness and the clearness with which the active principle has been developed. There is no dim and indefinite indication of love. The Son of God actually came. He was as perceptible to the senses as any of the world's inhabitants. His deeds were clearly seen, and, instead of withdrawing from the people, and giving forth, from the innermost recesses of a dark retreat, mysterious utterings, and shadowy allusions, He mingled with men even of various character,—He instructed all, not only by His direct expositions of the truth, but also by works, which proved at once the credentials of His mission, and the actual embodiment of His doctrines. Is it not most becoming, then, that since, by a system devised for the redemption of sinners, God has made such use of the active and the visible, there should also be a summoning forth of real energy to real work in those whose service He demands? That God does demand services from the members of His Church, and that He seeks in that service active exertion, is evident both from the footing on which we are taught, according to the principles of the Gospel, to place a believer's obedience, and from the nature of that obedience which he is required to render. What is the footing on which this obedience is placed? Not, certainly, in any sense is it to be regarded as a price for promised or for expected blessing. It is an emanation going forth from the position into which the members of Christ's Church have been promoted, and arising out of the principles which the Spirit of all truth has inwoven into the very vitals of their faith. Christ did not say to his disciples, "I have chosen you, because you have won my regards by going in your own strength, and bringing forth fruit;" but, "I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit." The impulse is from God, and thus the Church is animated by a principle of obedience, because the choice has been first made through the love and the sovereignty of Him who,

as He makes that choice, ordains and sets apart His chosen to put forth their energies, while He worketh in them both to will and to do of His good pleasure. Shall it be said that this view of the footing on which obedience rests diminishes, in the least degree, either its necessity or importance? This will not be affirmed by any one who has felt the constraining power of the love of Christ, and the dignity conferred by being chosen of Him. The believer obeys neither, because his is an independence of will and energy which cuts him off from the necessity of leaning on Christ; nor because he is urged on by an unintelligible impulse, conscious of nothing except the force of its restless urgency. He fights a good fight; but Christ nerves him for the combat. He is keenly alive to the animating power of motive, whether drawn from his hopes or his fears, or the awakened ardour of his affections; but Christ supplies the motives,—Christ draws forth the energies,—Christ gives to them a right direction. The believer is thus enabled to yield obedience. He crucifies a darling lust,—he smothers a fondly cherished passion,—he tears up by the roots a favourite prejudice,—he breaks the chains that bind him to the world. He examines his heart, and he commences a war of extermination against the sinful desires and tendencies that are there. He sees duties that are neglected, and he resolves that such negligence shall be abandoned. He is conscious of spiritual sloth, and he knows that time gone by has been misspent, and energies misdirected; and he now comes, with the earnestness of an awakened heart, and pants ardently after the enjoyment of life. Inasmuch as he has been chosen of the Lord, he has been enabled to act according to the principle of faith, and, under its efficacious influence, to obey. But, oh! my friends, do we imagine that he was ever so bewildered as to place the fruit in the false position of being equal in importance to the root from which it springs, or that, in all the hard and incessant struggle, Christ and His divine energy were forgotten. In every effort Christ was near,

a very present help. The heart, sometimes sunk, He reassured and strengthened it; and, from the first feeble movements that were effectual in combating one sinful affection, onwards throughout all the changes of the busy strife, the partial success that gladdened and encouraged,—the doubtful issue that left the heart irresolute,—the defeat that, for a time, made trial of its faith; and, at last, the triumph of an obedience, new in the motives that impelled it, and new in the comprehensive range which it embraced, Christ, although unseen, was regulating the whole, and controlling every motive, and every impulse and affection, for the illustration and the maintenance of God's eternal glory. Such is the footing on which obedience must rest; and what is the nature of this obedience? We have seen that it must take the form of visible activity; and when we remember the power of that love to which the Gospel gives such vivid and deep-toned expression, can we doubt that, among the various fields within which Christian principle may be displayed, a very prominent place should be assigned to benevolent exertion? As members of the Christian Church, you have been chosen and ordained to go and bring forth fruit, by entering zealously on the discharge of every duty to which you are summoned by Christ's authority. That law which overwhelms by its stern enactments, and compels the heart to tremble until the consolations of the cross are found, stands before you as a rule of righteousness; and as it extends its control over secret emotion and outward conduct, and, when spiritually understood, embraces within its range a vast amount of moral obligation, you cannot doubt that, to the degree to which this law is really obeyed, your hearts have been brought under the influence of genuine devotedness to the Lord. But still, when you would determine what is more especially the department of active duty to which you are summoned, it is well to seek instruction from that which has been so brightly exhibited in the work of redemption; and if *love* in its active development

characterizes that work, at once in its origin and its purposes, shall you not feel that, as the chosen of Christ, the appropriate province for your energies, in having been ordained to go and to bring forth fruit, is that on which you may find room for the exercise of your benevolence in action? You cannot allege that this province is limited, or that you are not invited earnestly to enter it. If you are animated by the real and active spirit of the Gospel, you will find much that may be done among the ignorant and the neglected; and grasping, within a comprehensive charity, the inhabitants of distant lands, you may be instruments in bringing the truth to many to whom, in the strength of God, and according to His direction, light shall at last be imparted. And you will give your cordial assistance to that Society,* for which your liberality is now sought. It seeks to give relief to the aged and the indigent—to visit them in their sickness—to find out the most deserving—to alleviate, in some measure, their severe privations—to cheer them in their poverty and desertion by kindly sympathy—and, in short, to do all the good which opportunities and circumstances admit, to a class of the community who, but for the efforts of this Society, would have few or none to care for them. Apart from the impulse of Christian principle, the claims of this class may be urged on every one who enjoys the ability of contributing to their relief. And is it not a privilege that ought to be highly esteemed, to have for the distribution of your charity the aid of a Society whose members undertake the laborious and responsible duty of ascertaining the character and circumstances of those on whom their benefits are conferred,—actually entering the abodes of penury and sickness, and expending an amount of time and feeling on their painfully interesting task, compared with which even ample pecuniary sacrifices are insignificant? To know something of the sad destitution which they endeavour to remove, you must actually visit the houses of paupers,

* Preached in behalf of a Ladies' Society for visiting and relieving the wants of the aged poor.

you must stand beside their beds, or, during inclemency of winter, sit shivering along with them in their cold and desolate apartments; and you must mark what poverty, and age, and sickness can do to emaciate the frame, and break down the spirit. Poor and feeble, they cannot labour, even although employment could be procured; and they are placed in circumstances in which they are unable, without assistance, to procure a sufficient supply of even the plainest articles of food and clothing. It is most painful to believe that the sufferings of sickness and old age should be aggravated by partial starvation. Let me beseech you to make them the objects of your compassion, and to seek to awaken widely the sympathy of friends and connexions in their behalf. Some of them, perhaps, have had a lifetime of toil, dependent entirely on their own exertions—constrained, it may be, from feelings of affection to their parents, to give to their support a portion of their earnings during the season of activity and strength; and now, when their ability to labour is gone, they have no kindred to care for them, and are scarcely even acknowledged by their few distant relatives completely engrossed with their own interests and wants. Others may have struggled on in the discharge of domestic duties, sustained in all their anxieties by the rough, it may be, and somewhat homely, yet steadfast kindness of conjugal affection, and looking forward with hope to the sons and daughters that were growing up around them; but now they are childless and deserted, for disease and death have gradually swept down their households, and their hearts, torn by severe bereavements, are ill prepared for the sorrows of helpless poverty and age. Others may be suffering because they have been cruelly neglected by their children, either by their misconduct destitute of the power, or by their wretched selfishness without the will, to assist their parents in sickness and destitution. Disease which could not be properly cared for,—the endurance of toil beyond their strength,—scanty food and miserable accommoda-

tion,—have all contributed to enfeeble the poor for whom I plead. And, oh! what a privilege it must be to you, whom God has enriched with abundance, to send forth your benevolent activities in the direction of helping to relieve their wants—of gladdening their drooping spirits by the visit of one who, while she brings her prayers and her counsels, ministers also to their immediate comfort, not withholding the meat that perisheth even while directing their thoughts to that meat which endureth unto everlasting life. Such instances of neglected poverty must be familiar to all who have ever cultivated a personal acquaintance with the condition of the poor; and when we add to all this the necessity of sustaining increasing infirmities by suitable nourishment, and consider how difficult it must be for persons in this condition to procure the comforts which they peculiarly require, shall not an effort be made to place in the hands of this Society those funds without which its benevolent purposes cannot be accomplished? I know how many and how urgent are the claims on Christian liberality. We seek funds for the diffusion of the Gospel and for the education of the young. We ask liberal support for those important and valuable institutions by which lingering disease, and raging fever, and the effects of sudden accident, may, if possible, be cured. But the *loves* from which your benevolent activities should flow, nourished by the outpouring of that grace that cannot be exhausted, will seek to give expression to its strength in every form to which your means of charitable expenditure can extend. Comprehend, then, I beseech you, this Society among the objects of your benevolence. Be induced to make a liberal sacrifice—a *sacrifice you can feel*—in its behalf. We know little or nothing of the blessedness of giving until it demands an act of personal self-denial, and affects us in such a manner that we are conscious of a sacrifice. But this is the form which Christian benevolence, in its active energy, delights to assume. As members of the Church of Christ, and animated by the conviction that this is one of the purposes to which your powers

ought to be zealously directed, go, in the strength of your Redeemer, and bring forth this fruit; and, while you dwell on the thought of one, helpless and neglected, left, perhaps, hour after hour, in unbroken solitude, with scarcely the ability to stretch the hand to the scanty morsel by which life is supported—feeble and cheerless, and with an aching heart, longing for the return of a visitor from this Society as almost the only source of earthly comfort to which hope can be directed,—oh! may you be led to do your *very uttermost*, that such cases of forsaken destitution may be relieved. Seek to be impelled by these sad realities, and endeavour to give yet a deeper earnestness to your benevolent desires, by connecting them with Him who, while He has formed His Church in accordance with the manifestation of most gracious love, has summoned each of His followers to the lofty mission of sending forth every energy, under the decided assurance that Christian benevolence is benevolence in action. Bestowing of your means to the support of this Society, forget not the importance of resembling those by whom its funds are distributed among the poor. Be convinced that opportunities must be sought, and leisure found, for mingling with the very poorest, whose sufferings require to be relieved,—that you may kindle and keep alive kind, and gentle, and thankful feelings,—and that you may teach the poor to believe that they are not regarded as outcasts and aliens,—but that they share with you the sensibilities and affections of our common humanity. Sift, with unsparing scrutiny, and under the blazing light of Christian principle, every excuse that may be suggested for neglecting this duty, to which, be assured, many are imperatively summoned, by their position in society, and the means at their disposal. I would not depreciate the value of charitable offerings. With an urgency of appeal that admits of no restraint, I implore you to give of the abundance which God may have bestowed on you. Submit to a more limited expenditure on personal gratification, that the wants of the poor may be in some degree

relieved. The principle from which such gifts proceed, in every genuine believer, is love to Jesus, and love to those for whom He died; and love, bending its compassionate regards far down on the evil and unthankful, and ever the more it is indulged, growing more ardent in its sympathy, and more extensive in its range; and surely it were wrong to diminish, even in the least degree, the sacrifices which wealth may make, that the bitter waters of penury and sickness may be sweetened at some *Marah*-station of the poor man's pilgrimage. But still, I would strenuously urge on you the importance of actually visiting the dwellings of the poor. Oh, let the truth never be forgotten, that we have human hearts to deal with, and human sorrows to assuage!—that all of us are members of one vast family, severed, I acknowledge, and widely estranged, by tastes, and habits, and propensities altogether different, but yet linked together by complex ties, entwined around the very vitals of our being. Hard antipathies may have encrusted over them, and thus, covered up and concealed from observation, the very existence of those ties is in danger of being unnoticed and denied; but when you are summoned to survey the fields of benevolent exertion, resolved, as those who are chosen by Christ, to bring forth fruit, and animated far more by the high impulse of Christian principle, than by the passing glow of a feverish sensibility, be persuaded, if possible, to go forth, and to ascertain by personal inspection the varied difficulties with which helpless and aged poverty is beset, convinced that even the very poorest are, in one sense, related to you as brethren, and earnestly trusting that some word of counsel, or glance of kindness, or patient endurance of a rude repulse, may break through to the heart of an impatient, or sullen, or dejected sufferer, who, under the freezing influence of a cold neglect, had become almost steeled against the voice of human sympathy.

EPITAPH ON A CHILD.

" God created such mortal flowers
To grow in His own *paradises*, not ours."

THE LATE RICHARD HARRIS, Esq., M.P.*

THE recorded instances of elevation from the rank of the labouring man to such a position as that which Mr. Harris attained are unfortunately still too rare to allow of our being able to spare a single good example; and we have therefore to congratulate ourselves on the happy circumstance which has put the public in possession of the biography of one who may henceforth be regarded as the type of "The Successful Manufacturer." The author informs us in his preface that his work, which was at first designed to be nothing more than the amplification of a funeral sermon, gradually assumed in his hands the form of a biography; and we cannot but rejoice at the result, as giving to the work a form calculated to secure it a wider circulation and more abiding usefulness. He has addressed himself to his undertaking in a liberal spirit, and has brought to it the freshness of an active and inquiring mind, which we trust will make it a congenial book with the young, and satisfactorily point out to many a youthful aspirant the true path to opulence, to honour, and to happiness.

As a merely speculative question, it would be interesting to inquire what were the agencies which converted the printer's devil into the head of a firm of world-wide reputation—the self-educated boy into the member of Parliament—the free-thinker in the barracks of the militia into the earnest and active Christian. But it is far more interesting as a practical question, to meet the case of the thousands who are anxiously asking how they may accomplish the elevation in their own case. The title of Mr. Lomas' book affords the answer; "Character" made the "Conquest" of every difficulty. The grace of God, acting on a mind which loved the light, delivered him from the power of dark-

ness, and translated him into the kingdom of His dear Son; and the divine life which he thus received animated a character naturally energetic to press forward on a career of success. God honoured the man who honoured Him. A blessing from on high visibly rested upon him and all that he had, and whatsoever he did prospered in his hand.

"The success," says his biographer, "which marked the close of Mr. Harris' business life, and the easy and affluent circumstances which then distinguished him, were not the result of mere accident. The lucky gold-finder sometimes digs out of a single groove a respectable fortune. We have our railway kings, and princes of the exchange, as well as our peers of the realm, born to the possession of patrimonial acres and hereditary wealth. Such men may be regarded as the favourite children of fortune, rich and prosperous by the accidents of birth or circumstances, and not by virtue of their own endeavours. It was not, however, to the chapter of accidents that Mr. Harris owed his success. He reached his enviable position not at once, nor rapidly, by some lucky speculation, or some unexpected incident in the course of events, but gradually, now advancing a few steps, then receding, but on the whole progressing until the goal was reached. He created his own circumstances, his circumstances did not create him. If, in the earlier part of his career, he was aided by the capital and co-operation of others, it was his character which inspired the confidence necessary to their attainment. If, at a later period, he was materially assisted by his two sons, who now carry on the establishment, it was he who had from their earliest days indoctrinated their minds with his own ideas, and trained them in his own habits. If divine Providence smiled upon his efforts, (and he would have been one of the first to acknowledge the fact,) yet the blessing of that Providence was realized not apart from, but in connexion with, the use of his own energetic and appropriate means and endeavours. The real source of his success lay in those mental qualities, moral principles, and daily habits, which distinguished him. . . . If the reader be entering upon, or have already commenced the struggle

* *Character and its Conquests.* A Memoir of the late R. Harris, Esq., formerly M.P. for Leicester. By the Rev. Thomas Lomas. London: Green, Paternoster Row.

of life, we are persuaded that it will promote his respectability, his happiness and success, should he resolve to adopt these habits and principles as his own. 'Blessings are upon the head of the just,' and 'the hand of the diligent maketh rich.'

We fully enter into the author's conviction, and believe that there is no principle so effectual in overcoming the difficulties of life, as well as the temptation of the world, as that faith which is the source to the believer of every blessing. The man imbued with a spirit of divine zeal and earnestness, will clear a way for himself through the yielding crowd of gazing, gaping, idlers. It is the want of these qualifications which makes any young man fail; it is the rareness of these among the young men of the age, which makes so few of them as successful as Harris was.

Richard Harris was born of humble parents at Leicester, in 1777. In his early years he attended the ministry, and the Sunday and week-night school, of the Rev. Mr. Robinson, author of the *Scripture Characters*, and in these he received the whole of his scholastic education. In after years he acknowledged from the chair (which he occupied on that occasion, 1851) of the Sunday School Union, in Exeter Hall, his obligations to the Sunday School; and he universally manifested the deepest interest in the system. "His own case may be cited for the encouragement of those who are engaged in the important work. In the unpromising class which surrounds the faithful and self-denying teacher, there may be the embryo philosopher and statesman of the next generation, the master spirits which shall mould and govern the coming age, or the eminent missionaries and ministers who shall carry out the designs of Heaven, multiply the agencies of the Church, and bless the world!"

At the age of fourteen he was placed in the printing office of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Phillips, but the reverses which attended that gentleman broke up his establishment, and lost young Harris his situation. While in this office he was the cause of an accident by which hangs

a tale too good to omit. In a frolic with some of the compositors in the newspaper office, on the night of publication, "he was brought into collision with the press, so as to displace and throw into confusion two or three columns of type. What was to be done? The master was called, and his ingenious mind at once hit upon an expedient to save the trouble of re-setting the whole of the type. Two of the columns there was time to compose afresh; the remaining one he determined to fill with what is technically called "pie." It consists of type jumbled together promiscuously, consonants and vowels, commas, colons, and semi-colons, all upside-down, topsy-turvy, taking each others place in the most whimsical confusion. This column was headed the "Dutch Mail," and it was subjoined that "just as our paper was going to press, the Dutch mail arrived, and as we have not time to make a translation, we insert the intelligence in the original."

Harris now entered his father's loom-shop, where he soon mastered the trade of plain stocking-weaving; which he had no sooner accomplished than he resorted to Nottingham to engage in the fancy weaving of that town, and there learning first the simple machines and afterwards the more difficult, he became, in the course of a short time, an intelligent and clever workman. These were the days of the French invasion panic, and a spirit of patriotism impelled young Harris to enlist in the supplementary militia, a corps whose duty consisted in garrisoning the coast towns, and in the service of which he soon afterwards found himself stationed at Deal. It was on a visit to his native town, on leave of absence, that the great change in his life took place. At Nottingham he had imbibed the infidel principles which originated in France at the period of the Revolution, and overran our country with a tide of scepticism.

"As a matter of course, the Christian sanctuary was habitually neglected. The Sabbath was spent in pastimes and amusements. The religious instruction which he had received, and the favourable impressions which had been made upon his mind by the associations of

home, were buried beneath the rubbish of his new opinions, and his connexion with the Christian world was entirely severed."

During his visit, a poor but eminently excellent man, known to Harris, died, and the sermon preached on the occasion of his funeral, which the young sceptic could at first hardly be prevailed to hear, was made the means of awaking reflection and anxiety. New ideas of mental and moral greatness had been awoke in his mind. The preacher's ideas of true greatness of character and nobleness of soul coincided with all that he remembered of the poor scissors-grinder.

"He recollected the uniform cheerfulness which his humble acquaintance had evinced even in extreme poverty,—the integrity of his life—the peacefulness of his death, and the question arose in his mind whether there might not be something after all in religion, either in its nature or its evidences, of which at present he was ignorant."

He reviewed the evidences of Christianity with this new light, studied the Bible for himself, visited and conversed with Mr. Cave, the preacher of the sermon referred to, and these means were blessed to convince him of the truth of Christianity, and of his personal need of the One Mediator, in the knowledge of whom he returned to Deal, "in possession of a stable and earnest faith in Christ, and a peace which passeth all understanding." He collected and committed to the flames the Deistical works which had so grievously misled him, corrected the evil habits of his life, devoted his leisure time to profitable reading and mental improvement, maintained the inner life of religion not only by secret retirement, but by fellowship with those in the regiment like-minded, till all meetings for such purposes were prohibited by the commanding officer, who visited upon Harris the full weight of his displeasure, and recalled a promise of promotion. His steady and consistent character, however, eventually gained his esteem and secured his own advancement.

His next visit to Leicester witnessed the celebration of his marriage, and this

was soon followed by the disbanding of the militia, and his own final settlement in that place. His amiable and excellent wife was not long spared to him; and at her death he found himself plunged not only in grief, but in debt, contracted during her illness. With steady heart he set himself to liquidate the sum. For twenty hours out of the twenty-four he laboured at the trade at which, in early life, he had become such a proficient, and after he had succeeded in discharging it, uniting himself once more to a young person, every way worthy of and the intimate friend of his former wife, he commenced that course of honest industry which laid the foundation of his future fortune. Unlike the thousands among our working-classes then and now, who only work as many days in the week as will procure them the means of subsistence and dissipation, he had the moral courage to reprobate, both by speech and example, so pernicious a practice. Instead of living up to, far less beyond his means, and having to maintain his family by the ruinous system of credit purchases, Mr. Harris carefully laid aside what he could spare, to be employed as capital in commencing business. As the result of this conduct, he was enabled, in the course of a year, to engage premises for himself, and by adopting the warp machine, which combines the weaver's loom and the stocking frame, and possesses the power of producing an almost infinite variety of texture and pattern, he could meet the market, whatever kind or fashion of goods was in demand. As his capital increased, he added to his machines and increased his devices, and by his steady and straight-forward character attracted the attention of those who could aid him with the loan of money, and established his credit. Once and again he changed to larger premises, formed partnerships, took his sons with him into business, and closed his career by leaving behind him the name of a just, upright, and generous manufacturer, and an establishment which sent forth no fewer than two hundred articles of wearing apparel, employed at the least four thousand hands, and stood, as it had done

from its foundation, at the head of the fancy hosiery business.

It was not wonderful that a man so distinguished for estimable qualities of mind and heart, should meet with honour from his fellow-citizens. In 1837 he was elected councillor in the first municipal election under the reform act, in which office he soon rose to the rank of alderman, and in 1843 to that of mayor of his native town. While he held this office the queen passed through Leicester, and during her residence at Belvoir Castle the mayor was a guest of the Duke of Rutland. Here he associated with such men as the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel; and the former, meeting him on the castle terrace at an early hour in the morning, entered into a lengthened conversation with him, made inquiries respecting his personal history, and, on being told the principal facts of it, he laid his hand familiarly upon his shoulder and congratulated him, and remarked that he also had raised himself by his own energies. The duke was subsequently more than once heard to refer to this conversation, and to express himself in terms of admiration and respect for the chief magistrate.—“Seest thou the man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.”

But yet further honour awaited him at the hands of his fellow-citizens, by whom he was unanimously chosen to represent them in Parliament in the year 1848.

“The political views of Mr. Harris were what may be termed in the proper sense—liberal opinions. While he boldly and consistently advocated progressive reforms in every department of the state, he was averse to extremes, considering that political privileges, gradually obtained, are more properly used, more firmly held, and more likely to endure, than those which involve sudden and sweeping constitutional changes. For the past generation of reformers he would have gone too far; for the present generation he would have gone perhaps not far enough. . . . He belonged to that class of Members of Parliament more distinguished for their usefulness than for their public appearances and brilliant speeches; men of independent minds, who exercise their strong manly thought upon the various measures which

come before them, and record a silent and conscientious vote, with exclusive regard to the national weal. His diligence in attending to his duties would have been exemplary in a younger man. Whenever the fate of any important measure was likely to be decided, he was sure to be at his post, watching the progress of the debate, and the various elements introduced into it, and ultimately taking part in the division, however protracted and exhausting the sitting. . . . On his retirement from parliament, he quitted almost entirely public life, and enjoyed as he deserved the *otium cum dignitate*. Unmistakeable symptoms of a failing constitution reminded him that the goal of life was nearly reached, and that it was desirable to economize his vitality and strength, by avoiding as much as possible public excitement.”

Nowhere did Mr. Harris appear to so much advantage as in the bosom of his own family. The light of his life

“shone with a bright and steady lustre in the domestic circle. His behaviour in the presence of his children and relatives was becoming the Christian parent, and the profession of the holy religion of Christ. Like the patriarchs of old, he had erected in his house, as soon as ever he settled in domestic life, an altar for God, from which the incense of morning and evening prayers invariably ascended. No pressure of business was ever allowed to interfere with those seasons set apart to God and to his own spiritual affairs; but by rising early, and by a suitable apportionment of his time, he was able to bring into the arrangements of the day his sacred as well as his secular duties. Although his life was one of incessant activity, arising from the claims of a large business, and the public position which he filled during the latter part of his life, yet he did not neglect the cultivation of personal and domestic religion. . . . His stated periods of retirement for the purpose of meditation and private devotion were known to all the members of his family, and the greatest care was manifested by them not to interrupt his quiet communion with his own heart, and with the Father of spirits. . . . He constantly sought the divine blessing upon the work of his hands, and never undertook any matter of importance without prayer; and although he always maintained his ground in business, yet there were times of commercial distress, during which he felt the need of all the support his principles could afford.”

He was neither without reverses in his business nor afflictions in his family; but he resorted in them all to that heavenly support through which the Christian is enabled to triumph over outer ills.

"On one occasion, when affairs had taken an unfavourable turn, he came home one day apparently much troubled. His pious and excellent wife, observing his distress, inquired into the cause. He informed her that his stock-taking was just completed, and revealed a state of the balance-sheet by no means satisfactory. 'Another year like this,' he added, 'and all will be swept away.' 'And have you laid the matter,' she immediately asked, 'before the Lord?' Then, reminding him of that Providence which clothes the grass, paints the lily, feeds the ravens, and is especially careful of those who wear the image of Christ, and are devoted to His service, she urged him not to distress himself, but to commit his case into the hands of Him who had hitherto watched over him. He at once retired to his private room, and unbosomed his cares at a throne of grace, and shortly after appeared again at his fireside with a countenance free from the lines of sorrow, and with a mind tranquillized and braced for the future conflict of life. It may be also observed, that the clouds which hung over his prospects immediately broke and disappeared, and his business went on with its wonted success."

He carried his religion into business, besides, by conducting it in every department in accordance with the rules of Christian duty. A generous interest in the condition of the men employed under him was displayed throughout his whole career. Happy would it be for our country if as strong a sense of responsibility and stewardship prevailed universally in the minds of masters and employers, as in this instance.

He was, from the period of his conversion, connected with Hervey Lane Baptist chapel, blessed at an earlier period with the ministrations of Dr. Carey, previous to his going forth as the first missionary of modern times, and during a great part of Mr. Harris' connexion with it, with those of Robert Hall, between whom and Mr. Harris there subsisted a deep sympathy and warm friendship. A

number of characteristic anecdotes of this most eloquent preacher are woven into the narrative, some of which, we suspect, are not generally known; and they go far to render this one of the most interesting portions of the book.

But Mr. Harris was too large-hearted to confine his sympathies within one branch of the Church. The missionary spirit, so early characteristic of the Baptists, shone forth in him; and among schemes of home interest, he may be said to have taken an active part for fifty years in all movements designed to promote the religious interests of his native town and country.

When health failed, he looked forward, in a state of mind resigned and cheerful, to his latter end; and after affording abundant evidence, by his patience, his confidence, and his hope, of the blessedness which the change would confer upon him, on the 2d of February 1854, his spirit serenely passed to the abodes of the redeemed. "Help, Lord, for the godly ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."

"No man ever won so high position by fairer means," was an expression which, with kindred others, might have been heard passing from lip to lip in the vast concourse of between 2000 and 3000 persons who attended the funeral of the departed citizen. May it be spoken over the graves of not a few of the readers of this paper with life before them, and the choice undecided whether they shall follow his steps and share his glory, or make fatal shipwreck of their principles, their promise, their character, their career, and sink, unhonoured and unlamented, in the wave on which they might have ridden triumphantly into the quiet waters of eternal blessedness.

G. C.

Unveil thy besom, faithful tomb;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleepers here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave, and bless'd the bed.
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break and pierce the shade.

Break from His throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth! His sovereign word,—
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
Call'd to ascend and meet the Lord.

WATTS.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the evening song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or any thing.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or, as the pearls of morning dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

HERRICK.

GLEANINGS FROM THE WAR.

I. A CHRISTIAN HERO.—COLONEL SHADFORTH, 57TH REGIMENT.

WE have no detailed record of the career of this gallant and lamented Christian officer. We cannot, however, refrain from inserting the following letter as we find it in the newspapers:—

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,
June 17, Nine P.M.

"MY OWN BELOVED WIFE AND DEARLY BELOVED CHILDREN.—At one o'clock to-morrow morning I head the 57th to storm the Redan. It is, as I feel, an awfully perilous moment to me, but I place myself in the hands of our gracious God, without whose will a sparrow cannot fall to the ground. I place my whole trust in Him. Should I fall in the performance of my duty, I fully rely in the precious blood of our Saviour, shed for sinners, that I may be saved through Him. Pardon and forgive me, my beloved ones, for anything I may have said or done to cause you one moment's unhappiness. Unto God I commend my body and soul which are His; and should it be His will that I fall in the performance of my duty, in the defence of my queen and country, I most humbly say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless you and protect you; and my last prayer will be, that He, of His infinite goodness, may preserve me to you. God ever bless you, my beloved Eliza, and my dearest children; and if we meet not again in this world, may we all meet in the mansion of our heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ. God bless and protect you; and ever believe me, your affectionate husband and loving father,
"THOMAS SHADFORTH."

Her Majesty, with that anxious consideration for those who have suffered in her service which has always distinguished her, has already signed a warrant, granting a pension of £200 a-year to Mrs. Shadforth, and has intimated, that she will take advantage of any future opportunity which may occur to manifest her appreciation of Colonel Shadforth's services. Colonel Shadforth had an hereditary connexion with the 57th, his father, who was severely wounded at Albuera, having served in it for thirty-two years, and two of his brothers being also officers in the same regiment.

II. FRUITS OF FRENCH EVANGELISATION IN THE CRIMEAN ARMY.

The following letter, which has recently appeared in the Swiss paper, *La Feuille Religieuse du Canton de Vaud*, affords a most interesting and encouraging proof of how the divine blessing often rests on those humble and unpretending labours in which the pious and earnest Protestants of France are accustomed to engage:—

"In June 1853, in the south of France, while a pious young woman was gathering mulberry leaves for silk-worms, her attention was drawn to a troop of soldiers passing, two of whom, (Joseph M— and James N—,) apparently overcome by heat and fatigue, stopped a moment and entered into conversation with her. One of them having inquired whether she was a Protestant, she answered, 'I am, and a Christian too,' which was the beginning of a religious conversation. 'We are too young,' said Joseph, 'to think of these things; it will be time to

do so when we get old.' 'And how do you know whether you will ever be old?' said the woman. She then asked whether they ever read the Bible, and upon their answer in the negative, offered them two religious tracts which she had in her pocket, not, however, without requiring a positive promise that they would read them. They took leave, and followed their corps.

"Eighteen months had passed away, when, in the course of last winter, two young soldiers knocked at the door of the young woman's cottage, where she was sitting alone; and finding that she did not recognise them, one of them said, 'You will at least recognise these little books,' and handed over to her the two tracts. The sight of them explained all, and her eyes filled with tears. 'It was our ardent wish,' pursued the soldier, 'not to sail for the Crimea without having seen and thanked you. As our corps was to follow this route, we expected to meet with no difficulty in the accomplishment of our object, when it was suddenly decided that the corps should take another direction. We had reason to fear that our captain would not allow us to go out of our way and come here; but we prayed, and the Lord so inclined the captain's heart that he granted our request at once, without even a question or a remark. We might also not have found out your house, or not have met you at home, but God has answered every one of our petitions.'

"Then came the account of their conversion; how they had read the two tracts over and over again; had lent them to many of their comrades; had bought New Testaments, the perusal of which had accomplished the work of grace in their hearts; and how, notwithstanding the opposition and mockery of many, there were now eight of their comrades in the habit of meeting to read and pray together. The pious joy of the woman, the happiness of their short intercourse, the seriousness of the last farewell, after having knelt down together before God, can be better imagined than described.

"The next time the young woman heard about them, it was by a letter received, not from themselves, but from one of their friends, whom they had brought to the knowledge of Christ. That letter is so interesting, that I send you a translation of it, only a few sentences being omitted:—

"CRIMEA, February 9, 1855.

"What do you think of our long silence? Can you believe we have for-

gotten you? No, certainly, that is impossible; but we have had so much to go through, that we could not find a moment's respite to write. This very day I am sitting on the ground to write my letter, to be alone; and I have no other table than the hymn-book that I have inherited. I am so cold that I can hardly hold my pen; but I will do my best that you may be able to read.

"I have sad news to give you; I say sad for me; for, as regards my friends, they are rather joyful. And they will also give you sorrow to hear; for I judge of your affection by the marks of your charity towards my friends, who are now enjoying the rest prepared for the people of God. "There they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Joseph M— died on the 8d of February, of dysentery; James N— was obliged to stay out on so cold a night that he died frozen, four days after his friend.

"I think you will read with interest some details on their death. You have, no doubt, remarked in Joseph's language his zeal for the truth. During the voyage, he said, "I hear a voice within me telling me to speak to these friends." When we came to Marseilles the weather was very bad. We remained there two days; and as we went on board, priests came to distribute medals to us. Joseph refused to take one, whereupon the other soldiers blamed him. "No," said he, "we must be faithful in little things as well as in great ones;" therefore, when his turn came, he answered the priest, "Thank you, sir, I have one." "But even if you have one already, it does not matter; it was not given to you with the same intention." "I beg your pardon, sir, mine can do for all the circumstances of life;" and in saying this he took out of his pocket a New Testament. "Ah!" said the priest, "so you are a heretic! With men like you, little would be done in Russia!" Our officer, attracted by the priest's words, came towards us, and having inquired what was the matter, he told Joseph he would make him take the medal. "He has," said the priest, "a dangerous book about him." "I know not if the Word of God is dangerous," immediately answered Joseph; "but one thing I know, that my eyes were shut, and it has opened them, and given me peace." The priest then went off, smiling with pity; and, seeing that he could answer nothing, the officer remained near us. "But," said he, "is it true you will not have the medal?" "No," said Joseph, "they give everything here except the one thing needful." "Well," said the

officer, "after all, we are capable of judging in some things. Lend me the book that has so much alarmed him." Joseph gave him his book with pleasure, saying, "May God deign to bless the reading of it to you, as He has done to me." I hope the Lord will answer us, for our officer still reads the Gospel attentively, and he has forbidden the soldiers who are under his orders to insult us.

"A short time after our arrival here, Joseph fell ill, and his illness only lasted three days. He had dreadful sufferings to undergo. I could only visit him occasionally for a few moments, and that even by protection.

"The short time I remained near him, I was always edified by his patience and resignation. He spoke of those new heavens and of that new earth where righteousness will dwell. The night before his death he called me louder than he had done before, and said, "I think I am going to die; God's will be done. You must write to my poor mother. How afflicted she will be! But the Lord will comfort her. I ask it with all my heart. Tell her from me I die happy. Oh! I also wished I could have returned to B——, that fine country, where, for the first time I heard about the good news that is to-day my joy and my happiness! But I am going to see a country more beautiful still. The Lord bless this dear sister and her family! I wish you knew her. I always fancy I see her speaking to us. You must write to her, won't you?" and I promised him to do it. He was exhausted by what he had said: he

seemed to rest for a moment, and then added, "How I wish I could see my mother!"

I was obliged to leave him at about eleven o'clock in the morning on the day of his death. When I came back later into the tent, he seemed to enjoy the presence of his Saviour, but could speak no more; however, he warmly pressed my hand, and a few minutes after his soul went to meet his God.

"In the midst of all these afflictions, we still have to give thanks to God, that He has put it into the hearts of devoted Christians to leave their own country, their relatives and friends, to come and be witnesses of His mercy and of His forgiveness. The hardest hearts are touched by it. When one hears them read the Bible, they seem to be angels come down from heaven to snatch souls from eternal condemnation.

"I had not the satisfaction of seeing James N——; but another friend was beside him when he died, and told me he had expressed his joy at going to meet his friend. Since they are gone, it seems to me as if I were soon going to meet them as well. May the Lord prepare me for a death like theirs! Oh, do not forget to pray for this great army; recommend us to the prayers of your dear pastor, and ask him to recommend us to the prayers of his flock.

"Adieu! I have still two years of military service before me; but if ever I get leave to go home, I will go and see you. The Lord bless you and keep you!"—*News of the Churches.*

ETERNAL FELLOWSHIP IN HEAVEN AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO MINISTER TO SUFFERING CHRISTIANS WHILE ON EARTH.

THE anticipation of eternal fellowship with a Christian brother or sister in heaven should encourage us to minister to them lovingly and patiently while they are suffering on earth. There are bodily sufferings endured by many a saint of God, which are very trying for flesh and blood to witness, or to alleviate by personal attendance and assistance. Very terrible and humiliating is the usage which disease, the child of fallen man, gives to the poor body! It often so smites it with wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores, that it becomes even here such a sepulchre of death, that the soul gets ashamed of it

and wishes to leave it. But it may be the will of God that for many years the spirit shall be clogged with the "vile body;" and so mysterious is this temporary bondage of the undying mind to what is doomed to enter the loathsome grave, ere itself can enter its own fair and beautiful home, that it is often much enfeebled by it, becomes peevish and easily fretted, cast down to the earth, and covered with a shroud of sadness. Now, what will more encourage love to tend a Christian thus suffering,—to bear with so much that is painful to the senses, trying to the heart, and it may be to the temper—than the faith which sees

through those passing shadows to the abiding substance, and beyond these things perishing to the enduring realities, and is able to realize this beloved one emancipated from all those earthly infirmities, and able in heaven to recal the past, and there, at least, appreciate the love and self-denial which here so long ministered to their necessities? For surely such moments in their history, while disciplining for glory, can never grow dim in the memories of the redeemed. If Lazarus on earth felt grateful to the dogs who licked his sores, will any Lazarus in heaven forget a Christian brother or sister who relieved his pains of body or of soul? If Jesus desired that the love of Mary, when she anointed him for his burial, should be memorable to the end of time, and, like the precious nard, fill the world with its odour, will not the followers of Jesus be allowed to express in eternity their sense of a similar love poured out upon them here for His own sake, and at a time, too, when, it may be, the feeble mind could not appreciate, or the feeble tongue utter thanks for the offices and ministrations of patient and enduring affection!

And there are sadder than bodily sufferings still to which some of God's people have been subjected—long and dreary nights, when the mind slept, but beheld in its dreams nightmares of dread fear, terrible visions of confused and impalpable horrors—when in laughter there was no mirth—when any light amidst the gloom was but as a fitful and lurid

flash revealing the cloud, the storm, and the deep calling unto deep! Oh! deal gently and tenderly with this Christian soul and all its wild ravings! You see too clearly what he now is; see also what he shall be. Think of the morning when the sleep will be over, when the calm eye will open to the light of God's countenance, and the weary breast breathe the fresh atmosphere of His love, and the soul shall rise up like a giant, the feverish dreams and the turmoil of the dark forgotten amidst the glorious company, the intellectual and joyous feast in heaven! Ah! treat the sufferer even now with respect; pity but reverence the dethroned king, for remember *he is yet to regain his kingdom!*

N.

TO A WOUNDED SEA-FOWL.

How it will wring thy little heart,
To see thy kindred all depart,
All glad, refreshed, and free!
Thou'lt stretch in vain thy wounded wing,
Thou may'st not from the wave upspring.
Alas! poor bird, for thee.

Alas! for thee, poor bird. No more
'Twill be thy joy with them to soar
Through sunshine, calm, or storm:
Nor on thy shelly shore to land,
And sit like sunshine on the sand,
Pluming thy beauteous form.

Cold, nestled in the black sea-rock,
I hear thy little feathered flock
In piteous accents mourn
For thee and food; but all are gone,
And thou art drifting on and on,
And shalt no more return.

By MACLAGGAN, a Journeyman
Plumber in Edinburgh.

SKETCH OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION.

PART III.

In two recent numbers of the Magazine we have presented our readers with a few remarks: I. *On Mysterious Sights and Sounds*; II. *On Omens of Good and Evil*; III. *On Dreams and Vulgar Prophecies*; IV. *On Magic*; V. *On Witchcraft*;—and we now conclude our Sketch of Popular Superstition with a short consideration,

VI.—OF BELIEF IN GHOSTS AND OTHER APPARITIONS.

No form of superstition is more prevalent than this. It seems inherent in our mental constitution; for man was originally formed for intercourse with God and angels; and his guilty conscience still conjures up the frightful phantoms of his own creation. And to

us it seems a striking proof of man's natural propensity to this belief, and of the infectious influence of vulgar opinion, that even the Roman poet and philosopher, Lucretius,—who denied the existence of the soul,—not only expressed his belief in ghosts, but attempted to account for their appearance, by affirming that all bodies cast off their films or shells,

"As heifers cast the membranes of their horns,
And snakes their glittering coat among the
thorns."

In the book of Job, Eliphaz the Temanite gives a description of a spectre, which Lord Byron has pronounced the most sublime and terrible picture of an apparition ever drawn; but the speaker tells us that he saw it only in a *dream*, or *vision of the night*: "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice." Similar illusions have appeared to thousands; and tales of spectres, so strange and startling, have been recorded, that, *if true*, we must doubt the testimony of Reason and revelation. But never yet have we heard of such a story, incapable of being explained as a specimen of gross superstition. Indeed, as we conceive, no popular legends, no fancied horrors of haunted houses, no amount of evidence however respectable, can justify our crediting a spirit's appearance from heaven or hell, merely to haunt a house, or a burial-ground,—so long as we believe the assurance of the Son of God, that if the lost soul once enters its prison-house, it cannot escape till it has paid the "utmost farthing,"—and that Lazarus could not be sent to the brethren of Dives, because, "if they heard not Moses and the prophets, neither would they repent though one should rise from the dead." Faith in ghosts, therefore, is something worse than superstition, simply as such. It is not only the childish imagination, that departed spirits revisit this world; but a practical disbelief in

the all-sufficiency of the Holy Spirit, the Word, and the providence of God, to produce repentance. Nay, it seems to amount to a virtual denial of the doctrines of Him, who "came to destroy the works of the devil,"—who shuts the gates of the invisible world, and no man opens them,—and who alone has "the keys of hell and of death."

1st.—*Nothing is more common than sudden frights, occasioned by objects indistinctly seen, or heard in a state of mental excitement.*

Most of our readers may remember the sudden fear, the painful throbbing of the heart, and the horrid action of the scalp and hair, produced by the sight of some fantastic object, dimly seen in the midnight shade, or the trembling moonlight; or by the unexpected sound of a falling body, a startling cry, or the rustling of leaves in a gust of wind. Simple as such phenomena are, imagination can make them phantoms of terror, not only to man, but to horses, dogs, and other animals; nor can the mind regain its self-composure, and break the spell that masters it, till the eye or the ear has become familiar with the exciting cause of its trepidation. Such is the creating power of imagination, to which all superstitious fears may be traced,—which can discover in the embers of a common fire scenes and pictures the most grotesque, and which can transform the bright summer-clouds into "all the animals that entered the ark," so that we shall fancy, with old Polonius, that they are "like a camel," or "backed like a weasel," or "very like a whale!"

An instance of this species of illusion happened to the writer of the present article. On awakening one morning in a hotel in Edinburgh, we beheld the figure of a man in front of our bed, fantastically dressed, and glaring on us with unearthly eyeballs. The face especially excited sensations akin to horror; and not till we rose to grapple with the phantom, did we discover it to be the creature of our own imagination, woven out of the curtains of the bed, and the printed paper on the opposite wall. On another occasion, in an ancient country house, we

were kept awake by wailing sounds, groans, and stifled lamentations. We need not say that we strove in vain against superstitious feelings, till we found at daybreak that the sounds arose from a rent in the wall, admitting the wind in fitful cadences.

Sir Walter Scott relates, in his *Letters on Demonology*, that one of his literary friends, on rising from the perusal of the *Life of Lord Byron*, and passing from his room to the entrance-hall, in the gloom of twilight, saw distinctly in the moonlight the exact representation of the departed poet. Amazed at the sight, he paused for a moment; but advancing to it, it resolved itself into the greatcoats, shawls, and plaids which hung on a screen such as is found in the outer hall of a gentleman's house. The same writer tells us, that two of his friends one night beheld a female figure near the arched window of a neighbouring church. Her head was encircled by a halo of glory, similar to that which is seen in the pictures of Roman Catholic saints; and while they gazed on an object so extraordinary, she bowed repeatedly and disappeared. Three several nights the vision was seen, and much alarm was felt; but when search was made, the supposed apparition was found to be an old woman in her kitchen garden, bearing a lantern and gathering cabbages! Now, in all these instances, had the spectators yielded to their first impressions, the mysteries would have remained unravelled, and they might have cherished the awful superstition, that they had seen and heard supernatural beings: but, by exercising moral fortitude and deliberate inquiry, they happily discovered that what they had at first deemed spectres were simply fanciful images, not a whit more terrible than a curtain, the wind, a screen covered with clothes, and an old woman gathering vegetables by night.

2d.—*Sometimes these delusions spring from disease, acting on the optic nerve and retina of the eye.*

This organ may be described as a natural mirror, reflecting an image of the object of vision. This image is formed on the retina, or net-like mem-

brane, which communicates with the brain by the *optic nerve*; and as the brain is the organ and seat of all our perceptions, it is thus that the *idea* or *mental picture* of objects is transmitted to the mind. Generally this image fades from the *retina*, or mirror of the eye, the instant we look from one object to another; but, when we gaze on the sun or any brilliant light, the image remains a considerable time, though the eyes are shut; and, when the stomach is affected by certain diseases, and the brain is excited by grief, remorse, congestion of blood, or *delirium tremens*, the patient sees what are called *spectra*, or pictures of objects which have no real existence, and which he stubbornly believes to be ghosts. These facts are well known to the medical profession, as they were to Shakspeare when he wrote his masterpieces,—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Richard III.* They account for the hideous and terrific visions of *delirium tremens*, which prostrate the vital strength of its victims, or drive them on to the act of suicide. And on the same principle it is, that the guilty conscience of the midnight assassin presents to his horrified imagination, in every object that intercepts his flight, the mangled corpse and streaming blood of his murdered victim, and the wild sound of his death-shriek in every howl of the tempest.

These remarks may serve to assist us in understanding the following cases, which otherwise might seem incredible, or inexplicable on philosophical principles:—

When Locke, the philosopher, had *overworked his brain* in protracted study, he beheld a life-like image of himself; but, aware of the nature of the airy phantom, he amused himself by piercing it through, and cutting it in twain with his hand. Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin, was long harassed by similar apparitions. His chamber was frequently crowded with spectres of men and animals, so that he knew not which were actual, and which imaginary beings; but the annoyance sprang from *plethoric disease*, and yielded at once to the use of the lancet. Similar was the case of a

gentleman of rank in Edinburgh, who fancied that every day after dinner his dining-room door burst open, and that an old woman rushed in with a furious countenance, and felled him to the floor with her staff. He firmly believed that he was haunted by some infernal spirit, till he consulted the celebrated Dr. Gregory, who found him attacked by *periodical shocks resembling apoplexy*, and restored his health and peace of mind by copious bleeding.

The following case, condensed from an author to whom we are already largely indebted, is one of a permanent and fatal character. It is that of a legal gentleman, the symptoms of whose malady were, constant depression of spirits, loss of appetite, indigestion, and slowness of pulse. The cause of his mental affliction he long concealed; but at last he revealed it to his medical attendant as follows,—for two years a *large cat* mysteriously appeared for hours in his chamber, and as mysteriously vanished. Happily, however, the vision occasioned little annoyance, as he ascribed it to its real origin,—a morbid state of his brain, and visual organs. At the end of that period, the cat disappeared, and a *gentleman dressed in black* took its place and courteously bowed him into every company. Even this apparition, which he knew to be the phantom of his own imagination, he could endure with comparative indifference. But great was his horror when it finally assumed the very semblance of *Death*,—a frightful, ghastly, grinning skeleton! He felt convinced it was nothing but a spectre of his own excited brain; but he could neither banish, nor endure the sight of this constant monitor of death and the grave. This was his curse, his torment day and night; and he wasted away, the victim of a horrible disease, till death, not in vision, but in stern reality, came to his relief.

3d.—*Even healthy persons may become ghost-seers, from a combination of mysterious circumstances.*

A pious lady had got a candlestick fixed on a human skull, to remind her of death at her evening devotions. One night she lighted the candle; but what was her

terror, when she saw it moving to and fro on her bedroom table! Many a woman would have fled or fainted; but, determined to solve the mystery, she discovered that the motion of the skull was occasioned by a rat, which had entered the socket of the dead man's eyes, but could not escape from its dismal prison.

Sir Walter Scott relates the case of a Teviotdale farmer, whose road from market lay by the corner of a churchyard-wall, on the summit of which stood a female form in white, tossing her arms on high, and gibbering to the moon. Though sorely frightened, he rode slowly on; and when almost opposite the dreaded spot, he plunged his spurs into his horse's sides, and set off at the gallop. But the woman that instant leaped from the wall, lighted behind the rider, and clasped him firmly around the waist. The touch of her hand, which was cold as ice, increased his terror; and when he reached his home he shrieked and shouted to his wondering servants,—'*Tak' aff the ghaist!*' They did so, of course; and their master was borne to a bed of sickness, where he lay for weeks in a nervous fever. We need scarcely add, that it was not a spectre that had caused his fright, but a youthful widow who had lost her reason on the death of her husband by a fall from his horse on his way from market. She was a harmless lunatic, and when she escaped the guardianship of her relatives, she fled to the churchyard, and wildly wept on his lowly grave, or stood on the churchyard-wall, watching the return of him whom she had lost for ever! Now, if the poor creature had been shaken off by the motion of the horse, or the convulsive struggles of the rider, she might have been killed or confined in an asylum; in which case the farmer and his friends might have concluded that he had seen and felt a visitant from the spirit-world.

The following case is so remarkable, and so illustrative of the manner in which the spectre-superstition may originate and spread, that, limited though our space now is, we cannot omit it:—A

club of literary gentlemen met one evening at Plymouth, when their president was reported to be on his deathbed. From a sentiment of respect the chair was left vacant, and the conversation naturally turned on their absent friend, when suddenly the door opened, and the form of the president entered the room in a white night-dress, and his face as ghastly as death itself. Forward he stalked with solemn gravity, occupied the vacant chair, lifted an empty glass, and bowing round, put it to his lips,—thereafter quitting the place in perfect silence. The company remained, deeply appalled; and their amazement was intensified when two of their party called at once at the president's house, and learned that he had just expired! Here, then, to all appearance, was an unchallengeable proof of the existence of ghosts. The philosophical spirit of these literary men could not resist the evidence of their own senses; and the apparition of their president might have haunted their imagination to the last hour of life. But some years afterwards the mystery was cleared up by the dying confession of a sick-nurse, who had attended Mr. ———, the president, throughout his illness. In great distress of conscience she said, that, as he was *delirious*, she had been ordered to keep strict watch upon him; that unfortunately she fell asleep, and during her sleep, the patient awoke and left the apartment; that on his return he retired to bed in a state of exhaustion, and soon afterwards died; and that when his two friends called to make inquiry after his health, she did not dare to reveal the whole truth, but simply informed them of his recent death.

4th.—*Apparitions may originate in trick and imposture.*

In the words of a writer already quoted —“Doubtless many venerable apparitions have issued from the workhouse of man's own ingenuity. As an idiot in the sun can make a shadow, so any man can easily fabricate a ghost. The magic lantern is an excellent ghost-manufactory. A winding-sheet wrapped round a living man, makes a passable spectre in a dark night; more especially in the neighbourhood of some

haunted spot, or the scene of recorded murder. Robbers have become ghosts, in order to steal our property, without perpetrating murder; and the terror inspired by their appearance in this guise has been found a surer and more formidable weapon than the dagger or the pistol.” Servants, too, are sometimes tempted to frighten the young with superstitious threats, which brand themselves on the infant mind for life, if they do not lead to insanity and death. Who has not heard of the German student, who, for a wager, watched beside an open coffin? At midnight what *seemed* the dead man rose in the winding-sheet. The student presented a pistol, but the form still drew near. He fired; and the ball was flung back in his face. And what was the consequence? The pretended spirit was a living man; but —the student was dead! The other youth, who had joined in the wager, had extracted the bullet from the pistol, had removed the corpse from the coffin, and had taken its place in the robes of the dead.

The following case is not so distressing; though nothing can justify such dangerous amusements:—The lord of an old Hungarian castle proposed that his friend, a Major of French Huzzars, should sleep in a room which had the reputation of being haunted. The officer consented; loaded his pistols, went to bed, and was soon asleep. Roused, however, by a sudden noise, he saw three ladies dressed in green, singing a chorus of solemn music. For a time he listened with pleasure; but as the songsters refused to cease, or to change the tune, or to answer a word, he lost his patience, grasped his pistols, and threatened to fire if they did not stop within five minutes. The time expired; but still they sang the same monotonous hymn. At last he fired and missed. Again he fired, but the ladies still sang on. And the gallant Frenchman swooned away, and lay three weeks in a dangerous fever! Now, in all this there was nothing but trick and deception. The Hungarian nobleman had a *concave mirror*, such as jugglers use. When a person stands near such a mirror, his reflected image is thrown forward several yards in the empty air. Such a glass was placed in a

side-apartment; and when the ladies stood in that apartment, near the mirror, they seemed to stand in the officer's bedroom, though perfectly safe from his pistol-balls.

In the foregoing sketch we have attempted to prove, *First*,—THAT OBJECTS OF SUPERSTITIOUS FEAR CAN BE FULLY EXPLAINED ON PHILOSOPHICAL PRINCIPLES; and, *Secondly*,—THAT THE AMOUNT OF POPULAR SUPERSTITION IS IN STRICT PROPORTION TO THE AMOUNT OF POPULAR IGNORANCE; for, when "the schoolmaster is abroad," superstition confines itself at home, like the owl which shuns the

broad light of day. Therefore, let children be trained without one threat of ghosts or witches. Let us trust in the kind and constant providence of God our Father! Let us all believe in the "great salvation," and sprinkle our consciences with the blood of peace! And then shall all superstition vanish, like a horrid demon from the pit of darkness, before the light of "the glorious Gospel of the grace of God!"

"He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside!"

W.L.W.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

I HAVE read with attention the interesting papers which have appeared in this Magazine, in order to shew how popular superstitions are easily accounted for by known causes. But how far any known cause can account for the facts I am about to relate, I shall leave the thoughtful and candid reader to judge, or the philosophical writer of the articles in question to explain. It is only necessary further to premise, that the story is literally true, without the slightest colouring or exaggeration.

It is now upwards of five-and-twenty years ago, since I "brought in the New Year," with a very merry party, in a country parish bordering upon the Highlands of Scotland. It fell to me to conduct home a lady who lived about three miles off. It was a lovely winter night. There was no moon; but the stars twinkled with an intense brilliancy in the cloudless sky; the ground was crisp with frost, and partially covered with snow. My lady friend was too venerable to inspire any sentiments more tender than those of great respect and affection, which were due to her goodness. She was, moreover, a woman of great talent and feeling, and had a singular power of conveying to others vivid impressions of what she herself had seen or experienced. Her ghost stories were the best I ever heard, and her best had that evening been told. During our walk the conversation turned

upon the cause of the almost universal belief of mankind in the possibility of the so-called invisible world becoming visible; and the curtain which separates them being sometimes lifted up for a moment. I could not ascertain whether my companion really believed or not in ghosts. She talked very cautiously, and seemed unwilling, after midnight, to utter language which unseen spirits, possessing the *eerie* hour for their own domain, might take offence at, and possibly make the occasion of some unpleasant revelation to us. Being then a student in the logic class, and, to her, provokingly sceptical, and annoyingly argumentative, she took the opportunity of impressing me with the danger of dogmatism on such questions, urging the "for-ought-we-know" argument of Butler; the opinions of Dr. Johnson; and not forgetting, of course, the suggestion by Hamlet, that more things might be in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. I had cause to know, before reaching home, that she was right, and that it does indeed become men to speak with more caution than is generally done about ghosts.

I can assure my reader with perfect truth that, when I parted from my friend, and turned my steps homeward, I was as free from all fear of, and all faith in ghosts, as the coolest philosopher could desire. I never walked along with a lighter heart

or freer mind. No doubt my circumstances were favourable to the growth of the superstitious feeling. The road was lonely; the hour was about one in the morning—the first hour, too, of a new year, when the mind naturally recalls the past, the dead, the vanished, and seeks to pierce the unknown and mysterious future. Not a sound was heard but that of my own footsteps, and the tingle of a half-frozen stream that ran parallel to the road. I had just descended a gentle slope, and was about to enter a spot darker than the rest, overhung by old pine-trees, when I thought I saw something moving along the hedge a short way a-head, and in the direction I was going. For a moment I took little heed of it; until the idea crossed me of some person bent on robbery, when, though feeling strong in my poverty, I slackened my pace to discover, if possible, what the object was. As I approached nearer, it was evidently not a man, but seemed rather to be a large black dog, trotting along the footpath with noiseless step. But this puzzled me more than ever; for I knew all the dogs in the parish, and no such dog as this appeared to be existed in it. And why there alone, at such an hour? Again the thought possessed me, of a man crouching down, until the dark hollow was reached as the most fitting place for plunder. I walked on, however, not rapidly, for I wished to leave some space for a speedy retreat if necessary, yet with the firm step as of one not afraid, and having my eye rivetted on the dark object, which no sooner arrived at the bottom of the descent, about a hundred paces a-head of me, than it crossed the stripe of snow that bordered the road, and placed itself right in the centre of my path! I instantly stopped. Whether man or beast intent on mischief, I had no means of defence whatever, not even the slimmest walking-stick. But was it man or beast? That I could not exactly determine in the dim and uncertain light. I thought some sound might solve my doubts; but as I stood and gazed to the spot it occupied, all was silent, except—for I must acknow-

ledge it—the beatings of my heart, that now began to knock like a hammer at my throat. For now the thought flashed upon me, for the first time, that I was about to receive a lesson for life, and a wholesome check for the somewhat bold and contemptuous manner in which I had spoken against possible appearances from the world of spirits. All my friend had said rushed to my mind, and the “may be” of such an apparition to humble me, was forcing itself upon me. The arguments of Abercromby and of Scott, with every philosophic reason which satisfied me by daylight, seemed to vanish in darkness. Many questionings which rapidly suggested themselves, were crowded into almost a single moment, while fancy and imagination reigned supreme. But what was to be done? Was I to walk up to this unknown, mysterious, and perhaps dangerous presence? or was I to fly and reach home, as I could easily do by another path not far off? I resolved upon the former course. The latter was both cowardly and unsatisfactory. Come what may, I determined to know the worst. Let the object before me be from the unseen world, I would nevertheless, if necessary, clutch it, grapple with it, and know as far as man could, wherein lay its power. If it belonged to this world, I would take my chance of the consequences of the assault. I was young and athletic, and could fight, or at all events run. So I advanced steadily until within about twenty yards, when my courage began utterly to fail me at the most critical moment. But no wonder! For before me was neither man nor dog, nor the likeness of anything I had ever seen or heard of as a living being, but a strange, black, cone-like shape, about three feet high, with a sort of white drapery over it, and I could distinctly see it move to and fro. Of all this I am as certain as I exist. No nervous fear prevented me from distinctly observing it; nor was it possible for me to be deceived in supposing that what was there in the middle of the road was the same object which for five minutes I had seen

moving along the footpath, and crossing the snow. But the more I was convinced that I had to do with something unearthly, the more I resolved to come into personal contact with it. I shudder yet as I think of that encounter, and do not feel ashamed to confess the horror I experienced. As I walked up with outstretched arms to seize it, I felt my head begin to swim, and my eyes grow dim. I realized that night-mare feeling when some undefined and impalpable horror is felt to be near; and a cold shiver, from superstitious dread, made my skin creep from head to foot. I hardly felt the ground beneath my feet, but on I walked until within a step or two of the unknown presence, where it remained unchanged, the same dark cone, moving to and fro. Without uttering a word, but clenching my teeth, and with a suppressed cry of almost agonizing fear and horror, I seized hold of the shape, when I heard a voice saying,—“Eh, sirs, pity me! what's wrang? Can ye tell an auld body if this is the road to the clachan?”

That was my first and last real ghost! The woman was not even an

old witch, but an active old beggar, who, hearing my footsteps, planted herself in my path to obtain the information she wished about a lodging for the night. When I recovered my wits, and wiped the drops from my forehead, I begged her to keep in the same spot until I could explain to myself how she had been transformed into a cone. I soon found that the deception arose from her having a white covering over her head, which the eye did not distinguish from the background of snow with which it seemed to mingle, while the dark petticoat alone, from the waist downwards, seemed to stand by itself as a cone upon the path. I resolved on that night never to believe in a ghost until I first touched it, and, accordingly, I have never seen one since. My young readers will find this an excellent cure for apparitions. But I hope they will never, at any time, fall into the senseless and unnecessary fear which I confess to have attended my first experiment. May the story of the “auld wife” help to keep men from being themselves “auld wives” in the dark!

VISIT TO THE MOSQUE OF OMAR, JERUSALEM.

THE following communication, from the pen of an old resident at Jerusalem, will furnish our readers with very satisfactory information concerning the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Brabant to the Mosque of Omar, which we may reasonably include amongst the signs of the times. Mohammedanism is on the decline; a more liberal feeling is spreading amongst its votaries; and who can say how the Lord may prepare their hearts for the reception of the truth.

We need only add, by way of introduction, that the Duke and Duchess arrived at Jerusalem on the 30th of March. Their chief object seems to have been to visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Every preparation was made for their reception. The tops of the houses bordering the line of their route were crowded with a mass of spectators, in all the picturesque variety of Eastern costume. Processions of Mohammedans moved to and fro, preceded by red and green banners, amidst the din of kettle-drums and tambourines, and the loud and continued shouts of “Allah.” Fanatical dervishes rushed frantically through the assembled crowd, lacerating themselves with their usual instruments of cruelty. Then came a long and imposing pro-

cession of Roman Catholic priests and monks, preceded by a huge veiled crucifix, and chanting, as they walked before the royal party. It was in this way that they visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; but we are more concerned in giving the following account concerning their visit to the Mosque of Omar:—

Saturday, the last and the most exciting day of the Passion Week, when the multiplicity of the puerilities of the Eastern churches terminate with the scene of the holy fire, will be remembered for an event of a nature and character by no means of mean importance; this being no less than the throwing open of the Mosque of Omar publicly, for the first time, to a body of some three hundred Christians, who made their entry into the sacred enclosure, not in disguise, but with their colours flying as Christians.

It is a long time since a Crown Prince and Princess have visited the Holy City; and those who have lately done so were entitled, from their connexions with the most respectable monarchs of Europe, to some particular favour. This has been shewn them by the Porte, by causing a firman to await the royal party on their arrival, to allow them, with their suite, to visit the sacred mosque, a favour which has been

extended, by the liberality of our new governor, to as many of the European residents and travellers, even to native Christians, as could lay a claim to some respectability.

Four o'clock in the afternoon of the said Saturday was the time that had been fixed for all such whose names had previously been recommended and registered, to be assembled at the governor's house, which commands one of the private entrances into the area of the said mosque. The place of rendezvous, as one might have expected, was filled quickly, almost to inconvenience, with a crowd of fashionable European ladies and gentlemen. When the general impatience had been relieved, the necessary arrangements and precautions were completed by stationing military outposts, at short intervals, within the area of the mosque, to overcome the fanatical spirits that might hover about the place. To prevent confusion, as well as to circumscribe the crowd which was continually swelling by new comers, tickets of admission were issued, which had to be delivered into the hands of an officer at the entrance of the area.

It is not altogether unusual to find, that both the interest, as well as the curiosity about objects that have been lying under the *bam of restriction*, suffer considerable diminution when the restriction is removed. But this has been in no wise the case in the present instance. One and the other feeling of interest continued to deepen every step you took, and this was strengthened still further by the sense of the past history and the future prospects of the place, which, notwithstanding its present degraded position, shall one day be established in the top of the mountains, and exalted above the hills.

Our way, on entering the arena, lay across a belt of turfy ground, between three and four hundred yards in width, with a tree here and there, environing all round the elevated platform on which the famous Mosque of Omar, or, as it is more properly called, the Mosque of the El Sakhavah, which is believed to occupy the site of the Temple, is situated. On our reaching the stair, by which we had to ascend the said platform, we were ordered to put off our shoes, as the ground on which we were about to enter, we were reminded, was esteemed holy ground. This was the sole and only mark of reverence which the place extorted, or which the crowd of Christian visitors were willing to bestow.

The preliminary measure relating to putting off our shoes thus being taken, we ascended the said platform by the stair, consisting of twenty-four steps, the upper step of which was spanned over by four lofty triumphal kind of arches joining one to another, from whence you obtained a most lively picture of the whole. The platform itself is a square of some three or four thousand feet in dimension, and perfectly even, and is paved with large slabs of compact native limestone, all worn smooth and polished by time, aided most likely by the feet of those thousands of the house of Israel, who used aforesaid to come up hither to the solemn feasts.

On the centre of the platform, which is slightly elevated above the rest, stood the pride of the

Mohammedan world, the magnificent mosque of the Sakhavah; whose polished marble walls, set in variegated frame-works, and beautifully stained glass windows of varied colours, reflected innumerable rays of light on the polished marble pavement, by which the foremost ground of the mosque was covered. Even the melancholy sight of the elaborate inscription in the Arabic characters, which encircles the base of the dome, evincing that "*the place of our sanctuary*" was in the hands of aliens, did not detract aught from the general effect and interest which the sight awakened in the breast.

With feelings somewhat tinged with melancholy admiration, we entered within the walls of the Sakhavah, where one naturally desired, but in vain, for a quiet corner where he could have escaped for a few moments the restless bustle of an inquisitive crowd. The current of example dragged one, in spite of oneself, to matters which at best lie at the surface; and in company with the others, one was obliged to busy oneself with them in inspecting the marble pillars; recounting, admiring, and remarking on the beauty of the stained glass windows; on the taste displayed in the gliding of the panelled ceilings, with the delicacy of the carved work of the lofty pulpits, with the sharpness of the angles of the pentagonal form of the building, which last is as perfect within as it is without; and anon one was called upon to interpret the grave nonsense of a Mohammedan guide, about the venerated and marvellous objects which the place embraces within its wide and sacred bosom, commencing with the suspended rock, under the centre of the dome, and closing with the looked-up marble slab, which bears the united impression of the angel Gabriel's foot, and Mahomet's hand.

In the midst of these frivolities, something occurred which tended to arrest the attention of many, if not of all. A dervish, who seemed to have been neglected from being secured under lock and key, at the time when the rest of his order were ordered to be so for obvious reasons, happened to come to the Sakhavah to perform his devotions; when to his great astonishment, instead of finding within the sacred enclosure a turbaned assembly of worshippers, lo! it was a crowd of restless European adventurers! The novel sight quite overcame the poor fellow, who gave way to his bitter feelings in a train of the most doleful lamentations. This incidental occurrence was well calculated to put one almost to the blush, in not discerning a greater manifestation of seriousness amongst those who, from their profession and education, could not have been ignorant that the ground which they were treading upon, though not holy ground, was yet once consecrated by the presence of Him who condescended to tabernacle and commune with sinful men; besides, the place being, as it were, the very focus whence the most vigorous, as well as the most merciful, dispensations of God's providence towards a sinful and perishing world have been successively announced, and which have been in course of fulfilment ever since! And was it not towards this favoured spot, that exiled Israel, as prisoners of hope, have been and are still directing their earnest supplication for

their speedy deliverance from the scene of their bondage? Is it not towards the self-same spot, that the awakened stranger, who, though not from the people of Israel, has been enjoined and instructed to direct his supplication, with the prayerful assurance that God would hear him in heaven, His dwelling-place? What a mournful change has taken place! What a sad contrast does the existing history and the present position of the self-same spot present to the mind! Where is the house of prayer for all nations that once stood here? Or where is the way of truth which was once published there; to set free, to enlighten, to instruct and empower sinful men to worship Him who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth?

Leaving the Sakhavah by a double-leaved brass gate, called the gate of Paradise, we directed our steps to the next sacred place of importance, the mosque of the El Aksah which lies some four or five hundred yards south of the Sakhavah. We descended the elevated platform into the turfy ground, by a similar stair to the one by which we first came up. We halted on our way at an octagonal marble fountain, neatly put together, with a water-spout in the middle of it. And what attracted our attention most, were a number of mutilated old-looking capitals, which were serving as stepping-stones to the water all round; for notwithstanding the meanness of their use, they may have perhaps once formed a part of the carved work that contributed to the beauty and symmetry of the temple.

The marvellous pursued us within the El Aksah, as it had done in the Sakhavah, all of the same nature and utility. There was nothing striking about the El Aksah itself; which from its structure and appearance marks it to have been once, without the need of tradition, a Christian Church. Although the El Aksah could claim nothing of the architectural beauty of its sister mosque, the El Sakhavah, yet it furnished something of a transcendently interesting nature. There you could see at one glance, the elegantly-formed Roman arch, reposing on beautifully-finished Corinthian columns; and these again resting on pedestals, which, from the solidity of their component parts, with no other embellishment than that of the simple bevil, traced them without any difficulty to that people who are as it were the basis and groundwork of matters of infinitely higher importance; and who, like the pedestals we were gazing at, are pressed down, and half-sunk from the pressure of what they carry.

On leaving the El Aksah, we turned to the east; re-ascending once more the elevated platform by a stair like the former ones, and passing the Sakhavah on our left, we came to an elegant marble building, resting on marble columns and arches, and open to the four cardinal points; which, we were told, mark the site of the judgment-seat of king Solomon. This was the last of the sacred places worth mentioning which we were taken to; from whence we proceeded, and that not without reluctance, to the stair by which we first came up. After taking a kind of farewell look, from the upper step, on the ground we just came from, we descended into

the turfy ground again. And being once more on common ground, we put on our shoes again; whereupon many set about gathering a few flowers or blades of grass, which the turfy ground afforded, as memorials of a place which few of those who have been in now will ever revisit again; and the fine effect of the setting sun, on the splendid dome and on the stained glass windows, at the time when we were finally leaving the enclosed area, will be forgotten by none.

It is next to impossible to enumerate, or to describe, the various conflicting thoughts that had passed through the mind, during the brief and bustling hour we were within the sacred enclosure. The soul knows and feels its bitterness, whilst to all appearance the senses may be feeding on what is elegant and tasteful. The power of the imagination, with its boundless province, could hardly take in within its domain the reality that that almost deserted spot, with more than three-fourths of it overgrown by a rank vegetation, was in verity the place where the tribes of Israel were wont to come up to give thanks unto the name of the Lord, for the manifold mercies vouchsafed to them; much less could one have realized, that those rich piles of buildings, surmounted by the ensigns of the adversaries of God's truth and God's people, were circumscribing the courts of the house of the God of Jacob, yea, the *very tabernacle which was made after the pattern of things in heaven!* Not a glimpse of the light which once adorned or radiated from that place, to gladden the heart of many a nation, and to elevate the position of many a country, could be traced there now; unless, indeed, in that which may be found included or expressed by the memorable words, "*Behold your house is left unto you desolate.*" Gloomy as the reflection must have been, yet they were not left without some bright streaks of comfort; and the same appeared to grow brighter, when the thoughts grew gloomiest. The long night of God's judgments may have cast her deep shade over every thing connected with that place; but the long-expected morning dawn of the happy times when God is to arise and have mercy on Zion, and with it on her waste and desolate places, is powerfully tending to dispel it; and which was clearly discernible in the pleasure taken, and from the favour manifested, by the servants of God, near and afar, in the stones and dust of Zion; and who, are thereby giving God no rest till He has made Jerusalem a praise in the earth.— *Jewish Intelligence for July.*

"There are two kinds of falsehood: one, when a man says that which he knows to be false,—the other, when he says that which he does not know to be true."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"We never know the true value of friends: while they live, we are too sensitive of their faults,—when we have lost them, we only see their virtues."—*Guesses at Truth.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

WE regret exceedingly to announce the return of Mr. Fergusson to this country, from bad health. Mr. Macleod has received a note from him, dated "on board the Arabia, nearing Malta, 27th Aug.," in which he says:—

"My dear Mr. Macleod,—I suppose Mr. Macnair has already somewhat prepared you to hear of my return to Scotland for a time. A medical board, on the 20th inst., decided upon sending me home, and I am thus far on my way, feeling, I think, rather stronger since I left Scutari. The weather is calm, and I have not suffered much from sickness. I hope by the time we arrive at Portsmouth to be considerably improved. My instructions are to report myself at the Horse Guards on my arrival.

"I left two Presbyterian chaplains at Scutari. Mr. Drennan, who expected to have gone to the Crimea, was fortunately detained; and, now that I have been sent off, he will, of course, remain where he is. I am extremely glad of this, both for the sake of the work and for Mr. Macnair's sake; for, had he been left at Scutari alone, his benevolent disposition would have prompted him to over-work himself.

"I naturally feel disposed to inquire wherefore it is that I am again, in so short a period, returning to my native country. I would rather not have done so at this time, and I should be sorry if anything occurs to prevent my going back. But the Lord doth not give account of any of his matters. I feel sure that all is well, and I desire to feel ready to obey his will. I shall ever rejoice that I have been engaged in this great work. I have only to lament that there has been a 'need-be' for so much of my time being spent on the bed of affliction."

We earnestly hope that his valued life may be spared, and his valued labour resumed. Since the above was in type, Mr. Fergusson has arrived in Scotland, and hopes soon to be able to return to the East.

The following communication has also been received from Mr. Macnair:—

"Scutari, 27th August, 1855.

"My dear Sir,—My last letter, dated the 13th inst., would acquaint you that it was not unlikely that Mr. Fergusson might be ordered home for a time, for the benefit of his health. I write now to let you know that a medical board having sat upon his case, this resolution was un-animously come to, and, accordingly, he embarked on Friday last, the 24th inst., on board the steamer Arabia. The same vessel takes home the Rev. Mr. Fraser, and also a Mr. Taylor, of the English Church, both in poor health, from the Crimea. I am sure the Committee will all deeply sympathise with Mr. Fergusson, and, I have no doubt, will approve of the step he has been recommended, or rather enjoined, by the medical authorities here, to take. He was not weaker when he sailed than he had been for some time back; but having been so long of getting up his strength, and for a period entirely laid aside from duty, the board seemed to have no difficulty in coming to a decision on his case, and appear confidently to expect that a few weeks of the bracing air of his native land will invigorate him, and fit him again for duty. That it may please God to grant this, every friend of the Mission will join me in praying.

"And now, my dear sir, may I venture to call your attention to the state of matters at Scutari, and in the hospitals generally, as concerns our Presbyterian population. The staff of chaplains is permanently weakened by the withdrawal of Mr. Fraser from the field, and temporarily still further by the absence of Mr. Fergusson. In addition to these, Mr. Watson, another Presbyterian chaplain, is in hospital here, on sick leave from the camp; and, since Mr. Fergusson left, our only remaining chaplain at Scutari, Mr. Drennan, has been ordered up to the Crimea. Even with this addition at the camp, the number of chaplains there will still be one short of what it has been for some time, while the only representatives of Presbyterianism in this quarter are Mr. Johnston, of the Irish Church, quartered at Kululee, five miles from this, and myself. Two is the smallest number of chaplains requisite to visit, with anything like satisfaction, the Presbyterian patients in Scutari, and to attend to the garrison, while the numbers at Kululee have been found amply sufficient to employ the services of

one. A large hospital is now in course of erection on the Dardanelles, a day's sail from this, capable of accommodating somewhere about 1000 patients; and, out of this number, it may be expected that there will be Presbyterians enough to call for the services of at least one chaplain. Supposing Mr. Watson and Mr. Fergusson both recruited, and again fit for duty, and supposing the rest of us to keep our health, our numbers would still be inadequate to the proper discharge of our duties, more when we take into account the scattered position of the men, than even when we look simply at the numbers. But the experience of the past has taught us that we have no right to count upon the continued health of a chaplain any more than of another man; and the present state of matters will convince your readers that out of the eight Presbyterian chaplains in the East (i. e., including Mr. Fergusson, but not Mr. Fraser), it would be unwise to count upon the constant services of more than seven.

"Your Committee having interested themselves specially in the hospitals, will also observe that, from the proportion of chaplains employed at present in the Crimea, there is a danger, unless our numbers are permanently increased, of the hospitals reverting to something like the state in which they were at the commencement of last winter. No one who knows the warm and hearty response which was made to the call you addressed to the public of Glasgow and neighbourhood, and the spontaneous manner in which funds flowed into your treasury, can for one moment suppose that any difficulty of a financial nature will stand in the way of any supplementing of our numbers for which there may seem to be a call. If, therefore, when you have seen Mr. Fergusson, and find what I have stated corroborated by him, you feel that the appointment of an additional chaplain is practicable, I do hope that means will be employed to have such representations made in the proper quarter as may be likely to conduce to this end.

"Mr. Fergusson will tell you of the safe arrival and opening of his boxes, two of them containing large grants of Testaments from the West of Scotland Bible Society, and donations of books from private parties, which will be very acceptable; and the third box, containing the gift from St. John's Session, of 500 copies of Dr. Gillan's Sermon on the war, which will be read with interest by the men."

Another letter, dated Scutari, Sept. 5, gives a most satisfactory account of the books sent out, all of which, it may be

noticed, have at last safely reached their destination. The donors may like to receive an acknowledgment of their gifts, and the friends of the Mission to know, too, what has been furnished, through its means, to the sufferers in the hospital. The list will therefore be published entire in our next number.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SCUTARI MISSION.

Collected in Campbellton, . . .	£4 8 0
A Soldier's Friend, Edinburgh, . . .	1 0 0
Collection from Scholars in Mr. Wallace's Class, Lochwinnoch, . . .	1 0 0
Anonymous Friend, per Rev. James Bain, Canada West, . . .	4 0 0
A Thank-Offering from Stirling for the fall of Sebastopol, . . .	0 10 0

NOTICES OF THE STATE OF RELIGION AND MINISTERIAL LABOURS IN BUENOS AYRES.—Concluding Notice.

WHAT has been advanced in former notices will serve to shew the kind of ministerial labour required by the circumstances in which we are placed. The division of our community into two parts—one in town, the other in the country districts around—necessitates a division of labour. On one Sunday in the month, public worship is held in that part of the country districts where the Scotch are most numerous. When the weather is fine, the attendance is above 100. Many of them come from distances of 15 and 18 miles. This meeting has always appeared to us invested with peculiar interest. It stands alone—there is nothing else of the kind in the plains of South America. As you ride towards the temporary erection which serves as a church, you have all around you a vast level surface stretching away to the far distant horizon. Glancing around, parties may be seen approaching from all points, some on horseback, some in carts, and some in carriages. On arriving at the church, you find several already assembled, and from them you are sure to receive the warm welcome characteristic of Scotchmen. The countenances—the dress—the broad vernacular, remind you of home, and you could almost imagine that time had reversed its flight, and that you saw before you a covenanting meeting of the olden time. Neither is the spell broken when you enter the temporary church, for the tunes and the service are in unison with your conception. In such circumstances it is almost

impossible to prevent the mind carrying you over the waste of waters to scenes of early youth, associated in the affections with the village church and your first impressions of religion. You thus find that the training of youth follows you like a heavenly influence wherever Providence may direct your steps. Such feelings can only be realized by those who have sung the songs of Zion in a foreign land. Such a scene touches a deeper chord in the heart of a Scotchman than any ceremonial.

It is a matter of great thankfulness, that, by the blessing of God, we are permitted, in a Roman Catholic country, to enjoy the means of grace, to which we have been accustomed, without any to make us afraid. However debased the natives may be in a spiritual point of view, however sadly neglected by those whose duty it is to put into their hands the Word of Life, there is, amongst the great mass of them, no ill-feeling against us as Presbyterians, and we have ever experienced from them the utmost civility. Some of them go the length to say that we are more entitled to be called Christians than they, inasmuch as while we go to church, most of them do not. We believe that if they understood the language, many of them would attend our services, particularly in the country. Had they been privileged with the same spiritual advantages, we believe that in many respects they would have been better than we are. This is proved by the fact that many of our countrymen who go astray become worse than the natives. In the sin of intemperance there is no comparison. Would it but please the Head of the Church to open up the way, and to send labourers into the vineyard, it might become what Scotland has been, and its physical no longer contrast with its moral aspect. His time has not, however, yet arrived, and therefore we must wait in faith and patience, believing that the set time to favour it will yet come, that the Sun of Righteousness will yet arise upon it with healing in His wings,—that it shall yet become a garden that the Lord has blessed.

In connexion with our meeting in the country there is a Sunday school, attended by from twenty to thirty children. These demand an amount of attention greater if possible, than the parents. However the latter may neglect themselves, they have the spiritual training of their native land, and if they go astray they go astray with their eyes open. Their offspring, on the other hand, are brought up under hostile influences—they see constantly

around them a fearful indifference to things eternal and divine—the Sabbath employed as a day of amusement, and the life but little influenced by the principles of God's Word. How powerful must such influences be upon minds inexperienced, and naturally inclined to evil. Need it be wondered at that while many of them are beyond the reach of a Sunday school, and not cared for as they ought to be by the parents, they should become practically natives.

The growing importance of the meeting in the country has suggested the idea of substituting, by a permanent church, the temporary building we now occupy. On this object we have been engaged for some time, the people both in town and country have responded to it with great liberality, considering their means—for here everything is so expensive that it requires three times the income to live that would be required in Scotland. We expect that it will be open for public worship in about two months. Should the people see their way to the support of a minister to occupy its pulpit permanently, it would relieve us of many duties which we feel it impossible adequately to fulfil. He might, by riding among his countrymen, do much for their spiritual welfare, and he would, on such occasions, invariably meet with a warm welcome. We are in the habit of doing what we can in this way consistently with other duties, and lately we rode or drove over more than two hundred miles within a week. But how is it possible adequately to visit those who are scattered over an area of two thousand miles? All that can be done is to make the most of the circumstances, but several labourers would be required adequately to overtake such a field of labour.

We need scarcely say that whether we regard ministerial labour in town or country, the merely attractive system would be powerless. The sinful pleasures with which this land abounds have greater attractions for the dead soul than the most eloquent discourse or the most earnest worship. It requires what Dr. Chalmers termed the aggressive system, and that, too, in its most energetic form. Constant visitation is indispensably necessary, otherwise the congregation would soon dwindle away to nothing. From many there will be little more than the return of the visit; but were it not for the visit, they would not be in the house of God at all. Several, like the smith's dog under the sparks, get gradually indifferent to invitation and remonstrance, and will not ultimately be seen in church

whether they are visited or not. In such a case, however, the blame is with themselves, their blood is on their own heads; if they were not visited, if things eternal and divine were not pressed on their attention, their case would be very different. Perhaps we need not wonder at this state of things here, when we recollect the numbers in large towns at home who refuse to respond to the church-going bell, whom no minister can induce to visit the house of prayer, and who die in the night of spiritual death while the Gospel day is everywhere around them. Let us, however, labour on, in faith and patience, and leave the result in His hand who alone can give the increase.

It is a great drawback to a minister in this, as in most foreign lands, to be bereft of the society and counsel of his brethren. He stands alone, he can have full sympathy with no one. His congregation may exhibit great diversity of mind and circumstances, but each is full of his own affairs, knows not his pastor's difficulties, and therefore cannot sympathise with him. We live on friendly terms with the ministers of the other Protestant communities, but we differ upon too many points to have that friendship that is founded upon entire identity of view and similarity of experience.

The united Protestant community is on the increase, and could it be kept from being absorbed by native influences, it would form the chief hope of the future of Buenos Ayres. There is great fear, however, that unless carefully guarded against by a succession of ministerial labourers and a continued immigration, race after race, like the French refugees, will become absorbed in the native population, retaining nothing of the land of their fathers but a bare tradition.

As regards native elevation, we have no hope while the incubus of Popery presses on the land. Revolutions must be expected where demoralization is so widely spread. The kingdom that will not serve God cannot prosper. There is much liberality here;—the government is liberal, the press is liberal, and better articles on toleration than those that appear in the leading journals from time to time could scarcely be wished for. We fear, however, in all this there is more a recoil from the abuses of Popery to indifference to all religion, than a yearning after a purer faith. Popery, too, cannot be reformed. It is destined to be destroyed, to perish, in the coming of the Son of Man. We have lately had another attempt at invasion, and may soon have another, and thus a

country abounding in natural resources is kept back. Let us hope, however, that God has a brighter future in store for Buenos Ayres. There may be, and we believe there is, an under-current, adverse to Popish domination, constantly on the increase, and when the day comes that the vast iceberg of Popish superstition shall melt before the Sun of Truth, it will be found that all the while this current was forcing its way, and sapping the foundations of the superincumbent ice, and preparing for the grand result. We cannot believe that a land upon which God has shed His richest bounties will always remain a prey to the worst passions of man,—that its moral and physical aspect shall always be antagonistic,—that, in regard to it, Christ shall not see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. That this grand consummation may be soon realized, may He grant who can turn the heart of man as He turns the rivers of water, and who has promised that in due time He will put the enemies of His Son under His feet.

We have now closed these somewhat desultory notices, and if we have succeeded in exciting any interest in the Scotch community here, and in the country that affords it a home, if we have helped to turn the attention of the readers of the *Christian Magazine* to their countrymen abroad,—we shall not have written them in vain. Presuming upon that interest, we may, if spared, at some future day add another notice recording the progress of events from the close of this notice. S.

“Alas! alas! how apt are young ministers, (I speak feelingly,) to be talking of that great letter *I!* The three lessons which a minister has to learn are 1, Humility; 2, Humility; 3, Humility.”
—*Simeon*.

“Vague, injurious reports are no man's lies, but all men's carelessness.”—*Mrs. Helps*.

“Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles.”—*Chinese Saying*.

“'Tis an unspeakable mercy to know a little, and, at the same time, to feel that it is *only a little*.”—*Mrs. Fry*.

“When ill news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbours, keep it to yourself.”—*Zimmerman*.

Notices of Books.

Recollections of Russia, during Thirty-three Years' Residence: by a GERMAN NOBLEMAN. Vol VIII. of "Constable's Miscellany of Foreign Literature."

Every volume of this series is selected with admirable judgment, so that "Constable's Miscellany" promises to be as delightful an addition to the family library as was its old and familiar namesake.

A prefatory note to this volume by the translator, Mr. Wraxall, assures us that he "has, in confidence, been informed of the name of the author, who vouches for the authenticity of the information it contains." We see no reason to doubt the truth of the personal narrative. Our only objection to it is its appearance of one-sidedness. It is too anti-Russian even for our taste, who would fight the bear, and cut his claws till he could hug no more but in love. But the author gives the animal too little credit, even for its grease—or those more soft and unctuous portions of its huge mass which may contribute to the happiness of the human race, whether applied by barbers or barbarians. The Russians have, no doubt, some good in them; and are doing, moreover, no small portion of work, within their empire at least, to advance the cause of civilization. We more than question whether Russia is not further along the line of progress than many of the German States, and even than our beloved friend, Louis Napoleon. No doubt it is all right in us to give Russia the hint to move neither so fast nor so far, and to allow the old Turk, without molestation, to die a natural death, or to hang himself with his own turban—but not to serve herself as the heir-apparent to Constantinople and the Bosphorus. But, nevertheless, we have great hopes of the Slavonians—and the more so, because we have made them feel our power.

Let us conclude this notice by an extract, as a specimen of the book.

RUSSIAN BARBARITY.

"But, see! there above us two executioners are sunning themselves over the palisades; the third is out on business. Look at one of them, a bloodthirsty young tiger, whose red moustaches stick out in a straight line from his face, like a cat's. A red head, and a red cap upon it! But why so palisaded? Is the

hangman's task a crime? Certainly. A murderer or other dangerous criminal can purchase his freedom from the knout or Siberia, if he offer to swing the knout for fifteen years, and lacerate, hang, and throttle his fellowmen. After the expiration of this period, he is sent for another ten years to a monastery on penance; and then he is free. Moscow and Petersburg have three hangmen; the other governments two. To invigorate the caged wild cats for their labours, each receives every fortnight a quart of spirits.

"There comes an unhappy wretch! He is going about among the prisoners, and begging a few rubles. He has heard his sentence to-day. To-morrow he will be knouted. One of the hangmen has already shouted to him, that he is the one who will be on duty. The condemned spends all the proceeds of his begging in spirits for him, and promises, by all the saints, to beg for him again after the execution. In turn the hangman swears that he will not cut out his entrails, but only cut his back open, and let him live. When the condemned has brought the booty, the tiger and his prey drink in confirmation of their bargain.

"Bribery cannot sink lower than this, unless indeed the worms can be bribed not to touch the corpse.

"On the fearful morning, the hangman, with his victim, drives in a carefully closed box to the place of execution, which is situated in the centre of the Residence, on a dunghill, close to the show street—the Nevski Perspectiv. A battalion of soldiers has formed a square. In the middle is the post at which, beneath the terrible lash, so many human lives have already escaped from the world's misery. The vehicle stops. The two comrades step out among a multitude of spectators. One of them trembles, the other takes the long scourge from his shoulder. He drags the trembling man to the post, and fastens him tightly with straps above and below. The torture lasts a long while. The lacerated man, dead or alive, is then thrown into a cart, covered with sacking, and carried off, either to the grave, or to the lazaretto.

"The Russians boast of their civilization, because they only sentence persons to death for high treason. They even hold this fact up to other nations as a proof of their advanced moral progress.

The unheard tortures, however, the slow martyrdom, the studied brutality, are, according to their feelings and philosophy, only necessary and easily palliated evils, and milder than death by the guillotine or the rope. They do not reflect that their tortures, even if not intended to kill, are generally followed by death, in many instances calculated on beforehand, though gradual, in order to appease the conscience of justice, and prove that it did not dictate capital punishment.

"The Empress Elizabeth abolished the punishment of death. If we regard the life of that Empress, full of horrors as it is, our minds can hardly believe that, in the middle of the eighteenth century, a woman sat on a European throne, whose heart would not allow her to deprive any one of life at one blow, but preferred to distress, lacerate, torture, dismember humanity, in order to be lauded by her knout-desiring nation and their descendants for her civilization and humanity. The daughter had inherited all the cruelty of her father. We recoil in horror from Peter's infanticide; but our hands clutch to attack this treacherous, cat-like nature, which plays with its prey till it draws blood, and slowly tears it to death.

"The Abbé Chappe d'Auteroche tells us in his *Travels to Siberia*: 'The Princess Lapuchin, one of the most beautiful women at the Court of the Empress Elizabeth, was condemned to the knout as participator in a conspiracy. Without knowing anything of this sentence, she was led to the place of punishment, when terror at the preparations made for her torture almost deprived her of her senses. A hangman tore her little cape from her bosom. In a second, she stood naked to the waist, exposed to the sight of a gaping mob, which thronged to the scene of blood. A second hangman seized her, and raising her on the back of his comrade, placed her in the position most suitable for the punishment. He then raised the long knout, stepped back a few paces, measured the requisite space for the blow, and the knout, whizzing through the air, tore away a narrow strip of skin from the neck along the back. These blows he repeated, until the entire skin of the back hung down in rags. Immediately after, her tongue was plucked out, and she was sent to Siberia.'

"Thus, then, civilization is displayed by the abolition of capital punishment, and humanity by wielding the knout!

"Must a despotic government be ne-

cessarily barbarous? No! But Russia alone of European nations, in her whole history, displays a studied, lasting barbarity. I do not bear false witness. I appeal to Karamsin, to whom Alexander I. paid such immense sums that he might exhume the glory of the Russian Government, and praise the blessings it imparts to the governed.

"What were, and what did those, who are said to have founded and maintained the welfare of Russia; and on whose foundations their successors need only continue to build? They knouted men till they were nearly dead, and then cut their heads off. They compelled the lacerated wretches to drink their own blood, they had eyes plucked out, and noble virgins desecrated by Tartars in their presence. They, as spectators, suffered men to be knouted till the intestines protruded from the body, they had the heart cut out of the still living man, or the tongue torn out through his back. They had their favourites publicly roasted; and they themselves piled up the coals, or heated the pincers to increase the martyrdom. And on whom did these Princes of Russia practise such horrors? On dukes, magnates, clergy, Russians and Germans. The saints of the Russian Church are chosen from these tigers. Alexander Nevski, after a battle dragged prisoners at his horse's tail. They were Christian Regents, and a Christian nation looked on.

"The same barbarity is ever prominent in the character of the Russian nation, whenever its innate brutality finds vent. Peasants and women, who remembered the war of 1812, laughingly narrated that, on the approach of the hostile army, they ran away out of all the villages, and concealed themselves in the dense forests. But on the flight of the foe from Moscow, their terror disappeared. They threw the wounded into pits, one on the other, and buried them alive; or else they dug open the ant-heaps, placed their wounded foes within, and sang merry songs, while the poor fellows gave up the ghost under the most fearful agony."

"There are certain truths of which I would never be unconscious for any moment: 1, I am a creature, a mere worm; 2, I am a sinner, and guilty; 3, I am redeemed by the blood of God's dear Son, and completely reconciled to God my Father. Now, then, I wish ever to have a *creature-like spirit*, a *sinner-like spirit*, and a *saint-like spirit*." — *Simon*.

Sermon.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD NISBETT, Minister of St. Stephen's Church, Glasgow.

"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."—PSALM cii. 2.

I I DESIRE to exhort you, from these words, to the duty of family religion, as comprising family reading and prayer. At the present day I believe there is need of earnest exhortation to this duty, and of urgency in setting before you the blessings which arise from the discharge of it, that so God may be glorified and remembered in your families more than at present. It will be admitted that, generally speaking, professed Christians have fallen away from the practice of family religion. And a backsliding it is in our land; for the day once was, and may be in the remembrance of many of you, in which God had an altar in most families throughout the land, on which much incense was laid, and on which much blessing descended. **Then** the labouring man was wont to pray to God, while there knelt around him the pledges of God's love and care, and the objects of his own. Then, in the cottages and homes of the labouring classes, the voices of praise were heard united in blessing God for His mercies; and this other mercy was vouchsafed to those from whose hearts and lips that voice came, viz., peace in contentment, which is great gain. But now the altars are broken down and forsaken; the incense has ceased to rise to heaven; and the blessing has ceased to come down. Even the middle ranks of society, in which all holy things linger longest and last, when they are departing from the highest and are beginning to be forgotten by the children of hard toil, who most need them—even these are forsaking the family altar, and leaving it cold, unblest. **In one word**, men in general are not making religion a special family matter, or are doing so less frequently and less earnestly than they ought and than their

fathers did. Among those even who, in a certain degree, are alive to the duty of *personal* religion, and who are constant in the *public* profession of it, not without seeming joy and profit too, this duty is neglected of remembering and worshipping God in the family. The right discharge of it is the *daily* discharge of it; and I leave it with the conscience of each head of a family, whether it be thus that he uses the privilege and fulfils the duty.

II. Such is the fact then; and I would seek, for a moment, to indicate what I think is the cause.

Now the causes are various; but they may all be summed up in this one, viz., that men, nowadays, are living a kind of life which does not suit with the regular discharge of the duty, and that Christian men are not lifting up their voices against such a life, and shewing another in their own example. We are all in fearful terror of the world, and shrink from openly condemning the world's courses, or following another which would mark us out as separate from it, and singular in it. This is the great weariness and weakness which is oppressing us; the great temptation which is besetting us; and the great sin which is crying out against us. We are in the world, and too much of the world; we are conforming to it, and not setting ourselves earnestly, and in the strength of the Lord, to transform the world to the Christian life. *Therefore* is family religion languishing among us, and in many places has expired. The world takes no account of the privilege; lives without it; leaves no time for it; fills up every hour of the day with excitements which are unsuited to it; and Christian men are hurried along in the

tide. They are being borne away unnecessarily out of the quiet where God is remembered and found, into the perpetual bustle where He is forgotten, and which makes such havoc of the thoughts, and feelings, and desires, and aspirations of the soul, that the man is altogether unfit and unwilling to be a priest or a worshipper in the tabernacle of the family. The abiding effect of this uninterrupted bustle in the world is, that men are not disposed for the quiet congregation and the calm, peaceful worship around the altar in the home. They must introduce the world's excitements into religion, or else it has no charms for them, and in the exercises of it they find no enjoyment. Such an excitement they seek and find in the crowded church; and too often, when they imagine that their hearts are burning within them with holy joy or glad thanksgiving to God, or with love or with contrition in the presence of Jesus, or with any religious feeling, they are only carried away by the sympathies and excitement of the multitude of which they form a part. Hence they frequent the public worship; seem filled with it, and glad in it, and thankful for it; but neglect the daily family worship—where all is still, where there is no tide of rushing spirits to bear them along.

The world is engrossing all men's time nowadays, and the home itself is much forsaken. How, then, can its altar be remembered? To pass by its trifling vanities, which absorb so much of the time of such a number, even objects, in themselves good and proper enough, are receiving a place which is not their right one, because they occupy it to the neglect of duties which are the first before God, and for the man's true peace. These objects are accompanied with so much pleasure, that many readily forsake the quieter duties which it should have been their first care to discharge. Every man who is the head of a family should bear in mind that those committed by God to his charge ought to be his first care; and that the want or languishing of religion in his home will not be made up for by a more public religion.

III. But to proceed. The duty of

family prayer and instruction is what I would exhort you to.

Now, we want neither Scripture precept nor Scripture example in regard to this duty. The words which follow are those of Moses to the children of Israel,—“These words which I command thee shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.” In regard to the passover, God himself put words into the lips of parents among His people with which they should reply to the question of their little ones: “What mean ye by this service?” Thus did He require that His name and His acts should be remembered in the homes of Israel; and surely He requires the same from *Christian* men, to whom a fuller revelation has been given, and for whom so much greater things are declared as having been accomplished. And family prayer was surely contemplated as an especial duty by that religion which, breaking down all walls of partition, constituted each and every man a priest to God, who should take hold by faith of the Great High Priest!

As for examples, there are many which enforce the duty. Look at Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, erecting an altar to God at every resting-place in their wanderings! Listen to the approving words of God in speaking of the father of the faithful,—“I know Abraham, that he will command his children and his household after him.” You know Joshua's choice for himself and his family in the day when he was setting before Israel the choice of their God,—“As for me and my house we will serve the Lord!” When David brought the ark to Jerusalem, he performed the public worship and blessed the people; but the day was not closed, nor its solemn thankgivings finished, till “he returned to bless his household.” The praise of Cornelius was, that he feared God with all his house. And lastly, this is a striking fact, that every exhortation in the New Testament to the performance of relative duties is immediately

followed up by an exhortation to prayer; as if God commanded that all the relations of the present should thus be sanctified, and taught that the various duties of these relations can not be discharged aright except in the spirit and through the exercise of prayer. Such, then, is the word of Scripture on the subject.

IV. But I would add other considerations by way of urging you to make religion a *special family matter*. The nature and design of the family institution imply that religion should be such a *special matter*. That nature and design are not seen by most men in the light in which they ought. In general people are taking too low and mean a view of what the family is, and therefore it can be no wonder that the duties and responsibilities implied in it are so fearfully sinned against, as in many cases they are; and in so few cases are performed in such a spirit of fear and earnestness as they ought.

Perhaps the majority of people at the present day are looking upon the family as an institution of man and earth—an arrangement which people have agreed, in all ages and lands, to enter into, partly from the necessity of the case, and partly from a consciousness that in this way society is better ordered and the mutual good of individuals is better promoted. Others, again, are giving it higher honour, while yet they fearfully degrade it. They look upon it as an institution which has been ordained, perhaps, by God, at any rate, has been sanctioned by Him and is blessed by Him. It is *of* God and *for* God in a sense, viz., just as all institutions of society are. The great end of it they conceive to be man's *present* well-being and outward comfort—in this world its functions terminate and its existence is closed. In a great measure they regard it as an arbitrary enactment on the part of God; the best which wisdom could devise for man's good in this world and in his present imperfect condition, but which would pass away if once men were raised out of the state of imperfection into one of high and holy liberty.

Now, such views come far short of the truth, and sadly degrade the institution.

For the family is the holiest institution in the universe, and the relations implied in it are the holiest relations in the universe. It is not of earth at all, but of heaven. It speaks not of earthly things, but in symbolic language is a living declaration of heavenly things. It was not ordained nor given to man merely or chiefly as a being of the *present* world, but of the eternal world beyond this; towards *that* it is pointing forward, and in *that* its perfection exists. It was not a new institution devised in the wisdom of God at the creation of this world and given to man, it is an institution of the past eternity, and that in which Godhead itself had dwelt through that eternity. It is the figure of a heavenly thing and of the heavenly order, and even defiled as it is on earth by sin, yet is there many a family into which we enter and feel that here the air of heaven is around us. In this institution, as I said, Godhead dwelt through the past eternity, and in the same order heaven shall be framed through the eternity to come. When I say so, I trust you have no feeling excited of irreverence or undue familiarity in regard to the things which eye hath not seen nor the heart of man conceived; it was not for such an end that the Scripture revelation was given, not to bring down heavenly unsearchable things to earth, but the converse of this. It was to impress upon you the dignity and the holiness of that ordinance which too many are apt lightly to esteem; it was to lift up your homes to heaven and to move you to seek more of the presence of heaven in these homes. God gives men this privilege, and is desiring to sanctify their lives by it. By permitting men to share the order of heaven even while on earth, He desires to move them to seek heaven itself where all is perfect. How sad the thought that this great blessing is being abused and turned into a curse by so many!

The relations which are implied in the family institution, are peculiarly of heaven. Parents, children, brothers, servants, masters: words with which we are so familiar that we have ceased to think what they imply, yet they express

to us the deep things of God, which He has sought to make plainer by setting up the realities in the midst of us. The first Father, the first Son, the Elder Brother: these are all in heaven, and have been there through all a past eternity. Angels were God's servants before the earth was created, and God was a Master in heaven. The fathers, therefore, children, brothers, &c., on earth, are just the embodiments of the order which exists in heaven.

Now, what is the end for which God has instituted the family on earth, thus visibly manifesting the hidden things above? One obvious purpose, then, is just this, viz.—to teach us the things which are set forth and embodied in the holy institution as given to earth and man. For example, God desired to teach us, not in words, but in truth, what is the love wherewith He loveth Jesus, His own eternal Son. But words could not express such a thing, and so He instituted the family, in which dwells parental affection; and He told men that He loved Jesus as a son, with an affection far deeper, because infinite, than that with which they love their children,—an affection which had been growing through a whole past eternity, and deepening and delighting Him daily the more. But why should God have desired to tell us of this love which He bare to Jesus? Because it concerns us. He was about to do a strange act, even to give up that Son for us; and He desired that men should know, in some measure, the depth of His pitying charity over them for whom He did not spare that dear Son the sorrow of Gethsemane and Calvary, and the hiding of His Father's face. Again, God desired men to know something of the depth of His love to them who are in Jesus, and, because words could not express it, He gave a fact out of heaven: He made men fathers themselves, and told them, that “as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.” Again, God desired to teach men how they should keep their hearts and lives towards Him who thus stood towards them. He desired to breathe love and confidence into their

hearts; but words would have failed, if used alone, to express what He meant, and therefore He sent men as children into the earth, and commanded them to cherish towards Him the same feelings as little children bear towards earthly parents. And in the same lesson He taught us of the heart and life of Jesus towards His Father—a life of simple faith, of fixed love, and of steady obedience. Such is one end of the family institution, viz.,—to teach men heavenly things, which, except by having corresponding facts in the midst of them, they could not rightly have comprehended.

Another end which God had in view in instituting the family relation, was to draw forth the affections of men's hearts towards himself—to prepare them for God and heaven. God designed the family to be the school for heaven, from which men should go at death, prepared in heart by the years which they had spent in the earthly home, to join the great family which shall at length be gathered out of all nations, and countries, and tribes into His mansions above. Except in the family, there is no place on earth where we can be trained for heaven, and unless our hearts are filled with family virtues and family feelings, we can have no place in God's home hereafter. How are we to learn to be God's children, and to feel and act towards Him as a Father, except by being taught to feel and act aright towards earthly parents? Not, surely, in the world would we learn to love and confide, to believe and obey in simplicity and singleness of heart. *There* we learn only selfishness, and distrust, and suspicion, and self-will, which we need to go apart from the world if we would be delivered from. This is one cause of prevailing selfishness and distrust in the present day above past days, just that men live too much in the world and too little in their homes. Surely they cannot know what a wrong they are doing to their own hearts and souls! And *this* is that wrong: they are keeping away from the school which God has given for heaven—in which their souls shall best be made ready for God and His home; they are waiting in the

devil's school, where they are learning his lessons, and being made ready to go hence and spend eternity with him. Heaven is a family, and the training school for it is the family on earth. Therefore God has placed men in families here just that they might have where to make ready to join His family hereafter.

We need this training to teach us how we are to act towards God and towards our brethren in the Church and the world. The child who has loved and trusted and obeyed an earthly father, when he grows a man, and the earthly parent is gone, will best know and be inclined to love, and trust, and obey the heavenly. He will be the more inclined to seek God as a father according as he has been wont to love and trust simply and heartily. And how can we learn to love the brotherhood in Jesus, except in the family? Christianity does not raise up in the soul any new affections, but only sanctifies and purifies, and deepens and enlarges the holy ones which already have a place there. Thus, the love of brothers in the earthly home, is an affection which needs only to be extended when the man comes to know God and Christ; comes to feel the claims upon him of the whole Church and the world, through his felt and recognised relation to Heaven. Just these ends God saw and purposed in instituting the family on earth.

Now, this very nature and design, being such as I have just said, seem to point naturally, and at once, to the duty of family religion. Unless family religion be daily and earnestly exercised, then the institution itself is degraded from its high place, and made a thing of earth. Its design, too, is unanswered; and God's gracious purpose of leading men to himself and heaven, and of preparing them for so blessed an end, is thwarted. Men should dwell in their families, always remembering that they enjoy a heavenly institution. Dwelt in amid forgetfulness of God and thanklessness, the family is made an earthly thing and unholy! Despite is done to its high origin, when men are not seeking daily to learn more and more of that God from whom the institution of the family came forth,

and of that home of which it is the type and embodiment. If the atmosphere of the family be ever worldly, and never a breath of heaven pass through it, then it is wrenched from its own proper sphere. But if God be remembered in the family, heaven be kept in view as the place of its ultimate rest and perfection, then we seem almost already to have joined the family above before we are taken from that which is below.

In like manner, the design for which the institution of the family was given is thwarted, if we make it a mere earthly convenience for present comfort and joy. We ought to enter into God's design of making it a school for heaven. Should not everything in it, therefore, be pointed forward into the future,—all duties, all joys? Children, whose hearts are learning to love and obey, should be taught to love God and obey Him. If we would dwell in God's home hereafter, we should be seeking God to dwell in our homes here.

V. Desire for the best interests of his family should move a man to make religion a special family matter. I know I do not need to exhort parents to seek the good of their children. You are doing much for them as regards a present world, seeking to give them the means of being useful and happy members of the communion of men. You are teaching them diligently, making sacrifices for their sakes, and you count not the cost, nor grudge labour and pain, because you desire to see them happy in a present world, and to leave them in the possession of bright hopes when you are gone. Now, this is all well, and God meant that it should be thus. But something else is better. You neglect the higher and more enduring interests of those whom you love so dearly, unless you enter into God's plan for making them love Him and seek Him—for saving them unto eternity. Let me beseech you not to forget the other world into which your children must soon go, and where you and they must meet to dwell for ever. Tell them of that world which is not seen yet,—impress its living reality upon their young hearts, and use the means to pre-

pare them to spend eternity with God. Thus you give a surer token of your love, and secure their good infinitely more certainly than by fitting them to be merely even the best and brightest among men. Believe this, and work on in the faith of it, that God blesses all prayerful means used for the salvation of souls. That blessing often abides long in heaven; but in general it is sent down, at length, after the lips which asked it are moved in prayer no more but only in praise. Many a child of a pious parent, after years of sin and sorrow, and weariness in the world, has felt it come down upon his heart like the dew upon the grass, and the showers which water the earth. The teaching and prayers of the family amid which a child had been brought up, may lie forgotten in his heart for long years; but how often do they waken up in him when he is a man, and, like a voice from Heaven, call effectually upon him to arise and come to his Father in heaven! That voice, wakened up by some God-sent circumstance occurring to the man, has restored more prodigals to their home than any other which speaks in the world. Therefore, as you desire the good of your children for eternity, be entreated to make religion a special family matter.

VI. Faithfulness to God's charge and your own vows, implies the regular exercise of family religion. Men should bear it in their memories, that their families are not a *burden* from God, as many a poor man is too ready often to imagine, but a great charge for which they are specially responsible in the day of reckoning. Children are God's heritage, and not your own. They are the most priceless charge which God gives you to keep for Him. And, if you do not deal with them as such, but look upon and deal with them as your own, then you are robbing God as well as destroying souls. Parents stand in the place of God to their little ones,—a place which they are to occupy, however, only till they have led them unto God himself. Parents have no right to permit their children to centre their filial love, and trust, and fear, upon themselves only and wholly; but are faithless to their charge unless daily

they teach them of the Father in heaven, who is more worthy of their hearts and lives than themselves; who claims these, and desires that they should be yielded to Him, and in giving them to whom they can alone be truly and for ever happy. If they do not urge their children, and set them the example of serving, and loving, and entering into the communion of God in prayer together, they are faithless to Him who has constituted them earthly parents. It is for this end that God has invested parents with influence and authority over their children; and if that influence be used for any other god, the sin of faithlessness lieth at the door of such parents. This is what you acknowledge when you bring your children to the holy sacrament of baptism, that they are not yours but *His*, whose is the ordinance, and who pledges them the children's privileges. And this is what you promise, that you will bring them up as God's little ones, and that you will pray for grace and knowledge to do so.

VII. There is great strength in this ordinance to serve God amid the bustle and temptations of the world. As in every other matter, so in this of serving God, there is strength in sympathy. When many are joined for working out an object, each is made stronger, and works towards it with a mighty increase of individual energy. Nor is any combination more strengthening to a man's heart than the joining with him of those whom he loves best and trusts most implicitly. I need not tell you how much we need all strength against the strong temptations of sin, and Satan, and the world. No doubt God's strength is the only strength, but then it comes to a man through the appointed channels. Therefore we must wait upon these if we are to receive it deep and full into our souls. It was a wise resolution on the part of Joshua to join his family with himself in serving God. Thus he would be made stronger in them, and they in him; and together they would be able to stand as faithful witnesses of God amid the forgetful and idolatrous—mindful and reminding one another of past mercy—looking forward and pointing each other's

hearts forward to the glorious reward on high. And we shall be foolish indeed if we neglect the means which so great a saint found helpful to his soul. The true wisdom of a Christian parent is to join his family as closely with him as he can—to pray together that God would give one and all help and strength from himself in each other. This is what so many neglect to do. Is it that they feel they can stand alone? Let their lives testify of that! The fact is, these are the men who are weakest to resist temptation, and who are most readily borne along on the torrent of the world. But the men who are praying in their closets and with their families are those who stand unmoved while the torrent of sin is sweeping by. The evil one knows that there is strength in union, and he has joined his bands together that they may bear all before them. Let Christians profit by the lesson which *he* teaches them, and each be strong in the union of his family with him, and the union of all together.

VIII. Family religion is a means of uniting families together. It is a fearful scene which too many a family presents—the most wretched and heart-rending picture which God's sun in the heaven looks upon, or God's earth bears upon its bosom. There is nothing like it in the universe except hell! How many families are rent and torn asunder by quarrels and jealousies; fathers against their children, and children against their fathers, brothers against brothers, servants against masters, and masters against servants! The selfishness of each is ranged against and conflicting with the selfishness of every other to make up a scene of disorder and confusion to which the storm on the ocean is but a feeble parallel.

Now, in such families you may be sure that family religion is neglected. Religion cannot dwell amid storm and disorder and angry passion; its dwelling-place is in the calm, where all is peaceful and quiet. When it comes into the midst of the storm its voice is the same as the voice of its Master over the troubled waters of Galilee, "Peace, be still." It dwells in unity, and draws into a deeper union. It casts out selfishness, it fills

with love; it heals all separations, closes all wounds, quenches all heart-burnings, stops all heart-bleedings. It makes the heart the resting-place of peace. It makes the home a home indeed, not noisy or gay, but quiet and peaceful, and such a spot as weary, tempted, sorrowing, sinful, troubled men desire to have, where they may rest, and love, and be glad with a deep and holy joy. Such a resting-place, brethren, you *all* need—the rich and poor, the labouring man and the man who is independent, as the world falsely calls it. These are the words of every heart's wail which has not found peace in God, and a home on earth sanctified by His abiding presence, filled with His Spirit, united in His love,—“Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, then would I flee away and be far hence.”

Therefore I close by beseeching you all to make those which follow, the words of your strong resolution, which, in the grace of God, and under His Spirit, you will at once arise and carry out: “Surely I will not come into the tabernacle of my house, nor go up into my bed; I will not give sleep to mine eyes nor slumber to mine eyelids until I find out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob.” And God bless and help you all.

THOUGHTS FOR MINISTERS.

“If ninety-nine out of an hundred of even good men, were now informed for the first time, that Isaiah in a vision saw the seraphim before the throne, and that each of the seraphs had six wings; and then were asked, ‘How do you think they employ their wings?’ I think their answer would be, ‘How? why, they fly with them, with all their might; and if they had six hundred wings they would do the same, exerting all their powers in the service of God; they would never dream of employing two to veil their faces, as unworthy to behold their God; and two to veil their feet, as unworthy to serve Him; and devoting only the remaining two, to what might be deemed their more appropriate use. But I doubt more whether the seraphs do not judge quite as well as they.’—*Simeon*.

“True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes except those of Heaven see it.”—*Hare*.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Do these words—so often quoted—express a law in God's orderly kingdom, upon the steady operation of which a parent may rely with perfect confidence? Are we warranted in looking for piety in after years as the sure result of Christian training in youth, with that calm assurance in the plan of God's providence which, in spite of certain variations, inspires the hope of a good crop in autumn from a field which has been sown with good seed, and tilled by a wise husbandry in spring? Or, in one word, is it possible to train up children so that, as a rule, they shall *grow up* Christians?

There are pious parents who may be disposed, perhaps, to answer these questions in the negative, though what their views actually are as to the connexion established by God between a training in the way when young, and a walking in the same way when old, it might be hazardous in me to define, lest I should misinterpret what others believe, or be misinterpreted in what I believe myself. But as far as I have been able to gather from conversation the views held by many upon this very important point, they may be thus expressed:—"It is, of course, the duty and privilege of Christian parents to train up their children in the way they should go, but it by no means follows, as a general rule, that they will therefore walk in this way either in youth or in old age, because to do so implies conversion. Now, conversion can take place only when they are old enough to understand and believe the Gospel. Besides, it is not dependent on education, or anything men can do, but solely on the sovereignty of God, who gives or withholds His grace as He pleases. While, therefore, our duty as parents is clear, results are with God; and what these shall be no one can predict, for no one can know the hidden

counsels of the Most High, or read the names written from eternity in the Lamb's book of life." If this at all expresses the convictions or opinions which guide any parent in the work of Home Education, I do not wonder that it should be sad and spiritless, because, as regards results, it is necessarily so uncertain and hopeless. And how, moreover, can we labour with good-will at anything unless we can believe that in so doing we are *fellow-labourers* with God?

Now, we know indeed, and rejoice in believing, that all true life, all that is according to God's will, whether in youth or in old age, in the child or in the patriarch, must proceed from the grace of God; that unless we are born again, and our corrupt nature regenerated by His Spirit, we cannot be His "dear children;" and that God, in bestowing His gifts, does as seemeth good to himself. But the question still remains, whether God has not been pleased to establish in His moral, as well as in His physical kingdom, such an orderly arrangement as that, in both, certain things shall follow other things according to laws that are discoverable by us, on which we are entitled to rely, and of which we can take such advantage as shall secure to us wished-for blessings? In the physical world, our heavenly Master does not give His servants "labour in vain" to execute. The husbandman is not appointed to sow his seed at a venture. In spite of bad seasons and occasional disappointment, he knows he can still rely upon God's beautiful and orderly plan, secured to him by promise, that "as long as the earth remains, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease;" and being therefore sure to reap in due season, if he faints not, he accordingly "waits for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and the latter rain." And is the Christian parent doomed to

labour in vain in the spiritual kingdom when engaged in the nobler work of training up his children? Must he wait hopelessly and despondingly for the precious fruit—precious in the sight of God as well as in his own—of what he has sown in his child's soul with many prayers and tears? Shall he never receive the early or the latter rain, and is his long patience in waiting only presumption in hoping? Impossible! They who best know God and His ways will most recoil from such views of His fatherly love and wisdom! There are laws in the moral as well as in the physical world, more fixed and unalterable, too, because based upon what is morally fitting and eternally right; and this is the Home Education law: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

And surely such a declaration as this assumes, as a matter of fact, that a child may, from infancy to old age, walk in the way it should go? There is no interval of time, not a year or month, allowed for its walking in any other way than the right one. The words do not mean anything like this: "Train up your child as you best can; yet remember that for years it will, as a matter of course, walk in the way it should *not* go, remain unconverted and a child of wrath, though perhaps it may be converted some time or other, and at last enter upon that right path which will not be departed from in old age." On the contrary, it is implied that the child may and ought to be so trained as that he will walk in the right way all his life. In like manner, when the apostle says, "Fathers, bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," does he not also assume that these children, in their earliest as well as in their riper years, may actually be "in the Lord," and receive His nurture?

That children, from infancy may possess God's Spirit, and grow up as trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord; and that Christian parents are entitled to look for what they cannot but earnestly desire, is, moreover, implied in the ordinance of baptism. That

rite is administered to the children of believing parents, because they *are*, as such, members of the Church; it is to them the sign and seal of a precious promise, which has been made to us and to our children ever since it was first made to Abraham, viz.,—that God will be our God, and we shall be His people. "By the right use of this ordinance," says the Confession of Faith, "the grace promised is not only offered, but really exhibited and *conferred* by the Holy Ghost, to such (whether of age or *infants*) as that grace belongeth unto, according to the counsel of God's own will, and in His appointed time." And does not every parent, who knows the relationship of himself and his offspring to the covenant God, rejoice in this promise, and lay hold of it, and plead it, praying that his child may enjoy the spiritual blessings of the covenant of grace from its birth, and be sanctified, like John the Baptist, from its mother's womb? And what parent would be satisfied with a measure of good less than this, or experience any other feeling than that of deepest sorrow, if he thought his beloved child must necessarily remain unconverted for some years, and in the meantime, during the terrible interval, be under the curse, without God or Christ in the world? I cannot, however, think that any Christian parent believes this, but, on the contrary, assumes and acts upon the assumption, that if he trains up his child in the way it should go, God will so bless his efforts that he may have good hope of such a result, as that when "old he will not depart from it."

"Ungodly parents," says Baxter, "do serve the devil so effectually in the first impressions on their children's minds, that it is more than magistrates and ministers, and all reforming means can afterwards do, to recover them from that sin to God. Whereas, if you would first engage their hearts to God by a religious education, *piety would then have all those advantages that sin hath now.* 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.' The *language* which you teach them to speak when they are children, they will

use all their life after, if they live with those that use it. And so the *opinions* which they first receive, and the *customs* which they are used to at first, are very hardly changed afterward. I doubt not to affirm, that a *godly education is God's first and ordinary appointed means for the begetting of actual faith and other graces in the children of believers.* Many may have seminal grace before, but they cannot sooner have actual faith, repentance, love, or any grace, than they have reason itself in act and exercise. And the preaching of the Word by public ministers is not the first ordinary means of grace to any but those that are graceless till they come to hear such preaching; that is, to those on whom the first appointed means hath been neglected or proved in vain; that is, it is but the second means to do that which was not done by the first. The proof is undeniable, because God appointeth parents diligently to teach their children the doctrine of His holy Word before they come to the public ministry. Parents' teaching is the first teaching, and parents' teaching is for this end, as well as public teaching, even to beget faith, love, and holiness. And *God appointeth no means to be used by us on which we may not expect His blessing.* Therefore, it is apparent that the *ordinary appointed means for the first actual grace is parents' godly instruction and education of their children.* And public preaching is appointed for the conversion of those only that have missed the blessing of the first appointed means. Therefore, if you deny your children religious education, you deny them the first appointed means of their actual faith and sanctification, and then the second cometh upon disadvantage.*

To the same effect Dwight remarks: "If we train up our children in the way they should go, they will enter it almost of course, follow us to heaven, and be our companions for ever."†

And Jonathan Edwards says, to the same effect, that "family education and order are some of the chief means of

grace. If these fail, all other means are likely to prove ineffectual."*

An eloquent American writer remarks:—"The aim, effort, and expectation of the parent should be, not, as is commonly assumed, that the child is to grow up in sin, to be converted after he comes to a mature age: but that he is to open on the world as one that is spiritually renewed, not remembering the time when he went through a technical experience, but seeming rather to have loved what is good from his earliest years. * You will never practically aim at what you practically despair of, and if you do not practically aim to unite your child to God, you will aim at something less,—that is, something unchristian, wrong, sinful. * What opinion is more monstrous, in fact, than that which regards the Holy Spirit as having no agency in the immature souls of children who are growing up, helpless and unconscious, into the perils of time? * The child cannot understand, of course, in the earliest stage of childhood, the philosophy of religion as a renovated experience, and that is not the form of the first lesson he is to receive. We are to understand that a right spirit may be virtually exercised in children, when, as yet, it is not intellectually received, or as a form of doctrine. Thus, if they are put upon an effort to be good, connecting the fact that God desires it, and will help them in the endeavour, this is all which, in a very early age, they can receive, and that includes everything—repentance, love, duty, dependence, faith. Nay, the operative truth necessary to a new life, may possibly be communicated through and from the parent, being revealed in his looks, manners, and ways of life, before they are of an age to understand the teaching of words; for the Christian scheme, the Gospel, is really wrapped up in the life of every Christian parent, and beams out from him as a living epistle, before it escapes from the lips, or is taught in words. And the Spirit of truth may as well make this living truth effectual, as the preaching of the Gospel itself. * Never is it too early for good to

* *Christian Economics*, chap. vi. p. 100. (Vol. IV., 8vo.)

† Sermon cxlviil.

* *Works*. Vol. II., (4to.) p. 450.

be communicated. Infancy and childhood are the ages most pliant to good. And who can think it necessary that the plastic nature of childhood must first be hardened into stone, and stiffened into enmity towards God and all duty, before it can become a candidate for Christian character? There could not be a more unnecessary mistake, and it is as unnatural and pernicious, I fear, as it is unnecessary.*

These statements are all confirmed by observing the loving-kindness of the Lord in His actual dealings towards His Church. It is remarkable, in the Old Testament, how frequently we see piety following a line of succession, as in Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph; or appearing early, if at all, as in Samuel, David, Josiah, and Daniel. Yet polygamy, which was contrary to the wise appointment of God, was almost destructive of true family life then, and made the holy school of home impossible. We have similar traces, in the New Testament, of piety continuing in the line of families—as when we read of a Timothy knowing the Holy Scriptures “from a child,” and possessing an “unfeigned faith” which “first dwelt” in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. And the fact, we are persuaded, is still more frequently seen in the Church now. “It was long ago observed,” says a wise and judicious writer, “and the observation ought to sink deep into the hearts of both the old and young professors, that where the Gospel is enjoyed in its purity, it is the ordinary method of Providence to call sinners into the fellowship of Jesus Christ in the days of their youth. Among those who have enjoyed from their childhood the benefit of religious instruction, of holy example, of sound and faithful ministrations, the instances of conversion after middle life are, for the most part, extremely rare. Let the aged Christian run over in his mind such of these instances as have come within his own knowledge, and we shall be much deceived if his list be not very short.”

Let the godless parent, then, be warned

by the connexion which, as a fact, exists between early training in the way, and walking in the same way when old, and consider how serious a thing it is to give his children that mould of character which, to say the least, they will very probably retain for life. As his training is, so are they likely to be; as his aims are, so shall be his reward. Like himself, his children may be honest, truthful, money-making, hospitable, popular, and highly respectable; but, alas! they may, like himself, be children of this world, in their whole spirit, but not children of God, in holy love to their Father in Christ. And how will this stand at judgment? and how is this a preparation for glory?

Christian parents be encouraged! Your labour is *not* in vain in the Lord. Seek the salvation of every member of your family. Aim at nothing else than that each and all *shall be saints*, for to be contented with less is to be contented with their eternal ruin. Labour in faith, and you may hope to enjoy the unspeakable reward of seeing your dear ones growing up in the Lord, and of finally presenting them to himself, saying, “Behold me and the children whom thou hast given me!” N.

ADDRESS TO CARELESS PARENTS.

“And now let me seriously speak to the hearts of those careless and ungodly parents that neglect the holy education of their children, yea, and to those professors of godliness that slubber over so great a work with a few customary formal duties and words, that are next to a total omission of it. Oh, be not so unmerciful to the souls that you have helped to bring into the world! Think not so basely of them, as if they were not worth your labour. Make not your children so like your beasts, as to make no provision but only for their flesh. Remember still that it is not beasts but men that you have begotten and brought forth; educate them, then, and use them as men, for the love and obedience of their Maker. Oh, pity and help the souls that you have defiled and undone! Have mercy on the souls that must perish in hell if they be not saved in this day of salvation! Oh, help them that have so many enemies to assault them! Help them that have so many temptations to

* Bushnell on Christian Nurture, page 13.

pass through, and so many difficulties to overcome, and so severe a judgment to undergo! Help them that are so weak, and so easily deceived and overthrown! Help them speedily while your advantages continue; before sin have hardened them, and grace have forsaken them, and Satan place a stronger garrison in their hearts. Help them while they are tractable, before they are grown up to despise your help, before you and they are separated asunder, and your opportunities be at an end. You think not your pains from year to year too much to make provision for their bodies: O be not cruel to their souls! Sell them not to Satan, and that for naught! Betray them not by your ungodly negligence to hell. Or, if any of them will perish, let it not be by you, who are so much bound to do them good. The undoing of your children's souls is a work much fliter for Satan than for their parents.

"Oh, then, deny not this necessary diligence to your necessitous children, as you love their souls, as you love the happiness of the Church or commonwealth, as you love the honour and interest of Christ, and as you love your present and everlasting peace. Do not see your children the slaves of Satan here, and the firebrands of hell for ever, if any diligence of yours may contribute to prevent it. Do not give conscience such matter of accusation against you as to say, 'All this was long of thee! If thou hadst instructed them diligently, and watched over them, and corrected them, and done thy part, it is like they had never come to this! You till your fields, you weed your gardens; what pains take you about your grounds and cattle! And will you not take more for your children's souls? Alas! what creatures will they be if you leave them to themselves? How ignorant, careless, rude, and beastly? Oh, what a lamentable case have ungodly parents brought the world into? Ignorance and selfishness, beastly sensuality and devilish malignity, have covered the face of the earth as a deluge, and driven away wisdom, and self-denial, and piety, and charity, and justice, and temperance almost out of the world, confining them to the breasts of a few obscure, humble souls, that love virtue for virtue's sake, and look for their reward from God alone, and expect that, by abstaining from iniquity, they make themselves a prey to wolves. Wicked education hath unmanned the world, and subdued it to Satan, and made it almost like to hell. Oh, do not join with the sons of Belial in this unnatural wickedness."—*Baxter (Christian Economics.)*

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

WHAT is that, mother?

The lark, my child.

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere.

To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son.

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn
For the distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove—
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love.

He is floating down from his native grove;
No loved one now, no nesting nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die.
Death darkens his eye, it unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it shall waft thee home.

DOWNS.

"Sin and punishment, like the shadow and the body, are never far apart."

"Better to praise too largely small deserts, than censure too severely great defects."—*W. S. Lander.*

"Step by step, it is the mercy of God leads us so. People wish to know the future at the beginning. If God granted that wish, three-fourths of us would go mad."—*Miss Lewell.*

"Draw forth the good that there is in all. None are all evil. Many hearts that appear hard and inaccessible, will be found, in the sunshine of kindness, like the granite rock in the south, which emits sweet music at sunrise. Many, still more icy, resemble the snowy Andes, which are not without their currents of genial air."—*Miss Brewster.*

"There are some children whom God has chosen and marked for his own, as he has Sunday from the other days of the week."—*Miss Drury.*

THE NEW EDUCATION MEASURE FOR INDIA.

WHATEVER affects the interest of India cannot but awaken our own. That great country covers 1,200,000 square miles, being an area equal to the third part of all Europe. It contains nine or ten races, differing from each other in language, religion, literature, and arts, and numbering upwards of 170 million souls. India, moreover, has been committed to the charge of Great Britain, by a series of what might be called miraculous providences, in order, no doubt, to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and our responsibility for the manner in which we discharge this duty is so momentous, as to be well nigh overwhelming.

In spite of many defects, the British rule has been an unspeakable blessing to the natives of India, who have made more progress under our sway than could have been possible for them under any other upon earth.

The *material* progress of India has of late been marvellous. The Ganges canal alone, recently opened, winds its way, like a huge artery, for 800 miles across the plains, and sends the life blood of its waters through countless tiny veins, to irrigate otherwise dry and parched lands, thus securing to the people produce annually worth about seven millions and a-half sterling, and increasing it in the same period to the value of £1,200,000. One great trunk-road, from Calcutta to Peshawur, stretches in an unbroken line 1423 miles. The railway is pushing its iron arms through tiger forests, over sacred rivers, and rapidly laying down a path along which the iron horse will snort as it wheels its peaceful load of formerly strange and hostile tribes from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya. Already the Hindoo can send his letter for three farthings for 1500 miles, from frontier to frontier; while the telegraph flashes its messages in a second over spaces that the quickest despatch would formerly have taken weeks and months to travel. The progress of India in a civilization reaching to the minds, and affecting the ideas and

moral habits of the people, has been, if possible, still more remarkable and cheering. The freedom of the person, of the press, and of commerce, is better secured to our subjects 12,000 miles off, than to any of our continental neighbours under the eye of the government and their police. The horrible system of Thuggee, which numbered its tens of thousands annually, and the equally ferocious and deadly murder gangs of the Dakoits, also a system connected with a sort of devil's religion, have been put down. Female infanticide which desolated families, and the funeral pile, on which in Bengal alone 650 widows were once annually consumed, have been laid under the ban of murder; slavery has been made illegal; while the dreadful human sacrifices, which demanded in Orissa alone about 1500 men each year, have almost disappeared. Such glorious results as these, let it be remembered, have been achieved by the Indian Government, by the wise and righteous rule of British statesmen and British merchants. Our churches are acquainted generally with the names and labours of missionaries, who have done their part well in improving the people of India; but they ought also to know and cherish the names of those civil servants of the Company, who, with singular wisdom, philanthropy, and perseverance, and, in many cases we know, while we may hope in all, actuated by the highest Christian motives, have left behind them imperishable renown in the history of savage tribes whom they have emancipated from cruel customs, and introduced into the path of advancing civilization. Such men as Sleeman and his fellow *thug-hunters*; Wauchope among the Dakoits and robber castes; Outram, Augustus Cleveland, Dixon, and Macpherson, in civilizing Bheels, Kouds, and other savage tribes; Duncan, Walker, Ludlow, Raikes, &c., in saving the child; and Lord William Bentinck in saving the widow, with other illustrious names of well-known officials—Munro, Lord Hastings (who first set the press free), El-

phinstone, Charles Grant, Metcalf, &c., will live in history as among the greatest benefactors of the human race.

But the Christian Church has also done much for India, with her direct agency, though we shall reserve our remarks on this topic to a distinct paper. Since 1813, when missionaries were first permitted freely to enter India, the mission staff has increased to 450 missionaries, with 700 catechists; while the church is represented by upwards of 4000 Christian youth of both sexes, 21,000 Christian converts in full communion, and five times that number under Christian instruction.

But as yet we have said nothing of the special subject of this paper, the great cause of education, which is now beginning a grand era in the history of British India.

We shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to put our readers in possession of the facts of this question. It is one which must affect the future character of one-sixth of the human race; and to exaggerate its importance is hardly possible.

The members of the Church of Scotland, moreover, ought to be deeply interested in this measure; for it must tell upon our schools and missionary operations. At last Assembly, it will be remembered, perhaps, by some of our readers, that the proposed scheme of education for India by its rulers, was condemned, and our teachers abroad forbid to touch the unhallowed thing. As, however, we are unfortunately compelled, with many others, to dissent unhesitatingly from this decision, and to take a very different view of the measure, inasmuch as we think it fully deserves the best thanks and cordial co-operation of the Church; and as we confidently hope, moreover, that the next Assembly will be induced, in a full and well-informed house, to rescind, by an overwhelming majority, the resolution which was adopted last year; we shall endeavour, in this and a subsequent number of the Magazine, to inform our readers on a matter of such vast and grave importance.

Let us, first of all, as briefly as possible, state the progress of native education in India.

The renewal of the Charter, in 1813, dates the commencement of any decided step, on the part of the Government, to educate the natives of India. It was enacted in the Charter, that a sum of not less than £10,000 a-year should be set apart from the public revenue for the promotion of education. But for ten years subsequent to this period, nothing was done; when at last, in 1823, a Committee of Public Instruction was formed at Calcutta, and the revenues of the actual fund were placed in its hands. Then came the erection of the Hindoo College, originated by Mr. David Hare; its comparative failure; with its subsequent revival by Mr. Hayman Wilson. But beyond this effort, ultimately successful, general education made little progress. The chief error which the Government committed, at this period, was confining instruction to the medium of the learned languages, to the exclusion of the English and vernacular tongues. Nothing more, however, was attempted by Government for the general education of the masses, until the year 1835, when the Charter was again renewed, while Lord William Bentinck was Governor-General. This marks the beginning of a third educational era. His Lordship's great measure of reform was laying the axe at the root of the tree of mere Oriental learning, and by a minute of council ordaining that all funds should henceforth be employed "in imparting to the native population a knowledge of English literature and science, through the medium of the English language." This important and successful blow was not struck at the living, but at the dead languages of the country. The vernacular tongues were spared; but Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic, old and difficult paths leading to nothing, were given up as useless. Mr. Macaulay and Sir Charles Trevelyan, both of whom were then in the Committee of Instruction in Calcutta, were his Lordship's eager and enthusiastic supporters. The former became President of the Council of Education. This system

has been pursued in India from that period until now; while measures have from time to time been adopted to encourage learning, such as the establishment of scholarships by Lord Auckland, and of election in the civil service by Lord Hardinge in 1844, measures which, by the way, had the bad effect of giving too high an education to those who were obliged to settle down as mere government clerks, and creating expectations which could not be fulfilled.

In the meantime, a remarkable attempt was making by the first governor of the north-west provinces, Mr. Thomason, who, we may say in passing, as his name will always be associated with the cause of education in India, was the son of a gentleman who, in early youth, was French interpreter to Dr. Coke, the well-known father of Wesleyan missions, and who, in later years, became, when studying in Cambridge, the friend of Henry Martyn, whom he afterwards met in India. Old Mr Thomason was a man eminent for his piety, and he bequeathed to India a son whose great talent and worth Lord Ellenborough had the penetration to discover, and the moral courage

to appoint, for no cause but his pre-eminent fitness, to the important post of Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West, over a population of twenty-four million of souls.

Mr. Thomason found education very defective in quality, and very low in numbers, being 1 in 25. But he tried to rouse the people by motives of self-interest, and to induce them to save themselves from being cheated by the several revenue officers who measured and taxed their lands. He endeavoured, also, by a system of normal schools, regular school inspection, with rewards to superior teachers, and, above all, by a well-prepared set of school-books, to render the indigenous schools efficient. His plan cost about £20,000 per annum, was eminently successful, and in no small degree led to the adoption of the more extended measure of education which has been described in the last famous Government despatch upon this subject. Let us now state generally and statistically the results of *Government* education in India up to 1853, which is the date of the last returns we can at present lay our hands on.

	English Schools	Vernacular Schools	Teachers	Pupils	Expenditure
Bengal, .	30	33	293	10,150	£38,000
N.W. Provinces,	7	...	112	1582	£13,350
Madras, .		(Returns imperfect.)	18	180	£4350
Bombay, .	14	233	124	13,470	£15,000

The annual sum expended in education is thus about £70,000, and the number of pupils, making allowance for imperfect returns, is estimated at about 30,000. In the above statement we omit, of course, missionary schools—which number 787, with 58,340 pupils—and several Government colleges, medical schools, &c. But while we are compelled, by our limited space, to defer entering more fully at present upon this deeply interesting subject, we cannot conclude without stating, however generally and briefly, the nature of this new education measure for India, which is embodied in the Despatch,

printed by order of the House of Commons, of date 18th July 1854.

1. The system of grants in aid, adopted by the Privy Council in this country is to be applied to India.

2. These grants—intended there as here to stimulate and supplement local exertion and contributions—are to be given to all schools, without exception, in which a sound secular education is afforded, as certified by Government inspection.

3. Religious education is not, in any school, interfered with or inquired into.

4. A college, with a chancellor and

senate, similar in constitution to the London University, is to be established at the different Government seats, for the purpose of granting examination and degrees.

5. No degree can be granted unless satisfactory certificates of moral character are produced; and no certificates will be received except from certain institutions approved of by Government, and in whose respectability and trustworthiness they have confidence. Schools or colleges thus *affiliated* to the university, become, of course, subject to Government inspection. Among those mentioned in the Despatch, are our General Assembly schools.

The fact, therefore, which is interesting to us, apart from the general scheme, is, that Government offers to confer certain privileges upon our schools, *without in the slightest degree interfering with our*

religious teaching as it has hitherto been conducted. At the recommendation of the India Committee, the General Assembly, as we have said, has rejected this offer on the alleged ground that the system generally is "godless." We believe that we are warranted in saying, that every other Christian Church in India, as well as our own missionaries and chaplains there, unanimously and cordially approve of the Government scheme, in so far at least as it affects their mission, and are ready to avail themselves of its benefits, if allowed to do so; while rumours have reached us of more than disappointment having been expressed from our best friends in India at the decision we have come to.

We hope to resume this subject in our next Number.

N.

A PEEP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

(Continued from page 184.)

You and I, reader, last parted, I think, in Rotterdam, if you remember, which is not probable, and lost sight of each other when in search of Dutchmen worthy of their ancient renown for imposing breadth and vast rotundity.

But we must take a peep into the land of the Dutch, or the Ditch, for either term is appropriate.

The *Spurweg*, or railroad, wheels you in a single day from Rotterdam, through Delft, Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam. The grand characteristic of all these towns is "silence which may be heard." No doubt there are exceptions to this rule. In the most silent town the sound of human footsteps occasionally breaks upon the ear, and the whisper of human voices disturbs the air; while in some parts of the Hague, and in most parts of Amsterdam, there are decided noises and evident bustle, such as one hears and sees in a quiet London street on Sunday morning: but, generally speaking, the repose is profound. A carriage startles you. When the tread

of a horse is heard, every head is turned to see what it imports. The question is constantly forced upon the mind,—what can all the people be about? How do they live? Where are the manufactories? the mines? the anything to produce food and clothing? But the echo answers "where!" The windmills wheel in the silent air as if their wings were oiled. The barges glide along the calm and sunny canals, and the people appear to be well fed and clothed. The whole nation looks, in fact, like an old, respectable sea-captain, who had made his money years ago by trading far away, and who now sat upon his chest of dollars, smoking his pipe and gazing with a stolid face of quiet satisfaction upon all the world, as if saying, "my money is made, and my day is over; I am contented; and please don't trouble me with anything new. It's all right!"

Metinks I hear some well-informed accurate statist correcting me with a frown, and saying, "What I do you not know that the Dutch are the most

industrious people in the world? Common sense, as well as more accurate information, might have told you that no nation could exist in such repose as you picture. Have you never seen their immense dykes? their drained lakes? their warehouses filled with the products of their flourishing colonies? Have you never heard of Java, Surinam, or Guiana? of their——”

There is no necessity, astute friend, for any such catechism. My one reply is this, that I do not pretend to tell anything about the country except what meets the eye of a railway traveller; anything deeper may be got better at home from Murray, M'ulloch, or an Encyclopedia.

The paradise of a Dutchman is *Brök*. This is a village of about 700 inhabitants, an hour's journey or so north of Amsterdam. Cross the ferry in a small steamer, proceed for half-an-hour along the great Helder canal in a *Trackskut*,—a mode of conveyance, by the way, delightfully national in its order and peace,—then hire a carriage, for which you must pay what is asked or want it, and proceed leisurely along the banks of the canal for three or four miles, until you reach *Brök*. The peep one gets from the road across the country gives a perfect idea of Holland, which looks like the flat bottom of a boundless sea, drained or draining off; the cattle in the fields, the scattered villages with their steeples, and tall trees here and there, with storks studying in earnest meditation on the margin of long ditches, assure you that, in the meantime, the land has got the best of it. Yet it is impossible not to have damp, uneasy feelings, lest by some unnoticed power of evil,—an unstopped leakage, dry rot in a sluice gate, or some mistake or other to which all things mundane are subject,—a dyke should burst, and the whole *Zuyder-zee* pour itself like a deluge over the country, leaving you and your carriage out of sight of land.

But we have arrived at *Brök*, and it is worth a peep. The only thing I had ever heard about it in history was the high state of its cleanliness, which had

gone so far that the tails of the cows were suspended by cords lest they should be soiled by contact with the ground, and afterwards be induced to switch their pure and dappled sides with their gatherings, at any moment when suddenly thrown off their guard by the bite of some unmannerly insect.

I can certify to the reality of this caudal arrangement. It seemed, however, to be more cleanly than comfortable. The most ordinary sympathy with suffering caused an irritation in one's skin, as we saw the tail suddenly checked by the string, just when about to descend upon and sweep away a huge fly busy breakfasting about the back-bone or shoulder-blade.

We sallied through *Brök* with a guide. A model village preserved in a glass case could not be more free from dust, life, or human interest. A small lake with innumerable small canals so interlace the cottages and streets, that it looks as if built upon a series of islands connected by bridges. The streets are all paved to the water's edge with small bricks. Each tree is bricked round to the trunk. Bricks keep down earth, grass, and damp, and are so thoroughly scoured and spotless that it is impossible to walk without an uneasy feeling of leaving a stain from some adhering dust of mother earth. The inhabitants (if there are any) seem to have resigned the town to sight-seekers. I am quite serious when I assure the reader, that three travellers, at eleven o'clock in a fine spring morning, watched from a spot near the centre of the village, and did not for at least ten minutes see a living thing except a cat stealing slowly towards a bird, which seemed to share the general repose. You ask, very naturally, What were the inhabitants about? I put the same question at the time in a half-whisper, but there was no one to answer. All experienced, I think, a sort of superstitious awe from the unbroken quiet, so that the striking of the clock made us start. We visited the churchyard (naturally), and found every thing arranged with the same regard to order. There were no graves; but rows of small black wooden pegs driven into the ground,

rising six inches above the grass, with a number on each, a little larger than those used for marking flowers, indicate the place where the late burghers of this Sleepy Hollow finally repose. I have never seen so prosaic and statistical a graveyard. Contrast with this the unfenced spot in a highland glen, its green grass mingling with the bracken and heather, and its well-marked grave, beside which the sheep and her lamb recline, unless roused by the weeping mourner! To live in Brök and be known after death only as a number in its churchyard, would seem to be the perfection of order and the genius of contentment. To be mentioned by widow and children like an old account, a small sum, an item less from the total of the whole—as “our poor 46,” or “our dear departed 154!” What an “*in memoriam!*” The intensity of the prose becomes pleasing to the fancy. I am not sure how far a colony of Irish navvies and pigs should not be sent to improve Brök!

On our way back to Amsterdam we may make a detour of some miles and visit Peter the Great's house at Saardam. The veritable wooden cottage is still there, being cased now in a large building to preserve it from further decay; and one cannot enter it without some emotion! It consists of two small rooms, a but-and-a-ben, as we say in Scotland, all of wood. Here Peter the Great had for some time lived in order to learn shipbuilding at the docks, not only by seeing how the work was done, but chiefly by doing the work himself. There are several tablets hung on the walls of this humble shed, telling of visits paid by crowned heads, such as one by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, “Alexander I. Benedictus Imperator hunc lapidem ipse posuit, 1822.” Another by the present emperor of Russia, “Petro Magno—Alexander, 1839.”

It is not much more than a century and a half since this wooden hut was occupied by the Czar Peter. And how strange to connect the state of Russia about that period with what it is now; how like, yet how unlike! Then Peter was creating a navy;—how formidable has it since become! Peter was then at war

with Turkey, had taken Azoff, and was planning how he should build ships to command the Black Sea, and seeking through the clergy to raise money for the purpose. That system of aggression upon Turkey and the East, begun so long ago, has only lately reached its climax, and received its first check in the taking of Sebastopol, and the destruction of the powerful Russian fleet beneath the waves of the Black Sea,—a sea which no British man-of-war had navigated until a year ago! Then Peter had founded St. Petersburg in an unknown and barren swamp; now it is the impregnable and magnificent capital of a great empire. Then Russia was successfully invaded to within a hundred leagues of Moscow by the Napoleon of his day, Charles of Sweden, who afterwards, with the aid of Turkey, nearly destroyed Peter; now Sweden has been driven from her old possessions by Russia, and fears almost to breathe in her august presence. Russia was then emerging like a wild barbarian from her unknown forests and untravelled icy plains, and was hardly recognised among the European powers; now she is taking such a part in the affairs of the world as will mould the features of our future history. Finally, a pie-boy of the name of Menschikoff had risen to eminence, become a prince, was the chief favourite and statesman of the realm, and had been successful as a general in the unequal contest against the harassed and famished, but iron-hearted Swedes, in their fatal march into the Ukraine. The same name is familiar to our ears in connexion with Russian contests and Crimean horrors, endured by soldiers who, in spite of sufferings, have performed, like the Swedes, deeds of heroic valour. As the wooden hut of Saardam is to the present imperial palace in St. Petersburg, so is the Russia of Peter to that of Alexander.

But while Russia has been advancing wonderfully since those days, Amsterdam and the Dutch have remained, like Peter's wooden palace, very much the same! The Dutch merchants at that time lived in such comfort and splendour, that the Czar Peter got a model house made that cost

him about L.1500 of our money, and is now in the museum at the Hague, which might serve as a pattern to his nobles for their domestic architecture. It is a very beautiful model indeed, and exhibits the interior in all its details, down to the most trifling ornaments—the pattern of the rugs on the floors, of the curtains on the beds, and the paper on the walls, with every tiny bit of china ornament in the sitting room, cooking-pan in the kitchen, or plaything in the nursery.

And well might the Czar envy the home of the rich Hollander! No one can visit one of the old aristocratic merchant families in Amsterdam without realising the immense advance made by the Dutch two centuries ago beyond any other mercantile community in the world. Take as a specimen the noble mansion of the V—L—s, in the Heeren Geracht—notice the well-dressed servant in livery who opens the doors—the large marble flags that pave its handsome lobbies and line their walls—the stately rooms—the large mirrors—the soft thick carpets—the tasteful grouping of old handsome furniture, and beautiful side-tables with rare and costly china, and exquisite *filagree* work in silver from Japan; while the perfume of choice flowers makes every apartment odorous. But above all, gaze upon those pictures that cover the walls of the drawing room and library! How fresh! They seem as if they had come from the hands of the painter. Exquisite flowers, with pearly drops of water, by Van Husem; Roman scenes by Uft; landscapes by Both and Ruysdael; sea-pieces by Bakhuizen; old women by Gerard Dow; village scenes and huge noes by Ostade—with other master-pieces by Van de Velde, Weenix, Berchem, and especially a magnificent Wouverman, and Metz. These have not been picked up suddenly at some sale, nor are they of doubtful authorship; but, as the venerable lady who owns them, or her delightful daughter who shows them, will tell you with honest pride, the best of these, upwards of twenty, were painted for the family, and have never been out of the house since framed in those plain black frames, and hung up on their walls by the

hands of the famous artists themselves! Here, for instance, are two grand full length portraits of their ancestors, Burgo-master S— and his wife, painted for the family by Rembrandt!

I shall never lose the impression made upon me by that beautiful and venerable house, or by the high culture and Christian character of its delightful inmates. I question if, among the Russian nobility, such a combination of goodness and elegance could yet be found. May its roof-tree never decay, or never want worthy successors to its present tenants, as long as Holland rises above the sea!

Some of the streets of Amsterdam—or rather the ranges of houses which border the grand canals, are very handsome—others, like the *Jonkerstraat*, are narrow and crowded. The Jew's quarter, like every other Jew's quarter, from Tiberias to Tobolak, is filthy, and redolent of old clothes and roguery.

If any mission on earth will make that wilderness bloom and blossom, it is the admirable Free Church Mission to the Jews in Amsterdam, conducted by the wise and excellent Mr. Schwartz.

The *Stadthaus* is fine. I was much pleased with the stucco ornaments over the door of the Hall of Bankruptcy which represent rats ducking into empty purses, and rioting in empty boxes. A printed notice, intended for the porter who shows the building, is very characteristic of Dutch formality. "*Le concierge est charge de l'empêcher avec politesse mais serieusement.*"

I was not fortunate enough to hear the organ in Haarlem, the only thing in the town much worth a visit. The cathedral was devoid of special interest, save what was afforded me by an old, dusty, cobwebbed model, hung up in an archway, of one of those grand, picturesque old Dutch ships, with immense lanterns and high poops, that somehow suggest always to me pleasant dreams of the Spanish main, the Buccaneers, and rich prizes. The Beadle also pointed out two marks in the wall, which, from the solemn air he assumed in bidding us notice them, I at once guessed to be records of some martyrdom. But the

upper mark, eight feet from the floor, recorded the height of a giant called Kejanas, and the lower, three feet high, that of a dwarf who bore the name of Simon Paap! These seem to have exhausted the ecclesiastical curiosities of Haarlem. Unfortunately we missed, by a few days, the bloom of flowers and "Dutch roots" famous in the neighbourhood. From what we saw, that sea of colour must be very beautiful when shining in its full tide of glory.

Every one knows that the Haarlem Sea has been at last drained. A noble work! I forget how many thousand acres have been pumped dry, or how many millions of tons of water have been weekly pouring out of this enormous tub for years. But the waters have finally left the earth, and the whole land is divided into *polders*, and becoming a green plain—pasturing cattle, amusing storks, supporting villages, and receiving the admiration of the industrious natives, who work and smoke their pipes in peace and safety on their fields, fifteen feet below high-water mark. Another run in the Spurweg, and a peep into Leyden and the Hague, and then we shall return home, good reader!

N.

(To be continued.)

THE BANKS IN AUTUMN.

On! now I see what beauties lay
O'er summer's close
And autumn's calm, betrothing with decay,
With her last dying rose
Sweeter than spring.

'Tis that upon consumption's cheek,
Blooming though pale,
Out of some brighter world doth gently break
And whisper a sweet tale
Of better things.

A calm awaiting seems to be
O'er leaf and wave—
A calm undressing, all so silently,
For calmness of the grave,
Unrepining.

'Tis thus, when all its wandering's past,
On the still tide
The bark doth hide its idle sail at last,
And, like a swallow, glide
Into its rest.

The noiseless brook its banks along
Winds like a lake,
244

Save stilly heard a rippling under-song,
Whose passing eddies make
Silence more still.

If haply o'er the list'ning trees
Wanders a sound,
It seems a voice come from the distant seas
Upon a message bound,
Inland and far.

Upon the dread and dim serene,
Each thought that breaks.
And every breath that stirs the quiet scene,
A mighty being speaks,
Whom we await.

Such is the awful calm they learn
Beneath Thy cross,
Who fain would sit, looking for Thy return,
And count the world but loss
Thy love to gain.

From *Thoughts in Past Years*.

SOLITUDE.

Deep solitude I sought. There was a dell,
Where woven shades shut out the eye of day,
While, towering near, the rugged mountains
made
Dark back-ground 'gainst the sky. Thither I
went,
And bade my spirit drink that lonely draught,
For which it long had languish'd 'mid the strife
And fever of the world. I thought to be
There without witness. But the violet's eye
Look'd up upon me, the fresh wild-rose smiled,
And the young pendant vine-flower kiss'd my
cheek.
And there were voices too. The garrulous
brook,
Untiring, to the patient pebbles told
Its history: up came the singing breeze,
And the broad leaves of the cool poplar spake
Responsive, every one. Even busy life
Woke in that dell. The tireless spider threw,
From spray to spray, her silver-tissued snare.
The wary ant, whose curving pincers pierced
The treasured grain, toil'd toward her citadel.
To the sweet lime went forth the loaded bee,
And from the wind-rock'd nest the mother bird
Sang to her nurslings.

Yet I strangely thought
To be alone, and silent in thy realm,
Spirit of life and love! It might not be!
There is no solitude in thy domains,
Save what man makes, when, in his selfish
breast,
He locks his joys, and bars out others' grief.
Thou hast not left thyself to Nature's round
Without a witness. Trees, and flowers, and
streams
Are social and benevolent; and he
Who oft communeth in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dress'd,
His Maker there, to teach his list'ning heart.

MRS. FERGUSON.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ITS MEN.

No. I.

WE are not willing to allow the recent meeting of the British Association to pass away without a record of it in our pages. And we therefore mean to devote a few papers to its men, its results, and its recreations. For the present, we shall confine our attention to a few of the more illustrious personages that graced the meeting with their presence.

It is true that in science and philosophy we do not experience so great a curiosity, as in other walks of distinction, to know the private history of eminent men. In the case of the soldier, the statesman, or the philanthropist, we feel that their public deeds are only half known if we are ignorant of their character as exhibited in private life, and the unreserved intercourse with friends; and hence the avidity with which the lives of men distinguished in such walks are read. This curiosity, we say, does not hold so strongly in the case of the philosopher or the man of science, still, it is difficult to repress all curiosity, or to deal with the discoverer or inventor as a pure abstraction. The lives of such men are usually uneventful, but we still like to take a peep into the quiet life which is productive of such wondrous results. In regard to mental philosophy, one of the most readable, though not one of the soundest books on the subject, is Lewes' *Biographical History of Philosophy*, to which he has imparted an unwonted interest, from his weaving the personal history of the philosopher with the exposition of his philosophy. The interest which the uneventful life of the man of science may excite, is illustrated by the many biographies of Newton, and more especially by the last elaborate one by Sir David Brewster. And we cannot envy the man who would not read the *Principia* with a double relish after perusing such interesting accounts of his private life. What new interest, too, does the history of the steam-engine derive from the private life of Watt! The great stimulus to distinction

must ever be the love of knowledge for its own sake; but the student derives no little encouragement, when pursuing his tangled path, by getting a glimpse of the inner life of the distinguished men who have lived before him, and who were perplexed with like difficulties. But we must now proceed to our more immediate object.

As in duty bound, we shall commence with the president, who is supposed to be always either eminent for science himself, or in a position to further the interests of science. Many of our scientific societies, such as the Royal Society, oscillate between science and social position in filling their posts of honour. And much can be said on either side; but there is now a levelling tendency manifested to ignore mere rank as a title to such honours. If social or political position is still to retain its claim, the honour could not, on the present occasion, be more appropriately bestowed than on the Duke of Argyle. Though not strictly speaking a man of science, he has yet a high appreciation of the results of science, and a generous sympathy with all scientific labourers. He has dipped a good deal into natural history. At a former meeting he read an interesting paper on some geological discoveries of his own; and in proposing the health of Prince Lucien Buonaparte, he referred to his early taste for ornithology; and, we doubt not, his love of nature still exercises its soothing and elevating influence upon his mind, when perplexed by the fretting cares of the state. When we saw him occupying the president's chair, we could not but vividly recal the meeting, fifteen years before, at which he was present. He was then a mere boy in a short jacket, and his yellow hair was then as luxuriant and conspicuous as now. He took no part in the proceedings; but Professor Buckland, over whose intellect a dark cloud has now gathered, predicted that he would be one of the first men of the age. It

was on that occasion, also, that he declared he would be ready to sacrifice his right hand that he might write in such a style as Hugh Miller. It was thought, at the time, that the eulogy on the Marquess of Lorne was overdone, and that it would be apt to spoil a youth, who, from his home education, was but too likely to form exaggerated and conceited notions of himself. It is greatly to his credit that he seems to have successfully resisted the evil effects of unwise adulation. It is, however, but just to the sagacious foresight of Buckland, to acknowledge that the two men who were thus so loudly lauded, occupied the most conspicuous places fifteen years afterwards. Sir Charles Lyell, at one of the evening meetings, alluded to the clan title of M'Callum More. And what a contrast does this name at once suggest! The contrast between the M'Callum More of other days, raising the slogan and brandishing the claymore, and his representative at the present day, speaking in soft and modulated phrase to learned savans and fair ladies about the progress of science and of art; and doing it so well that he far outshone the savans themselves in appropriate expression and the flow of words. The universal feeling was, that he acted his part to perfection. He had none of the awkwardness of the regular savant in such a position, and he had enough of science to carry off his well-rounded and well-modulated sentences. There was a self-possession and sense of propriety which put every one at ease, and made all the meetings at which he presided, come off with comfortable smoothness.

The next most important functionary was Mr. Phillips, the general secretary. It is owing very much to his unwearied zeal that the Association has hung together so long, for its constitution is of so loose and popular a character, that it is peculiarly liable to dissolution. Mr. Phillips is at present reader in Oxford, in the room of Buckland. He was translated there from York. He has gained considerable distinction by his works on mineralogy and geology. He is, however, a man of more extensive acquirements

than geologists in general; and he sometimes takes part in the discussions of the Mathematical and Physical Section. His distinction lies rather in the extent of his knowledge than in original research. He is up to every debatable point on geology, and he has an extraordinary readiness which serves him well in debate. His volubility is quite surprising; and though apparently heedless of the expressions he uses, he always puts the right words in the right places. Though prone to carp and cavil at young theoretical geologists, he is a general favourite, and in all excursions he is the life of the party. His quickness of eye and readiness of expression enable him to perform prodigies, when surrounded by raw geologists posing him with all imaginable questions. He has admirable skill, too, in inspiring the tyro with enthusiasm. We saw a proof of this in the case of a worthy clergyman who followed in his wake during the geological excursion along the shore of Arran, but who set out with the vaguest notions of geology. By the time, however, that he reached the end of the journey, his enthusiasm had waxed so strong, that when a vote of thanks was proposed to Mr. Phillips, he, with a pitchstone, which he had picked up as a trophy, in the one hand, and his hat in the other, rent the air with his acclamations. He felt the spirit of the philosopher rising within him; and as the birth of this spirit was due to Mr. Phillips, he could not repress his ardour. It was quite refreshing to see Mr. Phillips, on the paddlebox of the steamer, with hat in hand, acknowledging, with a multiplicity of bows and smiles, the plaudits of the admiring crowd beneath.

Sir David Brewster deserves a place in the first rank, not only for his scientific distinction, but also as one of the founders of the Association. He has taken a paternal interest in its prosperity; and it has not been an ungrateful child to him, as it has helped greatly to extend his fame. Sir David was licensed as a preacher of the Church of Scotland, though it was long currently reported that he broke down in the first sermon. This was contradicted by himself in a rather curious

way. A good many years ago, a writer in *Fraser's Magazine* gave a sketch of his life, purporting to be from the Ettrick Shepherd, and containing a good deal of waggery. Sir David wrote to the Ettrick Shepherd, who, however, was not the author, remonstrating with him, but, at the same time, sending a peace-offering in the shape of some dairy produce. In this letter of remonstrance, Sir David said that the story of his breaking down was altogether legendary, and that, on the contrary, he preached with much acceptance; and we doubt not that, if his delivery was in keeping with his attractive style of composition, he would be popular enough. As we looked upon the patriarch of the Association, with much fame and the snows of eighty years upon his head, we were vividly reminded of a story, told us some time since, illustrative of the fact that the weightiest consequences may depend on very trifling events. The shutting of a box-bed, some eighty years ago, was well nigh the cause of depriving the world of one of its brightest ornaments. The father of the future savant was the schoolmaster of the parish in which he was born; and in his dwelling was then, as in the houses of the peasantry at the present day, a bed which might be shut in very closely. Here the young philosopher was laid, shut in, and forgotten. After a considerable lapse of time he was discovered, but in so exhausted a state that his recovery was despaired of. He, however, began to gasp, and breathe more freely; and now the suffocating child is the octogenarian philosopher.

Sir David not merely affects the profundities of science, but the amenities of life; and nothing was more genial than his aspect as he threaded his way through the crowded *conversazione* room with some gentle listener on his arm. One could hardly believe, when looking on his serene and venerable features, that the stories of his being seen in other moods could really be true. The Association has, however, witnessed such scenes, shewing that the smoothest surface can be lashed into a tempest. Sir David's great antagonist is the Master of Trinity, Professor

Whewell. The history of the origin and progress of their feud would make a very long story; but we may thus far state the matter, that it commenced with a question about pin-holes, and ended with one about worlds. It is a common remark, that the bitterest quarrels are often about pin-points. In this case, it was pin-holes; and it raged with great animosity on both sides. It was in reference to the influence of small apertures on the transmitted beam of light. Sir David, in great wrath, appealed from the Master to the undergraduates of Trinity. The challenge was taken up; and one of the examination papers was devoted to the demonstration of the palpable error of Sir David. We fear we must confess that the Scottish champion came off worst in the combat. The next great question debated by the combatants, was that of the power of determining distance by vision. Here, again, the Master of Trinity was victorious. It was but too plain that Sir David was no match for him in the fields of mathematics and metaphysics. However, a most tempting opportunity for a brilliant stroke presented itself when Whewell published the anonymous work, *The Plurality of Worlds*. Here Sir David was quite at home, as he had only to deal with the popular aspects of science. Providence sometimes turns the wrath of man to good account; and, no doubt, we owe Sir David's *More Worlds than One* to his old feud with the author of the obnoxious work. Sir David, in this case, we think, came off victorious, as far as Whewell's chief argument is concerned; but in rebutting the arguments of his opponent, he falls into errors far more serious than the one at which he professes to be shocked. Indeed, Sir David must, we think, have abandoned the study of orthodox Confessions along with the gift of preaching; for he could hardly have otherwise fallen into such errors while evidently desirous of being orthodox.

We had not an opportunity of seeing Dr. Whewell since the meeting in Glasgow fifteen years ago, and the change was such that we could not at first recognise him. He has lost his florid com-

plexion, and the hoar of age is evidently creeping over him. He did little more than grace the meeting with his presence. He read no paper, and we are not aware that he joined in any discussion. He one day dropped into the section where Sir David Brewster happened, at the moment, to be making an onslaught upon him in his absence. All eyes were turned to the Master of Trinity, to see how he would take Sir David's remarks. He, however, listened only for a few moments with apparent indifference, and, as if the charges were not worthy to be listened to, turned upon his heel and departed. Many thought that the matter would not end thus, and that he would nurse his wrath till the morrow, when he would challenge Sir David to mortal combat, and all knew that Sir David would be at his post. Crowds congregated with this expectation. Sir David was there, eager for the fray; but the Master of Trinity, though present, was not forthcoming to fight, and the crowd had to turn away in disappointment. The only other occasion on which he figured was in the City Hall, when he proposed a vote of thanks to Colonel Rawlinson for his lecture. He then left an unfavourable impression of his powers of oratory. He had a great flow of words, but he had the greatest difficulty in marshalling them into their right places. It is remarkable, that one so fluent with the pen, for he is one of the most voluminous and rapid writers of the age, should exhibit such confusion and difficulty in oral address. He has also the reputation of devouring libraries—so voracious a reader is he; but without self-possession, an abundance of matter is rather an incumbrance than an aid to a speaker. And, generally speaking, after-dinner complimentary speeches are best made by men of few ideas. Whewell has, however, even in his writings, no pretensions to style. There is nothing ornate, and no attempt to round sentences. All his works have the appearance of being rapidly written, without having the benefit of careful revision. He has done good service, not only to science, but religion. His books have all a healthy tone; and although betraying, now and then, a little affecta-

tion of German mysticism, his mind is decidedly of the clear, healthy English stamp.

Professor Sedgwick is another of the oldest members of the Association, and also one of the most regular in attendance. Years are now telling upon him, and he himself alluded to the improbability of his ever being in Glasgow again on such an occasion. His style of address is very peculiar. He speaks in an off-hand, rambling way, as if talking aloud to himself. There has been a long controversy between him and Sir Roderick Murchison, though it has been carried on in a much milder spirit than that between Brewster and Whewell. Sir Roderick appropriates the whole of a system in Wales, which he calls the Silurian formation. Professor Sedgwick claims a part of it, as quite distinct in its fossil character, and he insists upon giving it the name of the Cambrian formation. The geological question then is—Is the Cambrian only a mere appendage to the Silurian, or is it a distinct formation, representing a special period, and containing characteristic fossils? The vigour with which Professor Sedgwick has asserted his right has rather inclined geologists to divide the honour, leaving, however, the lion's share to Sir Roderick.

Geologists, generally, are inclined to look up to Sir Roderick Murchison as their chief. He is not only great as a geologist, but he has other commanding qualities which enable him easily to take the lead. With the suavity and openness of the Englishman he combines the caution and sagacity of the Scotchman. His leadership is, however, not altogether undisputed, and not a few are inclined to grumble at his despotic rule; so that we have two distinct geological coteries—schools they cannot be called—as the differences are personal rather than scientific. The greater number follow Sir Roderick, and the rest are inclined to acknowledge the standard of Sedgwick or Phillips. It is difficult to see clearly the grounds for opposing sects without any distinct scientific principles; but geology is now assuming political aspects, and is able to dispense gifts and favours. This inevitably results from its many.

practical bearings on the welfare of the state, and Sir Roderick is regarded as the dispenser of any good things which geology has to bestow in its state relations.

It is one of Scotland's boasts that she has all along taken the lead in geology; and at the present moment the number of Scotch geologists of eminence is far greater than that of any other country. In proof of this we have only to mention the names of Lyell, Murchison, Miller, Ramsay, Nicoll, Bryce, Page, M'Laren, besides a host of others of minor note. The intellectual position of Scotland must mainly depend on her schools of geology and metaphysics. England must be allowed to take the lead in the higher departments of learning and science, but this not from any want of aptitude in the Scotch mind for these pursuits. The cause can be traced to the want of those fostering appliances which England possesses, so largely, in her collegiate and other institutions.

The Rev. Dr. Scoresby is another of the veteran members of the Association, and is a general favourite. He has goodness and amiability stamped on every feature. Those who, in their boyhood, were charmed with Arctic adventure by the reading of his books, would be much surprised by finding so little of the hardy adventurer in the outer man. From his pale, thin, emaciated features and slender form, you would think him the last man to cope with icebergs and polar bears. On retiring from sea he entered into the service of the Church of England. He has a living in that Church, but he constantly resides at Torquay we believe mainly for the benefit of his health. He breathes the spirit of a devout Christian, and is not ashamed to shew this among his brother savans, when fit occasions present themselves. Speaking of the probability of the lives of Franklin and his men being prolonged, more than was believed by some, he gave as one ground for his belief, that the hopes, and comforts, and responsibilities of the Christian faith would tend to sustain life, and enable them to bear up under their hardships better than if they had no such aids.

It was hoped that Mr. Airy, the Astrono-

mer-Royal, would be present, and bring his controversy with Dr. Scoresby, regarding the magnetism of ships, to a close. The latter has long devoted his attention to the subject of magnetism in general, and recently, more especially, to the magnetism of ships as affecting their compasses. In following out his researches he came to a conclusion which threw doubt upon the efficacy of a plan, devised by the Astronomer-Royal, for the correction of compasses in iron ships. This led to a controversy in the pages of the *Athenæum*, in which a good deal of warmth was displayed. Mr. Airy, who stands very much upon his dignity, refused, on this plea, to carry on the controversy any further; but he did not retire from the field till, in the opinion of the most competent judges, he had the worst of the argument. He, however, did not make his appearance at the British Association, so that Dr. Scoresby was under the necessity of expounding his views in the absence of his opponent, and his exposition appeared to bring universal conviction. The point maintained was, that an iron ship, when building, became a great magnet, with its poles in a definite direction in reference to the hull of the ship, and that when the ship put to sea, the poles, by various causes, were liable to change their position; so that a correction which was good at starting, would not serve after this change had been produced. The establishment of this point is of vital moment for the interests of commerce and the preservation of human life; and that he has established his point is now almost universally admitted.

We have alluded to the reverential spirit of Dr. Scoresby, and his readiness to make science bring its tribute to religion. No such testimony can be borne in favour of the Astronomer-Royal. The name of God, or any allusion to a Supreme Being, never occurs in his writings, though, in his popular lectures, the most favourable opportunity was presented; and in private the same reticence is observed. We have in this the evil effects of the influence of one absorbing pursuit. The higher faculties of the mind are paralysed, and everything is ignored

that cannot be reduced to a mathematical formula. The idea of a God is apt to be renounced, as it cannot be arrived at by the solution of an equation. Did Mr. Airy exhibit in the Mechanical Section some ingenious machine, in whose praises he was loud, he would be bound, in common fairness, to give the inventor's name. And is it fair or right that he should so eloquently expound the wondrous mechanism of the heavens to listening artisans, and never once mention the Author of the world-machine?

It is often asked, Whether this or that pursuit has an injurious effect upon the development of character; but, put simply in this way, the question is a very idle one. The varied intellectual pur-

suits in which a man may engage may be compared to the dishes of a varied dietary. Let a man live exclusively on one of these, and his bodily frame will likely become impoverished and enfeebled; while a harmonious and wise combination would consolidate and strengthen. As we have varied phases of intellectual and spiritual life, so, for our full development, we have need to draw aliment from very varied sources; and what would be poisonous if used exclusively, may, when properly combined, exercise a most healthful influence on our mind and character. We have much faith in the healthful influence of astronomy, but it is quite possible to be a very great astronomer and yet a very little man. B. B.

COLONEL RAWLINSON'S ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

It cannot but arrest the attention of the Christian Church, and fill it with deepest thankfulness for the goodness, and wonder at the providence of God, that, at the very time when infidelity was making one of its last and fiercest attacks upon the historical facts of Scripture, knowing well how inseparably connected these were with its revealed doctrines, confirmations of these facts, in all their minute details, should be furnished from the rubbish of cities buried in their grave before the Christian era! It is as if one rose from the dead to testify in favour of Moses and the Prophets. We have heard, with interest, how the remains of fish, which swam in the primeval seas of the old world, have been exhumed and made to enrich the fields of England, thus giving food to the sower and bread to the eater and becoming once more a means of life in the world after having been buried thousands, perhaps millions of years ago. Analogous to this economy in God's kingdom, by which nothing is wasted, but everything, sooner or later, turned to the best account, and its fragments gathered up, is the resurrection of those fossil slabs and inscriptions from the mounds of Nineveh and the ruins of Babylon, which are now made to enrich the fields of Biblical research, and to bring forth much fruit to God's glory.

We listened with great delight to Colonel Rawlinson's lecture upon Assyrian antiquities, delivered during the meeting of the British Association in Glasgow, and especially to those statements which he seemed so pleased in making, both in public and in private, of his thorough conviction, as proved, even by the Assyrian monuments, of the minute accuracy of the Old Testament in its geography, ethnography, and history.

But as the lecture which he then delivered,

was necessarily a *resumé* of what he had already said in spring before the Asiatic Society in Bombay, and which has been subsequently published in the *Athenæum* and other journals, we shall content ourselves with a few extracts that may inform and interest our readers.

THE ANTIQUITIES COLLECTED.

"They were arranged in three different classes, and were intended to illustrate three distinct periods of history. The most ancient class was Chaldean; the second was Assyrian; and the third was Babylonian. The Chaldean class consisted of relics found at the primitive capitals of Southern Chaldaea, which are now represented by the ruins of *Mupheir* (Ur of the Chaldees), of *Wark* (Erech of Genesis), of *Senkereh* (Enasar of Genesis), of *Nifor* (Acadd), and the neighbouring sites. Among the relics were stamps of the cuneiform legends impressed on the bricks of the ancient palaces and temples, a number of inscribed cones of baked clay, and a small tablet of black marble, bearing a well-preserved legend in the ancient hieratic character; and the period to which the relics belonged was stated to extend from about the twentieth to the thirteenth century B.C."

CONFIRMATION OF GENESIS XIV. 9.

"Col. Rawlinson referred to the brick legends of one of the Chaldean kings, *Imi-Dagon* by name, and shewed that by a series of dates, fortunately preserved upon the Assyrian monuments, the interval between this monarch and Sennacherib was determined to be 1186 years, so that the former king must have ascended the throne of Chaldaea in the early part of the nineteenth century B.C. But *Imi-Dagon* was not the first monarch of his line. Relics had been

obtained of several of his predecessors, one of whom was named *Kudur-mapsala*, 'the ravager of Syria,' and it was pointed out that this epithet naturally suggested an identity with the Chedor-losner of Scripture. The latter form, indeed, seemed to be a corruption of *Kudur-el-Amur*, or 'Kudur the Red,' and to refer to the king's Semitic nationality, a conflict of races at that time having pervaded the East, and the Scythian or Cushite aborigines being termed 'the black,' while the Semitic invaders were distinguished as 'the red.'"

CONFIRMATION OF JEWISH HISTORY.

"The most brilliant period of Jewish history—that is the age of David and Solomon—unfortunately admitted of no illustration from the Assyrian annals. The contemporary monarchs of Nineveh were occupied with the building of cities and the adornment of their palaces and temples, or with expeditions among the northern mountains; but they were hardly yet strong enough to provoke a contest with the organized armies of the kings of Syria. It was at the commencement of the ninth century a.c., shortly after the building of Samaria, that the Assyrians first undertook the subjugation of the countries on the Mediterranean; and from that period to the extinction of the empire, the annals of Nineveh, running in a parallel line with Jewish history, presented a series of notices, which established in the most conclusive manner the authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures. The geographical names which occurred in the Bible were also found in the inscriptions. The names of the kings of Israel and Judah, of Damascus and of Nineveh, were given in the two independent accounts under the same forms, in the same order of succession, and with the same chronological relations. The same events even were described, with that mere variation of colouring which was due to national feeling.

In the earliest expedition into Syria of this period, that undertaken by *Asar-uhar-bal*, the builder of the North West Palace at Nimrud, early in the ninth century a.c., the Assyrians did not come in direct contact with the Jews, though they overran the whole country as far south as Damascus, and even exacted tribute from the maritime cities of Phœnicia. The succeeding king, *Sihima-rah*, fought several battles with Ben Hadad, and, after the dethronement of the latter, with the usurper Hazael, while he also received rich presents from Jehu, who is called in the inscriptions the son of Omri, from having sat on the throne of Samaria. The annals of the next king, *Shamash-pul*, extended but to four years, during which the wars of the Assyrians were confined to Asia Minor and Babylonia and of his successor, *Phulukh* (the *Pul* of Scripture and *Phaloch* of the LXX.), no strictly historical record had yet been found. The interesting fact, however, had been discovered that this king married a foreign princess of the name of *Samsaremit* (or *Semiramis*), and that having lost his throne, by a domestic revolution, to a stranger of the name of Tiglath-Pileser (the Second), the upper royal line of Assyria, after a dynastic rule of 226 years, terminated in his person, all this

minutely agreeing with the fragments of Assyrian history preserved to us by the Greeks. From the death or dethronement of *Pul* commenced the second or lower Assyrian line, the epoch being marked in Babylonian history as the era of Nabonassar, and dating from a.c. 747. Of Tiglath-Pileser, the first king of the lower dynasty, annals had been found extending to his 17th year, and among his tributaries were many names which were of interest from Scriptural association, such as Menahem of Samaria, Resin of Damascus, Iiram of Tyre, the kings of Byblos, of Casias, of Carchemish, of Hamath, and even a queen of the Arabs, who seemed to have reigned in Idumea or Arabia Petraea, and who was the representative, in regard to race and station, of the famous queen of Sheba, who had visited Solomon about two and a-half centuries before.

"According to Scripture history, Tiglath-Pileser must have been succeeded by Shalmaneser, a name which had not yet been found in the inscriptions, but which had originally headed, it was believed, certain mutilated tablets recording the wars of an Assyrian monarch with Hoshea (?) king of Samaria, and with a son of Resin of Damascus."

CONFIRMATION OF 2 KINGS XVIII. AND XIX.

"Shalmaneser succeeded his father, Tiglath-Pileser, on the throne of Nineveh about a.c. 728. He laid siege to Samaria in 724-23, and while engaged in that operation was surprised by the revolt of Sargon, who ultimately drove him from power and established himself in his place a.c. 721. Sargon's first act was to bring the siege of Samaria to a close, and the account of the Samaritan captivity given in the inscriptions corresponded closely with that preserved in Scripture. Halah, Habor, indeed, and the river of Gozan, where the expatriated tribes were placed, and which had been so variously identified by geographers, were proved by the inscriptions to be represented by the modern *Nimrud*, and by the two rivers, the *Khabor* and the *Mygdonius*, the latter Greek term being a mere participial formation of Gozan, which was the original Assyrian name of the city of *Nisibis*. The annals of Sargon were preserved in great detail and were replete with notices of much historical interest. His wars were described with *Merodach Baladan*, the king of Babylon, with the kings of Ashdod, of Gaza, of Hamath, of Carchemish, and of many other Syrian cities. He received tribute from Pharaoh of Egypt, from the Queen of the Arabs and her confederate the chief of Sheba (or the Sabæans who at that period dwelt in Edom.) There was a distinct account, moreover, of the expedition to Cyprus (which was referred by the Greeks to Shalmaneser); and Sargon's memorial tablet had been discovered in the Island. The history of Western Asia, indeed, at the close of the eighth century a.c., was given in the most elaborate detail in the inscriptions of Khorsabad, which was Sargon's capital, and in every respect was found to coincide with the contemporary annals of the Jews. Verifications of still more importance had followed from the discovery of

the annals of Sennacherib, who succeeded his father Sargon in a c 702. His wars with Illucous of Sidon, and with Merodach Baladan and his sons, were in near accordance with the notices of the Greeks, and the famous Assyrian expedition, which Sennacherib led against Hesekiah of Jerusalem, as given in the native annals, coincided in all essential points (even to the numbers of the thirty talents of gold which the Jewish king paid as a peace-offering) with the Scriptural record of the event. It was not to be expected that the monarch of Assyria would deliberately chronicle his discomfiture under the walls of Jerusalem and his disastrous retreat to Nineveh; but there was the significant admission in his annals that he did not succeed in capturing the Jewish capital, and this was sufficient to attest the interposition of a miraculous power."

BIRS NIMRUD.

The origin and history of the well known ruin at Babylon called the Birs Nimrud, or Nimrod, has been long an interesting inquiry. It has by many been always recognised as the remains of the tower of Babel! But Col. Rawlinson has at last made it tell its own story, after the silence of centuries.

"A remarkable ruin, named *Birs Nimrud*, and situated on a mound in the vicinity of Babylon, had long been an object of curiosity to all travellers and antiquaries. The great height of the mound, its prodigious extent, and its state of tolerable preservation, contrasting so favourably with the shapeless heaps in the neighbourhood, had very generally suggested the identity of the ruin with the temple of Belus, so minutely described by Herodotus, and as there were large vitrified masses of brickwork on the summit of the mound, which presented the appearance of having been subjected to the influence of intense heat, conjectures that the *Birs* might even represent the ruins of the tower of Babel, destroyed by lightning from heaven, had not been unfrequently hazarded and believed. To resolve the many interesting questions connected with this ruin, Col. Rawlinson undertook last autumn its systematic examination. Experimental trenches were opened in vertical lines from the summit to the base, and wherever walls were met with they were laid bare by horizontal galleries being run along them. After two months of preliminary excavation, Col. Rawlinson visited the works, and profiting by the experience acquired in his previous researches, he was able in the course of half-an-hour's examination to detect the spots where the commemorative records were deposited, and to extract, to the utter astonishment of the Arabs, from concealed cavities in the walls, the two large inscribed cylinders of baked clay which were exhibited to the meeting, and which were now in as fine a state of preservation as when they were deposited in their hiding-place by Nebuchadnezzar above twenty-five centuries ago. From these cylinders it appeared that the temple had been originally built by the king *Merodach-adan-akki* at the close of the twelfth century a.c., and probably in celebration of his victory over Tiglath-Pileser I; that it had subsequently fallen into ruin, and had been in consequence subjected to

a thorough repair by Nebuchadnezzar in about a c. 580. The curious fact was further elicited, that it was named the 'Temple of the Seven Spheres,' and that it had been laid out in conformity with the Chaldean Planetary System, seven stages being erected, one above the other, according to the order of the seven planets, and their stages being coloured after the hue of the planets to which they were respectively dedicated. Thus the lower stage, belonging to Saturn, was black; the second, sacred to Jupiter, was orange; the third, or that of Mars, was red; the fourth, of the Sun, golden; the fifth, of Venus, white; the sixth, of Mercury, blue; and the seventh, of the Moon, a silvery green. In several cases these colours were still clearly to be distinguished, the appropriate hue being obtained by the quality and burning of the bricks; and it was thus ascertained that the vitrified masses at the summit were the result of design and not of accident,—the sixth stage, sacred to Mercury, having been subjected to an intense and prolonged fire, in order to produce the blue slag colour, which was emblematical of that planet. It further appeared, that we were indebted to this peculiarity of construction for the preservation of the monument, when so many of its sister temples had utterly perished, the blue slag cap at the summit of the pile resisting the action of the weather, and holding together the lower stages, which would otherwise have crumbled, while it also afforded an immovable pedestal for the upper stage and for the shrine which probably crowned the pile. The only other point of interest which was ascertained from the cylinders was, that the temple in question did not belong to Babylon, but to the neighbouring city of Borsippa,—the title of *Birs*, by which it is now known, being a mere abbreviation of the ancient name of the city."

Col. Rawlinson in his lecture told very simply, but with great effect, what would have astonished ourselves as well as the Arabs, how he told the Arab to make a hole in the wall, put in his hand, and take out the baked cylinders! It did look like magic. But what magic is so wonderful as that of science!

We shall conclude with two more extracts. The first seems unquestionably to prove a

CONFIRMATION OF THE HISTORY OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.—DAN. iv. 30-37.

"The famous slab of Nebuchadnezzar which is deposited in the Museum of the India House, contained a description of the various works executed by Nebuchadnezzar at Babylon and Borsippa, which so nearly corresponded with the account of Berosus quoted by Josephus, that it would hardly be doubted the Chaldean historian had consulted the original autographic record; and here was introduced the notice of a most remarkable passage of the India House inscription, which seemed to contain the official version adopted by the king of that terrible calamity which overtook him in the midst of his career. Abruptly breaking off from the narrative of the architectural decoration of Babylon, the inscription denounced the Chaldean astrologers; the king's heart was hardened against them; he would grant no benefactions for religious pur-

poes; he intermitted the worship of Merodach, and put an end to the sacrifice of victims; he laboured under the effects of enchantment (?) There is much that is extremely obscure in this episcodical fragment; but it really seemed to allude to the temporary insanity of the monarch, and at its close, when the spell was broken which had been cast over him, the thread of the argument, having reference to the building of Babylon, was resumed."

CONFIRMATION OF THE HISTORY OF BEL-SHAZZAR.—DANIEL V.

"After a brief notice of Nebuchadnezzar's successors, *Evil Merodach*, and *Neriglissor* (Neriglissor of the Greeks), Col. Rawlinson proceeded to explain his last discovery of importance, which established the fact of the eldest son of Nabonidus having been named *Belshazzar*, and that pointed the way to the reconciliation of profane and sacred history in regard to the capture of Babylon by Cyrus. Relics of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon, abounded, not only at Babylon and Borsippa, but in Southern Chaldea also. From the ruins of a temple to "the Moon," which had been recently excavated at "Ur of the Chaldees," four perfect cylinders of this king had been recovered, which were now placed on the table, together with the fragments of a hollow barrel cylinder of the same period. The latter relic contained a detailed account of the various works of Nabonidus throughout the empire, and was particularly valuable in mentioning the monarchs who founded and repaired the temples in the different capitals, and in establishing their chronological succession. The four smaller cylinders, which all bore the same inscription, referred particularly to the history of the temple of 'the Moon' at Ur of the Chaldees. In both legends the architectural description was finished with a special prayer and invocation for the welfare of the king's eldest son, *Belshazzar*; and as this substitution of the name of the king's son for that of the king himself was an isolated example, and totally at variance with ancient usage, the only reasonable

explanation seemed to be that *Belshazzar* (abbreviated in Daniel to *Belshazzar*, as *Neriglissor* was shortened by the Greeks to *Neriglissor*) had been raised by the king during his life-time to a participation in the imperial dignity. On the supposition then—that there were two kings reigning at the same time in Babylon—it could well be understood that Nabonidus, the father, may have met the Persians in the open field, and after his defeat may have thrown himself into the stronghold of Borsippa, as stated by Berosus; while *Belshazzar*, the son, may have awaited the attack of the enemy in Babylon, and have fallen under that awful visitation of the divine vengeance which is described in the book of Daniel. That the eldest son of Nabonidus, indeed, who is distinctly named *Belshazzar* in the cylinders of *Mugheir*, could not have survived the extinction of the empire, is rendered certain by the fact, that when a revolt of the Babylonians took place at the commencement of the reign of Darius Hystaspes, the impostor who personated the heir to the kingdom, and called his countrymen to arms, assumed the name of '*Nabuhadruchur*, the son of Nabunit' (see inscription of Behistun), the rights of the eldest son having descended to the second. As the cylinders exhibited to the meeting were the only solitary documents on which the name of *Belshazzar* had been ever found, apart from the pages of Daniel, they were objects of special interest, and would no doubt be reckoned among the choicest treasures of the British Museum."

The following fact is extremely curious:—

MATHEMATICAL CUBE.

"The only other object of interest was a small cube of ivory, bearing on it certain mathematical tables, which were inscribed, however, in a character so minute, as to be almost invisible until examined with a strong magnifying glass; and it was suggested that from this specimen alone we might reasonably believe the Assyrians to have been in the habit of manufacturing lenses, and to have been thus considerably advanced in a knowledge of the science of optics!"

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

BOOKS FOR THE SOLDIERS.

We promised our readers to insert the following list of the books sent to Scutari, through the Glasgow Mission, as reported by our Chaplain, Mr. Macnair. Since his letter was written, the last box, sent from his late parishioners in Greenock, containing also a communion cup, has arrived safely at its destination, so that every gift to the Hospital, made through our Chaplains, is now accounted for.

"Scutari, Sept. 5, 1855.

"My dear Sir,—It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge yours of the 22d ult., received this morning. I will try and give as succinct a reply as I can, though I am not sure that at this moment it will be in my power to give a complete list of all the books and tracts which have been sent to the Presbyterian chaplains, on behalf of the Mission to Scutari. With regard to those sent to the care of Mr. Ferguson or myself, I am happy to be able now to state that, so far as we know, no books have gone amissing; that every box shipped from Britain to our care has either reached in safety, or has been sent

at so recent a date that it has not had time yet to arrive.

"The following list is arranged in the order in which the several boxes were despatched, and embraces generally a summary of their contents, and, as far as can be ascertained, the dates of their arrival. When not otherwise indicated, it will be understood that these boxes have been sent by your Committee.

"No. 1, containing 100 Bibles, and some parcels of books and tracts, came out before either of your missionaries was here, and was forwarded to the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Presbyterian chaplain, in the Crimea.

"No. 2, sent from Glasgow, on the 28th December last, by the 'Cicero,' containing 150 Testaments, 12mo; 50 ditto, 24mo; 100 copies The Sinner's Friend, 12 dozen copies The Leisure Hour, 12 dozen copies Sunday at Home, 12 dozen copies Christian Treasury, 8 dozen copies Chambers' Journal, 6 dozen copies Household Words, and 14 parts Companion for Afflicted.

"No. 3, sent from Glasgow, on 12th February, by the 'Rattlesnake,' containing 100 large 8vo Testaments. One or other, or both of these boxes, contained, in addition to the above, 18 copies of the Mountain Sketch-book, in Gaelic, by the Rev. Dr. M'Leod; 5 dozen copies of a small book of prayers, in Gaelic, by the late Rev. Dr. Smith, of Campbelltown; 3 or 4 dozen numbers of the Edinburgh Christian Magazine, and a parcel from a kind friend in Edinburgh (Mr. William M'Kerrell), the contents of which were as under:—

"2 copies Cecil's Remains, 3 Old Gospel Way, 2 Baxter's Call, 3 Ryle's Plain Speaking, 3 The Church in the Army, 1 Owen on Indwelling Sin, 2 Perfect Peace, 2 Rutherford's Letters, 2 Alleine's Alarm, 2 Alleine's Life and Letters, 2 James's Anxious Inquirer, 2 James's Christian Progress, 2 Bunyan's Choice Works, 3 Life of Newton, 3 Life of Col. Gardiner, 6 Olney Hymns, 6 Come to Jesus, 6 Sinner's Friend, 6 'Fear Not.'

"These two boxes, after some unaccountable delay, arrived, and were delivered to the Rev. Mr. Fergusson on the 16th August last.

"No. 4, containing about 500 copies of Dr. Gillan's Sermon on the War with Russia, presented by the minister, elders, and deacons of St John's Parish, Glasgow, delivered to Mr. Fergusson on 16th August, along with Nos. 2 and 3.

"No. 5, sent from Glasgow on 18th May, containing 50 Testaments, 12mo; 50 ditto, 24mo; and the following books and tracts:—72 Ryle's Tracts, at 2d.; 24 ditto, at 3d.; 6 Bogatsky's Treasury,

12 Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 12 Clarke's Scripture Promises, 48 Collects, 24 Miracles, 72 Parables, 24 Sermon on Mount, 60 Christian Treasury, 53 Leisure Hour, 53 Sunday at Home, 54 Sinner's Friend, 6 packets Ryle's Plain Speaking, 15 Bloomfield's Prayers, 19 Willison's Christian Directory, 2 copies M'Leod's Earnest Student, 6 Life of Col. Gardiner, 6 Guthrie's Great Interest, 6 Ryle's Spiritual Songs, 12 doz. Psalms in Metre—Scotch version; 1 copy Lieut. St. John's 'All is Well,' 1 Bunyan's Grace Abounding, 1 Baxter's Call, 1 Gospel Call, 2 copies M'Laurin on Glorifying in Christ, 1 Cecil's Visit, 1 Henry's Daily Communion.

"No. 6, sent from Glasgow on 18th May, containing 50 Testaments 24mo, and a parcel of books from Paton and Ritchie, ordered by your committee.

These two boxes also contained 30 copies Morren's Sermons, the gift of the author's widow; several dozens of the Shorter Catechism, the gift of the Marchioness of Bute. They having been given into my care, I brought them with myself by the "Cormorant" from Woolwich, and had them landed at Scutari on the 15th June.

"No. 7, the gift of Messrs. Bagster and Sons, London, sent by the 'Teneriffe' from Liverpool, about 18th July, containing 250 copies of the Polymicrion New Testament, with parallel references, and a few notes, bound in cloth, and lettered, 'For the British Army in the East;' 200 copies, the Polyglott New Testament (English version), in neat flexible binding, and gilt edges; 6 copies of the same, interleaved with the Treasury of Parallel References, delivered to me at Scutari on 13th August last.

"No. 8, containing, besides a pulpit gown from your Committee, and a communion cup from some kind friends in Gourrock, a collection of books and tracts from the children and teachers of the Gourrock Sabbath School. From the date at which this box was made up, it has not yet arrived, but is expected shortly.

"In addition to the foregoing, the Rev. Mr. Drennan has, on several occasions, received boxes of Bibles and other books. One box of Bibles, through Dr. Grant, from the Scottish Bible Society; a large box of books and tracts from a bookseller in London; a second lot of Bibles and Testaments, through an officer at Scutari; and a large box from Mrs. Dr. Muir of Edinburgh, containing, in addition to a quantity of winter clothing, a few dozen Bibles and other books, from Abercorn, sent through the Rev. Mr. Playfair.

"The Rev. Mr Johnston, at Kululee, has also received, the other day, a box of Bibles from the Scottish Bible Society.

"As to the distribution of the foregoing, in addition to No. 1, some few of the books contained in other boxes had been sent to the Crimea; and of the others, some have been lent out or put into the libraries; copies of the Scripture, and one or two other books have been given away, and a large stock yet remains for future use. The large box, No. 5, was intended for the hospital at Smyrna, if required there; but as the invalids have been nearly all removed elsewhere, it was never sent. In consideration, however, of this intention of the Committee, I hope to be able, when the new hospital at Renkioi, on the Dardanelles, is opened, to make up from the stock on hand a box to be sent thither.

"It will be seen, from the fact of Nos. 2, 3, and 7, containing together 750 Testaments of various sizes and editions, being delivered towards the middle of last month, and within a few days of one another, that, as far as this portion of the Word is concerned, there is at present no lack. There are also a good many Bibles on hand. What is most wanted, is a small copy of the Bible, such as a soldier can most easily find room for in his knapsack, and which, from its portability and smallness of bulk, may afford him the least possible temptation to leave it behind when called upon to change his quarters. Our stock of such is for the present limited.

"The Psalms and Paraphrases are bound up with all the copies of the Scriptures in the fore-mentioned lots, with the exception of those in No. 7.

"I have thus done my best to give you, 'by return of post,' an answer to poor A.'s note, remembering that, while to many readers a dry catalogue of books may prove a most uninteresting page; there may be others who wish to know whether their books have reached; some who may be curious to know what kind of reading we put into the hands of the soldiers; and some who may be glad of a hint for their guidance in the future. We have too many *large* testaments. A few are very well for use in the hospitals; but in nine cases out of ten, small copies are preferred for the knapsack.

"The Leisure Hour, and Sunday at Home, &c., &c., I have found very useful for giving to men going home to read on the voyage. They are less dependent on those in hospital, as books can be had from the libraries. But the stock of these periodicals at present on hand is ample for a long time to come.

"I wrote you so lately, that I have little to add. Drennan leaves to-morrow for the Crimea, and then I am left alone. I am thankful to say that I am in the enjoyment of excellent health, and, looking forward to Fergusson's return, I can go on hopefully. But if you can, I wish you would send another with or before him. Thank you for the tract. When the communion cup arrives, which I expect will be in a week or two, Johnston (Kululee) and I will likely arrange to have the communion dispensed either here or there. It should have been earlier, when our numbers were greater. But we shall likely not delay now.

"I have met almost no Gaelic-speaking soldiers; so I shall have to keep many of the Prayer-books by me for a time."

The Secretary of the Mission has received Mr. Macnair's journal for July and August, which will be printed in our next number. Mr. Fergusson's health, we rejoice to say, is rapidly improving.

MISSIONARY RECORD OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND FOR OCTOBER.

WE are not in the habit of noticing periodicals of any kind, but we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers to, and expressing our thankfulness for, the October Number of the *Record* now before us. For months and years the *Record* has been dragging on its weary way, few caring for it, fewer reading it,—even those who once urged a speedy reform in the mode of conducting it ceasing to do so in despair, and almost forgetting its existence,—the most zealous ministers unable to circulate it, because members would not read it,—and what might and ought to have been, in the hands of a properly organized and vigorous mission body, a chief means of advancing the cause of missions, sunk down into dry statistics, and details of little interest to any one. But we rejoice to observe unmistakable evidences of some life in it now, whoever has put it into the old dry bones. We have a wider range of topics than before, and the vain attempt is given up of extracting matter from our schemes alone sufficient to support a monthly periodical. In this number we have such topics as these: "India," "Indian Missionary Statistics," "Trade and Moral-

ity," "Sketches from the History of Missions," with all that can interest our people anent our Schemes, followed by "Notices of Books," and "Poetry!" With all our hearts, we say go on and prosper! Let us have a few such numbers as the present to assure us that this one is a specimen of what we are to get in future, and we may safely predict that the *Record*, instead of being a compara-

tively useless and expensive periodical, will become a powerful engine for good, increase its circulation by thousands, and be remunerative, both directly and indirectly, to our missions. There is surely at last a regular editor at the helm, with his heart in his work. May he be blessed in it, and continue at it! I am sure our respected and valued missionaries abroad say "Amen."

Notices of Books.

Pilgrimage from the Alps to the Tiber; or, the Influence of Romanism on Trade, Justice, and Knowledge. By Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot.

DR. WYLIE is well acquainted with Rome and the Romans, and his book is pleasantly written, and contains picturesque descriptions of Italian scenery and manners, with racy illustrations of the malign influence exercised by Popery upon trade, justice, and knowledge. If it has any fault, it is its ultramontane Protestantism. The book is true; but truth more favourable to the Romans might, we think, have been added to its observations. To judge of the influence of Romanism, one would require to take into account the prosperous state of Belgium or France, as well as the wretched condition of Spain or Italy.

The book, however, is a good book, which we have pleasure in recommending. We give a short extract.

ROMAN TRADE.

"You may imagine, then, the condition of the Papal States, when I state that iron is all but unknown in them. It is about as rare and as dear as the gold of Uphaz. And why is it so? There is abundance of iron in our country; water-carriage is anything but expensive; and the iron manufacturers of Britain would be delighted to find so good a market as Italy for their produce. Why, then, is iron not imported into that country? For this simple reason, that the Church has forbidden its introduction. Strange, that it should forbid so useful a metal where it is so much needed. Yet the fact is, that the Pope has placed its im-

portation under an as stringent prohibition almost as the importation of heresy: perhaps he smells heresy and civilization coming in the wake of iron. The duty on the introduction of bar-iron is two baiocchi la libbra, equivalent to fifty dollars, or £12, 10s., per ton; which is about twice the price of bar-iron in this country. This duty is prohibitive of course.

"The little iron which the Romans possess they import mostly from Britain, in the form of pig-iron; and the absurdity of importing it in this form appears from the fact that there is no coal in the States to smelt it,—at least none has as yet been discovered; wood-char is used in this process. When the pig-iron is wrought up into bar-iron, it is sold at the incredible price of thirty-eight Roman scudi the thousand pounds, which is equivalent, in English money, to £23 15s. per ton or four times its price in Britain. The want of the steam engine vastly augments the cost of its manufacture. There is a small iron-work at Terni, eighty miles from Rome, which is set down there for the advantage of water-power, which is employed to drive the works. The whole raw material has to be carted from Rome, and, when wrought up, carted back again, adding enormously to the expense. There is another at Tivoli, also moved by water-power. The whole raw material has, too, to be carted from Rome, and the manufactured article carted back, causing an outlay which would soon more than cover the expense of steam-engine and fuel. At Terni some sixty persons are employed, including boys and men. The manager is a Frenchman, and most of the workmen are Frenchmen, with wages averaging from forty to fifty baiocchi; labourers at the works have from twenty-five to thirty baiocchi per day,—from a shilling to fifteenpence."

Sermon.

THE SPIRITUAL SEBASTOPOL.

By the Rev. W. HERDMAN, Minister of Rattray.

"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."—PROVERBS XVI. 32.

JUDGING from recent events, the taking of a city, provided it be a city strongly fortified and numerous garrisoned, is one of the mightiest works which can be accomplished.

They who lately took such a city, have exhibited endurance the most heroic, and bravery the most daring. They have filled our land with joy, crowned themselves with honour, and (it is to be hoped) given a deadly blow to the attempts of ambitious despotism. When we read of the fearful conflict,—the hail-storm of deadly shot through which they had to pass,—the blind but undaunted leap into the enemy's entrenchments,—and when we remember that this was preceded by a year of incessant fatigue, watching, exposure to atmospheric inclemency, and often hunger, thirst, and nakedness,—we can scarcely think that for such heroes any applause can be too great, or any honours too high.

And yet we have in the text the assertion of the wisest of men, that there is a character still more heroic and praiseworthy,—a character, it must be confessed, which sounds tame and uninteresting in comparison with the other: "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

In endeavouring to justify this declaration of Solomon, I do not think it necessary to enter into any critical examination of the words which compose it, believing that they are sufficiently plain and unequivocal for all practical purposes. By "better," I presume you will understand "superior," or "preferable to;" and by "spirit," all the inner man to which the term "ruling" can apply,—all that is susceptible of being

governed by the individual's reason, understanding, and will.

I will first inquire what is implied in "ruling the spirit," and then in what respects this is "better than taking a city."

1. As to what is implied in "ruling the spirit."

Man's spirit is here spoken of as something which requires ruling, which is in danger of rebelling against him, and which ought to be ruled by him.

It is evidently supposed that man's spirit is, or may be, in a state of rebellion and warfare against him. And this is, indeed, the case. His passions, his affections, and his desires, are frequently in opposition to his judgment and his conscience, especially if his judgment has been enlightened by the Word of God, and his conscience renewed by the Holy Ghost. Otherwise, there may be none of this opposition,—not because the passions are not opposed to man's best interests, but because judgment and conscience are also on the same side,—the side of the enemy of man's welfare; or, if not on the enemy's side *positively*, they are so *negatively*; unawakened and indifferent, they perceive not the necessity of the spirit being subdued and brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ. But when the judgment, and conscience, and will, have been enlightened and aroused to a sense of truest interest, they perceive the necessity of such a subjugation. Every fortress of the inner man had been formerly possessed by sin. The conscience was dulled, the judgment perverted, the will rendered backward to good, while all the passions were most actively opposed in

hostile array against holiness and true happiness.

Now, when a soul is converted, although many of these strongholds of sin are at once cast down, it is not so with them all; otherwise the exhortation in the text to rule the spirit had been unmeaning. The unconverted (be it remembered) cannot rule their spirits. As well might the lame walk, or the dumb speak. This can be done only by the spiritually awakened and enlightened. And although, when they were first enlightened and awakened, many of the strongholds of sin were cast down, it is not so with them all. And even after, although sin may be dispossessed of them all, he (I mean sin) is not contented with such an exclusion. He seizes every opportunity to regain one fortress after another; and, although he should not be able to retain them permanently, yet he tries to seize them as often and to hold them as long as possible.

Although the conscience may be awakened, the judgment enlightened, and the will brought over to the service of Christ, yet it often happens that various spiritual strongholds remain (if not in the power of) at least exposed to the inroads of sin. Even in the very best men, how often does sin seize hold on some part of the character,—on some predominating passion or feeling,—and for a while keep possession! How often does he fill the heart with pride, anger, envy, worldly-mindedness, and various unholy passions! But at first, at the outset of the individual's Christian career, when he first becomes a soldier of Christ, it is much worse. To his appalled mind, every part of his character seems a fortress of Satan, a habitation of dragons, and a cage of every unclean bird. He almost despairs of expelling the unholy occupants, and had he no higher strength than his own to rely on, he might well despair indeed. But, like Israel when warring with Amalek, his motto is, "Jehovah-Nissi"—*God is my banner*—and therefore he can say, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

He wars, indeed, not with flesh and blood, but with principalities, and powers of darkness, and spiritual wickedness. He has to resist and subdue evil habits which may have had for years an unchecked dominion. He has to fight against the force of evil example, and the influence of those whose intimacy with him would be apt to lead him astray; and, above all, he has to quell those frequent upspringings of pride, anger, sensuality, and other sins, which arise in his own heart, and which Satan takes every opportunity of rearing out of his original sinful nature.

Such are some of the duties and conquests required of him who ruleth his spirit,—who ruleth it so that it is in accordance with truth and conscience, and the Word of God. It remains,—

2. That we justify the declaration of Solomon: "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Now, it does not necessarily follow that the man who rules his spirit, and the man who takes a city, are always different persons. Both reason and Scripture allow that war, though in many respects an evil, is yet often a *necessary* evil. Reason tells us that it would be wrong in any country, having the power of preventing it, to allow its liberty, religion, or privileges to be endangered; and that, in such cases, to have recourse to war would be choosing the less evil of the two. And Scripture, though it forbids *individuals* to return evil for evil—for "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay"—yet tells us that God has constituted *rulers* His ministers or substitutes in this respect, for they "bear not the sword in vain, but are the ministers of God, avengers to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil."

It is not to be supposed, then, that a soldier may not be a good man, or that he who helps to take a city may not be one of those who rules his spirit. And in the late siege we have had abundant proof of the fact. Many of those who have there fought have been of the number of those who fight the fight of faith. Among those who have helped to take

that city, doubtless there are many who are in the habit of ruling their spirits with Christian fortitude.

But this fact takes not from the meaning or the truth of the text. Solomon means that the spiritual warfare is greater and nobler than the physical, whether they co-exist in the same individual, or are found separately.

The ruling of the spirit, in either case, is better than the taking of a city.

It is better in its principles, better in its manifestations, and better in its results.

It is better in its *principles*. The acting principles of him who takes a city are, at the very best, loyalty, patriotism, and obedience to authority. They are often meaner principles than these; revenge, plunder, conquest, have often, too often, been the motives which have guided the captors of cities. But the highest motives which can be assigned are those we have mentioned; and let us not disparage them; they are noble, and, for the purpose in view, they are all that can be desired. But what we say is, that the motives of him who rules his spirit are, by the nature of things and the necessity of the case, far higher. *His* motives relate not to time so much as to eternity. The Sovereign whom *he* obeys is the King of kings. *His* leader is the Lord Jesus Christ. *He* considers not merely the honour of his country, but the glory of God and the good of men's souls.

It is better, also, in its *manifestations*. He that takes a city has to manifest courage, vigilance, and much endurance. He who rules his spirit has to manifest all these, and under more trying circumstances, and against more subtle enemies. It was mentioned by Christ as an aggravation of the trials of the first Christians, that a man's foes should be those of his own household; but the spiritual warfare of every Christian is more distressing still, for his foes here are those of his own *heart*. What watchfulness is required against anger, pride, and carnality—what courage against false shame and the fear of man's opinion—and what endurance under trial, poverty, and undeserved obloquy,—are

known only to the Christian warrior. And too often those who have displayed the greatest physical heroism have been utterly foiled by the least of these spiritual adversaries.

It is better, also, in its *results*. Great and good as is the work of freeing a nation from fear of invasion and of bondage, greater still is the benefit which flows from the warfare of the Christian. Even were there nothing but the salvation of his own soul, *that* we know is more valuable than a whole physical world.

But his work does not end with his *own* soul. He seeks to convert sinners from the error of their ways, save souls from death, hide a multitude of sins, and create joy even in heaven. He is of those who are the salt of the earth, those by whose presence it is preserved from utter corruption, those on account of whose presence in it God continues to it a time of long-suffering mercy, and pours not out upon it His just wrath speedily.

If you seriously consider these things, I think you will allow that "better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

You have, therefore, no cause to envy the honour of those who at Sebastopol have crowned themselves with glory, for you are each called to a greater, a nobler conflict. Your own spirits are to be your Sebastopol, and every sinful passion which exalts itself is a fortress against which your assaults are to be directed. Does anger elevate itself? Are you given to wrath? Or does pride make itself strong? Or do fleshly lusts obtrude themselves? Or does worldly-mindedness entrench its low but stubborn earth-works?

Then in every such case regard the one or the other of these as the tower or fortress to which your general directs you, and which you are to attack.

And be not staggered at the difficulty of the work. Greater is He that is with you than all that are against you.

You are enjoined by an apostle to take to you the whole armour of God, the girdle of truth, the breastplate of righteousness, the shoes of peace, the shield of faith, the helmet of the hope of salvation,

and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. But, besides all this spiritual armour which is supplied by the doctrines of the Gospel, there is one thing more which the apostle in the same place tells us is necessary, namely, prayer: "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto." Thus armed, and thus by prayer receiving strength from on high, you will not be allowed to fall before the temptations of Satan, the evil example of the world, or the seductions of the flesh.

And in the reward you will at last receive, you will find a demonstration of the truth: "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." "They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." All human applause will be forgotten when God says: "Well done, good and faithful servants." And all earthly honours will be felt to be nothing when you "enter into the joy of your Lord."

Finally, I may add that, by ruling your spirits and warring against sin, you will thus be fellow-workers of those who are fighting their country's battles with the sword and the bayonet. God is the Lord of hosts. All war is an appeal to *Him*. And He has decreed that righteousness shall exalt a nation, and sin be a reproach to, and bring degradation on, any people. According to our fidelity to God, then, may we look for God giving us national blessings; plenty and prosperity, and (which may He speedily restore to us) the invaluable blessing of an honourable and lasting peace.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,
"He giveth His beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our Beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved—
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep—
The senate's shout for patriot vows—
The monarch's crown to light the brows—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

What do we give to our Beloved?
A little faith, not all improved—
A little dust to overweep—
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake—
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

"Sleep soft, Beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Oh Earth! so full of dreary noises;
Oh men! with wailing in your voices;
Oh delved gold! the wailer's heap;
Oh strife! oh curse! that o'er it fall;
God makes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Tho' on its slope men toil and reap!
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

Yea! men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man,
Sufficient such a rest to keep,
But angels say—and through the word
The motion of their smile is heard,
"He giveth His beloved sleep."

For me—my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
Seeing through tears the juggler leap—
Would fain its wearied vision close,
And, oh! like, on His love repose
Who "giveth His beloved sleep."

And friends, dear friends! when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me;
When round my bier ye crowd to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, "not a tear must o'er her fall,
He giveth His beloved sleep."

E. B. BROWNING.

A sense of an earnest will
To help the holy living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have no power of giving:
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless;
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless:
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing—but they are all!

R. M. MILNES.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest, lives the
longest."

T. MARTINEAU.

FUTURE SIN AND FUTURE PUNISHMENT.

THERE are many who see no reason why punishment should not end in a future state, yet never consider how sin is to end. The idea which they have formed of punishment is that of a mere arbitrary annexation of a certain amount of suffering in the next world to a certain amount of crime committed in this—so many stripes for so many sins; and, as if obvious injustice were inflicted on men, they exclaim, surely such and such sins do not deserve such and such punishment! But if sin itself, by an eternal moral necessity, carries with it its own punishment, even as the shadow accompanies the substance, then the real question in regard to the ending of future woe, is reduced into the deeper one of the ending of future sin. And if so, what evidence have we from any one source whatever to inspire the hope, that the man who enters the next world loving sin and therefore suffering punishment, shall ever cease to sin and thereby cease to suffer? It must, remember, be admitted as an indisputable fact, that life eternal can only coexist with a right state of the soul. "This is life eternal, to know Thee and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." Up to the moment in which the spirit turns with filial confidence and obedience to God, there cannot be a cessation either in the curse that must ever rest upon enmity and disobedience, or in the pain which must ever be produced by so terrible a malady. Some time or other, be it near or remote, in one year or in a million, there must be repentance in the sinner, a turning away from sin with hate to it, and to God in love to Him, as the only possible means of bridging over the otherwise impassable gulph that separates the bad from the good, or hell from heaven. There is no salvation for man but from sin; there is no restoration for him but to love. But if this change in the sinner is not accomplished in this world, how can it be accomplished in any place of even limited punishment? In what conceivable way is a moral and responsible being, who ends this life and begins another

at enmity to God, rejecting Christ, disbelieving the Gospel, dead in trespasses and in sins, hateful and hating, to be made holy after death and before entering heaven, by a temporary discipline of mere suffering? What advantages for the attainment of piety will the bad man possess elsewhere that are denied him here? If all that God has done to gain his heart, has so far failed up till the hour of his death, that he is morally unfit for the society or joys of heaven, what appliances can we conceive of more likely to influence the will and gain the affections in a prison-house set apart for the reformation of the impenitent? Does any reader of these lines despise God's counsel now, and reject all His reproofs, from the infatuated notion that some limited course of suffering and of discipline hereafter will atone for his crimes and prepare him for the fellowship of heaven? If there be such, let me address him personally, and beseech of him to examine well the ground on which he intends to build a house so high, whose ruin, if it fall, will be great indeed. You would not utterly despair if you even died impenitent. This is your last consolation, because you have made up your mind that, though there must be suffering awaiting you, it cannot be endless, and that some time or other your character will be so much changed as to warrant the Saviour to say, what it is acknowledged He could not say to you now, "Well done, good and faithful servant!" If these are your expectations, do consider on what evidence they are founded. Do you expect to meet, in this supposed place of punishment and reformation, more loving friends to win you by such solemn counsels and tender ministrations as earth did not afford? Do you look for daily returning mercies and sources of enjoyment more rich and varied there than those possessed here, in order to bring you back to God,—a healthier body, a happier home, holier society, a more beautiful world with fairer skies and brighter landscapes, or any of those innumerable blessings which

have such a tendency to tame and soften the rudest nature? Do you anticipate means of grace more powerfully calculated to enlighten the mind, convince the understanding, bend the will or draw the affections of the heart towards God? Shall Sabbaths of deeper rest dawn upon you, or sacraments of more healing virtue be administered? Shall retreats be afforded where God's Word may be read and prayer enjoyed with more undisturbed repose? Shall the Gospel be preached more faithfully, and shall a more loving and pious people be found there than here to assemble for public or private worship? Shall a Saviour be offered more able or willing to save, and the Spirit of God be poured down upon the burning soil in more plenteous or life-giving pentecostal showers? Is this what you picture to yourselves of the place in which you expect to atone for past sins by limited suffering? Impossible! You are thinking of a world better and more glorious than the present;—not of a hell but of a heaven. But even if there were such a place prepared for the impenitent and wicked, what conceivable security would there be that a new mind and spirit would be the necessary result of such new and enlarged benefactions? We must assume that the power of sinning shall remain, or otherwise man's responsibility would cease, and punishment thereby become mere cruelty. But if sin is thus possible because responsibility exists, then why may not the sinner there indulge in the same selfishness, disobedience, and rebellion which characterized him here?—Why may it not be with him as with many a man who loves sin in the low haunts of profligacy and crime, but loves it still though brought into circumstances of greater comfort and among society of greater godliness? But should it be otherwise,—should the supposed place of future punishment have none of those advantages of which I have spoken, and the objector is forced by the necessity of the case to assume their absence, at least for a limited period, and to admit, in some form or other, the presence of a dread and mysterious sorrow,—I ask again, on what grounds

do you conclude that this anticipated punishment shall itself possess such a healing virtue as to produce, some time or other, that love to God which, up till this moment, has never been produced in you, and which, arguing from your own past experience, will never be produced as long as you live on earth? You attach, perhaps, some omnipotent power to mere suffering, and imagine that if hatred to sin and love to God are all that is needed, then a short experience of the terrific consequences of a godless past must ensure a godly future. Why do you think so? Is this the effect which mere punishment generally produces on human character? Is its tendency to soften or to harden the heart—to fill it with love or with enmity? It cannot fail, indeed, to make the sufferer long for deliverance from the pain; but does it follow that he thereby longs for deliverance from the sin, and for possession of the good? It is certainly not the case in this world, that bad men are disposed to repent and turn to God in proportion as they suffer from their own wilfulness, and become poor from idleness, broken in health from dissipation, or alienated from human hearts by their selfishness or dishonesty, and pass, with a constantly increasing anguish, through all the stages of outcasts from the family—dwellers among the profligate—companions in crime—occupiers of prisons—chained in convict gangs, till the scaffold with its beam and drop ends the dreadful history. Such punishment as this constantly dogging the crime, which at first created it and ever preserves it, only makes the heart harder, fans the passions into a more volcanic fire, and possesses the soul with a more daring recklessness and wilder desperation. And what special virtue will punishment have in the next world more than in this? What tendency will there be in this long night of misery to inspire a man with the love of that God whose very character, whose holy and righteous will, has annexed the suffering to the sin? And if the character is not thereby reformed, and yet the sinner all the while retains his responsibility—as he must do on the assumption that reformation is possible

—and continues to choose sin with more diabolical hatred to the good, is it imagined that such a process as this, of continued sin accompanied by continued pain, will, at any period, render him more meet to enjoy the holiness of heaven than when he first departed from the world to enter upon this new and strange probation? Oh! the more we think of it, the darker does the history grow,—the faster does the descent of the evil spirit become down that pit which, from its very nature, is bottomless! If means are discoverable there more suited to gain the end of moral regeneration than

any that exist here, let them be pointed out! We have searched in vain to discover them with the eye of reason, or to find them in the mind or history of man. And yet upon the mere 'may be' that future punishment does not exist, or at all events is limited in the period of its duration,—a supposition for which there is no evidence whatever from what man knows or can himself find out, and which the Bible everywhere contradicts,—men risk their immortal souls in the pursuit of sin, that even here is vanity and vexation of spirit!

N.

GEORGE MÜLLER AND THE BRISTOL ORPHANAGE.*

THE *New Orphan House*, erected through the instrumentality of the Rev. G. Müller, stands on Ashley Hill, Bristol. The erection began in 1848, and the institution was opened in June 1849. Its occupants are 300 orphans,—140 girls, 80 boys, and 80 infants of either sex,—who, within its benevolent walls, receive gratuitously their maintenance, clothing, and education. The superintendents, teachers, and servants, engaged in the management of the institution, amount to between 30 and 40 men. Mr. Müller receives no remuneration for his laborious superintendence, although the greater part of his time is devoted to these duties. He had not the command of means. He was destitute of influence; for, except to a very few, he was an entire stranger. "He is a man," says the *Bristol Journal*, "of no strong eloquence, or captivating theories; but a grave, quiet, methodical German, of the calmest demeanour, but the strongest purpose,—plain of speech, too, and one who even labours under the disadvantage of being compelled to state his case in a language of which he is not master. Dealing uncontrolledly with

thousands, he lives in a frugal manner in a small house in an unpretending neighbourhood, through which he may be seen each morning passing to superintend a large young family of orphans in Ashley Hill."

The history of this institution, and the remarkable tuition through which Mr. Müller was divinely led to its erection, form one of the most stirring episodes in the history of modern times, one of the most severe rebukes to the infidelity, formality, and man-dependence of the age in which we live, and one of the most encouraging incentives to cease from the arm of man, and trust supremely in the *living God*. We concur in the sentiments of a writer in the *Bristol Telegraph*, of 1st September last,—"Bristol is not celebrated for the splendour of her contributions to modern architecture, nor is she distinguished for any extraordinary efforts in the promotion of science or literature, that may challenge the admiration of her contemporaries, yet Bristol possesses that to interest a stranger which no other place possesses; for she has one of the greatest wonders in the world,—an institution which, while it excites admiration, is, at the same time, a moral phenomenon, whose very existence is a puzzle, when measured by the ordinary rules that govern human undertakings."

We shall probably be successful in

* *A Narrative of some of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller*. Written by Himself. In 3 parts. J. Nisbet, Berners Street, London, 1850. *Faith in God as to Temporal Things*. An Account of the Rise and Progress of the New Orphan House, Ashley Down, Bristol. Houlston and Storer, London, 1855.

conveying to our readers an accurate idea of the whole matter if we divide it into *two* parts,—the *first* embracing the life-experience of Müller, and onwards to the erection of the New Orphanage; the *second* comprehending the subsequent history of the Orphanage, and the present stupendous designs of Müller.

Mr. Müller was born at Hoppenstaedt, near Halberstadt, Prussia, on September 27, 1805. The early part of his life was distinguished chiefly by its profanity. In consequence of his having been destined by his parents for the Established Church, he received a liberal education; but a long period elapsed ere religion had any charms for him. Thus he writes at Hordhausen, in 1825, where he had resided two and a half years,—“During this time I studied with considerable diligence the Latin classics, French history, my own language, &c., but did little in Hebrew, Greek, and the mathematics. I used now to rise regularly at four, winter and summer, and generally study all the day, with little exception, till ten at night. But whilst I was thus outwardly gaining the esteem of my fellow-creatures, I did not care in the least about God, but lived secretly in much sin, in consequence of which I was taken ill, and for thirteen weeks confined to my room. During my illness I had no real sorrow of heart, yet being under certain natural impressions of religion, I read through Klopstock's works without weariness. I cared nothing about the Word of God. I practically set a far higher value upon the writings of Horace and Cicero, Voltaire and Moliere, than upon the volume of inspiration.” Notwithstanding these partially religious impressions, we find him adding, immediately after,—“But, after one or two days were over, all was forgotten, and I was as bad as before. I had now grown so wicked that I could habitually tell lies without blushing. And, further, to show how fearfully wicked I was, I will mention, out of many others, only one great sin of which I was guilty, before I left this place. Through my dissipated life I had contracted debts, which I had no means of discharging; for my father could allow me only about

as much as I needed for my regular maintenance. One day, after having received a sum of money from him, and having purposely shown it to some of my companions, I afterwards feigned that it was stolen, having myself, by force, injured the lock of my trunk, and having also designedly forced open my guitar-case. I also feigned myself greatly frightened at what had happened, ran into the director's room, with my coat off, and told him that my money was stolen. I was greatly pitied.”

At length it was necessary that Müller should go to Halle, to qualify himself for the ministry; and here the sovereign grace of God overtook and subdued him. In November 1825, he thus writes, “The time was now come when God would have mercy upon me. His love had been set upon such a wretch as I was, before the world was made. His love had sent His Son to bear the punishment due to me on account of my sins, and to fulfil the law which I had broken times without number. And now, at a time when I was as careless about Him as ever, He sent His Spirit into my heart. I had no Bible, and had not read in it for years. I went to church but seldom, but, from custom, I took the Lord's Supper twice a-year. I had never for once heard the Gospel preached up to the beginning of November 1825. I had never met with a person who told me that he meant to live, by the help of God, according to the Holy Scriptures. In short, I had not the least idea that there were any persons really different from myself, except in degree.”

A prayer-meeting, held in the house of a believing tradesman, of the name of Wogner, to which he was led by a college acquaintance called Beta, was the scene of his spiritual enlightenment. The result of this prayer conference is thus detailed by Müller, “When we walked home, I said to Beta, ‘All we have seen on our journey to Switzerland, and all our former pleasures, are as nothing in comparison with this evening.’ Whether I fell on my knees when I returned home, I do not remember; but this I know, that I lay peaceful and happy in my

bed. This shews that the Lord may begin His work in different ways. For I have not the least doubt, that on that evening He began a work of grace in me, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. But that evening was the turning point in my life."

The subsequent part of his life demonstrates the truth of these words. The young student no longer allowed himself voluntarily to commit sin. If at any time he fell into the meshes of temptation,—an experience well nigh inevitable in his peculiar state of mind,—he emerged from it, Peter-like, in the sincere sorrow of heart. The Scriptures he now studied. In prayer he frequently engaged. In love to the brethren he grew strong, and, notwithstanding the ridicule to which his religion exposed him amongst his fellow-students, he remained firm.

Müller, contrary to the wishes of his friends, now resolved to become a missionary, and, at length, after having received much religious heart tuition, and overcome many formidable difficulties, arising from the peculiarity of the Prussian constitution and otherwise, he arrived in London as a candidate for the office of Missionary to the Jews. His zeal soon prompted him to labour amongst the London Jews, while his future destination was still undecided by the Association with which he was connected. As a specimen of his studies in the seminary connected with the Jewish mission, take the following, "I now studied much, about twelve hours a day, chiefly Hebrew; commenced Chaldee; perfected myself in being able to read the German Jewish in Rabbinic characters; committed portions of the Hebrew Old Testament to memory, &c., and this I did with prayer, often falling on my knees, leaving my book a little that I might seek the Lord's blessing."

In January 1830, his connexion with the London Society for promoting Christianity amongst the Jews ceased, solely in consequence of his inability, from conscientious motives, to comply with its conditions.

Teignmouth now became the chief seat

of Mr. Müller's labours; and here we recognise one of the first prominent indications of his remarkable faith, and the germ of his future procedure regarding the Orphanage. In October 1830, he writes, "About this time I began to have conscientious objections against any longer receiving a stated salary. My reasons against it were these:—1. The salary was made up by pew-rents, but pew-rents are, according to James ii. 1-6, against the mind of the Lord, as, in general, the poor brother cannot have so good a seat as the rich. 2. A brother may *gladly* do something towards my support if left to his own time, but when the quarter is up, he has, perhaps, other expenses, and I do not know whether he pays his money grudgingly, and of necessity, or cheerfully, but God loveth a cheerful giver. 3. I felt that pew-rents were a snare to the servant of Christ." In development of these principles, Müller publicly announced that for the future he should give up having any regular salary, and intimated that if his people "still had a desire to do something towards his support, by voluntary gifts," he should have "no objection to receive them, though ever so small, either in money or provisions." "At the same time," he adds, "it appeared to me right, that henceforth I should *ask no man, not even my beloved brethren and sisters, to help me, as I had done a few times according to their own request, as my expenses, on account of travelling much in the Lord's service, were too great to be met by my usual income.* For unconsciously I had thus again been led, in some measure, to trust in an arm of flesh, going to man instead of going to the Lord at once. *To come to this conclusion before God, required more grace than to give up my salary.* About the same time, also, my wife and I had grace given to us, to take the Lord's commandment, 'Sell that ye have, and give alms,' Luke xii. 33, *literally*, and to carry it out. Our staff and support in this matter were Matt. vi. 19-34; John xiv. 13, 14. We leaned on the arm of the Lord Jesus." The testimony of Müller is to this effect, "It is now nineteen years since we set out in

this way, and *we do not in the least regret the step we then took.* Our God also has, in His tender mercy, given us grace to abide in the same mind concerning the above points, both as it regards principle and practice; and this has been the means of letting us see the tender love and care of our God over His children, even in the most minute things, in a way in which we never experimentally knew them before; and it has, in particular, made the Lord known to us more fully than we knew Him before, as a *prayer hearing God.*" Müller's income during the year ending December 1831, was L.151 18s. 8d.; year ending December 1833, L.267 15s. 8½d.; year ending December 1835, L.288 0s. 8½d.; year ending December 1837, L.307 2s. 6½d.; year ending December 1839, L.313 2s. 5d.; year ending December 1842, L.329 16s. This mode of life necessarily exposed his faith to the severest ordeals. Their resources were sometimes quite exhausted, but fresh supplies were invariably supplied ere they were required; in his own language, "Never have we had to sit down to a meal without our good Lord having provided *nourishing* food for us." Take the following as a specimen, "On January 6th, 7th, and 8th, 1831, I had repeatedly asked the Lord for money, but received none. On the evening of January 8th, I left my room for a few minutes, and was then tempted to distrust the Lord, though He had been so gracious to us, in that He not only, up to that day, had supplied all our wants, but had given us also those answers of prayer, which have been in part just mentioned. I was so sinful for about five minutes, as to think it would be of no use to trust in the Lord in this way. I also began to say to myself, that I had perhaps gone too far in living in this way. But, thanks be to the Lord, this trial lasted but a few minutes. He enabled me again to trust in Him, and Satan was immediately confounded; for when I returned to my room (out of which I had not been absent ten minutes), the Lord had sent deliverance. A sister in the Lord, who resided in Exeter, had come to Teignmouth, and brought us L.2 4s. So the Lord tri-

umphed, and our faith was strengthened." The deep interest of this extract consists in its unfolding the early experience of one who afterwards became so great a witness for the *living God*, and through whose instrumentality the all-sufficiency of sincere prayer has been so vividly demonstrated. Temporally and spiritually Müller *lives by prayer.*

In 1832, he took up his residence in Bristol, associated with the Rev. Mr. Craik, (brother of Dr. Craik of Glasgow,) a distinguished scholar and most admirable man. His ministry was all along singularly blessed, as was that of Mr. Craik. "The singularity of their accent,—the one being a German, the other a Scotsman,—their peculiar views and practices, their remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, their childlike simplicity, and, above all, their exalted piety, all combined in attracting large crowds of people wherever they preached." In 1833 he resolved to institute a Ragged School, but circumstances compelled him to abandon it. He was, however, led from this to the idea of establishing a Scriptural knowledge Institution, to have an Orphanage associated with it. The constitution of the "Scriptural knowledge Institution," proceeding on the principle, that every believer is bound to help the cause of Christ, and that the contributions of believers only ought to be *solicited*, contemplates the support or assistance of day, Sabbath, and adult schools; the circulation of the holy Scriptures; the encouragement of missionary efforts; the circulation of religious tracts and publications; and the boarding, clothing, and scripturally educating of destitute children, who have lost both their parents by death. Upwards of a year subsequent to the formation of this Institution, he writes: "It is now fifteen months since, in *dependence upon the Lord for the supply of means*, we have been enabled to provide poor children with schooling, circulate the holy Scriptures, and aid missionary labours. During this time, though the field of labour has been constantly enlarging, and though we have now and then been brought low in funds, the Lord has never allowed us to be

obliged to stop the work. We have been enabled, during this time, to establish three day schools, and to connect with the Institution two other charity day schools, which, humanly speaking, otherwise would have been closed for want of means. In addition to this, the expenses connected with a Sunday school and an adult school have been likewise defrayed, making seven schools altogether. The number of the children that have thus been provided with schooling, in the day schools only, amounts to 439. The number of copies of the holy Scriptures which have been circulated, is 795 Bibles, and 753 New Testaments. We have also sent, in aid of missionary labours in Canada, in the East Indies, and on the Continent of Europe, L.117 11s. The whole amount of the free-will offerings put into our hands for carrying on this work, from March 5 1834, to May 19 1835, is L.363 12s. 0½d."

(To be continued.)

FAITH.

A swallow, in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make a nest, and there did bring
Wet earth, and straw, and leaves.

Day after day she toil'd
With patient art, but ere her work was
crowned
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought;
Yet not cast down, furth from the place she
flew,
And with her mate fresh earth and grasses
brought,
And built her nest anew.

But scarcely had she placed
The last soft feather on its ample floor,
When wicked hands, or chance, again laid
waste,
And wrought the ruin o'er.

But still her heart she kept,
And toiled again;—and, last night, hearing
calls,
I looked, and lo! three little swallows slept
Within the earth-made walls.

What truth is here, O man!
Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or
plan?
Have Faith, and struggle on!

R. S. S. ANDROS.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain.
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet, in tenderest love, our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance;
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds, with words, the mourner's care;
But ills and woes he cannot cure,
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh! thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day,
He walks with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

"God pardons the greatest sinners, and hath left them upon record: and there is no instance in the Scripture of the divine forgiveness, but in such instances, the misery of which was a fit instrument to speak aloud the glories of God's mercies, and gentleness, and readiness to forgive."
—*Jeremy Taylor*.

"LET US TAKE HEED: for mercy is like a rainbow, which God set in the clouds to remember mankind; it shines here as long as it is not hindered, but we must never look for it after it is night, and it shines not in the other world: if we refuse mercy here, we shall have justice to eternity."
—*Jeremy Taylor*.

"In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best.

"In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best."
—*Robert Hall*.

"It is not always he that reads the most that knows the most. The butterfly sucks as many flowers as the bee."
—*Southey*.

"It is not by introducing evil, but by calling into consciousness and more active life evil which was actually lurking in the heart, that any writer makes men worse."
—*Fraser's Magazine*.

SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

NO. I.—ENDLESS LIFE.

“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.”—GEN. ii. 7.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You are never to die, but to live for ever, and ever, and ever! You will live a year, and, when that is done, another year, and so on and on for thousands and thousands of years. If you were to count but one grain of sand on the sea-shore in one year, yet, long after every grain was counted, you would still be alive. You are to live as long as God lives—that is, for ever.

I know what you are thinking about. You are thinking of death, which makes you afraid; and wondering why I say such a strange thing as that you are never to die. For, though you have lived a very short time, yet you have often seen burials, and heard of people dying, and have perhaps known some one in your own house who used to be with you every day, but whom you never see now, nor ever hear them speak; and you know, too, that you will never see them more in the house, because they are dead. And, may be, you have also seen some little brother or sister who used to play with you, and whom you loved very much, and you knew that they became unwell, and got worse and worse; and then every one looked sad; and by and by you were told that they were dead; and you saw them taken away but never more come back. Remembering all this, you ask, Am I not to die sometime? and thus no doubt you sometimes think of death, though of course you do not like to do so—for death itself is not good. But I one day saw a little bird in a cage, and it was very happy, singing its songs, and picking its food, and drinking out of its cup. Next day I went to pay it a visit and to hear it sing—but the cage was lying all broken on the floor, and no bird was there! I never saw the bird again. Was it dead? No! It fled away through the blue sky on a beautiful sunny day, and some people heard it

singing as it used to do, near a clear stream of water, among trees and flowers. When your little brother or sister died it was only the cage that was broken and buried, but the spirit that used to speak to you, and love you, and be happy with you, was never touched, or broken, or buried; never!—but it went to Jesus Christ, and there it is living, and thinking, and singing, and good and happy; and getting far wiser, and learning far more there than you can do here, because it lives in a better place where there is no sickness and no sin, and where every thing is beautiful and good, and every one is kind and happy.

Now, may be, you will live for a long long time in this world, and not leave it till you are old with grey hairs. This, however, is just as God pleases; and God always pleases to do what is best for you, because His name is Love, and so you should be always pleased with whatever He does. But, remember, Death when it comes only touches the cage, not the bird. It is the body, not yourself, that dies. You yourself will never for one moment be away from Jesus, but always be as close to Him as those babes were whom He clasped to His heart and blessed when He was on earth.

Now, my dear children, is it not good and kind in God to make us in order to live with himself for ever? He made all the trees and plants on the face of the earth, but He did not breathe into them His own life; they did not, therefore, become living souls, and so they shall all perish. God made all the fish of the sea, all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the earth, but neither did He make them living souls, or say to them, “live for ever,” and therefore, they also perish. God made all the great world, the mountains, rivers, and seas; and He made the sun, the moon, the thousands of stars that shine in

the sky, but He never said to them, "live for ever," and so, too, they must perish. The earth is very old; the mountains are just the same as they were in the days of Adam; you can walk in the Holy Land just in the same places where Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Jesus walked: and long after our bodies die the hills we see will remain the same, and the rivers will roll the same, and the sea will flow and ebb the same; yet these old, old hills, and rivers, and seas, will one day die and pass away! But you, my dear children, will live long, long after them—for, as I have told you, you will live for ever! Has not God, then, loved you far more than the birds, or fish, or beasts, or mountains, or the whole world? Has He not loved you when He made you so great, breathed into you the breath of life, and said to each of you, "I wish this child to live for ever?" And now

you ought to love God as your own Father, for He surely did not make you that you should be frightened for Him, and try to forget Him! No, no! God says, "love me my child, and be happy." All, therefore, who live in God's great house with their Father, love Him, and love one another, and that is the reason they are so happy. But I have a great many more things to tell you about. In the meantime, remember *you are never to die but to live for ever*, and pray in this way to God:—

"My Father, Thou hast made me to live for ever with Thyself. I thank Thee for thy kindness to me. Teach me to know Thee, and help me to love Thee my Father now, that so I may be good and happy whether I live in this world or in Heaven. Hear me for the sake of Jesus Christ my Saviour. Amen."

STRAY THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

PRIVATION.

Men often forget that many a privation has a hidden joy, as the flower blooms under a leaf. Shadow is sometimes shelter.

OUR CALLING.

Say not that this calling, this sphere of action, which God has assigned to you, is too limited and unimportant. God's will is the best calling, and to be faithful is the highest. God frequently attaches great blessings to little things. If even your proud heart is taught humility and resignation, could your lowly service bring you a higher reward?

FRIENDSHIP.

There is no true friendship except "in the Lord." Worldly bonds are like too early blossoms in spring. The first cold blast,—and when does it not blow in this unloving world?—stiffens them for ever.

TRIALS.

A great trial is ever like the Red Sea. The children of God pass through it dry shod, although death looks into their hearts on all sides, as with great eyes, from the heaped-up waves. Nevertheless, no evil destroys them; they reach their Canaan. The children of the world, however, are lost in it; for their own will, not God's, has led the way.

AFFLICTION WITHOUT GOD.

Affliction without God oftens becomes in a family the market-place of all passions. O cross, what a wonderful sign art thou! Thou leadest men to the gates of hell, and bearest the Christian to the joys of heaven.

MISSIONS.

Missions form the living offertory of the Church, and when the Church cares for her poor, she cares for herself.

THE MOON THROUGH THE ACACIA TREE.

The mild, soft light of the moon is streaming out behind the quivering leaves of the acacia tree. It so illumines it, that I seem to look upon a burning thorn-bush in the wilderness. Such a quiet, glorious scene, after the wilderness of every-day life, after the wilderness without, among men, after the wilderness within, in one's own heart, is, as it were a holy place, from which He speaks to us of the land of promise, where we shall enter upon our rest.

SECRETS.

Secrets are a veil, behind which a lovely thing is rarely concealed. There often lurks behind them what is worthy of dislike, perhaps yet oftener, what is worthy of blame.

LOWLY LABOUR.

To perform lowly labour is not a mean thing, but it is mean to consider it such.

GOD'S LOVE AND THE WORLD.

The ardent, loving breath of holy souls, sits on the proud, cold world, like the evening glow on the glaciers of the Alps.

It adorns them, indeed, but does not change them. Even the glaciers can blush, but only for a moment. The tender rose-tints feel it, and hasten home.

CONSCIENCE.

The consciences of men are like hills on which the thunder of God from Sinai resounds in thousandfold echoes. The farther from Him, the weaker His voice.

GIFTS.

It is a common vanity, to boast of great gifts, and feel ashamed of little ones.

LOVE AND FAITH.

In the soft gleam of prosperity we can love God, but in the glow of affliction we learn to believe in Him.

THE WORLD'S BLOOM.

The world is like a rose branch; when its roses are withered—and how soon is that!—its thorns still remain.

SUFFERING.

Suffering is a little chamber—where the soul is alone with the Lord.

NEW EDUCATION MEASURE FOR INDIA.

(Continued from page 243.)

We make no apology to our ordinary readers for introducing into these pages the discussion of such a subject as that of the new Government plan for extending the blessings of education to the natives of British India; and we protest against the assumption that such questions should be left to the courts and committees of the Church, or confined to larger periodicals. We are impressed more and more with the conviction, that if a want of public spirit, an indifference to public affairs, a wish to "let things alone," are sure symptoms of decay in a State, much more are they evidence of decay in a Church. A Church should be the most perfect realization of a social

body, possessing a common life, experienced in common sympathies, and expressed in united action. Whatever ought to interest the body, ought to interest every part of it,—every member just as much as every minister,—every family as much as every assembly. Woe be to us when we become a mere clergy church!—when the office-bearers float like oil on the surface of the water, separated from the mass beneath them,—when what is discussed or concluded in our courts is unknown and uncared for by our people! To diffuse information as to what the Church is doing; to create a public spirit and an interest in her proceedings among all her people; if possible, to

make the poorest and humblest in rank realize his dignity and responsibility as a member of the body; to awake and cherish such a feeling as that the labours, the sorrows, the joys of the Church, should not be confined to any one portion of the body, but pervade all our parishes, and extend to the remotest hamlets, ay, to the most distant settlement in the colonies wherever a brother or sister lived. This is what every one should endeavour to effect to the utmost extent of his influence; and just as the Church thus "moveth altogether, if it move at all," can we hope to become a real felt power of good, in advancing God's kingdom. But, is not this too seldom aimed at,—too seldom even thought of? And what if many are contented to sink down in a dead sea of selfish indifference! For ourselves, we are ashamed that we have said so little in these pages upon great public questions affecting Christ's kingdom and the Church's duty. We would feel deeply thankful if, by so doing, we roused up the humblest reader to see that with such questions they had to do, and that about them they ought to think, and be informed, if they wish to be intelligent members of the Church. What our readers may fairly require of us cannot be silence, as if these were mere political or "Church questions," in a party sense, but such a treatment of them as becomes Christians; accurate and truthful statements; an absence of all selfish factions ends, whether of person or party; justice towards those who differ, and love to all! Within these limits, we again ask, Why should not some of our pages, read by so many of our Church members, be occasionally occupied with the discussion of public questions as the one before us? If the movements of the British army are heard of with intensest interest by every citizen, why should not the movements of the army of Christ be heard of with equal interest and intelligence by every Christian?

We believe this new measure of education for India will tell upon the religious convictions and habits of one-sixth of the human race; and that, too, before

many years are past. For this reason it cannot fail to arrest our attention.

In a former article were sketched the leading facts in the history of education in India. We shall now give a brief account of the measure embodied in the late Despatch. The mere machinery of this education plan is very simple, and easily understood. It is this:—

(1.) The assistance henceforth to be given by Government is in the form of money "grants in aid" of local efforts; and these will go to augment the salary of head teachers; to supply junior teachers; to enable boys, by means of scholarships, who have distinguished themselves in a lower school, to be educated in a higher; to provide school-books; and in some cases to erect school buildings. Normal schools will probably be entirely supported.

(2.) This assistance will be afforded to all schools whatever throughout British India, whether Mohammedan, Hindoo, or Christian, provided a thoroughly good secular education is given in them. Schools for female education are included. All receiving assistance must, of course, be subject to Government inspection.

(3.) Religious instruction is not inquired into, or interfered with, in any case whatever, but is left solely to the local directors of the school, whoever these may be.

(4.) In each Presidency there is to be a university, not for educating, but only as a board for examination, and granting of degrees.

(5.) Candidates for Degrees must come from such superior schools or colleges in the Presidency as are affiliated to its university. This affiliation is simply a recognition of a particular school or college as one entitled to public confidence, not only from the education which it imparts, but because it "can be depended upon for the certificates of conduct which will be required." Our General Assembly schools, for example, are specially mentioned in the Despatch, along with others, as already existing institutions which may at once be affiliated to the university. Such are the general features of this plan.

Now, two distinct questions are suggested by the measure,—one is, how far it is adapted to the present state of India? and the other, how far the Church of Scotland is justified in accepting the proffered aid?

As to the first of these questions, it can be answered by those only who are acquainted with the condition of the people of India, and have, at the same time, a sincere wish to advance the cause of Christianity. But, fortunately, this question has been answered by such men in the fullest and amplest manner. A large committee of the House of Lords, many of whose members held distinguished civil appointments in India, sat for hours during eight days, patiently examining sixteen gentlemen, among the best informed in the world as to the social and religious condition of our eastern empire;—such men as the Bishop of Madras and Bombay, Dr. Duff, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Mr. Hayman Wilson, &c., &c.

Let us, for a moment, glance at some parts of this evidence. Now there were certain points in which all the witnesses agreed who were examined upon them. In the first place, they expressed their conviction that Christianity had made rapid progress in India; that Christian missions had established themselves in the confidence of all intelligent European residents; and that the day was probably not far distant when all the tribes of India shall profess the Christian religion. Sir Charles Trevelyan, for instance, said,—“I think many persons mistake the way in which the conversion of India is to take place. I believe it will *take place at last wholesale*, just as our ancestors were converted. The country will have Christian instruction infused into it in every way by direct missionary instruction, and indirectly through books of various kinds, through the public papers, through conversation with Europeans, and in all the conceivable ways in which knowledge is communicated; and then, at last, when society is completely saturated with Christian knowledge, and public opinion has taken a decided turn that way, *they will come over by thousands.*”

It is thus most gratifying to perceive, from the whole evidence, that the day is for ever passed when missionary efforts are looked upon with suspicion by high functionaries of the Indian Government at home or abroad. Indeed, as Sir Charles says, “real vital Christianity has made more progress among the Europeans in India; and, at every station, there are a number holding influential situations who are professed and enthusiastic Christians, taking an active part in Bible and missionary societies, and missionary schools.”

But, while this excellent spirit is displayed in the evidence with reference to the spread of the Gospel in India, all the witnesses are just as unanimous upon another point, and that is, in deprecating *direct* government interference with the maintenance or diffusion of religion; and this position of perfect neutrality is the one which the Government of India is resolved to occupy towards all “religions” whatever. All parties are left free, on their own personal responsibility, to propagate their own faith, whether by preaching or teaching; but the Government itself keeps aloof. This, we think, is both necessary and wise; *necessary*, because any interference would, according to the evidence before us, hazard the existence of the British possessions in India, and involve the Government in innumerable practical difficulties, even with the different sections of the Christian Church;—and *wise*, not only because necessary from this danger which an opposite course of policy would involve, but also from the greater probability of the cause of Christianity being thereby much more surely and rapidly advanced in the end. Lord William Bentinck, when Governor-General, in a reply to an address presented by missionaries to him upon this subject, said, “The professed object of your lives is conversion. The fundamental principle of British rule—the compact to which the Government stands solemnly pledged—is *strict neutrality*. The same maxim of strict neutrality is peculiarly applicable to the question, now so much agitated, of general education.”

As an illustration of the danger and difficulty of any other course, may be quoted information received by Sir Charles Trevelyan, from a distinguished civil servant of the Company (Francis H. Robinson, Esq.), who had the best possible means of knowing the social condition of India. "It is a fact," wrote Mr. Robinson, "that communications have passed between the Mohammedans, and pledges have been exchanged to rise if forcible conversion is attempted. If, by the imprudence of Government, a spirit of religious patriotism is once excited in India, and if it get into the army, *our power is at an end*. Besides, these things defeat their own purpose. The patronage of Government—a government of conquerors—will be found fatal to the cause of Christianity. The very success of the missionary adds to the alarm felt by the mass of the people, and calls for more prudence on the part of the Government. Our only safe and just policy is *perfect impartiality and neutrality in matters of religion*."

In accordance with those principles, the system of grants in aid to all schools, without distinction and creed, was recommended by the witnesses, not as the best possible, but best practicable way, and finally adopted.

Dr. Duff gives the following opinions upon this point:—"The time has come when, in the growing convictions of numbers in this country and in India, the Government ought to extend its aid to all other institutions, by whomsoever originated and supported, where a sound general education is communicated." "Looking at the subject broadly, in all its bearings, I have for several years past entertained the persuasion, that the principle on which the Government at home has been distributing its educational funds," (that is, by grants in aid to all parties,) "is the only principle on which, in the very peculiar and conflicting state of things in India, the British Government there could practically interpose for the encouragement and assistance of all parties engaged in the great cause of improved education;" and when asked, "You would not wish to see any religious

element introduced into these schools?" he replies, "Not as enforced or directly controlled by Government; that is the reason why I have stated that I do not desire that the Government, as such, should take immediate charge or cognisance of religion in those schools—or in any way hold itself officially responsible for it."

With such evidence as was elicited by the Committee, it was impossible for the Government to have framed a measure more liberal, or better adapted to the state of India than what is embodied in the Despatch. As that Despatch is at last printed in full in the *Missionary Record of the Church*, we need not quote from it here to show that we have not misinterpreted its meaning. We shall probably return, in our next Number, to this deeply interesting subject, and offer a few remarks upon our India Mission. In the meantime, we cordially thank Dr. Bryce for his pamphlet on this subject, and for his manly stand in the General Assembly, where, he may rest assured, he will never again stand alone, when advocating the cordial co-operation of the Church of Scotland with the Government in its noble and praiseworthy endeavours to educate the natives of British India. May God in His mercy only spare to us our too many neglected opportunities for doing so!

N.

ON MAN'S TWO ENEMIES.

Two potent enemies attend on man;
One's fat and plump, the other lean and wan;
The one fawns and smiles, the other weeps as
fast;

The first Presumption is, Despair the last;
That feeds upon the bounty of full treasure.
Brings jolly news of peace and lasting pleasure;
This feeds on want, unapt to entertain,
God's blessings find them ever on the wane;
Their maxims disagree, but their conclusion
Is the selfsame, both jump in man's confusion.
Lord keep me from the first, or else I shall
Soar up and melt my waxen wings, and fall;
Lord, keep the second from me, lest I then
Sink down so low, I never rise again:
Teach me to know myself, and what I am,
And my presumption will be turned to shame;
Give me true faith to know thy dying Son,
What ground has then despair to work upon
To avoid my shipwreck upon either shelf
O teach me, Lord, to know my God—myself.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ITS MEN.

No. II.

When we closed our last Number with a brief notice of Dr. Scoresby, but we cannot proceed to the other savans who claim our attention, without adverting to his connexion with Scotland. The older inhabitants of Greenock can yet remember the first Scoresby, and what an active part he took, not merely in arctic matters, but in the social and religious well-being of the community. He had much of the rough sailor about him, but he was, withal, gentle of heart, and devout in spirit. He was the founder of a Baptist meeting-house in Greenock, which, we believe, still exists. His son, the present Scoresby, no doubt was much indebted to his father for his devout spirit, as well as his love of arctic adventure.

Sir John Ross was also, in former days, well known on the Clyde. He was born somewhere near Ardrossan, and it was his delight, when a boy, to resort to the carpenter's yard, where ships were repaired. The smell of tar and of the mud of the harbour, was to him far more grateful than the fragrance of flowers in his father's fields. The "John," which he commanded, sailed from the Clyde, and is still talked of by the old ship-captains as one of the marvels of those days. She was built of teak in the East, but was adapted for arctic service, by strengthening timbers in various parts. She attained a good old age, but all her strengthening timbers could not save her from shipwreck. Sir John himself now looks like a stranded ship, but, as we can tell from the wreck what the ship must have been, so we can tell from Sir John's still massive frame, how formidable he must have been in the prime of life. Contrasted with Scoresby, he is what "John" the whaler must have been to a slender skiff. He spoke frequently at the sectional meetings, and read a paper on the *aurora borealis*. It was a curiosity in its way, as it ignored the discoveries of science since the time

when he ceased from active life. His object was to account for the northern lights, by supposing that they were merely the reflection of the sun's rays from the ice in the polar regions. The section indulgently listened, as the venerable voyager described the experiments by which, in advanced life, he endeavoured to illustrate the dream of his earlier days. He minutely detailed the way in which he took a celestial globe, put a lamp behind it, and bruised glass of different colours around the poles to represent the different kinds of ice. His satisfaction was great when he found that something like streamers painted upon clouds, was produced by putting a hot poker on a sponge. The lamp representing the sun, shone upon the glass representing the ice, and the light reflected from the ice shone upon the smoke from the sponge, representing auroral clouds; and the effect was a fair representation of the *aurora borealis*. This wild fancy cannot, of course, for a moment be held as satisfying the various phenomena of the northern lights; but it shows how, when an hypothesis is made a hobby, the mind is proof against the strongest arguments, and makes the hardest facts bend to its requirements.

The Section of Geography and Ethnology presented quite a galaxy of Arctic voyagers,—Scoresby, Richardson, Ross, Beechy, Collinson, Belcher. Perhaps the most interesting discussion, during the sittings of the sections, was one that was raised on the subject of the fate of Franklin and his men.

A very large and beautifully coloured map of the Polar regions, executed by Captain Collinson, was suspended on the wall behind the interesting group, who, by their daring and enterprise, had brought to light so many of its hitherto unknown lands, and whose names will for ever be connected with some of its most prominent features. It was singu-

larly interesting to cast the eye over those men at the table, and to contrast their present peace with all the past scenes suggested by the map behind them. Every man there was associated with crushing icebergs, boundless floes, cracking field-ice, sledges, pemmican, Esquimaux, snow-huts, snow-shoes, cold, and starvation! The conversation about Franklin was deeply interesting, chiefly from those who took a part in it. "I think," said one, touching at the same time a spot in the map, marked as that where the ships probably perished or were frozen up, "I think that the crew would divide into two parties here, and that Franklin and one party would probably journey in this direction to reach one of the stations of the Hudson Bay Company." "It is possible," replied Sir John Richardson, "that a party did make that attempt; but if they did so, it would only prove to me that Franklin, at all events, was not one of them, and was, therefore, probably dead; for he knew well that such a route was impracticable, from the total absence of all means of subsistence throughout that whole dreary region." The terrible journey of Sir John himself and Franklin, through most of that very region alluded to, was at once recalled! No man alive could think, from experience, of its horrors but Sir John. A curious instance of the practical value of science was incidentally mentioned. A skull had been brought home—we think by Dr. Rae—from a hut in which a few other things were found, which seemed to have been picked up from a stranded vessel. Was this the skull of one of our seamen? It was shown to Dr. Owen, who pronounced it to be the skull of an Esquimaux woman, which settled the question. Sir Edmund Belcher mentioned some extraordinary feats performed by his crew, such as never have been equalled in the history of travel. A party walked for sixty successive days, at the rate of about twenty-two miles each day, carrying, or dragging with them, heavy burthens, amounting often to 240 pounds for each man. This was more, he remarked, than any other animal is capable of doing. Dr. Scoresby

followed up these and other facts, stated by Sir Edmund, as illustrative of the human power of endurance, by a beautiful address, which he began by alluding to the power of mind over matter, and, with great feeling, the power of Christian principle over mind, and ended by a summing up of what had been accomplished during his own memory in arctic discovery; and then the proceedings of the section closed; and, as we looked once more at these "ancient mariners," we could not but reflect that, as they were among

"The first that ever burst
Int' that silent sea!"

so they were the last, and that, henceforth, the North Pole would be allowed to reign over his own vast icy kingdom, with no human eye to gaze upon its mysteries. We have no wish to see a Jack Tar ever again intruding on his majesty. May he sit for ages on a huge iceberg, covering the earth's spindle; an enormous icicle for his sceptre; a snow wreath for a crown; the aurora borealis to light up his palace, and warm him in cold nights, with whales and walrus to keep him company. We only hope that no British ship will ever again attempt to force her way into any of his cheerless and frozen harbours.

In the Statistical Section, Mr. Monkton Milnes was the presiding genius. He has gained no mean fame as a poet, but his distinction chiefly lies in his practical philanthropy. He has always taken a deep interest in those social questions, distinct from politics proper, which concern the highest wellbeing of the masses. No one could more appropriately fill the chair, and the suavity and gentlemanly bearing which he displayed, contributed not a little to the popularity of the section. He was one of the few speakers that told at the general meetings in the City Hall. The savans made but a poor figure beside this practised orator. They were fluent enough when in their own special groove in the sections, but they could not command those brilliances of thought and expression necessary to tell on a miscellaneous audience.

We were only once in the Statistical Section, and the occasion was the reading of an essay by Mr. Stowe, on the training system. We felt no little anxiety to ascertain what this training system was, and to see its illustrious founder. It may argue much ignorance on our part to have been so long in the dark on this matter; but we often attempted before to get a glimpse of it, but in vain. We read and heard innumerable allusions to the training system; but no one cared to tell what this training system was. No definition was given, on the supposition that all should know it. It was with no ordinary interest that we waited till the author arose to divulge his system and dispel all doubt. He appeared to be sufficiently conscious of the magnitude of his discovery, and Newton himself could not have more trepidation, when ready to grasp the key that was to unlock the mystery of the universe. There was a corresponding lively expectation on the part of the audience, especially the strangers. The essay was read, but only blank surprise was the result. The universal expression was, Is this, then, the famed training system of Glasgow; where can its peculiarity lie? The paper gave no answer to this, but it was plain that the worthy author was labouring under a delusion. His idea of training, by his own account of it, was nothing more than education in the proper sense of the term. The general principle on which he insisted, is as old as the world itself; there was not the slightest novelty in his views of the matter. The ends to be attained by his training, are the very ends which education has had in view in all ages. Sir John Ross sticks most doggedly to his idea about the *aurora borealis*, but then it is his own—it is perfectly original. Mr. Stowe sticks as tenaciously to his idea of training, but his delusion lies in imagining that it is his own. He might as well take out a patent for the natural processes of eating, and sleeping, and walking. We had imagined that, after all, he might only mean, when claiming the training system, that his *methods* were new: but such a paltry

notion did not at all come up to his idea of his own achievements. It was the very *idea* of training that he claimed, or, in other words, the idea of education. Besides, his methods, as detailed by himself, had no novelty except on points which appeared very questionable. It may be said, that the delusion is, after all, an amiable one, as it has stimulated him to exertions that would not otherwise have been made. And there can be no doubt that he has, by his unwearied zeal, done much good to the cause of education. But it is much better that men should do God's work on earth without the aid of delusions. And Mr. Stowe would certainly occupy a higher position if, instead of claiming a selfish property in the *idea* of education, he exclusively devoted himself to the *duty*.

In the Mechanical Section Mr. Macquorne Rankine occupied the president's chair. From his thorough knowledge, both practical and theoretical, of the subjects submitted to this section, he was admirably qualified for the task. Though still comparatively a young man, he has risen to the first rank in his profession. He has a great command of mathematical analysis, and, in this way, he can turn his experiments to much better account than one who is not similarly gifted. He is not so generally known as men of much inferior powers, as he devotes himself to the purely scientific, instead of the popular aspects of science. He is a large contributor to our various scientific journals and transactions. He is engaged in civil engineering as a profession, and Glasgow claims him as a citizen.

The distinguished engineers, Rennie and Fairbairn, were also present at most of the meetings, and their long practical experience enabled them to give valuable opinions on the various projects submitted to this section. Mr. Fairbairn has been a steady supporter of the Association, and, perhaps, to this circumstance he owes it that his dispute with Stephenson, in regard to the tubular bridge, was, at a former meeting, decided in his favour. This was one of those questions of comparative merit which it is so difficult to solve, when two minds are at work to

produce one result. The scientific world at large, will, we have no doubt, award the palm to Stephenson for the *idea* of the bridge, though it will acknowledge the invaluable services of Fairbairn in working out that idea. Unfortunately, the latter was not willing to rest satisfied with the second place, made an outcry about the matter, and got a few friends and journals to espouse his cause; but the discussion of the question has only served to place Stephenson's claim, as the originator, on the firmest basis.

Perhaps there was no one that contributed more to the Mechanical Section, than Mr. William Thompson, son of the late professor of mathematics in Glasgow college, and brother of the professor of natural philosophy there. His chief invention is a kind of turbine, much more economical in original cost and the requisite amount of water, than the ordinary water wheels. He has, however, higher merit still, in the discovery of new laws in hydraulics, which will probably be turned to much practical account. His brother, William Thompson, occupies the first position in the higher departments of science. He was, for a considerable period, editor of the *Cambridge and Dublin Mathematical Journal*, but, to the shame of the higher science of this land, it has been allowed to go down for want of support; and it was, besides, the only journal of the kind in this country. Another has been started in its room, but it is obliged to sacrifice its character of pure science in order to gain wider support. Papers in applied mathematics are now to be introduced. Mr. William Thompson has gained his distinction in science chiefly by his researches in electricity and heat. His profound acquaintance with mathematics enables him to detect laws which elude the grasp of one not furnished with such a powerful instrument.

While dealing with names connected with Glasgow, we cannot omit to mention that of Professor Nichol. He contributed several papers, and spoke on various occasions. He has done more, perhaps, than any other man to bring science home to the hearts of the people. He is

not merely what is usually understood by a popular expounder of science. He does not merely attempt to give a clear and intelligible statement of the results of science. Many inferior men, perhaps, have done this as well; but he has presented science as a living thing to the heart of humanity. He has not merely constructed a logical argument by which the existence of a God is demonstrated, but when he has pointed to the depths of space, he has called humanity to feel the throbbing of the heart of Him in whom we live, move, and have our being.

In the Chemical Section, the most popular name was that of Liebeg. When, in the opening meeting, reference was made to the foreigners, a shout of applause greeted the name of Liebeg. This brought him to his feet to bow acknowledgment, and then the British public had the first opportunity of seeing a man who has gained so high a name amongst us. The general surprise was that he was so young,—the idea being that fame in science is only compatible with a load of years. He is not yet beyond middle life, and he appears to have all the freshness and vigour of youth. The burst of applause which his name elicited shews how the applications of science come home to the hearts of a people. There were greater men in chemistry present, but their researches had not the same wide practical bearing as those of Liebeg on agriculture, and, consequently, they were comparatively unknown to the multitude. Liebeg has worked for present popularity, and he has obtained it; but names such as Fremy, and Graham, and Faraday, will, probably, in the next generation, be better known even by the people. Their results, though now only known as abstract truths, will, no doubt, in some future period, have their practical bearings, when some minds—it may be of inferior order—shall rise up to discover these bearings. The man who discovers the law will, eventually, even in the estimation of the mass, have the precedence in honour over the man that merely applies it. Well may this country applaud Liebeg, for the stimulus he has

given to improved agriculture must be estimated by millions of money value. Graham, who began his professional career in Anderson's Institution, Glasgow, has now not only risen to fame, but to the highest rewards of fame. He is now Master of the Mint,—an office held by Newton and Herschel.

When we turn to the Section of Zoology and Botany, we find the chair worthily occupied by Dr. Fleming, who has distinguished himself chiefly in ornithology. He was at one time minister of Fliak, a parish singularly fortunate in gifted ministers, though, from its very small extent, affording but little scope for their active energies. Dr. Fleming, in his day, found an outlet for his spare power in shooting sparrows, and other small birds infesting the hedges around the manse. His sphere of destruction and observation gradually widened, till at last he felt himself rising to the dignity of a naturalist. An opening having occurred at Aberdeen, he abandoned the pulpit for the professorial chair. He was, by some mistake, installed into the natural philosophy chair, where his peculiar qualifications were not needed. This mistake was, however, rectified at the secession of 1843, when he was translated to the Free College, in which a chair of natural history was created. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, in a speech from the heart, as he himself called it, paid him a well-merited compliment, and in acknowledging the compliment, the doctor was overpowered by his feelings. This little episode was, we believe, very interesting, though we can only speak from hearsay. This was the section most honoured by Prince Lucien's presence. He, like Dr. Fleming, has devoted himself chiefly to ornithology; and, in the wilds of America, found scope for the destructive propensities of his race, by waging war with the feathered tribes. We suspect, however, that his rambling days are over, as his unwieldy bulk, and slow pace, would ill fit him for the jungle or the prairie.

Sir William Jardine is also another ornithologist of no mean distinction, who was pretty close in his attendance at this section. He is more expert with his gun

and his pencil than with his tongue. He forms, in this respect, no exception to the savans in general, especially when called to speak beyond their own special theme.

We exhaust the Sections by looking into the one devoted to Physiology. This was a sub-section from that of geology and botany. The reason of the severance was, that many subjects would require to be handled which were hardly fitted for a miscellaneous audience. Here the deep mysteries of life were discussed—its nature, its beginning, and its development. The president here was Professor Allan Thomson of Glasgow, who deservedly occupies the first rank among physiologists. He has himself made some very valuable contributions to science; but what struck one most was the philosophic tone of all his remarks. He never spoke on any subject without grasping at once all its bearings. The most distinguished foreigner at this section, and, indeed, one of the most distinguished names in any department of science, was Albert Kölliker, professor of chemistry, Wurzburg. Though professor of chemistry, his fame chiefly rests on his physiological researches; and, in this department, he occupies the first place at the present day. We expected, as in the case of Liebig, to find a man well advanced in years. From the frequent reference to his name in learned memoirs, running over a good many years, we had imagined that he was one whose career must be nearly ended. To our surprise, we found him in the very prime and vigour of life, apparently little above thirty. He spoke English wonderfully well. He never erred in the idiom, though he sometimes stumbled at the right word. He gave an amusing illustration of this in alluding to some misstatement of a certain physiologist. Not having a very extensive vocabulary to select from, he, perhaps, with more truth than courtesy, spoke of him as a liar, and as having told lies. His repeated allusions to the said liar created no little amusement.

Dr. Carpenter was frequent in his attendance upon this section. His physiological reputation is perhaps greater

than that of any other in this country; but it rests far more upon his exposition of the discoveries of others than on any of his own. We confess that we were much disappointed with his tone and manner. He wants the stamp of a genuine philosopher. He is also deficient in taste. Some of his jokes were altogether out of place, and repulsive to the feelings of the audience.

One of the most eminent in the Physiological Section was Professor Sharpey, who is stepson of a respected medical practitioner in Arbroath. He is now rather beyond middle life, but still hale and vigorous. He has attained one of the highest prizes in science, viz., the Secretaryship of the Royal Society, London.

M. Cohn, professor of botany, Breslau, and Retzius, professor of anatomy, Stockholm, read several papers in this section. They hold the very highest position in their respective departments. They spoke English, however, very imperfectly, and they did not take such a prominent part as they would otherwise have done.

In looking over the list of great names, we cannot but remark that almost all occupy professorships, or in some way obtain a living from the pursuit in which they excel. In science as in the mechanical arts, no excellence can be attained without a great subdivision of labour. In former days the clergy monopolized the learning and science of the times. Things are now entirely changed, and each department has its own special staff, just as the pastorate claims the clergy as its own. A few clergymen, however, took part in the business of the sections. Most of them belonged to the Church of Scotland. In the Mechanical Section the Rev. Mr. Stirling of Galeton took a prominent part in the discussion that followed the reading of a paper by Mr. Rankine, on a subject bearing upon the air engine. Parties got very much entangled and bewildered in the meshes of mathematical formulae, so that little was brought out of the discussion. It is, however, highly creditable to the genius of Mr. Stirling that the principle of the air engine invented by him is acknowledged, by the highest names, as perfectly

sound in theory. The grand obstacle to its application is a practical difficulty—that of obtaining materials sufficient to resist the high temperature that must be used. Dr. Menzies of Hamilton was to have read a paper on a new system of warlike projectiles, and we went to the section with considerable curiosity to hear what his notions were. We were, however, doomed to disappointment, as he did not make his appearance, being detained, we believe, by sickness. In the Chemistry Section a paper was read by Dr. Macvicar of Moffat, “on the probability of representing by diagrams the principal functions of the molecules of bodies.” We had not the pleasure of hearing the paper read, but we are sure that, if there is any probability of the thing being done, the author is the man to do it. In the Physiological Section a paper was read by the Rev. Mr. Leitch of Monimail, on insect embryology, more especially in reference to the development of the triple distinction of sex in social insects, such as the hive-bee. As some curious facts, strikingly illustrative of the wisdom of the Creator, have been brought to light by his researches, we shall probably, in a future number, devote a special article to the more popular and interesting parts of the paper in question.—B. B.

“God only is our dwelling-place; our souls should only long for Him; our souls should only wait upon Him. The spirit of man never riseth to its original glory, till it be carried up on the wings of faith and love to its original copy. The face of the soul looks most beautiful when it is turned to the face of God, the Father of spirits; when the derived spirit is fixed upon the original Spirit, drawing from it life and glory. Spirit is only the receptacle of spirit,—God as spirit is our principle; we must, therefore, live upon Him. God as spirit, hath some resemblance to us as His image; we must, therefore, only satisfy ourselves in Him.”
—Charnock.

“The severe man will talk of living in the fear of the Lord, and the gentle man will talk of living in the love of God, as long as some men are constitutionally severe, and others constitutionally gentle. Each one is religious, or irreligious after his kind.”—Miss Wireyard.

NOTES FROM MY JOURNAL.—THE CRIMEA, 1855.

[We have much pleasure in publishing an additional series of "Notes" from the journal of our old correspondent. The events recorded here can never grow old in history.]

June.—Every one, on first coming to camp, experiences a feeling akin to disappointment at the drooping fire which is usually kept up along our lines of approach. During the day it is at long intervals and at distant points that there is any firing at all, and then only when the enemy annoy us. At night, however, the Russians commonly open very briskly on our reliefs, as they are on their way to the trenches; and as this, of course, provokes an equally energetic reply, the row, for a time, becomes very great. Shell-firing is often very heavy during the night, and a very beautiful sight it is. My room is quite illuminated, in fitful flashes, by the light of these projectiles. It frequently happens, too, just as the camp is settling for the night, that all of a sudden a dreadful din arises,—round shot and shell forming the bass, while a well-sustained chorus of musketry resounds along the line. The whole air seems alive with flickering shells crossing and recrossing one another in their courses. A stranger supposes that another Inkermann is being fought, and comes out of his tent, in great haste and not a little trepidation, but finds it is only one of the nocturnal sorties of the enemy. As suddenly as it began the riot ends, and the old drooping fire is resumed; but in these few short minutes how many brave and devoted men have gone to eternity!

During the various bombardments that have taken place, there has been enough of "the cannon's roar" to satisfy even the most "greedy tourist." That which preceded the unfortunate assault of the 18th of June was by far the most severe which has taken place during the siege. On the night of the 16th the cannon were unusually silent till early next morning, when one great gun in our right attack gave the signal, and immediately along the whole line a dreadfully heavy fire began which shook the ground, and continued unabated till the following night. Some idea may be formed of the noise and effect, when it is remembered that on our side alone 24,000 round shot were fired from cannon of the heaviest calibre, and that the enemy must have sent us in return nearly as many. These shot fall

with a weight varying from five to fifty tons; so that one can conceive what destruction they must have occasioned. The precision of the firing was very beautiful. Long after the puff of smoke passed from the cannon's mouth could be seen the cloud of dust thrown up at the point struck. It is often possible to follow with the eye the shot from the mouth of the cannon to the object aimed at. You see a black mass moving rapidly through the air, and giving out that nasty nervous sound few can forget if once they have heard it. There were usually crowds of spectators on all the commanding points during these bombardments; and when a shot struck fairly into an embrasure, or was supposed to tell with effect, a murmur of admiration would pass from group to group.

The 17th of June was a Sunday, and a glorious bright sunny day indeed! At noon the troops collected in the camping ground of their respective divisions to hear prayers read, and a curious sight it was to see these men listening to "the words of peace," who were so soon to be engaged in the deadly struggle while the cannon shook the earth on which they stood, and filled the air with its loud-resounding reports.

The view of the town in the evening of that day was very grand. High in the air a thick pall of smoke hung over it, while immediately beyond the city a long stripe of sea was lit up with a lurid light, which dimly revealed the fleet at anchor beyond. Flash after flash waved along the lines of cannon, and the air was filled to oppression with a sulphurous smell. Through the black cloud the shining shells moved tremulously along, sometimes singly, but more frequently in brilliant masses, and the loud report with which they exploded sounded high above the roar of the cannon. From either flank congrue rockets ascended with a shriek, which drowned, for a time, every other sound, and shot in long beams of light across the sky. Then the variety of sound produced by the various species of projectile was so curious,—the sharp whistle, like the twang of a cross-bow, caused by some, and the singing-sawing note of others. Some produce a noise exactly like the rush of a locomotive, and appear to fill the whole upper air, while others are but little heard till their quick sharp note sounds close to your ear. I shall never forget that night—that of the 17th of June! The sickening excitement and

anxiety was dreadful! No one slept, though a few lay down for an hour or two. Men were grave, and though attempts were made to appear at ease, it was but too evident that a dread seriousness hung over and oppressed all. Most made silent arrangements "in case anything should happen."—letters to friends, money matters, &c., &c., had to be looked to. I felt a most oppressive weight on my heart, a catch in the breath, an awe as if some fearful catastrophe was overhanging me. One could discern, however, throughout it all a determination to succeed, yet a clear knowledge of the difficulties and the sacrifices required. There was no bragging, no *funk*, but a cool, calculating resolution. The hospitals were being cleared, and the ambulances arranged, evidently in the expectation of a great influx of wounded. The night was spent in such preparations. No one for a moment doubted the success of the attack, and many made appointments to meet afterwards in the town who did not live to know of our repulse.

Half-an-hour after midnight on the 17th, without the sound of bugle or drum, the men fell into rank, and in silence marched off to their respective stations. As we were preparing to move to the front, the troops, destined to form the forlorn hope, passed us in silence. Their heavy, even tramp sent its echo to the heart, so certain was it that few of that gallant band would see another sun. A merciful thing it was that they could not foresee the fate in store for them!

I was stationed in front of the picket house, where the reserves of guards and Highlanders were placed, and from this point we could clearly see the whole proceedings. When we got to the ground it was yet quite dark. The veil of black smoke which enveloped the town was continually rent by the blaze of cannon. The mass of troops moving to the front were dimly seen in the ravines before they disappeared under the murky curtain. As Lord Raglan and his staff rode past us, just before dawn, his name was passed along the crowd in a whisper. On all the eminences around groups of spectators could be indistinctly seen through the grey mist, all gazing in anxious expectation on the devoted city. Slowly the dawn spread over the landscape, and with its first faint streaks the firing redoubled. The veil which concealed the town slowly rose, and was carried seaward by the morning's breeze. Rapidly the whole scene became unfolded. Below us lay the city, purely white and beautiful; the harbour beyond was like a lake of quicksilver, reflecting the rays of the

rising sun; and beyond the dark masses of the enemy could be seen covering the northern shore. From daybreak onwards, no imagination can portray, nor pen describe, the scenes which took place! It was war in its most fearful and repulsive features. War is, in truth, one of the few things in which the reality far exceeds any idea which can be formed of it, or any description which can be given of it.

None but eye-witnesses can conceive such a scene as that which took place before Sebastopol on the 18th of June! The air above the works of the enemy was filled with living shells, whose explosion left in the atmosphere little knots of pure white smoke, and along his parapets the great round shot struck thick as hail. At half-past three in the morning, the assault began by the advance of the French against the Malakoff. The musketry now began to rattle on both sides, and for a length of time there was one long cordon of fire kept up along the lines of attack and defence. Then the fleet began to join in the cannonade, and their fire was so rapidly delivered as to sound like the continued roll of great drums. Great conflagrations burst out at three several points in the town, and completed a scene which resembled more nearly one's conception of hell than anything else the world contains. Amidst all the storm, the Russian flag waved from the ruins of the Round Tower; sometimes it was concealed by the smoke, and the cry passed along that it was down; but a puff of wind would clear the atmosphere, and reveal it again fluttering free above the swaying battle. That flag was the barometer of the fight, and will long be remembered from the anxiety with which we watched it. The wounded soon began to pass to the rear. First came a man with his arm bound up, and evidently glad to escape at so light a sacrifice; then a young naval officer was carried past on a stretcher; and, before long, there followed ambulances full of men covered with blood and dust.

From where I was stationed, I could see the dense masses of the attacking columns advance up the slope, then the torrents of grape which met them would obscure their ranks for a moment, and hardly a man would be seen to remain. I at one time saw a body of men, many hundreds strong, so completely swept away by one discharge, that only a few of the rear rank remained when the iron storm went past! The dead and dying could be clearly distinguished lying in piles on the hill-side, and over their

prostrate bodies fresh troops crowded on to meet the same fate. Many a manly heart and nervous arm went down in the deadly struggle on that green hill-side! No valour availed,—the cannon's force was greater than the strength of man. How many ardent hopes were extinguished, how many home circles destroyed, and lives rendered miserable by the havoc of that hour, none can tell, no more than they can imagine the bodily agony or the grief for home and friends which was there endured! What would be the value of what is called glory, if weighed on the field of battle and among the dead!

I was sent down to the front at an early hour, and the scene in the ravines and trenches baffles all description. The air was alive with projectiles. Shells bursting in mid-air, and falling in heavy masses on all sides; round-shot rushing along, and leaving wide-spread destruction in their wake; and the sharp "ping" of the Minie startling us out of all propriety. Large bodies of men, fatigued and dusty, were lying in shelter under the rocks. The hospital *marquées*, placed behind some projecting corner, were surrounded by stretchers, and ambulance waggon filled with wounded men. The heat was oppressive. We, too, as well as the French, had been repulsed. It was but too plainly written in the men's faces. They never spoke a word, but walked sullenly homewards. The collapse and disappointment were proportionate to the nervous excitement. The wounds received on that day were of the most fearful description, as they were nearly all caused by shell or grape. Limbs torn off, skulls half carried away, and chests laid open, were common accidents. The hospitals were full of men torn and mangled, and presented scenes much more fearful than even those of the field of battle. From the advanced position occupied by many of the worst wounded when they were hit, they could not be got at till the night of the 19th, and thus many of them lay unassisted for two whole days under a scorching sun, and the dews of the intermediate night. It was very curious to observe how soon the men recovered from the depression caused by the failure of the assault. A few days afterwards it was all forgot, and the same old reckless spirit prevailed. The comrade who had stood beside them, and who now lay on a bed of agony, was well-nigh unremembered,—to him alone the scene now appeared a reality. The camp assumed its wonted appearance, and nothing was

spoken of but when there was to be another attack.

August.—The battle of the Tchernaya was an incident which broke in on the monotony of camp life. We did not hear anything of it till the fight was nearly over, but when we went up to the heights overhanging the river later in the morning, the Russian army was debouching in force on the plain beyond, and which was further down the river than the scene of the battle. It was a glorious sight! They poured forth from the narrow valleys leading down from the plateau of Mackenzie's Farm in glittering masses, "rank after rank, like surges bright of a broad sea of gold," till the whole plain was chequered with infantry, cavalry, and artillery. There they remained for some hours drawn out in battle order, and then retired as they came, a long line of dust alone marking their retreat up the dark valleys in the distance. Near the bridge, in the little grassy plains on either side of the river, which had been the grand point of attack, the dead and wounded lay in heaps, fearfully disfigured by the round shot which had played on them, and all along the road to camp they lay at intervals. The prisoners taken were the most miserable specimens of soldiers I ever saw. I met a body of about 600 of them on their way to camp, and among them there was hardly one man in the prime of life. Old, gray, toothless men, and young raw boys, formed the bulk of their number. They certainly did not appear much distressed at being made prisoners.

September.—No one saw anything of the final assault on the 8th, except those more immediately engaged, as cavalry were early stationed to keep back all not on duty from the heights in front of the encampment. The great conflagration at night, by which the town was destroyed, lit the whole camp, and caused the greatest excitement from the ignorance which prevailed as to the movements of the enemy. The different and conflicting accounts which one hears of the cause of our repulse a second time from the Redan, makes it impossible to form any just idea of how this unfortunate affair turned out so badly. When the south side was found abandoned in the morning, the joy throughout the camp was universal. The place had at last fallen, and the ardent longings of months were satisfied. I will at some future time give you an account of the "heap of blood-stained ruins" as we found them on their being taken possession of by the allies.

The enemy had a very nasty habit,

for some time previous to the taking of the town, of throwing round-shot into our camp a distance of about three miles. We could not understand how it was managed, but, sure enough, night and day they came crash down so regularly every three minutes, that you might safely set your watch by them. As they were fired vertically, we never heard them approach till they fell with a rush which sent the blood back to one's heart. At night they were particularly annoying, often coming so close that you involuntarily sprang out of bed, thinking they were coming through your tent. It was most curious, that though these shot were thus falling continually on camping ground, which was studded over as thick as it was possible with tents, only two men were killed by them. Certainly the hairbreadth escapes were numerous. One officer rose from his bed in the excitement caused by the sound of a round-shot falling, and his bed was smashed behind him; another ball entered a tent occupied by six soldiers, and buried itself in the earth without hurting any of them. Many, however, suffered severely in health from the constant state of nervous excitement they were kept in by these unwelcome intruders.

October.—The camp is in a state of unusual excitement on account of the secret expedition which is about to start from Kamiesch. The surmises are many, and the "best authorities" quoted numerous, but, in reality, no one knows with any certainty where we are going. Nicolaief, the great Russian naval depot, and Odessa, seem the most plausible conjectures. Wherever it be, the very mystery creates interest, and the troops which are to form it start in high spirits. Kamiesch was unusually bustling. Steamboats crowded with troops poured their living cargoes into the huge carcases of the ships of the line; war steamers were taking gun and mortar boats in tow, while the floating batteries of the French were propelling their ugly bulks along through the confusion. We sailed westward, and soon it was known for certain that the object of attack was the great fortress of Kilbouroun, which protects the approach to Nicolaief, and soon numerous "shaves" (false reports) were going the round about the warm reception prepared for us. The day after leaving the Crimea, the whole fleet anchored abreast of Odessa, and took up a position exactly as if an attack on that town was meditated. The inhabitants were evidently labouring under the same belief, as the more exposed part appeared deserted, and masses of troops could be seen collected on the heights. We re-

mained two days steeped in an impenetrable "Black Sea fog," and when, on the third, long rolls of smoke were seen over and concealing the city, many sage reflections were made on "the traditional policy of the Russians," which caused them to fire the town and retire into the interior. However, such ideas were entirely dissipated, when, on the following morning, the city was discovered unscathed in all its fair proportions, its terraces and beautiful buildings looking as elegant and pure as ever in the morning sun. The city had only been veiled in the retiring curtain of mist. The fleet got under weigh at last, and sailed in a double column along the coast northward. The French ships forming one line, and ours the other. The coast was very beautiful. Being steppe land, it was all covered with large flocks. Telegraph stations crowned the eminences, and pretty villages and neat white cottages occurred in rapid succession. Cossacks were picketed all along the shore, and the inhabitants were seen quietly at their work as if no enemy were near. It is odd that nearly all our great engagements, in this and former wars, should have been fought on Sundays. Alma, Inkermann, Balaclava, and the fall of Sebastopol, together with nearly every great sortie, have occurred on Sundays! This expedition was no exception. It sailed on a Sunday, and the fort was to have been attacked on the Sunday succeeding, if the preconcerted plan had been carried out. Alas! how changed, by a terrible necessity, were these days from the purpose for which they were instituted!

The whole fleet, war ships and transports, numbered nearly 100 vessels, and as the channel was so narrow as to necessitate their sailing in single file, they extended over miles. In the afternoon we anchored. A gleam of sunshine rested on the massive buildings of a large fort, which lay right ahead, and seemed to float on the water, so low was the land on which it stood; all the rest of the horizon was dark with heavy clouds. Next morning, on nearer approach, we found that the fort alluded to, that of Kilbouroun, occupied the point of a long spit of sand, which lay right across our position. On the far side of this sandy point was a wide expanse of sea, into which the great rivers Bug and Dneiper debouch. On the other side of the narrow strait, on the one side of which Kilbouroun stands, is a considerable town, Otchakov and the fort of St. Nicholas. The troops were soon landed under protection of the gun-boats, on the base of the sandy spit, and began immediately

to throw up entrenchments across the point, which was here about a mile and a-half broad. The French formed a line on the fort side, and our troops faced the country, to provide against a surprise from without. Tents were quickly landed, and depots of provisions formed, so that, before many hours were over, we had become quite domesticated, and began again our Crimean life on a small scale. We are thus encamped on a narrow spit some miles long, formed of rolling sand hills, with salt marshes so numerous interspersed, as not to hold out an agreeable prospect if the position be held during the winter. The few fishermen's cottages built on the shore, were early gutted by the Zouaves, who were soon seen at work fishing with the captured nets. A village stood under the protection of the guns of the fort. Except some mortar firing, nothing was attempted against the fort for the first two days. It was not yet sufficiently surrounded by the net of ships and troops which was being laid to enclose it.

At half-past eight, on the morning of the 17th, the gun and mortar boats moved into position under a considerable fire from the enemy, and began to pitch their formidable projectiles into the works on the point. The village on the spit had been set on fire by the enemy the evening before, and burned all night. The few houses which remained, were fired by the shells early on the morning of the attack, and, shortly after the bombardment began, a large barrack within the fort's precincts caught fire, and continued during the day to wreath the fortress in heavy black smoke, from underneath which the guns flashed sheets of flame along the walls. About one o'clock in the afternoon, the line of battle ships came into action in line, our admiral's ship leading. Gun-boats and mortar-vessels had been towed round the spit by the steamers, so that the fort was now the centre of a fire heavier and more precise than was, perhaps, ever concentrated on any one fortress before. The scene was most animated. On every knoll groups of anxious spectators watched the action with intense interest. The rapidity with which the line of battle ships delivered their fire was astonishing. Sheets of fire, one above the other, flashed from their different tiers of guns, causing the air sensibly to vibrate. The fleet, being to leeward, was soon shrouded in smoke, through which hulls, masts, and spars, with the ensigns streaming out in the breeze, could be seen in fitful chinks. The sea round the fort was kept in a turmoil, as if boiling, with the fall of the pro-

jectiles into it, which either under- or over-shot their aim. Before two the fort gave in, and the white flag of peace was seen floating from the mast heads of the ships. No walls, however strong, could long withstand such a fire. The Russians marched out in the evening, to the number of 1100, the officers alone being armed. They were allowed to carry off their goods, and a very large quantity they managed to convey along with them. Nearly all the men were drunk, and many were hardly able to walk. Fortunately, they were all "good natured in their cups," and appeared most happy, laughing and joking as they went along. Many most absurd scenes occurred. Some, staggering along under their loads of household gear, would suddenly throw down their burdens and embrace one another in the most frantic manner; others went along singing and hiccuping by turns, while they flourished their half emptied bottles in their hands; others, again, to whom had been committed the church pictures and vessels,—all of which they were allowed to carry off,—carried them with a drunken solemnity suited to their employment. Some, of a tragical turn of disposition, threw themselves on their knees before the little French soldiers who guarded their line of march, clasped their hands on their breasts, and crying drunkenly, pointed to heaven. Their romantic attitude was, however, soon deranged by sundry pokes from behind, delivered with such unromantic violence, and in such an aggravating manner, as quickly to bring them to their feet, when their burdens were replaced, their faces turned in the direction they were to march, and a push administered to give them a start, after which they mechanically staggered on. Boxes containing church ornaments and relics, droskies with furniture, and wounded men on ambulance mules filed past. The officers were mostly very superior looking men, and several, I suppose for a bit of bravado, wore white kid gloves. The common soldiers were very dirty, and mostly very young. They all wore the usual long grey cloak, round cap, and long boots drawn over their trousers. One old, grey-headed soldier walked resolutely along, refusing all aid, who had had his arm blown off at the shoulder joint. Stragglers from the transports greedily watched the line of march for pouches, sword belts, &c. All the prisoners were sent on board ship next day. The fort of St. Nicolas, on the Otchakov side of the straits, was abandoned and blown up by the enemy next morning. I went all over Kilbouroun fort the same day. The

destruction was most awful. Large pieces of the wall thrown down and rent in pieces, cannon dismounted and their carriages smashed, houses riddled, and the whole place paved with shot and fragments of shell. The casemates were, however, little injured. The open spaces were strewn with furniture, books, powder and shot, and ruins. In one place the candlebras of a church were standing on the ground, and a French soldier stood between them, dressed in the priest's robes, holding forth to the immense

amusement of his comrades. The house^s within the fort were gutted and completely demolished. Crowds of people rushed about picking up every thing. Two rooms were filled with books lying in heaps on the ground. Arms and accoutrements were piled in corners, and dismounted cannon lay in every direction. The ground all round the fort was ploughed by shell and covered with their fragments. Nothing could be more complete than the ruin of every thing.

G. H. B. M.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW SCUTARI MISSION.

We publish portions of Mr Fergusson's Journal, though of an old date, in order that our readers may be able to realize the various interesting conditions of mind in which a chaplain finds our soldiers to be when laid on a sick-bed, and also to show what a blessing it is to have one to minister to their spiritual wants.

March 23d.—Heard yesterday from his medical attendant that one of my men could not get better. Resolved to endeavour to lead his mind to thoughts suitable to his position. The poor fellow has been lying wounded since Alma. I feared he might be clinging to life, but was glad to find him otherwise minded. He said he had been praying to be taken away; and that, if an angel from heaven should give him the choice to live or die, he should prefer the latter. He was religiously impressed in early life. He told me he used, when about twelve years of age, to retire for prayer behind one of the trees on Glasgow Green at five o'clock in the summer mornings. But he learned to frequent the tavern, and then he gave up prayer; and from bad to worse he went on, till no one would employ him, he was such a drunkard; then he was obliged to enlist. He appears sincere in his profession of attachment to Christ. Weeps inconsolably; says his sins have been so great that he cannot expect mercy. Was invited by a doctor to minister to a man apparently drawing near his end; he turned out to be an Irish Presbyterian whom I had not seen before. The poor man wept when I asked for him, and seemed truly thankful for my visit. There is scarcely a case but is full of interest. Took a pot of jam to a young man for whom I feel a strong affection; he is spoken of in report of

10th inst. A few seem so hardened that I can make nothing of them.

March 24th.—One young man awakened to a sense of his danger as a sinner, by the perusal of Ryle's tract, "Do you pray?" He said he had been taught to read his Bible, and to say his prayers, but that he now felt he had never in reality prayed. He had read the tract three times over, and it had made a deep impression on his mind. Was apparently indifferent to all I said to him before; now the tears steal down his cheeks. Many are thus impressed when death seems approaching; but what gives point to this case, the young man is getting better. Visited the Harem Hospital. Several inquirers there. One, with tears, asked me to come back soon. Several Roman Catholics begged for tracts, which I gave them.

March 25th, Sabbath.—The Harem Hospital at eleven. A much smaller attendance than usual, in consequence of Mr. — having given a second service in the form of the Church of England last Sabbath after mine. Distributed six Bibles, and visited those Presbyterians in their respective wards who were unable to leave their beds. Afterwards, visited special cases in General Hospital. Found the young man, mentioned in note of yesterday, reading with deep interest "James's Anxious Inquirer," which he received from me. J. M'G. still weeping over his sins. He says he has known to do right, but has done wrong. Was surprised to hear from —, alluded to in note of 23d, that he had thought of becoming a Roman Catholic. He had asked one of the orderlies to call a priest in the morning; but, the medical men getting notice of it, judged it proper to examine him to see whether he was capable of judging for himself, and they resolved to send for me. Meantime,

having come uncalled, I found the patient very glad to see me. I learned from him that, some time ago, his nurse had advised him to pray to the Virgin, and that he had been thinking that some advantage might attend their ceremonies. His professed reliance upon Christ is, I fear, all pretence. After having spoken some time to him, and read a portion of Scripture, and prayed with him, I was about to depart, when, unsolicited, he offered me his hand, that he would not join the Roman Catholics. I tried to convince him that his Protestantism would not save him, but loving Christ only; gave him a Bible, which he promised to read, or get some one to read to him. Boniface House (female hospital) at half-past two,—attentive hearers; and, again, at General Hospital at four,—a small but attentive audience. After service, visited — again. Found that the nurse had been with him, and had tried to prevail upon him to become a Romanist. He told me he had made up his mind to remain a Protestant. Must investigate this case.

March 26th.—Visited the whole of General Hospital. — quite resolved to die in the Protestant faith. M'G. better in health, and more cheerful in mind. When I gave him a Bible, he exulted as a child would at the reception of a toy. W. B. says he is able to say, "The will of the Lord be done." T. B. apparently dying, amid true peace. When I began to repeat to him the twenty-third psalm, he took it from me, and went on himself; but his emotions choked him, and he was unable to proceed. I helped him; and he repeated, amid a flood of tears, and with joy unspeakable and full of glory, the last verse,—

"Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for ever more
My dwelling place shall be."

It is indeed a glorious sight to see the frail and feeble tabernacle of clay thus lost sight of, amid the glory of even the threshold of the home of many mansions.

March 27th.—Visited first the special cases in the General Hospital, and then went with my bag, crammed full of books and tracts, to the Harem and Palace Hospitals. Several cases of great interest at both of these places. One man, recovering from fever, wished particularly to be instructed how he could be saved. He seems truly humble, and fears he has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. While I addressed another, who is exceedingly fond of my visits, I observed his neighbour

apparently suffering much, and remarked that he was very poorly. "Yes," he replied, "but your words are precious." I replied that they were not my words, but the words of the Holy Spirit; and I took a Bible and read a portion. The whole ward listened with the most profound attention, Catholics as well as Protestants. I then knelt down between the two men to whom I had specially addressed my remarks, and prayed for them and all present. Tears of gratitude flowed, and I was entreated to return soon. In the Palace Hospital, I went into a small ward merely to inquire for the health of the patients. I knew none of my men were there. I had called twice before, and spoken a few words into the ear of a young man to all appearance dying. The second time I saw him, he was able to speak a little. I said I hoped the chaplain had been calling upon him. He replied that he had never seen but one gentleman; he did not know it was he who now addressed him. As he appeared rather anxious to receive instruction, I spoke to him freely. To-day I found him still weak, but much better. There were only himself and a Roman Catholic, apparently asleep, in the room. After I had conversed with him for a few minutes, he requested me to shut the door, and fasten it, lest any one should disturb us. He then said, "I shall be very much obliged to you, Sir, if you will offer up a short prayer. I know there is some little difference between our church and yours, but I don't mind that." After prayer, I gave him something suitable to read. This is a truly hopeful case. One of my men in another ward showed very great interest in the spiritual welfare of his neighbours, which makes me hope he may be himself one of the Lord's hidden ones. He took me to see another man of the Church of England, ill of fever, whom I spoke to and prayed with. Another of my people I found very ill. He told me he was dying, and must prepare to leave this world; but that he was not fit to die, for he had been a great sinner. I tried to set before him the fulness and freeness of the Gospel offer. He was much moved, and showed his acquaintance with the Scripture by saying, "Yes! Christ is the way; for, in the 14th chapter of John, He says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.'" When I left him he gave me his hand with great satisfaction. These are only a few of the day's blessings in the course of my labours.

March 28th.—Visited the whole of

General Hospital. — died yesterday. He had lain since Alma. The orderly, a Romanist, thinks he must have gone at once to heaven, he suffered so much here! One man, who expected to embark for home this week, has been taken very ill; but, generally, there is much improvement among the men in point of health. 140 new patients received to-day from the Crimea,—only six of them dangerously ill.

March 29th.—Visited the whole of my field of labour,—the General, the Harem, and the Palace Hospitals. Of the 140 fresh arrivals, only six are Presbyterians. One, who expected daily to sail for England, died last night,—another of the many fearful instances of the uncertainty of life.

March 30th.—Did some little things for D., then went to the Palace with a dozen Bibles, expecting to have too many, but found I had too few. It was a very great pleasure indeed to distribute the Word of Life to such grateful recipients. Spent two hours in the wards of the Barrack Hospital in the evening with the medical officers, and witnessed the death of a poor fellow just come in from the Crimea.

March 31st.—Went to the wharf with a fatigue party, carrying two boxes of Bibles and a parcel of tracts, and saw them shipped for the Crimea. Afterwards visited the whole of the General Hospital. One of my people died about noon in great peace, apparently the peace of God. The rest of my men seem all getting better. There are many hardened cases, but some, I doubt not, will remember their vows. One, who has been brought up from the gate of death, wept when I reminded him of the Lord's goodness, and said, "I should not soon forget it." Another, after I had prayed at his request, said, "May the Lord bless you, Sir, with everything that can

sweeten life; and when you leave the world, may you be received into those mansions where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

We rejoice to say that Mr. Fergusson's health is so re-established that he returns speedily to his old labours.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
SCUTARI MISSION.

A Few Friends	£1 0 0
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MONTHLY INVITATION TO SPECIAL
PRAYER,

Issued by the Society for Promoting United Prayer, for the revival of religion, and the overthrow of all anti-Christian error.

For the first Monday of December,—

"That the horrors of the present war may be specially blessed to all those conducting it, in producing a lively sense of the uncertainty of human life, and of the necessity of making up their peace with God, through faith in Jesus."

For the first Monday in January,—

"That the year now commenced, may be remarkable for a revival of religion among all classes, and for the adoption of important measures for the advancement of the Redeemer's cause."

For the first Monday of February,—

"That the legislatures of Christian countries may be led to refrain from giving any countenance to error or vice, especially to popery, the breach of the Sabbath, or the sin of intemperance, and that they may be led to remove whatever is dishonouring to God, and injurious to the welfare of the public at large."

Notices of Books.

The Decalogue: a Series of Discourses on the Ten Commandments. By ROBERT GILLAN, D.D., Minister of St. John's Parish, Glasgow. Glasgow: Thomas Murray and Son. 1856.

This contribution to theology and ethics by the eloquent minister of St. John's parish, Glasgow, amply fulfils the promise contained in the brief preface in which its character is described.

Much novelty in the treatment of the Decalogue is not to be expected, and it is not claimed; but, as the author remarks, "where the raw material is furnished, the manufacture of it may be somewhat novel in pattern, or style, or arrangement;" and, to this extent at least, his attempt will, as he hopes, justify a title to authorship as distinguished from the office of compiler.

The Discourses are fitly introduced

by an essay on moral obligation, composed for a religious association in Glasgow, in which the origin of such obligation, its foundation and its standard are rapidly sketched. This is followed by an inquiry into the existence of conscience, the nature of which is examined more fully in that part of the essay which treats of the foundation on which moral obligation rests. Each of the discourses is preceded by a short and appropriate prayer, with a suitable passage of Scripture as a lesson. It is impossible, within our limits, to give any minute account of the different methods pursued in treating each of the ten commandments; suffice it to say, that the large field of duty is carefully surveyed, and much sound truth eloquently expounded. A few short extracts will give some idea of the author's style:—

THE FIRST COMMANDMENT.

"Now, brethren, as the centre-point around which these intimations revolve, as the luminous focus by which these beams are converged, or as the sun from which they irradiate, is the first of the first great commandment. As the Spirit of God hovering over the chaotic mass, so this is exalted as the highest at once and the best—as the majestic cloud—as the brilliant flamings of the shekinah in the temple—so this stands forth in peerless prominence and grandeur. Like the cross lifted up on the Place of a Skull, when it bore the body of Jesus, to this, as a discovery and injunction, is turned the mental eye; by it is gendered every pious emotion, while around it is found to cluster every pure moral feeling. Yes, amid the legal brotherhood this 'testimony' is enthroned, as Christ will be at the judgment; and amid the quenching of stars, the fall of planets, the dissolution of this world as now, this shall remain unscathed—shall be carried to heaven, and fixed behind the throne of God and the Lamb, for the hosts to contemplate for ever. As regulating all worshipful homage, this one will not be discarded—this one shall never be changed. Angels may captivate us then, the archangel may win us by his splendour, cherubim may dazzle us with their brightness, and glorified companions may bid us to fragrant bowers; but, with a sound more impressive still, will be heard for ever and aye, what the voice from Horeb enjoins: 'Thou, O saint—thou, O higher messenger—thou shalt have no other gods as competitors with me, in these my luminous regions.'"

PROFANE SWEARING.

"Yes, the master swears at the man, the man takes up the impious flourish, and repeats it to the boy, who in turn is proud and pleased in this to ape his elders; and so the factory and the forge have assumed an atmosphere hotter by far than their fires. And the captain swears to his crew, and the crew swears each to his mate; and so a common language obtains on shipboard, in which all parties are skilled, and sounds float over the deck more portentous by far than all the gales which sweep it. And the officer swears to his ordinary, and he to the men beneath him, and they to the outlers around; so that one volley of oaths may, from an army, or even a detachment, be discharged, more fleet and more fatal by far, than all their shots and shells."

The author, we think, has been pre-eminently successful in treating the difficult subject of the seventh commandment. He might have said, with Jeremy Taylor, "I have used all the care I could in the following periods, that I might neither be wanting to assist those that need it, nor yet minister any occasion of fancy or vainer thoughts to those that need them not. If any man will snatch the pure taper from my hand, and hold it to the devil, he will only burn his own fingers, but shall not rob me of the reward of my care and good intention, since I have taken heed how to express the following duties." The whole of this discourse of Dr. Gillan's is excellent.

The Doctor's style is rather peculiar. It may also be said that there are several instances of unnecessary inversion, and that unusual terms are sometimes substituted for those commonly employed, without any gain either in strength or clearness. The first commandment, for example, is called "our meaningful negation," and "Sinai's primal divulgement," and an "inspired adstriction," but what may be regarded as blemishes by some, we are aware, are by others still more warmly admired, and the just method of forming an estimate of such expressions is to read them in connexion with the rest of the passage in which they occur. We have no doubt that the congregation of which Dr. Gillan is the eminently popular minister, must hail this volume with great delight. It will bring before them in a vivid and unmistakable manner the very preacher to whom they are wont to listen with such gratification, and enable them to repair to much salutary instruction, bearing on ordinary life.

Sermon.

By the Rev. DAVID RUNCIMAN, D.D., Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow.

"And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."—HEB. ix. 27, 28.

WHAT peculiarly characterises the provisions of the Gospel, and constitutes their highest value, is their entire adaptation to the wants of mankind. The remedy is in every respect fitted for the disease. And no sooner are any made sensible of their condition as fallen and sinful creatures, than they find in the communications of the Gospel, what is both obviously designed, and admirably suited to repair the ruins of the fall.

Not more remarkable is the provision made in the material world for the wants of physical and sentient creatures, than is the adaptation of the Gospel to the wants of fallen and guilty beings. The same wisdom, and power, and goodness, every where apparent in the external world, are equally discoverable in the great scheme of redemption. The Saviour revealed and offered is altogether the deliverer whom we require. For our every want, and fear, and sorrow, He hath most abundantly provided.

It is this circumstance which especially renders the Gospel such a precious communication. And then the wants which it supplies are so urgent, the questions which it determines are so momentous, the fears which it allays are so formidable, the sorrows which it soothes are so piercing, that we at once recognise it as a scheme worthy of the great Jehovah to reveal, and which it is the imperative duty of man to receive.

On no ordinary subjects are the discoveries of the Gospel expended. They are all in their nature of transcendent moment. Looking at mankind as guilty and depraved, and utterly helpless, God in His Word tells us how we may be par-

doned, and sanctified, and saved. In the Gospel the guiltiest are directed to the blood which cleanseth from sin completely and for ever; the most depraved are told of a Spirit who can regenerate wholly; the dejected soul is invited to repose on One who can remove the pangs which no earthly physician can alleviate,—even the agonies of a wounded spirit.

Brethren, would we see in the most impressive light the adaptation of the Gospel to our wants, and the unspeakable preciousness of its provisions, we must look at them as bearing on our future prospects and everlasting destiny. It is very plain, that so far as this world is concerned, many are satisfied to live without a Saviour and without hope; and did the Gospel make no provision for the future, many more would reject and despise it. But this is the point on which the Gospel presents its most powerful claim on our regard. It is here that it stands at an infinite distance from every other system. And would you know its amazing and gracious provisions for the hour of dissolution, and at the ordeal of judgment, listen to the language of the text, "And as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation."

The general import of these words we conceive to be, that the Lord Jesus Christ is the great refuge of His people at death and at judgment. We shall call your thoughts to these two epochs in a life which is everlasting, and shew the abundant provision which is made for believers at both.

I. Let us advert to death, and the ground on which believers may meet this event with fortitude and hope. "It is appointed unto men once to die, so Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." In whatever aspect death be viewed, it is a very solemn event. Viewing it merely as the termination of mortal existence, as the period which closes all connexion with this world, it cannot fail to impress every well regulated mind. We cannot think of a fellow-creature, who was wont to be engaged in all the activities of life, the subject of the same hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, with ourselves, a neighbour, a friend, or a fellow worshipper, with whose appearance, and manner, and pursuits, we were familiar; we cannot think of such a one stretched on the bed of death, shrouded in the garments of the tomb, without being deeply and profoundly solemnized. Oh! there is something very awfully impressive in the imperturbable stillness, the immovable quiescence, the icy coldness of death, and the mysterious uncertainty connected with that spirit which has fled, which gave such interest to the now lifeless frame, and whose image is yet seen reflected in those features on which death has just commenced its sweeping triumph.

And when there is added to this, the desolation connected with this event,—the circle, wider or more limited, which it breaks,—the hearts which it wounds,—the change which it effects on the history or character of those who survive, we cannot but see that death is an event of no common moment.

But we are taught in the text to view death in a much more solemnizing aspect, even as *the appointment of God*. And throughout the whole of Scripture we are informed that death is the consequence of sin. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." We are thus led to view death, not as a natural event, but as a violent and unnatural change superinduced by the fall, as the direct and threatened penalty of transgression.

There is something in the idea of death being part of the curse of the Almighty,

as a just infliction for the breach of a righteous law, which invests it with peculiar terrors. It were one thing to bear death as a natural consequence of original frailty; it is another thing to bear it as the curse entailed on mankind by our great progenitor. Every pang which is felt, every sigh which is heaved, all the varied forms in which disease attacks the human frame, are the effects of the threatening, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." There is something in all this which adds tenfold to the bitterness of death, and which fearfully darkens the gloom of the grave.

Not only was it sin which first introduced death into this our happy world, but it is sin which is still the sting of death. It is conscious guilt which forces a spiritual and immortal creature to recoil from the thought of being ushered into the presence of a holy and omniscient God. Were it not sin, death would be hailed by many as the deliverer from all the trials and sorrows of this vale of tears. And it is this which causes the most wretched of the family of misfortune cling to life with such fond tenacity. And it is not, indeed, strange that a sinful and guilty creature, who has spent a long life of unbroken rebellion and heaven-defying sin—who has nothing on which to look back but sins innumerable and unpardoned—grace despised, kindness, and mercy, and opportunities abused; and in looking forward, nothing to meet the eye, but an insulted God, a despised Saviour, a grieved Spirit—should think of death with terror.

It is, indeed, true, that many who have cause to exhibit this alarm have met death with indifference or confidence. Hundreds are every day passing from life to death in brutal insensibility. On the bed of death the infidel has scoffed, the sinner has presumed, the hypocrite has dissembled. But this proves nothing more than the desperate wickedness of man. The hectic flush is not the glow of health—the burning fever is not the fire of youth—the maniac's laugh is not the joy of reason. And when man goes down to the dark valley unpardoned and

unsanctified, indifference is disease, bravery is madness!

To the best who ever lived, "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." And oh, could a sinner obtain but a glance of guilty man meeting his God, there is not one of the most thoughtless, the most hardened, the most utterly reckless, who would not tremble at the thought of death. But for infinite mercy, this had been the condition of us all when "it was appointed unto men once to die."

But what affords peace and hope to God's people at the hour of death, is "that Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." The truth which is here stated as the foundation of hope and the source of comfort to believers, is the great atonement. This is very obvious, both from the words themselves and the context. The apostle is contrasting the sacrifice of Christ with the offerings presented under the ceremonial law.

Instead of dwelling at present on the general doctrine of the atonement, it is more accordant with the spirit of the text, and better fitted to shew what a solid foundation the truth affords the believer for hope at death, to bring before you the infinite value of the sacrifice of Christ; in other words, to shew how that, in His being once offered, He could bear the sins of many. Some trace the value of the atonement entirely to the fact of its being *appointed* by God, and conceive that had any other sacrifice than the blood of the incarnate Jehovah been *appointed* by Him, it would have been equally sufficient for the end. But such a view of Christ's sacrifice involves an impeachment of every attribute of the Godhead. Can we for a moment suppose, that if the offering up of any creature, or even of any animal, had been sufficient to expiate the guilt of the many who were to be redeemed, if God had so appointed, would the highest and holiest inhabitant of heaven have left the upper sanctuary, and assumed our nature, and suffered all that cruelty could inflict, and all that humanity could endure? No. But the best answer to this view is, that God hath not so appointed. And

looking at the sacrifice which He did appoint, and which He hath accepted, we see the strongest reason for believing that no other could have at once satisfied the infinitely holy God, and secured the salvation of a countless multitude of souls.

The value of the sacrifice lay in the divine dignity of the victim. Though the divine nature could not suffer, and though God could not die, it was because this was mysteriously united with the human nature which gave such value to the work. It was this which rendered His being only once offered up sufficient to bear the sins of all who were to be redeemed. This it was which invested His every act of obedience with such moment. This it was which rendered His agony so precious. It was this which gave such unrivalled importance to His life. It was this which gave such glory to the cross. "We are not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."

It will now be asked, How is it that the atonement provides believers against death and all its terrors? It does not stay the arm of the fell destroyer. Believers and unbelievers, the godly and ungodly, must alike yield to the general law: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." But though this be the case, it is not difficult to see how the great atonement referred to should prove such a refuge to the soul in nature's final conflict. We have seen what it is which gives death all its terrors. It is sin which makes it the object of universal dread. Now the great Redeemer, by His sacrifice, has atoned for guilt. On His devoted head fell the wrath of heaven against the sin of His people. And it is because believers can look to Christ's sacrifice, and rest on it their every hope, that death is deprived of his terror, and the grave of its gloom.

Long before the hour of dissolution they have looked with a believing eye to the sacrifice of the Redeemer. His precious blood was probably sprinkled on them in the days of their youth, and, through all the stages of their pilgrimage,

they looked to it habitually for peace and hope. Never did one cloud intervene between them and their God, but they turned the eye of faith to the Lamb that was slain; never did one storm of guilt arise in their bosoms, but they looked to Him who was wont to say, "Peace, be still." Feeling every day their need of a Saviour, they every day repaired to the fountain which He had opened; and now that they are nearing the close of their earthly career, and Jordan's troubled waters begin to roar, they keep steadily looking to the great sacrifice, and their fears are stilled and their hopes revive. Alas! if in this, the hour of trial, they had nothing to look to but what is called a well-spent life,—if their eternal all were now perilled on their deeds of charity,—if they went down to the grave, trusting to the uncovenanted mercy of God,—then, assuredly, they would stumble and fall. But when they can look to that blood which was shed for the remission of the sins of many, they feel that they are trusting to a foundation which is solid and sure; and when they are made to feel, by their waning strength, that "it is appointed unto men once to die," they are supported and cheered by the all-important truth, that "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."

II. Let us now advert to that other solemn event in the life of every human being,—the final judgment, and the provision made for the safety of believers on that decisive day,—"but after this the judgment;" "and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." It is evident from the context that it is the judgment at the last day which is here referred to; and there is no need for saying much to shew that the day on which the everlasting destiny of all who have ever lived shall be publicly determined is an event, the prospect of which is very deeply affecting. Everything is said in God's Word respecting it which can impress us with awe, and there are many circumstances connected with it which are peculiarly fitted to solemnize our minds. If we bear in mind who is to be our Judge,—the law by which we will

be tried,—and if we consider that the decisions of that day are irrevocable,—we will see that the judgment day is indeed of tremendous moment.

The great Being at whose tribunal we are all to stand is the Lord Jesus Christ, the eternal Son of God, to whom the work of judgment is consigned. We must all appear at the judgment seat of Christ, that omniscient God, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, and who sees and knows the whole circumstances which have formed the real character of every individual.

The law by which all men will be tried is like Jehovah himself. It taketh cognisance not only of the actions of the life, but of the thoughts and intents of the heart, all the motives and feelings of the soul, the whole of those unseen but important movements which have taken place in this seat of action, those inmost desires and designs which no mortal ever knew, but which were all recorded in the book of everlasting remembrance.

By this eternal and immutable law will God's accountable creatures be tried; and whatever be the decree of the Judge of all, it must be righteous and will be final. From Jehovah's sentence there is no appeal.

The everlasting state of every human being is unalterably fixed at death; and, however long may be the period which intervenes between death and judgment, during it no change takes place in the condition of the soul. But still, though a judgment-day be only to unfold the great principle of the divine administration, there is in the very fact of the whole world being assembled, the real character of all proclaimed, and the eternal destiny of each publicly determined, what is fitted to fill with awe every reflecting mind.

This event, indeed, is not thought of by many, or as one of those distant days about which there is some uncertainty. It is not realized as a great and undoubted truth. But whether the judgment day be thought of or unheeded, whether it be treated with reverence or with ridicule, it is announced in the Word of God in such a way as ought to make all consider, and may well cause some to fear.

Conceive this day to have arrived, when the sun for the last time rises on this guilty world, and all that are in their graves have heard the voice of the Eternal, and again put on those bodies which they wore in this world. There stands the proud despiser of the Gospel, the man who treated hell as a fable or a figure, who by his fiendish zeal robbed many of their principles, now his accusers and tormentors—there stands the libertine, the traitor of innocence, the destroyer of souls, now surrounded by the victims of his pollution—there stands the hypocrite, in all his naked ugliness, he who wore religion as a cloak for doing the devil's work in—there stands the miser, the man who, though surrounded by the children of misfortune, relieved no wants and received no blessings. In a word, there are seen all who have not believed the report of the Gospel, and who have lived in guiltiness and sin. To each and all is addressed the tremendous sentence, by the righteous Judge from His great white throne, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;"—prepared not for you, but which you have voluntarily and deliberately chosen. Oh! imagine all this, and bear in mind that to this we are all liable,—when it was appointed that after death should come the judgment.

What is the provision made for the safety of believers on this decisive and solemn day?—"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation." When it is here said that Christ is to come "the second time, *without sin*," that does not imply that there was any sin about Him on His first appearance. The very reverse is the uniform doctrine of Scripture. There is then, however, a very important contrast between the *first* and *second* coming of the Saviour. When He first visited this world, His great work was all about sin. He came to bear our sins as the appointed sacrifice. He was even treated as the greatest sinner. And all this was needful to expiate the guilt of His people.

But His second coming will be that of a triumphant Conqueror and a mighty

Judge. It will be "unto salvation,"—to complete the redemption of His people, —to recover their bodies from the power of the grave,—clothe them with bodies glorious as His own,—acknowledge them as His chosen and redeemed people,—and take them home to himself to the full and everlasting enjoyment of heaven.

They to whom He will then appear are those who have been looking for Him, who have been eagerly expecting His coming, and waiting for it as the consummation of their bliss. In one sense, indeed, He will appear to all,—“Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him.”

But it is only to them that look for Him that He will appear "unto salvation." To them alone, who are Christians indeed, who are living in His faith, and love, and obedience, and who are familiarizing their minds with His second advent, will His coming be a day of triumph and rejoicing. And now it is easy to see how the Saviour, coming in the capacity here mentioned, should enable them to have boldness in the day of judgment, and now to contemplate that day with joyful anticipation. Then we remember what it is which makes the thought of the judgment day terrible, and think how it is all provided against; we may see the perfect security of believers on that day, and the cause why they can look forward to it without dismay. To them who are out of Christ, what an overwhelming thought to meet, as their Judge, a Being before whose piercing eyes angels fall prostrate. But then, the Judge is the Friend and Redeemer of believers. He sees in them the fruit of His travail, and the purchase of His pains. To the ungodly and the sinner, how appalling the thought to be tried by a law holy and just as its Author. But from the curse of that law, the Judge himself has freed them. They stand before Him accepted, not on the ground of any obedience of their own, but on the ground of a righteousness which the Judge himself has wrought out for them. To those who feel in their hearts nothing but enmity to God, how revolting the thought

to be brought into the immediate presence of Jehovah. But believers have been taught to look to Him as their Father, to cultivate feelings of love and confidence toward Him. Their greatest misery now is in the hiding of His face; their greatest happiness then, must be a full discovery of His glory.

Brethren, beloved in the Lord, these heavens, and this earth, must pass away like a scroll; the Lord himself shall descend with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. To God's people, to those who believe in the certainty of this event, and look earnestly for it, it will be a day of glory, honour, and victory,—a day not to be dreaded but desired,—the dawn of the brightest morning. Sin, and sorrow, and death, are completely and for ever destroyed. Perfect purity, immortal life, cloudless joy their everlasting portion. And while the solemnities of the judgment day will remind them of their former condition as the enemies of God, this will more highly enhance the preciousness of that Saviour who has "come the second time without sin unto salvation."

When Christ shall come the second time is known only to God. Many centuries may yet revolve before the end of all things. Or the great event, the closing scene of this world's history, may be near at hand. It will come suddenly, and may come soon. And as men were eating, and drinking, and making merry when the flood came and swept them all away, except those in the ark of safety, so shall it be when the Son of man comes. All but God's people will be overwhelmed with a great destruction.

But the other event here spoken of is near at hand. I cannot say that in a hundred years the history of the world will be wound up. But I can affirm that in a far shorter period each of us will be gone to his place. The clod of the valley will be lying sweetly over us, and our spirit will have gone to its God.

Who may first receive the summons, God only knows. It may be the child in the morning, just beginning to enjoy existence—the youth at noon, busily preparing for the duties of mature life—the

man or the woman, in the midst of honour and of usefulness—the aged bending over the staff of years. Very soon the summons will come to us all, for we must all die; "There is no discharge in that war."

This, to every reflecting mind, is a very solemn prospect. It is easy to pass through life in forgetfulness of God. The hopes, and the pleasures, and the honours of this world may keep the mind away from serious thought. They may keep us in the bonds of sin till the last moment. They may administer a fatal opiate, and keep the soul in false repose. Sometimes, indeed, before the end of the journey, the witchery of the world is stripped off, and its fountain found to be empty. And oh, it is a melancholy sight, to behold a man who has lived to the world, and given it all his energies—standing amid the wreck of fortune, with a broken and troubled spirit—feeling that soon he must leave this world, and ill prepared for another—having lost all he had here, and having nothing to hope for hereafter—weary of life, but afraid of death—sick of the earth, but unmeet for heaven.

But admitting that this world may keep you free from anxious thought till death comes, having done this, it has done all which it can do. It is mentioned in the biography of a great, and, in some things, a very good man, that a friend stood by his bedside, and after smoothing his pillow, said, Will it do?—O yes, said the dying philosopher, all that a *pillow* can do. So is it still. Friends may do all that friends can do, physicians may do all that they can do, philosophy may do all that it can do, but how little any of them can do! They cannot stay the last enemy's approach. They cannot take away the sting of death. They can only, apart from religion, deceive and then destroy the immortal soul.

But there is One still able and willing to be the Friend, the Physician, the Support, the Refuge. To Him let us commit our souls—in Him let us put our trust—to Him let us live. And then, come what may, death will be gain, and judgment will be glory.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AFFLICTIONS.

Afflictions are a good telescope into eternity.

THE SUFFERING CHRISTIAN.

Here is the course of many a suffering Christian—his school is a sick body; his period of study, a life time; his lectures, pains; his honours, great tribulation; his exercises, patience;—but his prize is heaven!

SUFFERINGS A GIFT.

The more we reflect upon our sufferings, the more must we feel grateful to the Giver of them.

LOSING AND FINDING.

How many lose themselves before they have found themselves!

VIRTUE.

The extolled virtue of men is often no more than a happy constellation of circumstances, which did not lie in their own hand.

THE ROD OF AFFLICTION.

The rod of affliction, which we dread, because it is in God's hand chastising us, often becomes to us an Aaron's rod, by which we recognise our priestly calling, as the people of God, and fellow partakers in the great tribulation. With it our inner life begins even to vegetate and bloom. The rod, which at first smote us, becomes to us so precious, that we treasure it up in our holy of holies, for everlasting remembrance.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

The disappointments of life are to a Christian the commandments of eternal love.

FRUITS OF AFFLICTION.

After an affliction, it seems as if the Saviour had thrown His arm around us, and drawn us still closer to His heart.

INTERCOURSE.

In intercourse with pious friends, we are in the outer court of the temple of the Lord; in the pious domestic circle lies the holy place; in the closet, in secret before Him, the holy of holies.

ILLS OF LIFE.

Many of the ills of life are like comets. They too have a long train, and appear to wander without a plan through the spaces of our existence, like their representatives in the firmament. But they all—all rest, nevertheless, in the hand of God.

PATIENCE.

As the fresh, silent dew revives the languishing pasture, so holy patience upholds the sufferer. But as little has he this patience of himself, as the field its dew.

THE RIGHT WAY.

When art thou upon the right way?
When above everything thou lovest God,
and above everything fearest thyself.

DEATH AND SEPARATION.

Death is not separation, but separation is death.

CONTEMPT OF LIFE.

To despise life is not to rejoice at death, hatred is not heroism.

TO THE DYING YEAR.

And thou, gray voyager to the breezeless sea
Of infinite Oblivion, speed thou on!
Another gift of Time succeedeth thee,
Fresh from the hand of God! for thou hast done
The errand of thy destiny, and none
May dream of thy returning. Go! and bear
Mortality's frail records to thy cold
Eternal prison-house;—the midnight prayer
Of suffering bosoms, and the fever'd care
Of worldly hearts; the miser's dream of gold;
Ambition's grasp at greatness; the quenched
light
Of broken spirits; the forgiven wrong,
And the abiding curse. Ay, bear along
These wrecks of thine own making. Go! thy
knell

Gathers upon the windy breath of night
Its last and faintest echo! Fare thee well!

J. G. WHITTIER.

SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

NO. II.—ENDLESS HAPPINESS.

“Not my will . . . be done.”

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have told you in my last sermon that you are never to die, but to have endless life. What I wish to teach you now, is how you are to have endless happiness.

Of course you *wish* yourselves to be happy, and all who love you wish this also for you. Your dear friends and relations wish it, and are glad when you are glad. The good angels wish it, for they all rejoice when they see even one unhappy sinner come back to God. Your own Saviour Jesus Christ wishes you to be happy; for did He not leave heaven and come here to enable you to be happy? Did He not become a little child, and live for thirty years in the world to teach you how to be happy? And did He not die for you, and is He not always seeing you and thinking about you every day, and all to make you happy? And God, your own Father, loves you; and does a father not wish to make his own children happy? How very happy everything is in His world! The woods in spring are a great concert of singing birds, busy building their nests and singing their songs. The air is full of larks that hymn like angels in the clouds. Bees hum over the meadows, and visit with a song every flower; and the flowers open their hearts, and give all their sweets to them, and then the bees return with joy to their hives, ready to start off at early morning singing again to their work. The waves dance in the sunbeams, and the streams go singing and dancing to the sea, and the fish leap and play in the water. The lambs sport and run races on the hill sides. The flowers have on gay clothes, and look so beautiful and glad, as the breeze plays with them and whispers to them. Even in winter, when the snow drifts, and the wind is cold, and the woods bare, and everything is asleep and resting till spring, the robin-redbreast and other birds are kept alive

day and night. Even the little flies and midges do not die, but appear again in summer. If you walk by the sea, too, you will observe a great number of birds that swim, and dive, and fly about happy, in spite of cold, or rain, or storm! Now God loves you far more than these, for He never called them His *children*, nor made them to be with himself and to love himself; and so God, who makes them so happy, surely wishes you to be far more happy? And does He not make you so every day? For there is not one in which you are not ready to laugh, and sing, and play. But He wishes to give you more joy than you ever yet had, and to give it to you *as long as you live!* “The chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.”

But how are you to be happy? That is the question! I wonder what answer you are inclined to give to it. Shall I guess? It is this, I think: “We would be quite happy if we had our own way, and could do just whatever we pleased! Oh! if there was no one to find fault with us, and if we were never meddled with, but could go where we pleased, and do what we pleased, and get all we liked just by wishing it! Yes; to have our own will in everything, that would make us happy!” Have I not guessed well? Are not these your thoughts?

Now I do not blame you at all, my dear children, for thinking this; it is very natural for you to do so, because you are too young to know how mistaken you are, unless you believe what those tell you who are older and wiser, and who can instruct you from God’s Word of truth, and from what they themselves know to be true; and you are too young to know how many people have tried the way of self-will and self-pleasing to be happy, and have never been so after all. But I will tell you a story which perhaps you have heard before.

There lived a little gold fish in a globe

of water, and a little canary in a cage, which hung over the fish. One day the fish heard the bird sing, and it said, "Oh, how happy would I be, if I could only *have my own will*, and get out of this cold water, and be in a cage, and sing like that bird! But here I must live, and swim round and round this narrow globe of water; *what a pity I cannot do as I please!*" Soon after this, upon a very hot day in summer, the canary saw the gold fish swimming about in the water, and looking so clean, and bright, and cool. "Oh," said the canary, "how happy would I be if I could only *have my own way*, and get out of this nasty cage, and, in this hot weather, swim about in that pure and cool water where the fish is; *what a pity I cannot do as I please!*" So there was a very wise and good spirit present, and he wished to teach them how ignorant and foolish they were; and so he said to the bird, "Believe me, my dear little bird, it would not make you happy to have your own will in this. Do God's will, and stay where He has put you, and sing your song, and be happy, just as He wishes you to be." "But I wish," said the bird, "to have my own way, and to go to the water. I don't believe what you tell me." Then the good spirit said to the little gold fish, "Believe me, my dear little fish, you will not be happy if you had your own will in this, and if you were in the cage. Do God's will, and stay where He has put you, and swim about in the pure water as He wishes you." "But I wish," said the fish, "to be in the cage, and I don't believe what you tell me." So the good spirit

sighed, and he said, "Oh, I wish you believed me, and did God's will and not your own, but if not I will give you your own way, and you will learn, perhaps, by sorrow and pain, who is right, and who loves you best." So he put the fish into the cage, and the bird into the water! Oh, what misery there was! The bird was almost choked, till they both cried in despair to the good spirit to help them, and promised they would always believe what he said, and never judge for themselves how to be happy, and never after this think they were sure to be happy by having their own way, or by doing their own will.

Now, my dear children, you are just as foolish as the little bird or the little fish, if you think you are sure to be happy by *just getting your own way and doing your own will*, without ever thinking whether your way was right, and your will wise and good.

I have not yet told you where the right road is, but only of a wrong road to happiness, which is very broad and full of people. In the meantime, say to God,—

"My Father, I thank Thee for creating me to be happy; I bless Thee for all the mercies Thou hast already given me in this world,—for my health, my food and raiment, my friends and relations, and all I enjoy every day. But, oh! my Father, teach me how to be happy for ever and ever. Leave me not in ignorance, lest I should be so foolish as to seek happiness in my own way and not in Thy way, and by doing my own will but not Thine. Hear me, for Christ's sake. Amen."

MISSIONARY INCIDENT IN CEYLON.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in supplying you with the missionary incident, which proved so acceptable to you, as shewing both the all-embracing power of the Spirit, and the honours which our Lord has in store for brethren in the ministry of other races and other denominations than our own. But I must be allowed to introduce it by a few remarks on the place where it occurred,—a place which is so beautiful and so in-

teresting, in many ways, that merely to name it seems an injury.

About twelve miles from Colombo, the chief town of Ceylon, on the high-road to Galle, which is the second town, there is a belt or bar of land, lying between the sea on the one side, and an extensive lake, or rather lagoon, on the other. And as the sea in this quarter abounds in fish, and this lagoon has many arms leading from its ample basin into

canals stretching along the coast, and into rivers flowing from the mountains, so as to form a great harbour, the surrounding country, which is very fertile, has become very populous. On the bank of land referred to, stands the thriving village of Morotto, remarkable for its fishermen and its carpenters. And here it was that the incident I am going to relate occurred.

But first let me tell you of the peculiar beauty and interest which the lake of Morotto possesses. It is itself a very fine sheet of water: but it is the objects that surround it which invest it with its peculiar beauty. Its bosom is everywhere fringed by various species of mangroves, their every branch steadied by roots falling right down from them, and dipping into the water, beneath which they fix themselves in the soil. Immediately behind, there is a belt of beautifully verdant copse, or jungle, luxuriantly entangled or hanging in rich festoons around noble trees, adorned now and then with magnificent blossoms (*lagostromia Barringtonia*, &c.) Then come extensive topes of cocoa-palms everywhere that the population extends, while beyond them, towards the interior, as far as the eye can reach, there is a forest, the trees, in their general appearance, not unlike those in a European forest, but on a grander scale. And all these vegetable riches which adorn the spacious lake, like the sleeping waters of the lake itself, are seen reposing in a sunshine, which, for more than half the year, never knows any shadow but those of the evening and the morning, which bring such ample dews along with them, that there is perpetual verdure all the year. Add to this, that the horizon line on the inland side is bounded by a lofty range of mountains, among which Adam's Peak rears its majestic summit, and it will be seen that the entire scenery is of dream-like beauty.

The delight, however, with which the eye gazes upon it, is soon lost, for feelings of quite another kind, when, ceasing to commune with nature, we look to those monuments upon the banks of the lake, which claim man for their author. These remind us, that all beautiful though nature be in this region, when viewed in herself, yet, viewed in reference to man, these are but dark places of the earth, full of the habitations of cruelty. There is one feature in nature, indeed, which seems to invite to the shores of this lake of Morotto, as a fit place for the nurture of the darker superstitions. Far up its waters, on some lonely and almost inaccessible islands, covered with lofty

and seemingly leafless trees, there are seen hanging in the top branches, in ponderous masses, certain large motionless objects, which remain black and without lustre in the brightest sunshine. They are many hundreds in number. Point to them, and ask the boatman what they are, you will soon hear, on the lips of every native in the boat, the unearthly sound of "wowlla! wowlla!" But what are they? Devote a long hour to the oar, in order to get nearer, and say that you are beneath them, they have left the trees, the air over your head is black with them, black with vampires or flying foxes, bats as large as eagles, in many hundreds, flapping their wings most sluggishly, and in most fitful silence, till one after another they have vanished from the air, and are only seen in distant trees, hanging again by their feet till night-fall. Whether it was the contrast between these unearthly creatures and all nature around, I know not, but I have never seen anything so like what one would fancy round the very mouth of hell, as these clouds of wovilas.

Let us turn our back upon them, then, and look down the beautiful sunny lake towards Morotto and the sea, whose distant roar is quite refreshing after the solemn silence of the forest, and of the flights of the monster bats. The return to the place from which we set out will not be less agreeable for this, that the delicious sea-breeze will meet us in the face. Let us try to forget the dismal wovilas. But what is that dome, with its gilded pinnacle glittering in the sunbeams, on the top of the hill, surrounded by lofty bo-trees? It is a Buddhist temple, with its accompanying dogoba and pansula, where learned priests are thronging, each ordained by a chapter, organised with profound policy, and venerating legitimacy of succession as much as any ecclesiastics in Rome; priests—but with this reservation, that man is the only god they acknowledge, while, for man, alas! notwithstanding his possible godhead, when this life is over, they allow no heaven better than annihilation! The common people do perhaps worship Budha, as if he were a real being, great and powerful, and consciously existing somewhere. But the sacred books adore his memory only, and the priesthood proclaim no God to the people but themselves. This is bad enough. Yes; what can be worse than atheism? And yet let us hear what the boatman says of that headland on the other side of the lake, so remarkable for its hoary trees and dense impenetrable jungle. There is a treasure hidden there, he says.

Then why not go and dig it up? Ah! it is guarded by a demon, he answers, and reminds us of a custom practised in Ceylon, I am told, at no very remote period, the very thought of which makes the blood run cold. It was this. The owner of a treasure, when he apprehended, from any cause, that it was not safe at home, having selected some lonely spot in the jungle dug two holes there, close beside each other; the one large enough to hold his treasure, the other much larger. He then returned to his home, and having taken a large knife and concealed it in his dress, he called a trusty servant, shewed him the bag of money, and required him to bear it along with him into the jungle. The faithful servant obeys; and when they have arrived at the secret spot, the treasure is deposited in its hole, and committed to the keeping of the servant, on which his throat is cut, and the body buried. And thereafter he who receives this reward for his fidelity, is believed to be a demon, and the treasure is safe in the keeping of the Yakka. Such is a sample of those atrocities to which demon-worship prompts. Barbarities like these were indeed practised only in other times, but still demon-worship forms the only positive religion of the heathen in Buddhist countries. It prevails to a vast extent not only in Ceylon, but in all southern India; and this is truly lamentable, not only in a religious point of view, but because it is so gloomy, un-social, and inhuman.

It is to a priest of this religion, that the incident relates to which we now proceed.

He was an old man, and the temple where he ministered was his own. It presented its dismal front in a shady grove, about fifty yards off a much frequented by-road, which led from the high-road to a populous village on the banks of the lake. And there had the old demon-priest remained many a long year, surrounded by his idols. And many an orgie had he celebrated in every hamlet around, wherever there was any one sick who could afford to pay, or any thing secret which was wanted to be known, or happily a new-married woman anxious about her first child, or a mother to whom child-birth was known to be a dangerous moment. Nay, I have been creditably informed of the daughters of Christian parents, who have stolen away at a certain time of life, to consult the Capuarale. Such is the hold which demon-worship has upon the human mind.

Is this much frequented road, then, in

one of the loveliest by-paths of the world, to be left with no retreat for the piously-disposed, but a demon-temple with its priest? No; the Wesleyan Missionary Society, that noble institution for the evangelization of the heathen, which secures the very best ministers of that communion for missionaries, because the latter, all the time they are in the mission-field, take rank in the ministry at home, where also a field of usefulness is secured to them, as soon as, through any necessary cause, they are obliged to leave the mission-field. The Wesleyans have long had a station in Morotto, and it was resolved that a mission chapel should be erected opposite the demon-temple, on the other side of the road; each erection, however, out of sight of the other. The chapel was accordingly built, and, at the time to which this narrative refers, the missionary who ministered in it was a pure Singalese, Peter de Sylva by name, a man of great kindness of heart, and energy of character. His manner of preaching was formed upon that of the present Wesleyan minister in Edinburgh, who, if I mistake not, was also his instructor in the things of God; for Mr. Spence Hardy was long in Ceylon, and formed around him, while there, a circle of native preachers, whose earnestness and eloquence, first seen in himself, are admirable. Mr. de Sylva's domiciliary visits were reaching every house and hamlet in Morotto, and his voice was ringing with the mysteries of redemption, musically, yet powerfully, from the desk in the Morotto chapel, Sabbath day and week day, while the passers-by were being arrested more and more, until his little flock became a large one, and the communicants numbered nearly a hundred.

But how was it going with the old demon-priest in his old demon-temple over the way? Was he plotting mischief, and plying a bad tongue against the missionary who was thus turning the people from his temple into another, where his own religion was denounced as most sinful and unholy, and the cross of Christ proclaimed as the power of God unto salvation, unto every one who believeth? This were nothing worse than might have been expected from human nature in the circumstances. But not so here. While the people who used to frequent his temple were turning the opposite way, the old priest sitting inside listened day after day to the hymns, and the prayers, and the preaching of the Christian congregation, and the Christian minister. This happily he could do with good effect in the silence

which reigned around him, so near were both places of worship to each other; and such is the power of the Spirit of God when an earnest Christian minister is His instrument, that, despite the hebetude of old age, and the habits of a lifetime, despite the power of an hereditary faith, and every suggestion of egotism, the old man felt that he could not help believing, and that he must go and unfold his mind to Peter de Sylva. He did so accordingly. And in answer to the always respectful and friendly question of the missionary, What brought him there, he told him what had befallen his heart through listening to the preaching of the Gospel, that he was done with his idols, and had locked up his temple. "And there is the key," said he, "which you must take, for the temple is my own, and I can do with it what I please. For me, henceforth, there remains nothing but to humble myself in penitence, and to believe in Christ." "Oh! Capuarale," said Peter de Sylva, justly suspicious of his countryman; "what can I do with you or your key? You must not throw yourself on us. We are poor people, we can do nothing for you that way." "Do

not think so unworthily of me," said the old man, "I shall need but little, and that little not long." "And then, as to this key," rejoined Peter, "suppose I take it, do you know what I shall do this very day?" "No," said the old man, "nor do I care, if but the temple pass from my hands into yours." "Very well," said the missionary, "you see this stick of mine, (Peter usually walks with a heavy staff,) I tell you, I'll take and smash every idol in your temple, this very day, and leave you nothing before night but chips and rubbish on the floor." "Do it," said the old man; "better you than I." And it was done.

Before acknowledging him as a Christian brother, the earnest but cautious missionary tried him on every point where a mistake, or a cheat, on the part of the old man, seemed possible. But there was no mistake, no deceit. The conversion of the old demon-priest was one of those soul-delighting demonstrations of the power of the Spirit, where the best defended strongholds of fallen nature are made to surrender unconditionally to the truth as it is in Jesus.

MARSH OF M——T.

EARNESTNESS.*

YOUNG MEN,—The subject which I have selected as the topic of my address, is one, to persons of any age, but most of all, to yours, of deep importance. Let my words sink like darts into your souls, to which end it shall be my endeavour to give them point and weight, and wing them with all the force I can command. And though they should accomplish that which the Word of God is said to be alone able to do, to pierce to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, though, like the fire which burns, and the hammer which breaketh the rock in pieces, they should do havoc among your ideas of ease and repose, and break up cherished habits of inaction and indifference, at any cost, let me entreat you to admit, entertain, and act upon them.

It is hardly needful to premise that life is not worth living, except it be life

in earnest. Life is so short and so precious, that to pass our time away without fixed objects before our mind, selected with wisdom, and pursued with earnestness, is the most reckless and ruinous extravagance. "Time destroyed is suicide, where more than blood is spilt," for the soul is lost. The life of the spirit is suffered to steal away, the energies are consumed, the faculties are dwarfed, the will loses its resolution,

And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

To live an irresolute, unearnest life, is to dissipate and enslave the soul, to make our immortal part the slave of every evil and indolent habit, the servant of others' inclinations, the prey of the deceiver and the tempter, and the victim of temporal and eternal wretchedness.

To be in earnest, is to assert man's native dignity, to take hold of life with the strong arm, to turn it to our own purposes, and guide all its currents into

* The substance of an Address delivered on 9th October, 1815, to the Eastwood Young Men's Christian Association, and published at their request.

the channel which we have dug for them, and to provide for ourselves the deep and swelling tide on whose broad bosom we may safely float to our chosen rest.

If you are now convinced of the importance of our subject, we will go on, if you please, to consider, successively, the two acts and operations of high-minded earnestness, which are—prudent selection, and diligent pursuit.

To make a prudent selection of the field is half the battle. When one has once discovered his calling, and deliberately dedicated himself to it, it becomes so congenial to him, that it awakens earnestness in his soul. But if he mistake his destiny, and make a wrong choice, no amount of exertion will lash up his spirit into a flame.

Nevertheless, there is such a thing as earnestness misdirected. For every one who dedicates the strength of his life to a good cause, there is another who has said,—“Evil, be thou my good,” and who pursues it with greater earnestness than the children of light that better part which shall not be taken from them.

Earnestness, then, in itself, and without reference to its object and motive, is not to be commended. There is, indeed, a class in the present day who hold that a man's sincerity in the beliefs which he has adopted is sufficient to justify these beliefs in the sight of God and men. Against these teachings of the misnamed earnest school, we enter our solemn protest. Their direct tendency is to the destroying deceits of self-revelation, and to the deification of erring men. We assert, that the standard of truth and good is not to be found in our fallen humanity, and that neither sincerity, nor yet the earnestness of sincerity, will excuse the man who, from misdirected zeal, should give his body to be burned, if it be not done in the light of those principles which would make his martyrdom an acceptable act in the sight of the Most High.

Nay, we can only consider earnestness in evil as a double sin. The earnest man is a great man, and does the work of two any day. And the man earnest in the enemy's service is thus doing double in-

jury; he is selling lofty faculties, and vast powers, and strong influence; he is working for the wrong side with a powerful will, and an enlightened mind, and lofty consecration.

As to the great and solemn choice between the evil and the good, I do not purpose now to address you, being willing to leave such a subject for the more sacred and influential exhortations of the pulpit. Only, remember, young men, you never see a day nor an hour in which you are not observing and deciding. The books you read, the opinions which, perhaps sportively and for the sake of argument, you adopt, the companions you assort with, the habits you encourage, are all deciding the issue of the forty days' temptation which, during the whole period of your youth, you are, like your Master, passing through. You sleep when you should wake and watch; you loiter when you should gird up the loins of your mind; you dissipate when you should be sober and active; and you wot not the while that you are taking Martha's part instead of Mary's, that you are choosing your master (for you cannot serve two), that you are giving place to the devil when you should to all his temptations be replying, “Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and HIM ONLY shalt thou serve.”

But, apart from this choice, there are many others which you must make. Amid the vast variety of human condition, character, and occupation, you have truly a wide field to choose from. No man can do more than one thing at once; nor can any man know more than a few things thoroughly, nor do more than a few things well. Our whole life, therefore, must be a selection. Even among the things congenial to our own taste, and lying, as it were, immediately to our hand, we must reject more than we choose. We must select a single profession, and probably, to be distinguished in it, must devote ourselves to a single branch of its field of knowledge and practice.

I am by no means sure, however, if the choice of a profession is as influential a circumstance in a man's life as the choice

of his object. The profession is little more than the course in which he runs, but his object is the goal at which he is continually aiming, by reference to which he shapes his course, by the measure of which he enlarges his heart, and by the spirit of which he forms his character. You know how widely unlike in disposition two men in the same profession may be, as unlike as John and Judas.

What shall my course be? is the question which the youthful traveller, consciously or unconsciously, is every day asking of himself and of all that surrounds him—for low ends or high, for sense or spirit? Shall I live and drudge and die in animalism, or shall I rise and assert my native dignity, and educate myself, and take my place in the world, and compel the esteem of my brethren? Shall I suffer myself to live and plod on, reckoned of no more worth in the world than a machine of equal physical strength and power, never called to exercise my human skill, or display the resources of my heaven-born mind? I trust there are not a few among my young parishioners agitating these questions, and resolving to choose the right side.

But, young men, the right side in this question can be chosen in a worthy spirit, or in an unworthy. Let me tenderly caution you against the feelings of selfishness and self-importance, and grounding this resolution on selfish ends. The principle of self-love is rooted in every heart, and the love of self-advancement. But if you seek self-advancement merely for its own sake, you do grievously amiss. On the other hand, if you seek it that you may take the place among men to which you are rightfully entitled, there not to loiter or throw yourself away in indolent repose, but to let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven, that's right. If you seek advancement in order to fall into your due place, discharge its offices, and connect yourself in it by deeds of kindness and brotherhood, and services of duty with your brethren, you do well, and God prosper you. Seek to rise, like Wellington, that you may be in a higher position to discharge the de-

mands of higher duty. Despise the ambition of Napoleon, which was to take the monarch's throne himself, and stand above the authority of law, and the claims of obedience.

To curb undue selfishness, it is a good exercise to reflect now and then on how little any one of us is, even in our best estate, and elevated to our highest position, in relation to the great empire of God. When we consider the heavens, the work of His fingers, the moon and the stars which He has ordained, nay, though we contract our view, and look but round this one great world, we may well ask, "What is one man that thou art mindful of him, or a son of man that thou visitest him? It is a positive duty sometimes to think that though I, A. B. or C. D., were dead and gone, the great world of God would just get on as well without me; all nature would be as cheerful, society would be as happy, and His purposes would all be accomplished, though the world should never see my face after this night. Let this thought check the action of over restless ambition, and the murmuring of impatient discontent.

In choosing your field, I will not prescribe to you. You must study your own tastes, you know your own circumstances and opportunities, choose you now and determine. And if you cannot choose at once, then take time to it, only using means, in the interval, to put yourself in such a position as that you shall hereafter be better able to decide.

There is an age beyond which self-education or any very material advancement in life is, if not impracticable, at least very rare. Let me address myself first to any who may not have reached that age. Happy they, if they would value their advantages, and use their opportunities, their golden opportunities, as they may well be called. Hundreds of young men have reached your age, with no more, perhaps less, than your education and talents, who, by a resolute will, and steady, upright course of conduct, have become, from being masons and bricklayers, the architects of their own fortune and reputation, and have made their names, by worthy deeds, fa-

miliar, in ten thousand homes, as household words: and of no nation so many as our own hardy, brave, enduring, persevering Scotch—of whom men have sprung, self-educated, whose name and praises, spoken in foreign lands and languages, have made my cheeks flush and my heart throb with pride that I was their countryman. Which of you will fling off sloth, and follow their steps to like honour?

My younger friends, if you have not made your choice, are you using opportunities to qualify yourselves to do so? Did it ever occur to you that you may have faculties and gifts undiscovered, because unsought, that might fit you for the highest positions and duties? Have you read of Philip O'Flaherty, the Irish boy, whose surprising gift for languages, discovered and developed in a ragged school, has raised him, in the course of this war, to such esteem and rank, as an interpreting officer of the army in the east, that he sits at the tables of chiefs and commanders an honoured and equal guest? And who knows but you may have the same buried as deep in your unfathomed souls as the undiscovered gifts which Gray lamented beneath the sod of the country churchyard:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

So I would recommend you to set yourselves to excavating. Who knows what treasures of the deep you may find! And, let me say, that just because your faculties may be, in a great degree, undeveloped, break ground on most branches of study to find out where your taste lies. Languages, mechanics, philosophy require very different gifts. You may be equal to one while you have no taste for another. Remember this suggestion, and kindle your souls, not merely by learning and the love of learning, but by reading what others have done,—the great and the good, who, born in low circumstances, have compelled the world to hear their doctrines, to employ their discoveries, and to acknowledge their services.

There may be another class of young

men, of whom there is not a very reasonable ground for expecting that they shall ever rise very much higher than at present, so far as worldly rank and position constitute elevation,—men tied to their rank of life by burdens dearer far than the gold of the East, or all the honours which sovereignty can confer. Yet they have a scarcely narrower field in which they may use their precious talents. Because, although by rising to a higher position, we find greater and more important duties to do, yet every man, in his own position, may find or create duties of such importance as to make his course through life the path of an angel—a stream of benefits. He may cultivate his mind so as to become, in his position, an oracle of intelligence. He may form such habits of steadiness, honesty, and faithfulness, as to render himself to his employers worth more than gold, and thus compel them to advance and honour him. And if he has not yet found out all the good of which his position is capable, then I would exhort him to study, in the light of Scriptural truth, and prompted by the fire of divine love, what he can best render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto him—what he can do, so as, in his humble condition, absolutely to attain that which, in Heaven's view, is its highest capability, and hereafter receive the honour and reward of one whose every talent was faithfully used and returned with interest. This requires study and prayer, faith and resolution. It needs that one should mingle zeal with knowledge, earnestness with discretion.

To all I would say, Remember, in choosing your work, that you must as carefully select your means as your end. You do not need to be reminded, that the worthiness of the end will not excuse the means you employ to reach it, should these be questionable. Therefore, be most scrupulous only to reach your elevation by honest labour, and honourable competition, and generous sympathy for the feelings of others; for the true way to rise is not to pull down others, but to advance ourselves, otherwise you will, sooner or later, find that

the structure you have reared has been composed of indurable materials, which shall infallibly give way, and bury you in their ruins.

But having tested your means, use them well. Opportunities are more powerful than kings and armies. Therefore watch well your time and see your chance. Observe when the door is open, and rush in; otherwise, like the foolish virgins, you may come up and find the door shut, and your chance lost for this life, if not for ever.

Besides, you must study the spirit of the age if you would wish to come in for its prizes. No manufacturer, who desires to prosper, would continue to produce goods which have long gone out of fashion; and so, if you would not be left behind, bankrupt in reputation, like old stagers in these railway times, be up to the day you live in. There is much, of course, in the day we live in mischievous, but, on the whole,—I say it with caution and hesitation,—but, on the whole, I do think we are advancing in a religious, in a moral, in an intellectual, in a social, in a physical point of view. The tide of human culture is flowing, and if we watch its direction, and sail along with it, impelled by the Spirit's breath, and guided by the lights of heaven above us, we shall have success.

Once more on the subject of selecting your work, let it be worthy of you and your earnestness. Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well and earnestly. Be careful, therefore, to choose for your employment and field such great things that your whole soul, bestowed upon them, will not be thrown away. Make a lofty choice. If you aim low, you will never rise high. You will never walk above your own standard. For this reason extend your view. "Give your mind sea-room." Keep great objects and great examples before your thoughts. Rise above local ideas and local gossip. Converse, through books, with the great and good of every age. Roam with the traveller from land to land, and be familiar with every spot from the east to the west. Then choose you from the whole world where you will live, and from the whole

region of human thought what you will pursue. And, dear young friends, if the spirit of the times sweep you on the tide of emigration to some distant colony, though I am fain you would stay, and help the great work at home, yet I say, don't be beaten,—if there is a land on earth where there is a free course to the laudable ambition of the youthful aspirant. You would not be lost to humanity, even though you sought your home in the United States; but, for my part, I see no call for young Britons to withdraw their strength from our British colonies to serve the American republic.

Finally, the object which you pursue must be one so excellent in its intent, so grand in its design, so honourable in its end, as to be capable of setting your mind on fire. This is of the very nature of earnestness, which is mind on fire; now I earnestly hope that a low, a selfish object will never succeed in influencing your mind. Rather vegetate and sleep away your days, than be zealously affected in a bad thing, which is conduct worthy of Satan. And I strongly feel that you can never be very earnest, if the object you pursue does not itself inflame that earnestness. It is the property of genius to strike its own light, to kindle its own internal fire. It is the property of earnestness to be indebted only to the mind which contains it, and the object which inspires it, for its existence and its fervour.

And so I hope you will remember all this in pursuing your object. The wisest of men leaves a certain latitude for the choice, but none for indifference in the execution of our work. "WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO," says he, "DO IT WITH THY MIGHT." Young men, make that the motto of your lives, and though it should be necessary, in order to fix it on your memories, that you should engrave it with the point of a lancet on the palm of your hand, spare not the pain, the result would amply reward you.

The paths of earnestness cannot be prescribed by me, nor dictated to any. The earnest man will take his own way, and be interfered with by none; and the idler, and the caviller, and a thousand

others who cannot understand him, had best refrain from him, and let him alone.

When he does not find, he makes paths to usefulness. He lets his light shine all around, and, like the benignant sun, as one has said, though there were but empty space on every side, he would shine all the same. Nothing deters him, he walks right on, though the mountains depart, and the hills be removed. He has imbibed great Luther's spirit, when he said, "I tell you, though there were as many devils in Worms, as there are tiles on the houses, I will go forward."

There are, however, many infallible indications of earnestness—though there are no prescribed paths for its exercise—such as these; that true earnestness will engage all the faculties, and colour the whole occupations of the life; that it will keep its object continually before its eyes, and will engage in no work, by whatever solicitation, which is calculated to oppose or retard the accomplishment of that object; and that it will come so to engross the whole soul that the public mind will identify the man with his work, and characterise him by it. He himself measures time by the amount of his work that he can do, values his engagements in life by the contributions which they make to its execution, and esteems his friends by the sympathy and interest which they manifest for it.

This earnestness is as far removed as possible, from dull, blind, sullen, unreasoning obstinacy. The earnest man is in earnest, because he has fairly weighed his work, and learned its importance to be such as to deserve all the earnestness that he can give it.

I might encourage you to earnestness by various considerations, by the incredible strength which it lends to a man's exertions, and the unknown faculties which it brings into being, and which are such that the bad man in earnest will generally conquer the good man who is inactive; or by the respect which it procures him from others, who are compelled to pay him homage, to yield him the palm, and sometimes to become the instruments of his designs. The earnest man has but to shew himself upon the

field, and commence the prosecution of his work, and he instantly clears a way for himself through the yielding crowd of gazing, gaping idlers. His feet touch the waves, and they roll back, and leave the channel dry. Mountains are removed and valleys exalted to let him pass over. Streams spring up to refresh him in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert. Gates of brass flee open at his touch, and a bow of steel is broken by his arms. Death himself seems to respect the earnest man, and most often leaves him "immortal, till his work is done." The tension of the whole cords often keeps the frame in being till the end of existence is reached, when the frame is suddenly unstrung, and the earnest man,—his purpose accomplished,—drops, a handful of dissolved dust, into the grave, exclaiming, with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

In any profession it is earnestness which gives success. Too often the end is low, and though that end be reached, happiness and well-being are not secured. Still, so far as the man's earnestness pointed he has succeeded.

Even in things sacred of what avail is earnestness. Let the favour which the Almighty bears to importunity in prayer, and perseverance in well-doing; and the loathing with which He regards lukewarmness and backsliding, be a sufficient reply. Why are so many ministers unsuccessful, so many souls unsaved? It might often be answered with truth, Because they are not in earnest.

As a last encouragement, reflect on the career of some of the great men who have manifested a spirit of earnestness. Our adorable Saviour possessed this and every other virtue; of Him it was written, long before His time, and proved true in every day of His life, that the zeal of God's house had eaten Him up, engrossed all His faculties, engaged His whole soul, and wrapped Him up in His Father's honour as His one concern.

Reflect on the character of His apostle Paul; on the earnestness of John Howard; on the ever-memorable maxim of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, which

you ought to engrave upon your hearts and memories. "The longer I live, the more I am certain that the great difference between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY,—INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two-legged creature a man without it." Such, then, is self-denying, soul-absorbing, hell-conquering, heaven-possessing earnestness.

Young men, will you be in earnest, and, like John Mackintosh, the Earnest Student, adopt some great object, and learn, for it, "to scorn delight, and live laborious days?" and though, like him, your zeal should consume you in its very burning, rejoice to offer yourself as a sacrifice, living and dying, in its service.

While this lecture is passing through the press, I am greatly interested by Longfellow's account of the fasting and wrestling of his hero, Hiawatha, in the determination of the object of his life. I subjoin an extract, and refer the reader to that charming poem for a complete account of the seven days' conflict. May it impel hundreds of young men to wrestle with God and with men, and to prevail!

Said he, "O my Hiawatha!
All your prayers are heard in heaven,
For you pray not like the others,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumph in the battle,
Nor renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

"From the Master of Life descending,
I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
Come to warn you and instruct you,
How by struggle and by labour
You shall gain what you have prayed for.
Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigour
Run through every nerve and fibre.

Round about him spun the landscape,
Sky and forest reeled together,

And his strong heart leaped within him,
As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
In a net to break its meshes,
Like a ring of fire around him
Blazed and flared the red horizon,
And a hundred suns seemed looking
At the combat of the wrestlers.
Suddenly upon the green sward
All alone stood Hiawatha,
Panting with his wild exertion,
Palpitating with the struggle;
And before him, breathless, lifeless,
Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT,—An Allegory.

THE Lord of our vineyard, who has always been very kind to us, and who knows that we had often professed our attachment to Him and His, sent us a little sensitive plant, that we might rear it up for Him; it was a slip of that kind called everlasting, and was got in a vessel of common earth, a vessel base in its construction, but beautiful to appearance.

There was nothing remarkable in this little plant, but it began to excite attention by the sprightliness of its growth, the verdure of its leaves, and the little lovely blossoms it here and there put forth, so that both the plant and the pot were admired, not only by us, who considered it the principal ornament of our dwelling, but by those of our friends who felt interested in our happiness. Some indeed told us that a plant so beautiful would soon be claimed by its owner, and that the vessel in which it was set would soon be too small to contain it; we acknowledged the truth, we contemplated the probability of a removal, yet while we were engaged in directing its shoots upwards, and in setting in view the flower, we could scarcely help thinking it was our own.

Whether it was to assert His own right, whether to add to His choicest collection, whether to provide a safer situation, or whether He has preferred some other employment for us, we are not yet informed, but He has sent a messenger to us, who has broken the pot and taken away the plant. We know that, in its present situation, it will be more vigorous in its growth, and more beautiful in its appearance; that its stalk will not be broken by the fierce wind, nor its tender shoots scorched by the burning sun or nipped by the pinching frost; that its blossom will never be a prey to the rude worms, nor its fruit to the tempest, all this we know, and He has sent us His word, that what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.—Anon.

GEORGE MÜLLER AND THE BRISTOL ORPHANAGE.

(Continued from page 287.)

On November 20th, 1830, the following entry appears on his Journal, and we quote it as explanatory of the formation of Mr. Müller's benevolent purposes. "This evening I took tea at a sister's house, where I found Franks's life. I have frequently, for this long time, thought of labouring in a similar way, though, it might be, on a much smaller scale, not to imitate Franke, but in reliance upon the Lord. May God make it plain!" Nov. 21.—"To-day I have had it very much impressed on my heart, no longer merely to *think* about the establishment of an Orphan House, but actually to set about it; and I have been very much in prayer respecting it, in order to ascertain the Lord's mind." Nov. 25.—"I have been again much in prayer yesterday and to-day about the Orphan House, and am more and more convinced that it is of God. May He in mercy guide me! The three chief reasons for establishing an Orphan House are—(1.) That God may be glorified, should He be pleased to furnish me with the means, in *its being seen that it is not a vain thing to trust in Him*, and that thus the faith of His children may be strengthened—(2.) The spiritual welfare of fatherless and motherless children—(3.) Their temporal welfare." He writes still later: "I judged myself bound to be the servant of the Church of Christ at large in the particular point on which I had obtained mercy, namely, *in being able to take God by His word, and to rely upon it*. All these exercises of my soul, which resulted from the fact that so many believers, with whom I became acquainted, were harassed and distressed in mind, or brought guilt on their consciences, on account of not trusting in the Lord, were used by God to awaken in my heart the desire of setting before the Church at large, and before the world, a proof that He has not in the least altered; and this

seemed to me best done by the establishment of an Orphan House. It needed to be something which could be seen *even by the natural eye*. Now if I, a poor man, *simply by prayer and faith*, obtained, *without asking any individual*, the means for establishing and carrying on an Orphan House: there would be something which, with the Lord's blessing, might be instrumental in strengthening the faith of the children of God, besides being a testimony to the consciences of the unconverted of the reality of the things of God. This, then, was the primary reason for establishing the Orphan House. The first and primary object of the work was that God might be magnified by the fact that the orphans under my care are provided with all they need only by *prayer and faith*, without any one being asked by me or my fellow-labourers, whereby it may be seen that God is *faithful still*, and *hears prayer still*." On December 10, 1835, he published an announcement of his lofty scheme, and embodied in it the principles above stated. We refer the reader to Mr. Müller's Statement, in which the history of this work, as originating in his mind, and as gradually developed, is related in a nobly Christian spirit. He was signally acknowledged by the Lord. "I was reading," writes he, "Psalm lxxxvi, and was particularly struck, more than at any time before, with verse 10, 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' I thought a few moments about these words, and then was led to apply them to the case of the Orphan House. It struck me that I never had asked the Lord for anything concerning it, except to know His will respecting its being established or not, and I then fell on my knees, opening my mouth wide, and asking Him for much. I asked that He would give me a house—i. e., either as a loan, or that one might be given permanently for this object.

Further, I asked Him for a thousand pounds, and likewise for suitable individuals to take care of the children. Besides this, I have been since led to ask the Lord to put it into the hearts of His people to send me articles of furniture for the house, and some clothes for the children. When I was asking the petition, I was fully aware what I was doing, —i. e., that I was asking for something which I had no natural prospect of getting from the brethren whom I know, but which was not too much for the Lord to grant." When these words were written, the sum of L.184, 2s. 6d. seems already to have come in, besides a great variety of articles of furniture and clothing. Under these encouragements, Mr. Müller announced the opening of the Orphanage in April of that year; and ere it was opened, on the 21st of that month, in a house rented for the purpose, upwards of a half of the thousand pounds for which he had prayed was given or promised. The house was furnished for thirty children, and was rapidly filled. In May of the same year, Mr. Müller intimated that it was "intended to receive into a proposed Infant Orphan House, destitute *male and female* infants, bereaved of both parents, from their earliest days up to the seventh year, and to provide them with food, clothing, needful attendance, and scriptural education." It was opened in December 1836. In October 1837 an Orphan House for boys above seven was opened. At the end of the year, Mr. Müller had under his care seventy-five orphans, and was in a position to receive twenty-one more. In June 1843 another Orphanage was opened, for orphan girls, making, in all, four. Let it not, however, be imagined that Mr. Müller experienced an uninterrupted flow of prosperity, or that his prosperity was unblended with trial. The following instance is noticed in the Report for the last year:—"December 30.—At the beginning of this day our money was again reduced to L.19, 2s. 1½d., for the current expenses for the orphans, whilst I had before me the prospect of having to advance this day L.80 for housekeeping expenses, in order that

we might go with ease through the work, and in order that all expenses might be met. Now see how the Lord helped us during this day. There came very early this morning, from the neighbourhood of Norwich, a little box containing the following articles:—A prize medal, 2 salt cellars, 6 pencil cases, 5 thimbles, 2 fruit knives, a watch chain, 2 vinaigrettes, (all of silver,) a black necklace and a silver chain, 2 silver tooth-picks, some pieces of silver, 2 pairs of gilt bracelets, 1 pin-cushion, 4 straps, a pair of gold earrings, a tortoise-shell comb, a pocket comb, a reading glass, a box of paints, a bag of coral and other beads, 2 smelling bottles, and 2 gilt chains. Likewise, from another donor, a silver stock-buckle, 2 pairs of shoe-buckles, 2 pencil cases, a piece of a silver chain, 2 seals, a brooch pin, 2 small gold pins, 6 small silver coins, a metal coin, a small silver medal, &c., &c. There was sent with these articles L.1, and, from a poor woman, 6d.

. . . In the course of the day came in, further, from Islington, 6s.; from A. W. anonymously, 2s., &c. Also from a great distance, L.100, which, left at my disposal, I took half for the orphans, and half for the other objects."

A thousand instances of a similar character might have been quoted. The books before us are full of them. It is the daily experience of the Orphanage. The reader may consult our author.

In 1845 circumstances arose which rendered it necessary to remove the orphans to a building erected for the purpose. After carefully considering the matter, Mr. Müller was led to the conclusion that "sufficiently large premises to furnish all necessary accommodation for three hundred children, (from their earliest days up to fifteen or sixteen years old,) besides allowing for the requisite room for teaching certain trades to the boys, together with a sufficiently large piece of ground, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, for building the premises upon, and the remainder for cultivation by the spade, would cost at least L.10,000." Nevertheless he was not discouraged, but addressed himself to God in prayer. In conjunction with his wife, he prayed

fifteen days, but no donation came in; but the more he prayed the more assured he was "that the Lord would do so, as if I had already seen the new premises actually before me." On December 10th, the thirty-sixth day after the matter was first brought prayerfully before the Lord, the first donation of L.1000 came in. On December 30 a similar sum was received. In July 1846, the sum of L.3000 was given. In January 1847 Müller writes: "The season of the year is now approaching when building may be begun. Therefore, with increased earnestness, I have given myself unto prayer, importuning the Lord that He would be pleased to appear on our behalf, and speedily send the remainder of the amount which is required, and I have increasingly of late felt that the time is drawing near when the Lord will give me all that is requisite for commencing the building. It is now fourteen months and three weeks since, day by day, I have uttered my petitions to God in behalf of this work." At this date Mr. Müller had received L.9285, 3s. 9½d. "I cannot describe the joy I had in God when I received this donation. It *must be known from experience* in order to be felt. 447 days I have had, day by day, to wait upon God before the sum reached the above amount. How great is the blessing which the soul obtains by *trusting in God*, and by *waiting patiently*. Is it not manifest how precious it is to carry on God's work in this way, even with regard to the obtaining of means? From December 10th 1845 to January 25th 1847, being thirteen and a-half months, I have received, *solely in answer to prayer*, L.9285. Add to this what came in during that time for present use, for the various objects of the institution, and the total is about L.12,500, *entirely the fruit of prayer to God*. Can it be said, therefore, with good ground, that this way of carrying on the work of God may do very well in a very limited and small way, but it would not do on a large scale? The fact brought out here contradicts such statements."

Our space will not allow us to follow out the details further. Suffice it, then,

to state, in the words of Mr. Müller: "So bountifully has the Lord been pleased to help of late, that I have not only been able to meet all the extraordinarily heavy expenses connected with moving the orphans from Wilson Street into the new Orphan House, &c., but I have more than L.500 in hand to begin housekeeping in the new Orphan House." "*Without any one having been personally applied to for anything by me,*" he writes, in 1849, "the sum of L.33,868, 11s. 1½d. has been given to me for the orphans, as the *result of prayer to God*, since the commencement of the work. It may also be interesting to the reader to know that the total amount which has been given, as free contributions, for the *other objects*, since the commencement of the work, amounts to L.10,531, 3s. 3¼d., and that which has come in by the sale of Bibles and tracts, and by the payments of the children in the schools, amounts to L.2707, 9s. 3¼d. Besides this, also, a great variety and number of articles of clothing, furniture, provisions, &c., have been given for the use of the orphans, as has been partly stated in the former reports, and is partly stated at the end of this." From published tables it appears that, during the last ten years only, Mr. Müller has received the sum of L.77,990. And in one year, ending May 1853, he received upwards of L.15,000. In December 1850, within a year and a-half from the opening of the New Orphan House, we have the following entry in Mr. Müller's Journal: "The New Orphan House is now inhabited by 300 orphans, and there are altogether 335 persons connected with it. I have again and again thought of labouring more than ever in saving poor orphans. Within the last ten days this matter has more than ever occupied my mind, and for the last five days I have had much prayer about it. It has passed through my mind to build another Orphan House, large enough for 700 orphans, so that I might be able to care for 1000 altogether." We refer the reader to Mr. Müller's own statement for the lofty Christian grounds on which he rests this proposal.

The proposal first received publicity in

May 1851. The estimated cost was about L.35,000, or L.27,000 for the mere building stand. The following extract, from the *Bristol Times* of June 9th, 1855, may serve to explain the present state of matters:—

“The meeting” (which the paper reports) “having been opened with prayer, Mr. Müller gave an outline of the manner in which the donations had been procured for the new building, for the accommodation of 700 orphans, bereft of both parents, in addition to 300 now provided for. In introducing the twenty-first Annual Report, he remarked that it was the sixteenth time that he had had the pleasure of reading to them the annual statement. Owing to the length of the Report, he had deemed it necessary to confine himself on that occasion to two portions of it, viz., the building fund of the new asylum for 700 orphans, and the means of the present one for 300, with the way in which they were procured. He then read extracts from the donations, and said there was one instance which called for especial reference. He had been in the habit of receiving one L.100 after another through a London banker, from an anonymous donor, and he had failed for some considerable time in discovering who this liberal donor was, but some doubt having been entertained as to one amount, sent in a registered letter, having reached him, it was the means of bringing to light his name. The amount required for the new building was L.35,000, and up to 26th May, the date of the last Report, donations had been sent in amounting to L.23,056, 17s. 1½d. He had for some time past kept his eyes upon two fields, adjoining the asylum, as a favourable site for the new building, but making inquiries, he found, by the will of the late owner, that the property could not now be sold, and, therefore, all his prospects were blighted. The Lord might allow them to have their faith and patience tried, but if they looked to Him, they would at last have recompence. It had been remarked by some, that the new asylum could be built on the ground belonging to the present one, and he had, with the aid of an architect, measured the land; they arrived at the conclusion that a house could be built on the south side of the asylum to accommodate 400, and one on the north side for 300. Plans were now nearly ready, and the necessary preliminaries were being made for the erection of the larger of the two buildings, so that there was no doubt but it would be commenced early in July. On 29th May last, the

making of four walls for the new house was commenced. At the end of last year there were waiting for admission 603 orphan children, and this year had added to this number 127 new applicants. Out of these 36 had been received into the asylum, and 45 had been otherwise provided for, or had died, thus making the number now seeking admission 715, which number would have been greater, but that parties refrained from seeking admission for orphans in their charge, owing to the great number previously on the books. He concluded by stating that, according to the last census, there were only 33 orphan asylums in England and Wales, receiving 3764 inmates, while there were 6000 orphans in the gaols.”

We cannot refrain from recommending, in the strongest terms, the works before us to the perusal of the reader. There is much, very much in them, to *encourage*, and not a little to *reprove*. It is quite possible that the reader may not fully sympathise with every ecclesiastical or doctrinal principle maintained by Mr. Müller; but, with this exception, he cannot fail to be refreshed in his spirit, and encouraged in his Christian life, as he reads God's “dealings” with this illustrious man. “How are we to account for the striking coincidences occurring in this man's life?” Ask the *Bristol Telegraph*. The answer given is this,—and the testimony is precious as emanating from the Press,—

“We confess that we can see no other solution of the enigma than that which the Bible supplies, and, as that does explain it simply and easily, why should we puzzle ourselves with going elsewhere? We profess to be a Christian nation, and to believe in the truth of the Bible; and that Bible assures us that the hearts of all men are in God's disposal, to influence them as He will. Now, here are 300 helpless children collected together, to be trained for usefulness in this world, and for happiness in the next. Is it hard to believe that the Father of the fatherless, who cares even for the sparrows, is mindful of the wants of these little ones? It is not within the province of a newspaper to explain what is Christianity; but we may point to the New Orphan House, and urge the working man and his wife to give up two hours some Wednesday afternoon, and go over an Institution filled with the orphans of other poor men, and, when

they have noticed how affectionately and tenderly they are cared for, say to them, These are *some* of the *fruits* of Christianity; you see, therefore, that it is a *blessing*, and this Orphan House should make Christianity very dear to the poor, and when they hear or read any scoff or jeer against it, the recollection of what they have there seen should

make them feel it as an attack upon the best friend they have. They should recollect that it is nothing but Christian principle which impels Mr. Müller and his friends to give time and money in caring for the wants of the poor and the helpless who can make them no return."

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ITS RECREATIONS.

No. III.

HAVING given a necessarily imperfect sketch of the men of the Association, we now turn to the holiday aspects of this scientific gathering. The assaults of the *Times*, on this sore point, were the severest ordeal through which the Association has passed. The *Times*, however, failed in its purpose. This over-grown power can at will unseat cabinet ministers, and recall commanders-in-chief, but its attempts to extinguish the Association in its infancy failed. It has, in later years, ceased to molest the savans in the enjoyment of their annual gathering. And for the Association to withstand the onslaught of a power before which almost nothing in the state can now stand, argues a wondrous amount of vitality.

The great argument of the *Times* was, that the Association was only an excuse for a grand annual jollification, and seizing the savans in their various attempts to be merry, held them up to ridicule. It was maintained that there was nothing serious in the matter, that it threw an air of buffoonery over science, and lowered it in the estimation of the people. Now, in all such attacks as this, there must be, in order to make them feasible, some basis of truth, and it is readily granted, that the annual meeting is a great scientific holiday, and that the independent action of the Association on scientific discovery is not very great. But granting this, it may subserve very important purposes in promoting the interests of science. As to its being a holiday, why should not our hard-wrought men of science have their holiday, more especially when they are willing to serve

the interests of science even in this holiday making? Even in the most learned and dignified of our societies, viz., the Royal Society of London, it is found of great advantage to throw off, occasionally, the reserve and stiffness of purely scientific discussion, and to mingle some of the amenities of social life. The president has his *soirees* regularly, to which a wide circle of men of science, and friends of science, are invited, and all who have enjoyed these entertainments, are loud in praise of them. They afford opportunity for free and genial intercourse to men engaged in different scientific pursuits, and who, but for such an opportunity, would be altogether unknown to one another. It is hardly possible to estimate the good done by personal contact on such occasions. A man's aims, and purposes, and character, are understood much better by a few hours' free and friendly intercourse, than by many learned discussions in scientific meetings or memoirs.

So far, then, from thinking that this holiday aspect is a defect, we regard it as one of the most important features of the Association. Besides the intercourse with one another that it affords to scientific men, we ought not to overlook the advantage derived from the more intelligent of our middle and upper classes being brought in contact with men of science. In this country, where science has so little state patronage, it is important that it should recommend itself to the people at large; and unless the sympathies of the people be engaged on its side, we cannot expect that it will have that con-

sideration to which it is justly entitled. One great aim, then, of the original constitution of the British Association, was to bring men of science in contact with the intelligent classes of the society; and thus to impart a greater interest in scientific pursuits, than could be done if the priests of science carefully excluded themselves from the people, and confined their discussions to learned societies. All who have, then, a sympathy for scientific pursuits and men of science, have an opportunity of gratifying their tastes, by enrolling themselves as members of the Association.

If there has been a falling off in the men of mark who were wont to attend the meetings of the Association, there is certainly no indication of a lessening interest on the part of the people. With one exception only, the last meeting was the most prosperous in respect to numbers and revenue. Glasgow is never behind in any great movement, and certainly it was a right hearty welcome that the Association received on this, its second visit, to the western metropolis of Scotland. The first welcome, fifteen years ago, was gratifying enough; but Glasgow has grown greatly in prosperity since that time, and was able, as well as willing, to give a large-hearted and imposing welcome. Every means was employed to turn the week of the meeting to best account. Ample accommodation was provided in the college buildings for the various sections, and refreshment rooms were fitted up in one of the courts,—a feature which we have not noticed at any former meeting. We have already seen the savans in the various sections engaged in their graver occupations, we have now to follow them to lighter and more enlivening scenes. The worthy people of Glasgow seem to have exhausted their ingenuity in devising expedients to make the philosophers as happy as they could, and not to allow time to hang heavily upon their hands. So exuberant were they in their preparations, that it was impossible for one to enjoy a tenth part of the good things provided. Each had therefore to make a selection, and suit

his own tastes. The bill of fare consisted of sight-seeing in Glasgow,—the public buildings and chief factories being thrown open, exhibitions got up specially for the Association, public entertainments, private hospitality, and excursions to various localities on the Clyde. As far as time admitted, during the short week, full advantage was taken of these opportunities.

It was quite charming to see how fully the guests enjoyed the good things provided for them by their warm-hearted entertainers. You met radiant and joyous faces at every turn, and the greatest names were those that exhibited the frankest and merriest mood. We are apt to associate philosophy with dulness and gravity; but the man of genius is he who retains most of the freshness and buoyancy of youth; while growing old in years and ripe in wisdom, he is to the last a grown-up boy. It is this combination of the philosopher and the boy that most frequently communicates such a charm to intercourse with elevated minds; you can admire the wisdom of the philosopher, while you stand on a level with the boy.

Perhaps the gayest and most enlivening scenes, were the conversazioni held in the M'Lellan rooms. Here, in the midst of music, and painting, and sculpture, and pressing through the throng of male and female votaries of science,—might be seen the distinguished savant, in his happiest mood. With some fair friend on his arm, the genial points of his character come out, and he is all radiant with smiles as a group gather round him for a few minutes to hear some sally of wit, or some new wonder in science. Prince Lucien Buonaparte, with his daughter, who was ever by his side, formed very often the centre of such a group. His good nature, of which he was the impersonation, and his jokes, in rather broken English, formed a source of attraction to many a listener. This opportunity of friendly recognition, formed a graceful complement to the sectional meetings, where there could be little of this intercourse. The recognition between old friends could be but

very brief,—but only a few words of friendly salutation are sufficient to revive old scenes, and keep alive feelings of friendship that would otherwise languish and die. The only drawback to this scene, was the want of circulation in the living mass. It was a constant squeeze through the crowd. On the similar occasion in Edinburgh, things were managed better,—a constant and continuous stream was kept up, so that all moved with ease and comfort. But if Glasgow failed in one point, it much surpassed Edinburgh in the magnificence of the scene that was summoned up to do honour to science.

One main feature of the Association, and for which it received much ridicule at the hands of the *Times*, is the admission of female associates. But in an Association, specially designed to form a link between science and the people, it would be wrong to exclude the female sex. And the hearty support which the Society has all along received from the female members, shews that it did not err in admitting them to membership. Indeed, the patience with which the ladies sat out the deepest and driest discussions, was beyond all praise. It would be perhaps unwise to make science a prominent feature in female education. Woman's sovereignty must ever lie in the emotional and practical aspects of humanity, but admitting this, it is right that woman should know enough of science to be able to sympathize with its aims and its triumphs.

A move still more strongly in favour of woman's rights, was made, for the first time, at the last meeting. Ladies were never before admitted to the great public dinner at the close of the session. Glasgow has the honour of first introducing this feature,—and certainly the sight in the City Hall on that occasion, was one rarely met with. There were upwards of a thousand guests, and more than one half were ladies. To use the terms of the president, ladies in their bright attire were duly interstratified with gentlemen clothed in sombre hues, so that the sight from above was novel in the extreme, as on similar public oc-

casions, the sterner sex are the exclusive guests. At public festivities such as this, the enjoyment of the scene is very much marred by the incessant drinking of toasts, and the delivery of speeches. No doubt some plan must be resorted to, in order to give unity to the scene, and bring out the special object of the meeting, but the way in which this is done, is often cruel and painful to a degree. Some person is honoured by his health being drunk, and the honour may be for something as wide as possible from the art of public speaking, but yet he is expected to vindicate his title to the honour, by making a sparkling and telling speech, and when the great man stammers forth a few broken sentences, a painful feeling of disappointment, however unreasonable it may be, is the result.

There was, on this occasion, an omission of a toast by the Duke of Argyll, which raised indignant feelings in the breasts of the loyal people of Glasgow. The army and navy was not given, though the community was bursting to give vent to its feelings,—Sebastopol having just fallen. Many were the conjectures as to what the motives of the president could have been in making such an omission; but an explanation was at last given by a friend in the *Times*, and it was, that the toast was not given in deference to the comfort of the ladies, who, the president thought, would be glad to get to their homes and escape the long speeches. It was hard to lay the blame upon the ladies, who, throughout the whole proceedings, shewed themselves the most patient listeners. We suspect, that there must, also, have been a deference, unconsciously, perhaps, to the feelings of the leading savans. It is worthy of remark, that if there is any class in this country that has a secret sympathy with Russia, it is our men of science. It is amusing to read the stealthy notes and passing remarks in our scientific journals, complimentary of the late emperor Nicholas. They cannot lift their voice amidst the warlike enthusiasm of the times, but they comfort themselves by whispering the praises of the mighty dead. This feeling can be

readily accounted for. Nicholas was the greatest patron of science in modern times. It was his policy to patronise science. The secret of his power consisted in the combination of the might of science and the might of barbarism. He knew this well, and he had constantly around him men of science from every nation. He seems to have exercised something like witchery over them. They speak of him, in bated breath, as of a superior being, while they would hold him up to other crowned heads as the model monarch. The British Association has headed a movement for the purpose of securing a greater amount of government patronage, and, for many years, its standing argument was the rebuke which the munificence of Nicholas gave to the niggardly conduct of our own government. We can, then, readily understand how the Association should have a warm side to the late emperor, although this was no apology for putting a damper on the national enthusiasm in the hour of victory. While the Czar extended his patronage to all departments of science, and loved to exercise his powers of fascination on savans from every field of research, he specially delighted to do honour to astronomy. He erected, at Pulkova, by far the most magnificent observatory the world has ever seen. The palatial style of architecture, and the numerous staff of observers and attendants, far outshine the achievements of other countries in the same line. His telescopes are the most perfect at the present day, and his observers the most accomplished. At one of the general meetings of the Association, it was remarked by one of the speakers, that had Russia sent any representatives of science to the meeting, they would have received a hearty welcome, notwithstanding the present hostilities. And were Nicholas still at the head of affairs, it is very probable he would have sent some of his savans to grace the proceedings. A few weeks ago, the astronomer royal received a letter from M. Otto Struve, who is at the head of the observatory at Pulkova, in which he gives new proofs of the greatness of this wonderful empire. Not-

withstanding the commotions of the war, scientific undertakings of a geographical and geodetical character, are carried on in the most gigantic scale, as if the nation were enjoying the profoundest peace. He states that telegraphic communication has made such progress, that there are now six thousand miles of communication. This, however, is nothing to be wondered at, as the exigences of the war might require this effort. But it does seem strange that Russia should now be devoting her energies to the determination of such theoretical questions as the figure of the globe, as if she had nothing else in hand. It was certainly high time that the Western nations should inquire into the designs of such an empire, that was threatening to overshadow Europe with its greatness. We confidently believe that the result will shew that the progress of humanity is not to depend, as Nicholas imagined, on the predominance of the Slavonic over the other races of Europe. Christianity is the grand element of civilisation, and on it must the stability of nations depend; but it is not to the North we are to look for a pure and vigorous Christianity. The Teutonic race has been as yet true to its trust, as the depository of the best interests of humanity and the Christian faith, and, arguing from the laws of God's government of the world, we have no reason to fear that another race is now to sway the destinies of mankind.

But to return to the recreations of the Association, we may mention that, besides the public *conversazioni*, there were also private ones which afforded still better opportunities for intercourse. Some of these will be remembered as affording the most pleasant reminiscences of the Association. In these cases, it was attempted to bring together, under one hospitable roof, as far as possible, those engaged in similar pursuits. We had the pleasure of being present at one where astronomers predominated, and a rich treat was afforded by the inspection of the most refined instruments in astronomical science. One of the most prominent figures at this meeting was a swarthy individual, who was explaining, in French,

the use of the various instruments. On inquiry, we were told that he was a descendant of the Pharaohs, being a young Egyptian sent to this country for his education. He was evidently proud to vindicate for his country its old reputation for learning and science. He seemed thoroughly acquainted with the instruments, and to gratify, by his clear explanations, the circle of attentive listeners. As one of the novelties of the evening, a young girl, about ten years of age, was introduced as an arithmetical prodigy. She was brought from a parish school in Ayrshire, to exhibit her powers, which were certainly very remarkable. She was allowed to perform feats of multiplication of her own selection; but Sir David Brewster, who has a great taste for such marvels, objected, as she might be performing the operations by rote. It was therefore agreed that a clergyman present should give her a question in multiplication, which he was to work in his note-book while she was performing the operation mentally. Compassionating the poor girl, who was never in such a scene before, he good-naturedly proposed an easy sum; but a French savant indignantly took the note-book out of his hands, and proposed a sum in which four places of figures were to be multiplied by four places of figures. The girl commenced the operations mentally, while Dr. Scoresby observed with his watch, and in exactly eighty seconds she worked the sum. The Frenchman took much longer, and he seemed very triumphant as he found that the girl was one figure wrong; however, on revising his calculation, it was found that he was wrong and the girl was right. It was certainly a great feat on the part of the girl, seeing that she was placed in most distracting circumstances, and that several thoughtlessly spoke to her while performing the calculation. The poor girl was quite delighted on recognising, in the bewildering throng, her old parish minister, who, we hope, will help her to turn her remarkable gift to some good account.

We had also the pleasure of being present at another private gathering of

savans. But in this case the company almost exclusively consisted of navigators and ethnologists. The sailors formed a much merrier party than the astronomers. Captain Allan of the Niger expedition, was the life of the party. He is a short, ruddy-faced, jolly, little man, and very much a sailor. His fund of anecdotes and humorous stories never failed. Captain Collinson, of Arctic celebrity, contributed much to the hilarity of the party. He has little of the sailor in personal appearance,—being somewhat of the stamp of Scoresby. He is a tall, thin, dark-complexioned, intellectual-looking man, with spectacles. The yarns alternated between the sweltering toils on the river Niger, and the shivering scenes in the North-West passage. Captain Collinson mentioned, that the large coloured maps of the Arctic region, which drew so much attention at the Ethnological Section, were executed by the busy hands of his sisters, in an incredibly short time. Captain Allan entered into some details about his survey of the valley of the Jordan, and the feasibility of a passage through the Holy Land, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The subject is evidently one of his hobbies, but he is exceedingly sanguine, and gives good ground for his belief, that the passage might, without much difficulty, be effected. On account of the depression of the valley of the Jordan below the level of the Mediterranean and Red Sea, only a very little cutting would be necessary. The Holy Land is very much in the position of Holland. The sea is kept out of the valley of the Jordan by two natural dykes, one towards the Mediterranean, and the other towards the Red Sea. These have only to be cut through, when the sea rushes in, and fills the valley of the Jordan,—thus forming a passage for the largest ships. The sea would flow along the plain of Esdrael, towards the Jordan. Some land would of course be flooded, but not to any serious extent. We fondly hope the scheme will not be carried out. It sounds something like sacrilege, to say that Galilee, with all its holy associations, should be for ever obliterated from the

map of the world, to form a highway for the traffic of nations.

The grand winding up of the recreations of the Association was the excursion to Arran. Five hundred started from Glasgow to enjoy the day. Never was there, in the history of the world, such a ship-load of science and learning. Men of every department of science and every nation in the world were there. The banks of the Clyde were lined with interested spectators, and many salutes, more deafening than pleasant, were fired off as we passed along. As the busy artisans plied their hammers as the steamer passed, they possibly thought that science was only a holiday thing, and that upon their own brawny arms the well-being of society mainly depended. But how little would their sinews avail without science to direct them. When we looked back upon Glasgow, with its forests of factory chimneys, and the palatial residences of her merchant princes, we could not but feel that, without the heads of this holiday party, in the steamer, Glasgow would be still in the state of barbarism represented by the canoes dug from the banks of the river and exhibited at the Association. What a gulph between these canoes and the gigantic vessels building on the Clyde; and yet it was these men, who were this day enjoying themselves, like a school let loose for play, who bridged over that vast gulph.

The day was most propitious, and all seemed to be in the happiest mood. One of the most joyous of the party was Sir William Hamilton, the astronomer royal of Ireland. He seemed anxious to enjoy every thing and every body. He is allowed to be the greatest mathematician of the present day. He has signalised himself chiefly by a new branch of analysis which he calls *quaternions*, a method of exceeding generality and grasp. He had been the day before enlightening the Physical Section with his quaternions, but he got no one to venture a single remark, the subject being so novel and difficult. An unfortunate clergyman, with a taste for mathematics, rashly started the subject of quaternions when in conversation with Sir William on the crowded

platform. This was too good an opportunity for Sir William to let slip. He immediately took out his note-book, and commenced a demonstration of the system of quaternions from its very elements. His whole attention was absorbed with his diagrams and symbols, so that the scenes of the Clyde and all its commercial wonders were passed unobserved. It was not till they reached the shores of Arran that the clerical listener had his button released from the grasp of the lecturer. We have only to hope the quaternions may compensate for the loss of the many sights on the Clyde.

As the steamer skirted the shores of Arran, various geologists, under the guidance of Sir Roderick Murchison, delivered short lectures on the formations before the eyes of the company. A speaker could not be placed in a better position for studying brevity and point; for it required no ordinary exertion to be heard: and, besides, the objects on shore flitted by so rapidly, as to allow no preface or circumlocution. The party soon divided into two. The one, not provided with invitations to the Duke's hospitality, devoted themselves to laborious geologising along the rocky beach, which they loudly protested was a far more elevated pleasure, and more becoming a learned society, than sitting down to the ducal entertainment. This, however, had no force with the other party, the one hundred and fifty holders of tickets who landed at Brodick, and, after a brief stroll along the shore, or through the woods, betook themselves to the wooden pavilion erected for their special benefit on the lawn of Brodick Castle. Here they were entertained by the duke in a manner that won for him golden opinions. He spoke, if not with fluency, with great good taste; and if he blundered as to some points about the history of the Association and its aims, he at least shewed the heartiest desire to do honour to science. The steamer's hour being announced, all the party hastened down to the pier, accompanied by the duke and his piper,—this last functionary being evidently a source of great wonderment to the foreign savans.

As soon as the five hundred got once more into the steamer, they seemed to be seized with a sudden fit of speech-making before the anchor was weighed. There were so many votes of thanks to be proposed, and so many replies to be made, that it was long before the business was over. It was no easy matter to learn, on account of the noise of the waste steam, who was the honoured party; but the end was served of affording an opportunity to the party to give vent to their feelings by loud cheers. Foremost among the speakers was the venerable principal of the university, who seemed to enjoy the scene as much as the youngest of the party. Indeed, he was one of the greatest marvels of the Association; for, though the father of the Church, and beyond the Palmist's term of protracted life, there was no one at the public meetings that could match him in commanding the ear of the vast throng in the City Hall. His marvellous powers of speech, however, failed on this occasion. He stood on a coil of ropes, and,

from this elevation, addressed a crowded group around. His stentorian tones were, for once, drowned by the deep bassoon of the two funnels, through which the steam roared as through two gigantic organ pipes. The emphatic gestures, and the expressive movement of his lips were, however, perfectly understood, and when this pantomime came to an end, the dense crowd rent the air with their acclamations, feeling that all was right, though no one could tell who was the man the principal intended to honour. The steamer landed the chief part of her freight at Ardrossan, where a train for Glasgow was waiting. A few belated travellers, comprising some old navigators and theologians, who could not comprehend the arrangement, stuck to the steamer, and were borne in darkness up through the windings of the Clyde. Thus closed the recreations of the day, and the proceedings of the Association. We shall, in our next and last article, briefly sum up the scientific results of the Association.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW SCUTARI MISSION.

Mr. Macnair's Journal.

We beg to assure our readers that they may place the most perfect reliance upon the unadorned and unexaggerated truthfulness of every statement recorded by our Missionaries in these journals, as they are sensitively alive to the bare suspicion of their colouring their stories in the slightest degree, by way of giving what is called "interest" to details, supposed possible, by some, to be otherwise too prosaic and matter-of-fact. We cordially agree with them in thinking, that a missionary's journal loses all its "interest" unless above the suspicion of being "cooked" for the public, instead of being a plain, honest narrative of things as they really occurred.

July 1.—Sunday. Preached in Palace Hospital at ten. Attendance smaller than formerly, several of the men having been sent home, and some having returned to

duty during the past week. Preached for Mr. F. in the Barrack Hospital at two, to an audience of about twenty, and in the General Hospital at four, to about the same number.

July 2.—Visited in General Hospital. Saw C. J., and had some interesting conversation with him. He speaks affectionately of his relatives at home, seems to have been piously brought up, and says, that if spared to join the family circle again, his return will be hailed like that of the prodigal son. He is busy revising the Shorter Catechism, which had been bound up with the Bible he received a few days ago. He wishes to prepare himself for joining the communion of the Church, should an opportunity occur. He is still very weak.

Saw also A. W. of the 42d., a man who had been in Prince Edward Island, and attended my church during the winter of 1851-2. He did not seem to recognise me at first, but was glad afterwards to talk over the past. What a day will that be when pastor and people will at last meet, and be brought face to face!

Oh, what need of grace to improve present opportunities!

July 3.—Visited Palace Hospital. Th. goes out to-day. T. getting better. Called afterwards at General Hospital, and left *Doddridge's Rise and Progress* with C. J., who had expressed a desire for a book of prayers.

July 4.—Visited lower wards of General Hospital. C. A. told me something of his history. Like many others he feels the want of a sufficient early education, but appears desirous to learn. Promised to get a Testament for him, and if possible direct him to some one who would read with him and assist him, for which he expressed gratitude. Promised also to write for him to his former master.

July 5.—Visited in General Hospital, and found six new men from the camp to add to my roll. Also F. W., after being a few days on duty, now sent back to hospital. C. J. promised to read with C. A., said it would remind him of old times when he used to read verse about in the family circle. Hope this may be a means of stimulating both to greater diligence in heavenly things.

July 6.—At Pera—did not visit.

July 7.—Visited in General Hospital. Some more men to be in to-night.

July 8.—Sunday. Preached in Palace Hospital at ten. Audience five, besides invalids in bed within hearing. Four new cases to add to my list, some of these in bed. Preached afterwards in General Hospital at four. Audience nine or ten. Was afterwards told by some who were not present, that they mistook the bell. As it had formerly been rung at three for the English service, and did not ring to-day, they fancied that our bell, being the first, could not be for the Scotch service.

July 9.—Visited in Palace Hospital, and saw the men who came in on Saturday. None seem dangerously ill, though all are weak. Left some tracts and books.

July 10.—Visited in General Hospital. W. J., who came in last week, goes out to-day.

July 11.—Visited in Palace Hospital, and exchanged tracts and books. M. J., after being kept in suspense for some time as to whether he should be sent back to the Crimea, has received orders to embark to-day for home. He has been nineteen years in the service, and will not be required to leave Britain again. M. G. gave me an affecting account of the end of his brother. It seems that on the 18th May, M. G. had been put into hospital at the camp, that his brother hearing of his illness had obtained a pass to see him, which he did on the 19th. That M. G.

about three weeks later, hearing that his brother's regiment was in the neighbourhood of the hospital, obtained leave to go and see him, and that on inquiry he was shocked to find that he had been dead for some time. He had died after a few hours' illness of cholera, which he may have caught in the hospital during his visit to his brother. Even here how often do we find that saying of our Lord's fulfilled, "The one shall be taken and the other left." How impressive the teaching which follows, "Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

July 12.—Visited in General Hospital. Saw one or two Irish Presbyterians, who seemed grateful for a visit. Saw again C. J., who is going on with *Doddridge*, and says it is just the kind of book he wanted.

July 13.—Visited Palace Hospital. R. J. had read *Bunyan's Grace Abounding* since I last saw him, and was disposed to converse upon it. Called at General Hospital on my way home.

July 14.—Visited in General Hospital. Found one or two Irish Presbyterians in addition to those formerly seen.

July 15.—Preached in Palace Hospital at ten to an audience of five, besides one or two in bed. Also in General Hospital at four to an audience of twenty-six, the largest I have as yet had. Some Episcopalian present, the hour of the English Church second service having been lately changed from three to half-past six. The men were very attentive, and I felt the necessity of speaking plainly and earnestly to them, it being probable, as indeed is the case every week, that some were hearing me whom I should never have an opportunity of addressing again, at least from the pulpit.

July 16.—At Pera and Bayukdere—did not visit.

July 17.—Visited in General Hospital. Found several men displaying their kits, before embarking on board for England. Hope to have an opportunity of seeing them to-morrow before they have gone out from Hospital. Received a letter to-day for F. A., who has gone home.

July 18.—Visited in Palace and General Hospitals. T. G. leaves Palace Hospital to-day to go on board transport. S. J. went out yesterday to duty, but it seems doubtful if he will be able for it. Several men from the General Hospital go on board to-day. S. H. had been reading *Bunyan's Grace Abounding*, and expressed a desire to have the book. M. D. would write me when he got home if he knew the address. After some time I found out, that though he had been

in hospital since my arrival, and I had seen him regularly, he did not know my name. I furnished him with the correct address, and hope by and by to have some account of him. In the afternoon went on board the Great Britain, the steamer which takes the invalids home this time. The accommodation is both extensive and good.

July 19.—Visited in Palace Hospital. An orderly has been sick, but better. Few Presbyterians here.

July 20.—Visited in General Hospital. Considerable sensation in the wards owing to a visit of the Duke of Newcastle, lately come out from England. Lord William Paulet accompanied his Grace. Had some conversation with C. J.

July 21.—In General Hospital found ten new names to add to my list of men who came in yesterday from the Crimea, principally belonging to the 72d, the 79th, and 93d.

July 22.—Sunday. Preached in Barrack Hospital at two. Audience about sixteen, including three officers, and two medical men. One of the latter has just come from the Mauritius, and is on his way to the Crimea. This movement was not of his seeking; but being called in duty to go, he does so without any reluctance. Preached also in General Hospital. Audience twenty-one or twenty-two.

July 23.—Visited in General Hospital, and saw again the men who came in the other day. None of them seem very seriously ill, with the exception of one man of the 93d, who is suffering from weakness in the chest. He was grateful to me for reading and praying with him, and I promised to see him soon again. Several of the men are without Bibles, some entirely, others temporarily, these having been left behind with their knapsacks. Called in the evening at the Palace Hospital, and found that here there had also been a considerable accession to the number of men in hospital. Found one man on guard, who was discharged two days ago from the General Hospital, recovered. He seems afraid of a return of diarrhoea, his old complaint.

July 24.—Visited at Palace Hospital, and added ten new names to my roll. A sergeant of the 72d, who came down from the Crimea on the 20th, goes out to duty to-day, so that I have had but one opportunity of seeing him in hospital. Fever and diarrhoea are the prevailing complaints.

July 25.—Visited General Hospital. H. D. very low with dysentery. Saw A. J. for the first time, though he has been in some days. He is in a somewhat

critical state. I must see him soon again. A young lad, to whom I had given *James' Anxious Inquirer* to read a few days ago, asked if I could let him have a Catechism. He was afraid he had forgotten his questions. As I had been furnished by the Committee with an abundant supply of Catechisms, I was happily able easily to meet his want. I was also pleased to see that he did not return the book, but kept it for further perusal.

July 27.—Visited General and Palace Hospitals, and gave away some Bibles and Testaments to men who were not supplied. H. D. considerably better, and has now hopes of recovery. C. J. in great hopes of being able to go out next week. He expressed a strong desire to be able still to attend public worship, as he had done in hospital, and hoped he would not be on duty at this hour. Speaks very feelingly of the privileges he enjoyed at Montreal, and the interest taken in the troops by the Rev. Mr. Irving, whose ministry they attended.

July 29.—Sunday. Preached in Palace at half-past ten. Audience thirteen, besides several men in bed. One man got faint, and had to lie down during sermon. Saw afterwards R. J. for the first time. He had a book of Daily Scripture Readings by him, brought from home. Asked me if I knew the Rev. Mr. Thomson of Woolwich, and spoke highly of this gentleman. This is not the first man who has named Mr. Thomson as attentive to the troops.

July 30.—At the request of A. J., suffering from jaundice and fever, wrote to his father. Also to the mother of a soldier, who left lately for England, in answer to a letter of inquiry as to her son's welfare. Visited General Hospital.

July 31.—Visited the Palace Hospital, and found several men who had come in at the end of last week. Had some pleasing conversation with R. J.

We are glad to be able to inform our readers that the Rev. Mr. Ferguson has recovered his health, and is now on his way to Scutari. We hope to be able to announce his safe arrival in our next.

The Secretary has heard from Mr. Macnair of date 5th Dec. He says: "The cholera, I am happy to say, has almost disappeared from us. God has been merciful." We are thankful to God that his own valuable life has been spared.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
SCUTARI MISSION.

Mrs Campbell of Blythwood . . . L. 1 0 0
Captain Campbell do. 1 0 0

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS.

I.—SOCITIES.

* * * The total number of missionaries, assistants, and stations, as given below, may be taken as nearly complete. But the number of communicants is necessarily quite incomplete; it may, however, be stated in round numbers at 300,000 at the lowest estimate.

Societies.	Mission- aries.	Assistants.	Stations.	Communi- cants.	Scholars.
Gospel Propagation	355				
Eng. Bap. Miss.	54	324	194	5,008	4,276
Gen. Bap. Miss.	8	10	7	135	105
London Miss.	171	700	103	9,908	17,000
Church Miss.	147	1979	106	13,561	32,308
Eng. Wesleyan Mission	427	781	334	105,394	78,548
Glasgow Miss.					
Scot. Ch. Miss.	14	7	8		2,131
Scot. Free Ch.	37	57	23		6,000
Scot. Sec. Ch.	33	9			
Irish Pres. Ch.	96	92	93		
Eng. Pres. Ch.	1	100	1		
French Miss.	10	4	10	1,340	350
Rhenish Miss.	43	25		1,400	500
Basle Miss.	29	20			1,967
Unit. Brethren Miss.	222	00	170,000		

Berlin Miss.	11	7			
Gosner's Miss.	19	2			
Dresden Miss.	94	2			
Leipzig Miss.	96	3	137	1,000	
Hamburg Miss.	6	2	5		
Stockholm Miss.					
Stavanger Miss.	94				
Norway Miss.					
Netherl. Miss.	96	94	93	130	
Am. Board	157	309	134	26,875	22,694
Am. Bap. Un.	86	250	155	12,500	2,772
Freeb. Board	55	43	28	282	1,700
Epia. Board	10	99	8	96	656
Method. Miss.	34	100	8	1,611	
Am. Miss. A.	12	31	10	380	
Lutheran Miss.	1	5	2		293
As Pres. Ch.	5	2			
M. E. Ch. South	5	2			
Bap. Ch., South	12	24	12		330
Bap. Free Miss.	2	5	2		
Free-Will Bap.	3	7	2		130
Seventh-Day Bap.	2	1			
38	2033	4208	1280	247,897	172,730

* Returns incomplete.

† Including all under religious instruction.

Notices of Books.

The Suffering Saviour; or, Meditations on the last days of Christ upon Earth. By the Rev. FRED. W. KRUMMACHER, D.D., Chaplain to his Majesty the King of Prussia. Translated under the express sanction of the Author by Samuel Jackson. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

The Christian world must ever hail with delight anything emanating from the pen of Krummacher. Tholuck may command by his pathos, and Schleiermacher by his profundity; Krummacher never fails to control by the potency of his tender and woman-like spirit. From his susceptible heart, the truth rushes forth, not like a cold lunar beam, but glowing, as the solar radiance, with the warmth and tenderness of its source. The productions of Krummacher, if they do not overawe with the grandeur of intellect, subdue by the depth of their emotion.

In the subject of the present volume, he has found a sublime, yet a congenial theme. As he conducts the reader to the Redeemer passing through the outer court, the holy place, and the holy of holies, until He recedes from human cognisance, amid the supernatural phenomena of an agitated world, and the loud soundings of the strong triumphant cry, "It is finished," his words become,

at one time, as it were indistinct from his sobbings, and at another, they groan beneath the burden of tenderness and emotion which they bear. His tongue falters, and his finger trembles, as he exclaims "Ecce homo!"

We shall not venture to express any definite opinion regarding the awfully majestic theme of this volume. It may be that the contemplation of a "Suffering Saviour" is apt to tempt us to dwell too exclusively upon the *physical* and the *comprehensible*. It may be that in the discussion of such themes, the writer is exposed to the danger of soaring too unguardedly and impetuously into the regions of the imagination, and of thus attributing to the divine "Sufferer" an experience not truly His own. This, however, must be fully acknowledged, that Krummacher has sketched a graphic and moving picture of the "Man of Sorrows" during the crisis of His atoning work.

The volume is discriminated by the orthodoxy of its tone, the vigour and pathos of its portraiture, the fervour and tenderness of its sentiment, and the practicability of its tendency. It forms another beautifully touching tribute from a fervid, delicate, and experienced and evangelical mind, to that sublime work through which the "Suffering Saviour" was constituted "Captain of Salvation."

Sermon.

"Forgive us our debts."—MATTHEW VI. 12.

The Lord's Prayer contains three classes of petitions. The first has reference to God's glory, "Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven." The second has reference to the body's sustenance, "Give us this day our daily bread." The third has reference to the soul's welfare, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation; deliver us from evil." In these three classes of petitions, God is revealed in three different aspects. In the first class, He is the Creator, for whose glory all things are. In the second, He is the Provider, from whose garner all gifts come. In the third, He is the Pardoner, in whose heart all grace dwells. In these three classes of petitions, man is revealed in three somewhat different aspects. In the first, he is the creature praying for the Creator's glory; in the second, he is the pensioner petitioning for daily sustenance; in the third, he is the sinner crying for spiritual deliverance. It is to this last aspect of God and of man, that the text directs our thoughts—to God as Pardoner, and to man as guilty.

In throwing out a few simple thoughts on the prayer, "Forgive us our debts,"—observe the name which Christ gives to sins. He calls them "debts." This name opens up an interesting view of the nature and working of sin. The course of thought is obvious.

Debts are easily incurred, very easily incurred. It is no difficult thing to run into debt, to run deeply into it, to run over head and ears into it. It is smooth sailing down stream. You have only to close your eyes that you may not see before or behind you—to banish thought that you may not be disturbed by consequences, to give yourselves up to present enjoyment, and sail along. A prison or disgrace may be before you, but your

eyes are closed, and you do not see it; the regards of all honest and honourable men may be averted from you, but you have banished thought, and you do not realize it; it is smooth sailing in the meantime, and you leave it to the chapter of accidents to make all right in the end. Is it not so with sin? Have you, in your experience, found that it requires long and painful effort to begin a course of guilt? Is the region of iniquity so walled round, that it is only after painful and persevering struggles that you succeed in scaling it? Who has found it so? Has the swearer found it so?—Let the children in your streets, as well as the grown man give answer. Has the drunkard found it so?—Ask him, and note his reply. Has the worldling found it so?—There would not be so many if he had. Has the unbeliever found it so?—No; a thousand times no! Ah! it is amidst pleasant sunshine, and sparkling waters, amidst laughing faces and merry words, that the sinner launches his shallop on the current of vice. There is no effort that needs straining; no up-stream work that needs forcing, no Hill Difficulty to be climbed; the road is downward, and the grooves are smooth. As easily as a man runs into debts does the soul glide into sin.

Again, debts, if not at once discharged, imperceptibly swell to a serious bulk. Debt grows almost without our knowing it. Let a rich man mortgage part of his property, and, like a cancer, it will often grow and spread till it eat out the entire heritage. Let a poor man become a debtor, and the chances are, that from bad he will proceed to worse; that this week will find him deeper than the last; that little will be added to little, pence will become shillings, and shillings will grow to pounds, till he gets inextricably involved; if not discharged at the beginning, he will soon have his head under

water, and sink into irretrievable poverty. Is it not so with sin? If not forsaken at the commencement, does it not grow and grow, till at last it brings the soul to spiritual bankruptcy? The natural tendency of sin, like the natural tendency of debt, is to swell. Unconfessed, unrepented of, unforgiven, it grows with growing years, and, like a mortgage, eats into our health, into our happiness, into our peace, into our hopes, into our heaven; to-day's little is added to the sum of many yesterdays, to-morrow's to today's, and the score runs up. Yesterday, it may be, sin tempted, and you yielded. In yielding, you mortgaged part of your fair inheritance of peace and joy. To-morrow brings fears of discovery; alarmed, you cover the sin, bury it deeper in falsehood or hypocrisy, *i. e.* you mortgage another portion of your inner peace to relieve you from the increasing pressure of the first, and from bad to worse the matter goes—acre after acre of the soul's bright heritage gathers round the accursed bond—every holy affection, every Christian principle is yielded up—and you at last sink into hell, the hell of debt or of disease, or of ignominy, or of remorse, and these are but the beginnings of evil. Sin, then, may be likened to debts, both from the ease of incurring them, and from their tendency to grow.

Let me now ask, against whom are these spiritual debts contracted? Who have accounts against us? Who are the bondholders? Amongst others, there is a *man's own self*. The sinner in sinning, is scoring up debts against himself. "He that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul." Conscience has its dues, and the soul has not paid them, and that debt is daily growing heavy; Reason has its dues, and the soul has not paid them, and that debt is growing heavy; the Affections have their dues, and the soul has not paid them, and that debt is growing heavy; the Will has its dues, and the soul has not paid them, and that debt is growing heavy—these, part and parcel of the man's own self, have claims against him, claims which he cannot meet: they are creditors appealing to a fundless

bankrupt, who hath not wherewith to meet their demands. Such is one bondholder.

Again, the sinner, in sinning, is often running up debts against others. The parent who neglects his duty to his child, is in the child's debt; the rich man who neglects his duty to the poor, is in the poor man's debt; the Christian who neglects his duty to the Heathen, is in the Heathens' debt. The child has an account against the parent; the poor man against the rich; the Heathen against the Christian; and the account will be rendered. At the judgment-seat the child may present an account against the parent, which he has not discharged; and the poor man hold a bond against the rich which he has not met; and the Heathen show a debt against the Christian which, in life, he refused to pay; and these undischarged accounts may explain the meaning of the words of the Judge: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." Such is a second bondholder.

Again, the sinner, in sinning, is a *debtor to God's law*. Do you ask how? He owes it a perfect obedience, and yet there is not a commandment of it which he has not broken. He owes it a perfect submission, and yet there is not an exhortation of it which he has not disregarded. He owes it a perfect love, and yet there is not a statute of it which he has not hated. He owes it a perfect fear, and yet there is not a penalty of it which he has not scorned. Every commandment is his creditor, and has a claim against him. Every warning, every promise, every precept, every hope his creditor. They have all claims against him. His liabilities are overwhelming; his assets are nothing. God's broken law declares him bankrupt—bankrupt for time, and, *if* there be no means of cancelling his debts, bankrupt for eternity too.

If there be no means—does forgiveness then rest upon an *if*? Blessed be God, No! The petition we are considering while it proclaims man to be a debtor, proclaims also that there is forgiveness

for his debts. It is meaningless if it does not proclaim this. Christ bids us pray, "Father *forgive* our debts," and He would not bid us so pray if, with God, there was no forgiveness. The prayer—to be delivered from our debts—would never have been taught us, had deliverance been impossible. I take Christ, then, at His word, and believe that when He bids me pray for pardon He bids me pray for that which God is able and ready to grant.

Be assured that God, in Christ, is waiting to be gracious; your debt of sin has been paid to the uttermost farthing; there is no prison to you, unless you will, for the doors have been thrown widely open; no fetters, unless you will, for a power has been revealed that can strike them off, and will, to all who ask. If any doubt has ever crossed my mind on the matter of Divine forgiveness, it has arisen from the very vastness of the thought; that I, a poor, weak, guilty being, who in numberless ways, and with many aggravations, have sinned against my God, against His revealed commandments, His waiting mercies, His paternal grace; that I, who for days and weeks have often lived as if there were no God above me, and no hell beneath, and no eternity beyond—that I should have all this forgiven, forgotten, "cast into the depths of the sea;" that to me, the Past should have no bitterness, and the Future no fears; that I should be able to say, and to say it with a well-grounded hope, "Giving thanks unto the Father, who *hath* made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light; who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and *hath* translated us into the Kingdom of His dear Son, in whom we *have* redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."—ah! the very vastness of this truth may well, at times, cause the mind to stagger, as if it were too great and glorious to be a Christian verity. Nevertheless, is it not true? Yes! true as it is great, real as it is precious. It is found in every page of the New Testament, sweetening every form of the Saviour's speech.

Does Christ speak in promises? Forgiveness is there. For what is the burden of these? Is it not, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?" And are not the tones of that promise still ringing in the world? yes, and *will* ring so long as a sinner remains to be saved, and a repentant wanderer to be gathered in; the world has become for them a vast whispering gallery, round which they will run, and reverberate for ever. Does Christ speak in parables? Forgiveness is there. The Prodigal is seen among the husks of the far country: he has run a reckless course, and it has ended as all such courses end; he has come to himself, and resolved "to arise, and go to his father;" he has started up, visions of home are on his soul, the old memories of love are gathering at his heart; he has begun to run, the tear is in his eye, and drop follows drop down his sin-sodden cheek, as the visions and memories are thickening fast; he has increased his speed, for the Fiend is whispering doubts of his reception and urging him back; nor does he run in vain, his father sees him from afar, and, worn and tattered, faint and bleeding as he is, he is clasped in that father's outstretched arms, and feels the tear of forgiveness on his cheek, and hears the words of forgiveness in his ear, as, in broken utterance, the old man cries: "This my son was dead and he is alive again, was lost and is found." And is not this parable of a forgiving father and repentant son, known and read of all men? Yes! it is traced as with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever, and many a sinner will run and read.

Does Christ speak in miracles? Forgiveness is there: the pardoned Magdalene and the cured demoniac attest its presence. Does Christ speak in suffering? Forgiveness is there. What else mean His life-long woe, His predicted name, "The Man of Sorrows?" What else mean the farce trial in the judgment-hall, the buffeting and brutal insolence, the crowning with the Bramble crown, the scourge's lash, and Calvary's wrestling and pain? What mean all these, if they do not mean the instru-

ments of deliverance and the evidence of pardon to fallen, but not forsaken men? I love the Gospel of Christ because it is a gospel of pardon, free, full, and final. I love it for its great wide words,—its whosoever, its all, its every. I love it for its blessed questions,—its whys, its wherefores, its how longs? I love it for its earnest urgings,—its Ho, comes! its Go into the highways and hedges; its Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? I love it for its yearning apostrophes,—its Oh, Jerusalems! its “Oh, that mine head were tears, and mine eyes fountains of waters!” I love it for its free and precious blessings,—its pardon, peace, joy and immortality. This Gospel is

dear to me,—dear to me especially as a minister of Christ,—because I can take up its wide whosoever, and proclaim them to all; its blessed questionings, and put them to all; its earnest pleadings, and urge them on all; its noble apostrophes, and appeal them to all; its precious blessings, and proffer them to all;—because I can say of every barrier, it is down; of every obstacle, it is removed; of every veil, it is rent; of every handwriting against us, it is nailed to the cross: because I can say of all these— all barriers, all obstacles, all veils, all handwritings of ordinances, in the words of one of the Saviour's cries from the cross—“It is,” they are, “finished.”

READINGS FROM THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.

ST. LUKE i. 1-4.

WHETHER we look to the preface to this Gospel, or to the direct and simple narrative of facts which it contains, we cannot hesitate to acknowledge that the writer sets out with the intention, and completely fulfils it, of describing events which he believes to have actually occurred. These are not the expressions of one about to gather, from some floating and fabulous myths, an unsubstantial and airy embodiment of abstract conceptions; to construct a theory of religion; and to set forth, under the garb of facts which never really happened, a fanciful system of doctrine resting on no sound foundation. Can we imagine, that if St. Luke had wished us to receive his accounts of the birth, and life, and doings of our Lord, not as narratives of real events, but simply as shadows of certain abstract principles, to be interpreted in the method by which we seek to find a meaning in some of the fables of ancient mythology, he would have employed the language of this introduction? We have nothing here of the dim and the fabulous. He proposes evidently to relate actual transactions; things which had been accomplished in the very heart of the Christian Church, and of which the per-

sons who had been eye-witnesses supplied the accounts. He was not wandering amidst the floating traditions of a remote antiquity, labouring to construct something like a consistent system out of the disjointed fragments of an earlier age; but, aware that he was engaging in the task of composing a history of real occurrences, he traced them up to their source; and, as he records minutely all the facts, the certainty of which he was desirous that Theophilus should know, he teaches us that we are to receive his statements as historical records of actual events. How completely would it destroy all the richness of that treasure on which our faith lays hold, were we won over to the delusion that the life of Jesus is but an airy vision; that it was never intended that we should receive as literally true that which is recorded; and that it is only the expression, by supposed action, of truths to be understood in their abstract form. Most marvellous it is that the Son of God appeared in the flesh, and that the indistinct and inarticulate longings for a present deity at last found an answer in the appearance of Him who, the Son of the Virgin, was Emmanuel—God with us; that this mysterious visit-

ant held converse with the creatures formed by His hand; took on Him the susceptibility of pain and hunger, with the other sinless infirmities of our poor humanity; and that in Him there was power, before which the most stupendous laws bowed in instantaneous submission, combined with a meek endurance of cruelty and oppression, which no violence could exhaust and overcome. But these marvellous things were appointed and accomplished for purposes of vast and comprehensive import; and, assuredly, if it be desirable that the Gospel narrative should penetrate our hearts, we must trace the steps of our Lord and of His immediate disciples, as they actually moved throughout that land signalized by the manifested majesty of the Eternal, and made bright by proofs of miraculous interposition. Truths were spoken, most solemn and far-reaching truths, destined to seek and find for themselves a deep and yet deeper foundation amidst all that is real and enduring;—but apart altogether from these truths—we have the actual representation of what He did, who is God manifest in the flesh, and who yet mingled in deepest sympathy with His feeble and helpless followers.

But while, in examining these narratives, we must ever bear in mind that we are dealing not with dim and abstract generalities—but positive facts,—it is also not to be forgotten that these facts themselves are embodiments of great indestructible truths. It were most difficult, indeed, for any one, pondering on the manifestations of mental energy that have been made since the birth of time, and listening with open and earnest ear to the utterances that have been coming forth from the human spirit, to overlook and fail to discover that golden thread of truth that, interwoven with much falsehood and contradiction, has only been lost to the perception of a sin-wasted world. And if even heathenism itself has not been altogether unable to give out, in fitful and irregular flashes, its premonitions of coming light;—if we are to gather from the records of antiquity the fragments of those great and momentous truths, amidst the riches of which faith

rejoices in this bright and spiritual dispensation; is it wonderful that we should find, in the Christian narratives themselves, the actual representation of doctrines and principles which are elsewhere proclaimed as truths to be believed? The literal transactions and the abstract doctrines are thus blended together? We have the cure of severe distemper by a word, and the supply of want through means of an actual provision by which hunger is appeased. In these there are visible embodiments of that remedy for sin which Christ imparts, and that spiritual nourishment which He bestows. All truth is connected by affinities that cannot be destroyed; and, although sin came like a sweeping pestilence and tore out from the heart of fallen man his early sympathy with truth, yet we are never to forget that ere Adam and Eve “from Eden took their solitary way,” a ray of light arose to cheer this darkened world. God never deserted us, and never left himself without a witness. Truth sometimes has been almost entirely banished, or, overlaid with masses of falsehood and error, its presence could scarcely be detected, but ever has it again come forth with its undying vitality, and then we have recognised it in another form still like its divine master, “the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.”

It was the purpose of St. Luke that Theophilus should know the certainty of those things wherein he had been instructed; and, that he might accomplish this design, he sent him a minute and carefully executed narrative of events which had been related by eye-witnesses. And what has been the design of God in preserving those writings, during so many changes, in such remarkable completeness, defended from injury amidst so much that has been lost or defaced? Assuredly, that we might know the certainty of those events that occurred during the infancy of the Christian Church;—that we might be made minutely acquainted with the circumstances immediately preceding the birth of Christ, and with all those interesting details that give to His life such power over the heart of a believer. Shall it be possible to

attain this knowledge without being deeply impressed by it? Are there any subjects of inquiry better deserving our attention, or from which we may derive larger benefit? We gather from these narratives many illustrations of great and comprehensive views, and it is well to draw from them all the contributions which they supply to principles of universal application, and the generalisation of which gives to them a range to which no limits can be fixed; but, for practical purposes, we must sit down to those narratives as sinners seeking relief from a heavy burden, as those who are in darkness seeking light in the Lord. It may be difficult to resist the intellectual exercises into which even the study of the simplicities of Gospel truth sometimes seduces an inquirer, but let us ever remember, that the culture of the heart and the attainment of those Christian graces which ought to adorn the genuine followers of the Cross are far more valuable and important. And by possessing such narratives as those of the Evangelists, and the promise of the Spirit of God that we may be enabled to understand them, we are furnished with most powerful instruments for the prosecution of these important designs. It is our privilege that we have the Scriptures of eternal truth extensively diffused, and translated into language, the singular beauty and power of which are felt even by those whose opportunities of instruction have been limited. To us belongs the liberty of searching the Scriptures uncontrolled by any human authority, and of endeavouring to acquire a knowledge of the truth under the direct guidance of that Spirit who brings the Word to bear with success on the hearts and consciences of all sincerely seeking such assistance;—but let us remember that the privileges we possess involve great responsibilities. We profess to believe the certainty of those things in which we have been instructed, that the Son of God humbled himself and became obedient unto death—that sin stands forth as the great object of God's righteous indignation—and that it was in consequence of sin, because the earth was overrun

with ungodliness and falsehood, and hatred, and malice, and hypocrisy, and all the evils consequent on the first transgression, that the costly sacrifice was required, the mystery of which baffles all human thought, and the certainty of which, nevertheless, declares truths of unspeakable importance. If this be our belief, principles of powerful efficacy must be subjecting us to their control. And no longer shall we be satisfied with a cold and merely intellectual examination of the Word, or rest in the remembrance that its meaning has been often the subject of careful inquiry, and that it has been constantly more widely diffused. The grand question with us will be whether it has led us to the Saviour; whether we are resting on Christ and embracing His promises with a more earnest and clinging attachment; whether we are conscious of having acquired greater resemblance to the Son of God, whose actions and feelings, as recorded in these writings, contain such bright illustrations of His comprehensive precepts;—His visible embodiment of the ever living—ever expanding Spirit of eternal truth.

THE ALPINE FLOWERS.

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs !
With brows so pure and incense-breathing lips
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger,

On mercy's missions, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows?

Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse ye?—

Tree nor shrub

Dare that drear atmosphere; no polar pine
Upreads a veteran front; yet there ye stand,
Leaning your cheeks against the thick-ribbed ice,
And looking up with brilliant eyes to Him
Who bids you bloom unblanched amid the waste
Of desolation. Man, who panting toils
O'er slippery steeps, or, trembling treads the verge

Of yawning gulfs, o'er which the headlong plunge
Into eternity, looks shuddering up,
And marks ye in your placid loveliness—
Fearless, yet frail—and, clasping his chill hands,
Blesses your pencilled beauty. 'Mid the pomp
Of mountain summits rushing on the sky,
And chaining the rapt soul in breathless awe,
He bows to bind you drooping to his breast,
Inhales your spirit from the frost-winged gale,
And freer dreams of heaven.

Mrs. SIGOURNEY. 2

PARABLES.

I.—THE KEY AND THE PRISONERS.

THERE was once a man whose sons, owing to their folly, lost their liberty, and lingered in prison in a foreign land. Their Father's heart could not know them to be in such need without determining to deliver them. He rose up and went into the far land, and after he had bound the jailor hand and foot, he threw the key through the grating and said: "Dear children, open the door, and return home with me. I will pardon all, and forgive your folly and disobedience." But it was a cold winter's morning, and the snow was falling. The sons sat down, looked at the key, and talked of its size, its form, and of the skill of the locksmith's craft. Some praised a state of freedom as the noblest and certainly the most indispensable gift. They talked of the joy and the pleasantness of the Father's house. Then the Father cried, *the key is to open the door, you have no time to lose.* But they remained there looking at the key, and talking about it; and some of them, putting on a very wise face, supposed it could not possibly fit, it must be too small, and something must be filed off the wards on one side, and something must be added on the other. It was done; but behold the key would no longer fit! But they cried, "Now, indeed we have made a real genuine fine key! How we have perfected it! Truly we are even more skilful than the original locksmith! What would his work have been without our improvement?" But the key would not fit, and the gate remained shut. Then the Father spoke, and tears filled his eyes: "You don't wish to return! you love me not, and would rather remain in prison than obey me! They answered: "Nothing is nobler, nothing more beautiful, nothing worthier of men, nothing is higher and holier than childlike love and reverence." Then replied the Father earnestly and mournfully: "If you had truly loved me, you would long since have opened the door."

But some of them mocked and laughed, and said, "The key is indeed no key at all: and why should we need one? It is very pleasant here, and we are quite happy. Besides, true freedom is not to be found at home with our Father. Are we not already free?"

II.—THE ARTIST OR THE FATHER.

I came into a hall, and saw in it beautiful paintings and noble sculptures, arranged in a tasteful and suggestive manner. And I said to myself, the hand of an artist has been at work here, how beautiful are the works of his brush and chisel; and how beautifully and thoughtfully has he grouped them together. And I thought on the subjects he had chosen, and considered the details of execution, and I began to make a picture in my mind of the artist's character, disposition, and cast of thought.

And I came into a small room, and saw a man with his wife and children sitting round a table. And I heard a little boy stammering, "Father," and clinging to the man's breast, and the wife called him by his name, and he was the joy and the sun of their heart.

And I thought: What will it help me to know God only as an artist, as Him who made mountains, and the sea, fields and meadows, if I do not know Him as my Father, as my Husband, as Him who protects, liberates, guides, comforts me, is the sun of my heart and my portion for ever?

And I thought that for this reason Christ came, that we should no longer yearn after an unknown God, but pray to and live with our Father.

III.—THE CATHEDRAL AND THE MOUSE.

In the quiet twilight I stepped into a great and glorious cathedral; and I looked at the wonderful pillars, striving upwards to heaven, and my soul was lifted up to God. And I heard a rustling and nibbling noise, and saw a mouse running anxiously and greedily after some crumbs, that it might eat. It sees not

the beauty of the house in which it lives, it knows not to whose honour it is built, it has no eye for the bold structure of its roof.

And thou, O man, be not such a grey,

hungry, greedy mouse in the grand cathedral of this world in which thou livest, and which proclaims the glory of God. A. S.

THE CROWN JEWEL, OR THE MISER.

THE jewel gleamed bright in its rare setting, and the miser exulted in his precious treasure. Little cared he that the king was collecting rare gems for his crown. "It is mine," he said; "and I will keep it bright, and it shall not tarnish. I shall not part with my precious jewel. I shall gloat over my bright gold, and exult in my sparkling gem for ever."

So said the miser. But hark! There is a knocking without; and the gem is clasped convulsively. Who dares to intrude upon the miser's joy? It is one with haggard cheek and tottering limb; and the miser cries, "Who art thou, and what dost thou want?"

"My name is Sickness. I am sent with graving tools from the king to prepare a jewel for his crown."

"How should I have a jewel fit for the royal diadem? Nay, friend, thou must go farther on. Stop not here. Go to the next cottage, or the next street, or to my near neighbour; but stop not here."

"The commission has gone forth, and I see the gem sparkling in thy bosom."

"Take that one, or that one, but not this, O terrible one!"

"Nay, but 'tis this one I must have."

"I will give thee mine own life, but I cannot give thee this."

"Nay, but I may not spare, or stop to ask thee leave."

And Sickness unpacked his graving tools; and the hammer knocked off the little angles, and the chisel smoothed the faces of the little stone, and it shone out brighter and brighter, and the rare setting looked dimmer and more dim, as the stone emitted little flashes of brilliancy; and the miser's eyes were suffused with tears for the beautiful gold, and he heeded not that the stone sparkled ever brighter in the fading setting, and ever and anon he cried bitterly, "Spare, spare my jewel;" and he listened not to the voice of the stranger, which said continually, "I am polishing the gem for the royal crown." But every stroke of the hammer, and every scrape of the chisel, struck and grated on the miser's heart; and truly it

was more than an echo in that heart; for another of the king's messengers, whose name was Affliction, was even then at work with that jewel also.

Soon Sickness said, "I have finished. My mission is fulfilled, and the gem is ready to be taken away. The messenger is close at hand."

As he spoke, the air grew cold, and darkness spread around. The miser wrapped close around him his rags of wretchedness, as he felt his idol slipping from his grasp, and he was chilled to the heart when the messenger laid his cold hand on the jewel. But he spake out fiercely, and said, "Who and what art thou, terrible stranger, and why dost thou come hither?"

"My name is Death. I am the king's messenger, and my pale horse waits without. I am come for the jewel."

And the miser started to his feet to wrestle with Death. "Nay, Death," said he, "take not my jewel from me—any jewel but mine."

"Thy jewel, sayest thou? It is the king's, and he has need of it; 'tis now too precious for thy keeping."

"I will go with thee, O Death! but spare the jewel. I cannot part with that. Thou must spare the jewel."

"I spare not. Would'st thou rebel against the king, and rob him of his own?" Death was stronger than the miser, and wrenched the jewel from his grasp; and there remained nothing to him but the rifed setting. And the miser wrapped himself up in his cloak of sorrow, while Death sped away on the pale horse, with the inestimable jewel, purchased at so costly a price that the "sons of the morning" wondered with an exceeding great and everlasting wonder.

Little heeded the miser that the daylight streamed in. His eyes were covered with his cloak; and he sat and moaned, till an echo in his heart (it might be from the voice of Death as he passed out) whispered, "I will come for thee too, when thou art polished, but not yet. Thou art not yet fit to be placed beside the royal gem thou art bereft of." And

hark! there is another voice, sweet, and gentle, yet withal so penetrating as to reach his ear, and thrill his heart, even through the many folds in which the miser sat shrouded. "But assuredly thou shalt again place thy jewel in thy bosom; for what is His is yours, for all things are yours, whether life or death. Look up, and see! the gem sparkles in the Redeemer's crown. And yet thou shalt see it sparkle in its golden setting, when that shall have been purified from all its dross—when the most fine gold shall never become dim any more for ever—when this mortal shall have put on immortality.

Up, then, thou sorrowful one! and bury thy dead out of thy sight; and look no longer downwards to the grave, but upwards to the living. He is not here, whom thou seekest; he is risen to his Father, and thy Father. His Father's image shone clear and bright in his purified soul; and heaven alone was fit for his dwelling place.

And the miser found that with Death, which had broken, came consolation too, to bind up and stanch the bleeding at his heart, and to say, "Peace, be still," to his rebellious thoughts; and he whispered feebly from his cloak—"It is well; even so, Father; for so it seemed good in Thy sight. Thy will be done. Thou gavest and Thou hast taken away: Blessed be Thy holy name." He knew his treasure

was safe, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt, and where thieves cannot break through to steal.

He was a miser no longer, but a cheerful giver, and he stretched out his hand that he might be led as a little child.—*Missionary Record of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.*

RE-UNION.

"When shall I arise, and the night be gone?"
JOB.

Thou wilt not sever us, O Lord our God,
In Thy blest mansions. On earth's dreary sod
Our hearts are torn with partings. One by one
The lov'd and cherish'd leave us. Ev'ry stone
The cold, damp cemetery holds, is faced
With lines that find their parallels deep traced
Within our souls. Thus works Thy chisel, Lord
In strokes severe: yet be Thy name adored
For all thy dealings: in Thy purpose deep
A blessing lies, unscann'd by us who weep
Amid these shadows. Night will soon be past;
The cloudy night of time, that ends at last
In heaven's bright morning. Yet a little while
And we shall greet that blissful morning's smile
With Hallelujahs. Then Thy love's deep thought
Shall be unfolded; all Thy blood has bought
Shall come with Thee—and each we loved and
knew
And mourn'd for here shall rise upon our view
In brighter, lovelier form—akin to Thine—
Thy work, Lord Jesus!—perfect, pure, divine!
Thus re-united, through eternal days
Our joy shall be *Thyself*—our work Thy praise.

SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

No. III.—ENDLESS LIFE AND ENDLESS HAPPINESS.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—What I wish you to know is, how you may be happy *as long as you live*.

Perhaps you say, "Oh! that is just what we wish to know about, for if we are happy all the days of our life, and until we die, what more can we look for?" But I did not say that I was going to teach you how to be happy only till you died; for have you forgot that you are *never to die*, but to live for ever and ever? And if so, it would be very little good to you to be happy only for the few minutes you are to live here, unless you had such happiness as would keep by you *as long as you live* elsewhere. If you

were about to take a long voyage of many months across the ocean, it would be of little use to have food in store which would last for a few days only. Now, this is one reason why you need something more than what so many people think would be quite enough to make them happy—such as plenty of money, with grand houses, beautiful lands, servants, carriages, and amusements, all the year round. Suppose you had all this, and that you were as happy as these things could make you, what could they do for you when you went away from the world on your long voyage, to live somewhere else, and had to

leave every one of these things behind you, never more to see them? Read a story about this in the Gospel of St. Luke, 12th chapter, verses 16 to 21; and along with this, read also what Christ says in the Gospel of Matthew, 16th chapter, and 26th verse.

But this will be a still worse plan, if all that riches can get cannot make you happy, even in this world! It is very natural for you, my dear children, to think that they can do so, for you see so many people anxious to obtain them. Remember, I do not say, that being rich, or wishing to be rich, is wrong; because riches are a gift from God, and so are houses and lands, and these, with all other beautiful things, are generally given as a reward for industry, patience, honesty, and self-denial, which are pleasing to God. Who, therefore, would not like to have riches! But what I say is this, that if you had *nothing more*; if, for example, you were not good, and did not care for God, or love Him, but were proud, vain, and selfish, all the world could not make you happy! I am sure, my dear children, if you were afraid of your parents, or if you thought that they were angry with you, because you were doing what was wrong, you *could* not be happy, even though some one gave you money, or tried to amuse you; indeed, it would be a poor sign of you if you could! Or, if you were away from your parents, and did not know where to find them, would you be happy? I am sure not! I saw a little child the other day, that had lost its way in the street, and was taken to a strange house until its parents were found. Oh! how that child mourned! I thought its little heart would break. One gave it sweet things to quiet it, and another some pence, and others shewed it beautiful pictures, but it always cried the more, "My mother, my mother, Oh! I want my mother!" And just in the same way, you cannot, my dear children, be happy without God, even if you tried it. He loves you so much, that He has made your hearts so, that you cannot be at peace unless you know and love Him as your own Father in heaven, because He

alone is worth loving with *all* your heart, soul, and strength, for ever and ever! And if you did not love Him, but were frightened for Him, and tried to forget Him, because you were afraid, then I am sure all the gold and silver in the world could not make you happy! The Bible contains many stories of people who thus tried to find peace without God, but who found they could not do so, no more than their eyes could be satisfied with having money put on them, but the light kept from them. You can read for yourselves about a man who was one of the most powerful kings and richest merchants that ever lived; who had all the world could give him, but who found that all this, *without love to God*, his Father, was but "vanity and vexation of spirit." Read Ecclesiastes, 2d chapter, from verse 4 to end of verse 11. There is another far more dreadful story than this of a rich man who cared only for himself, and had no love to his God or to his neighbour, and while he had a *kind* of happiness, yet you will see, when you read the story, that it did not *last*; and, not only so, but even while it lasted, it could no more fill up his heart, than a candle can fill the world with light without the sun. Read in Luke, 16th chapter, from verse 19 to verse 31. And now, my dear children, what do I wish you to learn from all this? It is this, that to be truly happy now, and to continue to be happy for ever, is *to love God as your Father, to trust Him, and do His will*. I have a great deal to say to you about this in other sermons. But *think* about what has been already said; and remember, that while God gives you *all* the good you have, your health of body, and cheerful mind, your sports and amusements, with merry hearts to enjoy them, your dear companions, friends, relations, parents—everything, in short, except what is bad, and what would therefore make you miserable—that He also gives you what is more than all this,—more than all the world,—*He gives you himself!*—and says: "Come, my children, and speak to me, and love me with all your hearts, for I am your Father, and love you, and give you all things richly to enjoy, and

wish to make you happy as long as you live." Therefore, speak to Him in prayer, and say: "My Father! Thou hast made me, and preserved me, and redeemed me from sin and Satan, through Jesus Christ, Thy Son, my Saviour. Thou hast given me all my mercies, and, best of all, Thou hast given me Thyself, that I might know, love, and serve Thee with gladness, now, and for ever! Oh! my Father, forgive me for having so often forgotten Thee, and put Thee out of my heart. Forgive me that I do not know Thee better, and love Thee more. Keep me, my Father, through the Holy Spirit of love, to think of Thee oftener than I have done, to feel more grateful to Thee for all I enjoy, and never to do any thing displeasing to Thee, my Maker, Preserver, Redeemer, my ever present, and ever loving Father! Hear me, for Christ's sake. Amen."

INTERCESSORY PRAYER.

I was as in a dream, and methought I looked upon the world (as the author of the Pilgrim's Progress did in his dream) and saw the number of people pursuing their daily business in it. There were of all ranks, and all ages—rich and poor, old and young—pursued their daily calling. But as I looked down upon them I could see pressing on each, some pain, sorrow, sickness, anxiety, or disappointment; I could fancy that I saw the wound in their heart which this daily trouble made. In some it was much less than in others;—and these methought were those who, in Holy Scripture's words, "cast their care upon God," but no one was entirely exempt. While lamenting in my own mind the sorrows and troubles of this lower world, I seemed to see ascending up from many many corners of the world, little pure white clouds of soft sweet vapour—and a voice told me this was the "breath of prayer," prayers offered for others; which came up even as we are told of old (2 Chron. xxx. 27.) that when the Levites and Priests arose to bless the people, "their voice was heard, and their prayer came up to His holy dwelling-place, even to heaven!" Then I gazed more earnestly upon the soft white clouds; and I saw that when they had ascended to Him whose grace alone gave them power, and whose Holy Spirit had suggested them, they were sent down again to fulfil their mission on earth.

Then I prayed for sight to be given me to understand these things;—and for a few passing moments it was granted me, as in the vision of a dream. I saw the larger of the clouds, which were the breath of the prayers of a whole united congregation, descend as a blessing on thrones, nations, principalities, and powers, dispelling sickness and famine from their lands, forming a

shelter over them that "the sun should not burn them by day, neither the moon by night;" but I turned from these to watch what was even more intensely interesting to myself—the prayers of individuals;—of solitary weak creatures like myself.

I saw the earnest prayer ascend from the depths of the heart of a grateful child; and fall as balm upon the distant parents' wounded heart— I saw the prayer of the mother fly to her child in a distant country, and shield him from some danger he could not see, some temptation he could not anticipate.

I saw the prayer of a friend, wing its heaven-directed way to the heart of a distant friend—the wound in that heart was large and recent; gold and jewels and precious things, even all that are in the earth could have had no effect upon that wound; but the precious little white cloud dropped like a balm upon that heart; and when an approaching hour of heavy trial came (likely to re-open the wound, and especially mentioned in the prayer of the friend) the soft balm spread more and more over the heart; and its healing began.

I saw one walking carelessly in the joy of his heart; and on the very brink of yielding to a strong temptation. I trembled as I watched him for I saw that he was not looking out for "the way to escape," which God has told us that He has made "with every temptation;" and therefore would not be able to find it. I felt as if it was now too late for all hope, and was turning away, that I might not see the sad sight of one running heedlessly into grievous sin; when I beheld a soft bright cloud hover before him, and he looked on it, and raised his eyes up to it; and from it methought up to Heaven; and he prayed to "Our Father," and the temptation passed away, and the field was won.

And the little cloud was the breath of a prayer, which was put up for him by the grateful heart of one whom, as a child, he had loved and tended; at the very hour when he was in danger of falling away from the good path. That heart had put up many prayers for him; and now this one had come in the hour of need.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." (Eccles. xi. 6.)

Some hearts I saw were constantly soothed by a great many clouds hovering over them; these I knew were those who had made themselves loved by many, and won the prayers of the poor; others had quite a flock of very minute clouds winging their way to them, and these tiny clouds were even brighter and sweeter than the others. These were the prayers of the little children, for those who had taught, protected, and loved them.

Some men I watched doing wrong, and walking wildly in wicked ways; towards a few even of these I saw clouds of the "breath of prayer" coming gently. They little thought any one was praying for them;—they did not think about prayer at all; yet some one to whom they had done some kindness long since forgotten, by

PSALMODY.

Do not misunderstand my subject. It will have little to do with music, but will chiefly concern the hymns to which music has been consecrated. I had, indeed, almost ventured on a separate disquisition on the old music of the Hebrews, by way of preface and explanation of my present remarks; but we know so little on that subject that I could not have written anything very definite, or instructive, or interesting. All that I require to say on the music of old Israel can be told in a very few words. For it appears certain that music among the Hebrews was not by any means so scientifically understood or practised as among the civilized nations of modern times—that it principally employed instruments of percussion—and that it did not assume the varied though definite form which characterises the sacred music of the present day. The musical services of the synagogue and the temple consisted more in chant than in song, and easily adapted themselves to lines and sentences of every varied proportion. Accordingly, the style and structure of the Psalms, so far as music is concerned, are on no recognisable model: there are lines of extraordinary length associated abruptly and variously with lines of only a few syllables: and, making every allowance for our ignorance of the original pronunciation of the sacred language, there is still no doubt whatever that the vocal music of the temple must have resembled the accommodating method of modern recitative or intoning, and never have developed itself in the measured and definite melody which charms us in such compositions as *Martyrdom* or *Old Hundred*. In our religious services a few verses of a psalm are all that can well be sung at one time, but among the Hebrews several psalms or entire compositions were generally chanted; and there is every reason to believe that the "hymn" which our Saviour and His disciples sung after the institution of the Lord's Supper, consisted of Psalms cxv., cxvi., cxvii., cxviii., these

comprising the sacred song which was usually sung after the observance of the Passover.* No one who is aware of this custom of the Jews can peruse these psalms without being much impressed with the rich appropriateness and significance of that hymn as sung at the celebration of the last of the Passovers of the Law.

But although the sacred music of the Hebrews was merely a sonorous intoning of the psalm, in which a very artless melody was followed, such as is practised still by the modern Jews, it is evident that they had also a music of a more artistic and definite character. The performance of David on his harp before Saul must have been of a high class, and probably was distinguished by the art and pathos of its melody. This, however, was not the characteristic of the sacred music of the Hebrews. Their instruments were, for the most part, monotonous, clashing, and noisy; and even the finest effect of the two hundred thousand musicians who, Josephus is supposed to allege,† were at the dedication of Solomon's temple must have depended only on a mechanical adjustment of time, and would probably have been offensive and unmusical to a modern European. To this day the music of the East retains a similar character, and the reader may find a very favourable specimen of it in the chant of the Yesidi priests, printed in the Appendix to Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*. An oriental ear, however, can alone enjoy oriental music. To us it is monotonous and harsh, and fails to produce, in general, any fine effect. But the effect on natives of the east, is rapturous. The Arabian servant of Niebuhr, who had listened to the finest music of Europe, no sooner heard Arabic music, than he cried out, in contempt of the other: "By Allah, that is fine! God bless you."

In the Christian Church from the first,

* Buxtorff Lex., &c., &c. † Antiq. Jud. viii. 3.
† Reisebeschreib. nach Arabien, p. 176.

psalmody formed an important part of divine service. Our Lord's example gave authority and sanction to the continuance of the ancient practice; and the express direction of many passages in the New Testament gave it a prescribed place in Christian worship. St. Paul, for example, enjoined the Colossians to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.* An unwarrantable use, however, has in our day been made of this passage, as if it expressly required the employment of hymns and spiritual songs as distinguished from what we commonly understand as *the Psalms*. The terms employed by St. Paul have no such signification, and, as every Hebrew scholar knows, have technical reference to the various compositions which make up "The Psalms of David." That inspired book is a collection of "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." The employment of other sacred songs in Christian worship should be vindicated on better ground, and ought not to call in the aid of questionable or false support. That the psalms of David were chiefly and almost exclusively used in devotion by the apostles and those who followed their guidance, there can be no doubt. Yet the famous testimony of Pliny † that the Christians used to meet on a certain day and sing a hymn to Christ as God, obviously refers to a hymn, not now extant, of the apostolic age, breathing the fullness and spirit of the better dispensation, and plainly celebrating the revelation of the mystery which David and the prophets had only seen afar off. Mention is made of hymns of this nature in an early author quoted by Eusebius, "Whatever psalms and hymns were written by the brethren from the beginning, celebrate Christ, the Word of God, by asserting His divinity." ‡

I have still to refer to the manner in which the ancient sacred songs were sung; for this will to some extent affect their significance. In Scripture there are songs more ancient than the Song of Moses, but it is the earliest regarding

which we have special information. We do not know whether the rythmical parallelisms of Lamech* assumed form under the solemn tones of the harp or organ of his son Jubal. It is worthy of notice, however, that instruments of music are referred to before we have any instance of poetical composition. Nor can we tell whether the prophecy of Noah † found voice in musical cadences, stern and low, as it foretold the fate of Canaan, and shrill and trumpet-like as it spoke of the sunny tents of Shem, and the far-extended coasts of Japhet. Jacob, too, before he died, gathered his sons around him, and, in the stately mood of sacred song, foretold what should befall them in the latter days; ‡ yet we know not whether the voice of the old man was soft and slow in his "blessings on the head of him who was separated from his brethren," and high and sonorous as it proclaimed the gathering of the people and the coming of Shiloh. But when the Song of Moses was sung on the shore of the Red Sea, we know, with some minuteness, how the triumph was celebrated. The method then followed, gives significance to some of the psalms, and was practised long after among the Hebrews. "Miriam, the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances. And Miriam answered them, Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea." || It is singular, that Bishop Heber, who was usually very correct in his delineation of Scriptural character and incident, has imagined that Miriam sung *the narrative* of the Song of Moses, and that the men of Israel only joined in the chorus. His beautiful poem, "The passage of the Red Sea," closes with these stirring lines—how sad that they are incorrect!

"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian
spear?

On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks, the whelming waters spread.
Shout Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!

* Col. iii. 16. † Pliny, Ep. x. 27.

‡ Quoted by Euseb. v. 28.

* Genesis iv. 23.

† Genesis xlix.

‡ Genesis ix. 25.

|| Exodus xv. 20.

And every pause between, as Miriam sang.
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread—
Shout Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed ! ”

But, however picturesque Heber's representation may be, it is certainly erroneous, for Miriam, so far from sustaining the narrative of the triumphal song, merely led the women who supplied the chorus. She “answered the men,” as one version actually renders it; and thus at every interval of the narrative the shrill sound of timbrels, in truly oriental method, accompanied the voices of Miriam and the women of Israel as they repeated the chorus, “Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.” This method of singing, in which one party replies to another, or takes up an alternate passage, was afterwards, as I have said, common among the Hebrews. It is mentioned by Ezra * as the prescribed method of praise, and it is essentially requisite to the full appreciation of some of the psalms. The twenty-fourth psalm, for example, can only be properly appreciated when the method in which it was intended to be sung is understood. The same must be said of many other psalms, in which the abrupt transition of subject, and the alteration of number and person, plainly indicate the manner in which alone they could be intelligibly represented. There is, however, no affinity between the mode of praise to which I am referring, and the practice of the Church of England, which, in careless disregard of the peculiar structure of a psalm, and the dependence of the meaning on a strict connexion between several sentences, apports alternate verses to the minister and the congregation. In some cases, this order may happen to be felicitous and instructive, but in the overwhelming majority of cases, it will rather prevent a clear perception of the structure and practical design of the composition. The ancient method took no account of mere sentences, but was based upon the spirit and meaning of the psalm. Many sentences

might compose one division, and a single brief response comprise the other. The eightieth psalm is an instance of such a division, for the third verse, with a verbal variation, is the response, three times repeated. That variation is remarkable and very significant, though few of the metrical versions have observed it. The first response is, “Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.” The next is, “Turn us again, O God or Hosts,” &c.; and the third is, “Turn us again, O Lord God or Hosts,” &c. A reference to the psalm will shew the exquisite propriety and significance of these progressive variations, and how much suggestive teaching is involved in the neglected structure of the Word of God. By the skill and intelligence in which the psalmody was at first ordered, there were presented to the worshippers, in the simplest and most impressive form, all those antitheses and significant arrangements which now only occasionally lighten on the labour and learning of modern criticism.

Yet, it must be owned, that among all the calamities which the Jews brought upon themselves by their offences, one of the most grievous was the loss of this very method of praise which had been so suggestive and instructive. After their return from the Babylonian captivity, the language of the psalms ceased to be generally spoken and understood in the land of Judea. The people gathered their knowledge of the law and the prophets from the Chaldee interpreters in the synagogues, * and must, therefore, have failed to realise, with any thing like ancient appreciation, the glorious burden of the songs of Israel. Indeed, upwards of two hundred and seventy years before Christ, the titles to some of the psalms, which in a number of cases are supposed to be directions to the singers, were unintelligible to the Jews and to the translators of the Septuagint version. That version was for several centuries in high estimation with the Jews, and though acknowledging its ignorance of everything relating to psalmody, was used in many synagogues

* Ezra iii. 11.

* Prideaux's Connection; Part I., book v.

in Judea in preference to the Hebrew. It is from this version, also, that our Lord and His apostles generally make their quotations from the Old Testament.

The transition from the temple or the synagogue to the church was not great or violent. The one was but the healthy and higher development of the other. The Christian left nothing sacred to the exclusive keeping of the Jew. The law and the prophets retained all their authority and assumed far nobler significance in the Christian assembly; and the hymns of the sweet singer of Israel which, for ages, had given sublime expression to the praise of the temple, were still the songs of the apostles and followers of the King of Zion. We have no reason to suppose that these apostles introduced any material change in psalmody. They continued to frequent the synagogue as well to worship as to teach; they resorted to the temple at the hour of prayer, and sought to demonstrate that the Gospel which they preached was the very promise to which "the twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hoped to come." No directory was given to introduce any new method of praise in the Christian Church; and, therefore, we may safely conclude, that the psalms continued to be sung by devout Christians as they had sung them when they were devout Jews—that, in the public assembly, the psalms were sung responsively, and in private, more according to the modern method. For St. James refers to the private act of one individual when he says, "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms."^{*} The practice of the Gentile converts would, of course, be regulated by their teachers. Now, it is very evident that the excellence of the ancient Hebrew method depended essentially on the intelligent perception which it shewed of the spirit and design of the psalm. It did not consist in a merely mechanical division of the hymn into alternate passages. This might, indeed, be done to the great injury of the psalm; and while presenting a resemblance to the ancient method, would, by its form,

^{*} James v. 13.

effectually destroy every quality for which that method was excellent. Theodoret^{*} says that Flavianus and Diodorus, two laymen in the Church at Antioch, were the first who divided the choir and taught the people to sing the psalms of David responsively. But an earlier historian † refers the introduction of responsive hymns at Antioch to Ignatius, about the close of the first century.

From what has been said of the music of the temple and synagogue, which, doubtless, in character, would be followed in Christian assemblies, any one may see that a metrical version of the psalter was at first no desideratum. In the Christian Church, at an early age, worshippers from different nations and speaking different languages, sometimes mingled in the same congregation, and joined in the psalm. Jerome says of the funeral of the Lady Paula, that "some of the bishops led up the choir of singers, and the people sounded forth the psalms in order, some in Greek, some in Latin, some in Syriac, according to the different language of every nation."[†] The intonation of the psalms needed no measured lines, and depended on no musical arrangement of syllables. But a different style of music soon began to be cultivated. The want of measured lines became perplexing; and the psalms of the Septuagint, the Syriac, or the Latin version had to yield to other compositions. The sweetness of the melody was accounted of more importance than the significance of the hymn. Augustine complains bitterly of this corruption, and acknowledges his share of the fault. § Rabanus Maurus, as quoted by Hooker, mentions that, at first, the singing of the Church was simple, but that the method which afterwards obtained "was not instituted so much for their cause which are spiritual, as to the end that into grosser and heavier minds, whom bare words do not easily move, the sweetness of melody might make some entrance for good things." || We have certainly no quarrel with "the sweetness of melo-

^{*} Theodoret li. 24.

† Socrates vi. 8.

‡ Hieron. Ep. 37.

§ Confess. x. 33.

|| Hooker v. 38.

dy," but are seriously concerned with the evils which an undue attention to mere *sound* and a corresponding neglect of the spirit and meaning of the psalms eventually developed. In fact, we are at this moment occupied with one of the many ways in which Romish ecclesiastics have given to an empty form all the import-

ance and attributes of the spirit, without which the fairest form is worthless. The virtue ascribed to merely ceremonial observances, the fables of sacramental efficacy, are all akin to the fatal error which constituted sweet sounds the only or the chief excellence of divine praise.

(To be Continued.)

THE MIND OF JESUS.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

PATIENCE.

"He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter."
ISAIAH llii. 7.

How great was the *patience* of Jesus! Even among His own disciples how forbearingly He endured their blindness, their misconceptions, and hardness of heart! Philip had been for three years with Him, yet he had "not known Him!"—all that time he had remained in strange and culpable ignorance of his Lord's dignity and glory. See how tenderly Jesus bears with him, giving him nothing in reply for his confession of ignorance but unparalleled promises of grace! Peter, the honoured and trusted, becomes a renegade and a coward. Justly might his dishonoured Lord, stung with such unrequited love, have cut the unworthy cumberer down; but He spares him, bears with him, gently rebukes him, and loves him more than ever. See the Divine Sufferer in the terminating scenes of His own ignominy and woe. How patient! "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He opened not His mouth." In these awful moments, outraged omnipotence might have summoned twelve legions of angels, and put into the hand of each a vial of wrath; but He submits in meek, majestic silence. Verily, in *Him* "patience had her perfect work!"

Think of this same patience with His Church and people since He ascended to glory. The years upon years He has borne with their perverse resistance of His grace, their treacherous ingratitude, their wayward wanderings, their hardness of heart, and contempt of His holy Word. Yet, behold the forbearing love of this Saviour God, His hand of mercy is "stretched out still!"

Child of God! art thou now undergoing some bitter trial! The way of thy

God, it may be all mystery; no foot-prints of love traceable in the chequered path; no light in the clouds above; no ray in the dark future. *Be patient!* "The Lord is good to them that wait for Him." "They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength." Or hast thou been long tossed on some bed of sickness, days of pain and nights of weariness appointed thee?—*Be patient!* "I trust this groaning," said a suffering saint, "is not murmuring." God by this very affliction is nurturing within thee this beauteous grace which shone so conspicuously in the character of thy dear Lord. With Him it was a lovely *habit* of the soul. With thee, the "tribulation" which worketh "patience" is needful discipline. "It is good for a man that he should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of God." Art thou suffering some unmerited wrong or unkindness, exposed to harsh and wounding accusations, hard for flesh and blood to bear?—*Be patient!*

Beware of hastiness of speech or temper; remember how much evil may be done by a few inconsiderate words, "spoken unadvisedly with the lip." Think of Jesus standing before a human tribunal, in the silent submissiveness of conscious innocence and integrity; leave thy cause with God. Let this be the only form of thy complaint, "O God! I am oppressed, undertake thou for me."

"In patience," then, "possess ye your souls." Let it not be a grace for peculiar seasons, called forth in peculiar exigencies, but an habitual frame, manifested in the calm serenity of a daily walk, placidity amid the little fretting annoyances of every-day life; a fixed purpose of the heart to wait upon God, and cast its every burden upon Him.

"Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind."

SACRED POETS.

II.—MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born on the 9th of December 1608, and died on the 8th of November 1674.

The experience, the trials, and the self-denying labours which those sixty-six years between his infant cradle and his narrow earth-bed of the grave witnessed in Milton, are certainly worthy of longer commemoration than the tomb-like record we have set down.

But we shall be able to speak of the poet's life with greater meaning and effect after such review of his Sacred Poetry as we intend to give.

Although several have written in a high-toned style on the grandeur of our great epic poet, it is possible for any who rather seek instruction for themselves than try to make some new display of eloquence on this great subject, to be useful and instructive to others. And we are sure that the simple and severe, though dignified poet of the *Paradise Lost* would have sternly regarded many a lofty laudation of his works, in which, amid the profusion of flowers and the laying on of startling colours, one has to look wearily and in vain for the calm and noble features they desire to see.

It must demand peculiar gifts and peculiar circumstances to make an epic poet; since, hitherto, the world has produced only *three* that are likely to last with itself. The three greatest nations of Europe, the Greeks, the Romans (if we may call *Dante* a Roman—we certainly think he was), and the Britons, have each produced one. Homer, Dante, and Milton, stand alone among the poets of the past; and as far as can be predicted of our own age, they will continue in their solitary greatness. The careful and continued thought demanded for works of so lofty a description is scarcely possible, even to genius, without the addition of circumstances which the most self-denying would not be disposed to choose for themselves.

In the blindness of the first-mentioned poet; in the woe-stricken life, and great-hearted exile of the second; and in the blindness and persecution that waited on Milton's later years, we contemplate with awe the wondrous power of isolation from many common enjoyments, and the fact that the perennial fountains of poetry, as well as the hopes of religion, have their upspringing beneath the thick and far-spread shadows of a gigantic sorrow!

In the *Paradise Lost*, Milton endeavours to imagine the various events that may have preceded the fall of man and his banishment from Eden. And so great is the force of his imagination, and the sense of power with which he grasps the most difficult of the mysteries that come in his way; and so uniformly is he guided, in the darkest and most distant of his flights, into great heights and depths of the universe, by some of the far-darting rays of that *Word* which is a lamp unto the feet and a light unto the path, that it would be very difficult to say in what respect his descriptions are deficient, or out of harmony with the truth of Revelation.

It does not seem so superfluous a task as might be supposed, to invite our readers to consider some of the passages of *Paradise Lost*. Copies of that great work may be obtained for a price which pence instead of shillings would define; and we suppose there are few houses, where there is a love of reading, that have not at some time or other had a copy of Milton within them, if it be not a household book. We suspect, however, that very few read an epic poem from beginning to end. Have you read Milton through, kind reader? . . . Do it, then. Do not let a few difficulties in the work itself hinder you from proceeding in your perusal. Take a page or two at a time, till you have done away your feeling of self-reproach for not having read the world's greatest epic poem. And we shall have you as a much

more kindly and sympathetic reader of our brief papers on the poet than you could otherwise be.

Though some of the lines have been often quoted, and remain in the memories of many, we make no apology for giving here the first forty-nine of the First Book.

"Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing, heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos : or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God : I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly thou, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for thou know'st ; thou from the
first

Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
And madest it pregnant : what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.
Say first, for Heaven hides nothing from thy
view,

Nor the deep tract of hell ; say first, what cause
Moved our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favour'd of Heaven so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress His will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides ?
Who first seduced them to that foul revolt ?
The infernal serpent : he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceived
The mother of mankind ; what time his pride
Had cast him out from heaven, with all his host
Of rebel angels ; by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the Most High,
If he opposed ; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Raised impious war in heaven and battle proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamant chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

In the remaining part of the First Book, the poet gives a picture of HELL—a name, the sound of which leaves an echo in the soul as if seven thunders had uttered their voices—a name which tells more than the poet can put into words,

or the painter into colours. Milton's description derives much of its sublimity from the partial and gloom-encompassed sketches he gives of the region where the light is as darkness. He tells of—

"A fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed."

—a burning lake—floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire—a dungeon horrible on all sides round, flaming as one great furnace.

"Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Served only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes,
That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges."

The tossing of the fiery waves, and the glimmering of livid flames, pale and dreadful, are not the only features of the demon-prison. We read of

"Dry land,
. . . if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire."

—land like the inner ribs of some great burning mountain, or, like its crater, giving up the stench and smoke of mineral combustion :—

"Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet."

The fiery prison has walls of ninefold thickness, and all egress is prevented by "gates of burning adamant barr'd over" the condemned. In the words which Satan utters in the council of evil spirits called by him, there is no apparent knowledge of other features of the horrible region. These are discovered, however, after he sets out on his adventurous flight to gain, if possible, an outlet from his prison, and a view of the "new-created world." Then, four bands of demons

"Bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful streams."

They are termed "the floods of deadly hate," of "sorrow black and deep," of "lamentation loud, heard on the rueful stream," and of "fierceness,"

"Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage,
Far off from these a low and silent stream,
Lethæ, the river of oblivion, rolls

Her watery labyrinth; whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain,
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not; but gathers heap, and ruin seems
Of ancient pile: all else deep snow and ice;
A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiatra and Mount Casius old,
Where armies whole have sunk: the parching
air

Burns froze, and cold performs the effect of
fire

Thither by harpy-footed furies haled,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter
change

Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce:

From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth; and there to pine
Immovable, infix'd and frozen round,
Periods of time; thence hurried back to fire,
They ferry over this Lethæan sound
Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to
lose

In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so near the brink:
But fate withstands, and to oppose the attempt
Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards
The ford, and of itself the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confused march forlorn, the adventurous
bands,

With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,
View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
No rest: through many a dark and dreary vale
They pass'd, and many a region dolorous,
O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades
of death,

A universe of death, which God by curse
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature
breeds

Ferverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,
Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

Milton's knowledge of Dante, as well
as of the ancient poets of Greece and
Rome, had an evident influence with
him, in the dread imaginings of his first
two books; but, for the most part, they
are the expansion of passages in Holy
Writ, some of which were uttered by the
Saviour of men—the Conqueror of Sin,
Satan, Death, and Hell.

Enough has been said of *the place of
woe*. The *evil being* who rules in it is
wondrously described by the poet in a

similar manner; additional touches being
often given to the dimly seen but gigan-
tic figure of the Prince of Darkness.
His "baleful eyes" are the first features
hinted at, and again they are termed
"eyes that sparkling blazed." He is
described as speaking boldly,

"though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep despair."

He preserves a haughty superiority over
all the evil spirits—even over the high-
est or worst of them. And perhaps this
satanic pride has led the readers of Mil-
ton at times to think that a needless dig-
nity is given to the character of the
demon-king. However, as the poet early
suggests—

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruin'd."

"But his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched; and care
sat on his faded cheek—but under brows
Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
Waiting revenge."

Cruel as his eye was, he pitied the dis-
mal state of his followers. When he
tried to address them—

"Thrice he essayed, and thrice, in spite of
scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their
way."

Next in order to Satan ranks Beelzebub,
whom the Jews called "the Prince
of the Devils." He is described as coun-
selling, in the assembly of the outcast
angels, the adoption of a plan which
Satan first devised.

"With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A pillar of state; deep on his front engrav'd
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone
Majestic, though in ruin."

Moloch is termed the strongest and
fiercest of the evil spirits that fought in
heaven, and

"Now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength; and rather than be less,
Cared not to be at all: with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not."

Belial is represented as graceful, pleasing, and dignified in manner; but false and hollow in reality.

"Though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse
appear

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleased the ear—"

"A fairer person lost not heaven."

And yet we read elsewhere,

"Than whom a spirit more lewd
Fell not from heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for itself: to him no temple stood
Or altar smok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the priest
Turns atheist, as did EH's sons, who filled
With lust and violence the house of God?
In courts and palaces he also reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noise
Of riot ascends above their loftiest towers,
And injury and outrage: and when night
Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons
Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."

Mammon is described as

"The least erected spirit that fell
From heaven; for even in heaven his looks and
thoughts

Were always downwards bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

In the throng of evil spirits, he advises the propriety of not accepting pardon, even if grace were published to all. Loathing, and envy, and hate of goodness appear to dictate his words. He urges the demons to seek their own good from themselves, and from their own resources live to themselves. He calls attention to the hidden lustre, gems, and gold, of the accursed region; and seeks to dismiss all thoughts of war.

Other demons are mentioned by Milton; but those now named are the speakers in the council that precedes Satan's departure in search of the earth and its inhabitants.

They finally resolved on this plan; and Satan proudly volunteers to carry it out, preventing any other from offering himself.

Strange power is regarded by the poet as being still possessed by the rebel angels.

They rear the most gorgeously grand

of buildings; nor do they meet in darkness under its fretted golden roof.

"Many a row
Of stary lamps and blasing cressets, fed
With naphtha and asphaltus, yielded light
As from a sky."

"What in an age, and with incessant
toil and hands innumerable," the human
race "can scarce perform," is easily out-
done by "spirits reprobate and in an
hour." Music and ceremonial: "ten
thousand banners," "a forest huge of
spears," "thronging helms," "serried
shields in thick array, of depth immeasur-
able," are elsewhere mentioned.

The key to their unity of will and effort is given by Satan in the opening of the second book. He says there is no object in being greatest, because the greatest share of endless pain falls to such, in hell.

But the logic seems to be partly false, as Satan's ought to be. Milton, however, makes this supposed unity (of the reality of which, except as against what is good, one might have reasonable doubts,) a reason for rebuking men.

"O shame to men! Devil with devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strife,
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy;
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides
That day and night for his destruction wait."

When Satan leaves them, the infernal hosts are described as betaking themselves to various employments and amusements. Racing on the ground or in the air and on the wing, chariot races, mimic fights, tournaments, are some of the pursuits indulged in.

"Others, with vast Typhoean rage more fell,
Rend up both rocks and hills and ride the air
In whirlwind: hell scarce holds the wild uproar."

"Others more mild,
Retreated in a silent valley, sang
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of battle."

"Others apart sat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate,
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

In describing the flight of Satan to the gates of hell, the poet, by means apparently simple, but, at the same time, most significant of his genius, throws into projection the vast infernal realms in their length, breadth, and depth. And then,

"At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice threefold the gates; three folds were
brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed."

Satan, in his flight, finds the gates of hell guarded by Sin and Death. And here Milton introduces one of the most horrible of allegories, perhaps, that ever

were imagined. We have long considered the origin of it as contained in James i. 14, 15. But how eagle-winged was the sweep of Milton's imagination, when, from the Saviour's expressions, "the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone,"—"everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels,"—"where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and from those of the apostle James, he could gather power to pierce into the depths of the universe, and depict the tremendous scenery of the First and Second Books of Paradise Lost!

J. L. B.

(To be Continued.)

THE WAY OF SALVATION.

"I once saw a lad," says an American writer, "on the roof of a very high building, where several men were at work. He was gazing about with apparent unconcern, when suddenly his foot slipped, and he fell. In falling he caught by a rope, and hung suspended in mid-air, where he could neither get up nor down, and where it was evident he could sustain himself but a short time. He perfectly knew his situation, and expected that in a few minutes he must drop, and be dashed to pieces.

"At this fearful moment, a kind and powerful man rushed out of the house, and standing beneath him with extended arms, called out, 'Let go the rope, and I will receive you. I can do it. Let go the rope, and I promise that you shall escape unhurt.'

"The boy hesitated a while, but at length quitted his hold, and dropped easily and safely into the arms of his deliverer."

Here, my reader, is a simple illustration of the way of salvation. Let us meditate on it. The Lord grant we may do so to our profit.

Think of the lad's danger—it is a representation of your own. As a sinner—under the judgment of a holy God against sin—you are exposed to everlasting destruction. Your situation, then, is fearful and appalling in the extreme. But are you, like the lad, sensible of your danger? Are you deeply conscious that, if left to yourself, you must eternally perish—you must be forever excluded from God's presence?

Again: think of the helplessness and the hopelessness of the lad's case. He could do nothing to save himself; he could neither get back to the place from which he fell, nor extricate himself from his perilous situation, and descend in safety to the ground; and if no one had come to his rescue, he must have perished: there also, is an illustration of your own case. You neither can go back to innocence, nor can you make any atonement for your sins. Could you, from this moment, be holy as an angel, that would make no satisfaction to the demands of Divine justice for your past transgressions, inasmuch as you owe to God all that you can do; and future obedience can no more make atonement for past sins, than the payment for goods you may in future purchase, will clear off old debts,

But now look at the means by which the youth was saved. He was saved by the interposition of another: so, my reader, if you be ever saved, you must be saved entirely by the interposition of another, even by Christ.

The result, also, of a sinner's faith in Christ is illustrated by the case stated. There stood the boy's deliverer, saying to him, "Drop into my arms. I will receive you—I can." The youth hesitated; he had not confidence in the proffered aid: he had not faith in his friend: but at length, changing his mind, he trusted in him—he believed his assurance, and consequently he quitted his hold of the rope, and dropped into the arms of his saviour. So, my friend, the Lord Jesus

Christ stands ready to save you, and however dangerous your position, and imminent your destruction, you will not perish, simply because you are a sinner; but if you should perish, it will be because you have not taken refuge in the arms of the only deliverer; for Jesus Christ says to you in the Gospel, "Look unto me and be saved; quit every ground and dependence—loose your hold from every thing else; let go the rope of your self-righteousness and self-confidence; trust in me, and I will save you."

ANECDOTE OF ROWLAND HILL.

"It is remarkable," says a writer in the *Newspaper of the Churches*, "what effects have sometimes flowed from a bow either drawn at a venture, or aimed at a mark in the open air. The following anecdote of Rowland Hill appeared the other day in an American paper, where it is stated that it had never been published before. We do not remember having seen it, and we believe it will be new to most of our readers:—"

The celebrated Rowland Hill was preaching in the open air in that suburban portion of the city of London denominated *Moorfields*. An immense assemblage was present. His text was taken from the Song of Solomon, i. 5: "I am black, but comely." The text he regarded as having application to the church, which, in the estimation of the world, was black—"black as the tents of Kedar," but in the estimation of her glorified Head, comely—comely "as the curtains of Solomon." While discussing these themes with his accustomed earnestness, it so happened, in the providence of God, that Lady Anne Erskine, in an equipage corresponding with her high position in society, passed that way. Seeing the immense multitude, she asked one of her attendants the cause of that assemblage. She was informed that the renowned Rowland Hill was preaching to the people. Lady Anne replied she had often wished to hear that eccentric preacher, and she would avail herself of the present opportunity to gratify that cherished desire, and requested her charioteer to place her carriage as near to the preacher's stand as possible, so that she might hear every word that he uttered. Accordingly, in a few moments she found herself accommodated immediately in the rear of the temporary pulpit from which the speaker addressed the listening throng, that being the only unoccupied position within reach of his voice. The splendour of the equipage, and the sparkling appearance of the illustrious personage that occupied it, soon attracted the attention of many of the people from the sermon to the gorgeous accession which had just been made to the audience by the advent of Lady Anne. The observant eye of Rowland Hill soon detected this diversion, and his inventive mind at once suggested a hazardous but an effective remedy. Pausing in the discussion of his subject, and elevating his voice beyond its usual pitch, he exclaimed, "My brethren, I am now

going to hold an auction or vendue, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale; but the lady is the principal, and the only object indeed, that I wish to dispose of at present; and there are already three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world. Well, and what will you give for her? 'I will give riches, honours, pleasure.' *That will not do.* She is worth more than that; for she will live when the riches, honours, and pleasures of the world have passed away like a snow-wreath beneath a vernal shower. *You cannot have her.* The next bidder is the devil. Well, and what will you give for her? 'I will give all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them.' *That will not do;* for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the orient beams! *You cannot have her.*

"But list! I hear the voice of another bidder,—and who is that? Why, the *Lord Jesus Christ*. Well, what will you give for her? 'I will give grace here and glory hereafter; an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeeth not away.' Well, well," said the preacher, "blessed Jesus! it is just as I expected; just the noble generosity which thou art wont to display. I will place her at your disposal. 'She is black, but comely,' and you shall be the purchaser. Let heaven and earth authenticate this transaction." And then turning to Lady Anne, who had listened to this bold and adventurous digression with the commingled emotions of wonder and alarm, the speaker, with inimitable address, exclaimed, "Madam! Madam! do you object to this bargain? Remember you are Jesus Christ's property, from this time henceforth and for evermore. Heaven and earth have attested the solemn and irrevocable contract! Remember you are the property of the Son of God. He died for your rescue and your purchase. *Can you, will you, dare you object!*"

The arrow thus sped at a venture, under the guidance of the divine Spirit, found its way to the heart of Lady Anne, and she was submissively led to the cross of Messiah, that the hand which was pierced for our salvation might extract the barbed shaft, and heal the wound which had been so unexpectedly inflicted. She became subsequently identified, to a considerable extent, with Lady Huntingdon in her deeds of noble charity, and, having served her day and generation, she, like her illustrious associate, sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

"They tell us often to meditate in the closet, but they send us not like Isaac, into the fields at eventide. They dwell on the duty of self-denial, but they exhibit not the duty of *delight*. It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth, with mind unagitated, and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, leaf, flower, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling upon him out of the sky."—*Ruskin's Modern Painters.*

CHARACTER OF GEORGE III.

"To do his duty conscientiously, as he should answer for it to God hereafter, and according to the lights he had received, such was his unceasing aim, from the day when young, (but superior to the frailties of youth,) he first assumed the reins of government, until that dismal period, half-a-century later, when, bowed down by years and sorrows, and blind—DOUBLY blind—he concluded his reign, though not, as yet, his life."—*Lord Mahon's History.*

"We may see the small value God has for riches, by the people He gives them to."—*Pope.*

"It is better to be travelling towards age, than away from youth."—*Miss Lewell.*

"Ascetics are for cutting off everything that may be 'a snare.' They have heard of 'the deceitfulness of riches,' and so they vow poverty; which is less trouble than watching their motives in gaining and spending money."

"There is, perhaps, no one cause that contributes more to harden men in error, and in misconduct of any kind, than the dread that a confession of having been wrong will be met by humiliating exaltation."

"The old proverb, 'A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer,' may very fairly have this added as a rider to it—'A wise man cannot ask more questions than he will find fools ready to answer.'—*Whateley.*

"We usually fall into error by considering the intellectual powers as having dignity in themselves, and separable from the heart; whereas, the truth is, that the intellect becomes noble or ignoble, according to the food we give it, and the kind of subjects with which it is conversant."—*Ruskin.*

"I have long since thought that the stories we learned in our nurseries, to the prejudice of the giants, must have been so many calumnies; for, in the whole of my intercourse with mankind, I have perceived that—a man's willingness to be pleased—his indulgence to every honest attempt to be either useful or agreeable—and his talent for detecting something admirable or praiseworthy in whatever he reads or hears—are in exact proportion to his own intellectual stature."—*Sir James Stephen.*

DISHONESTY IN TRADE.

"Drawn aside from the straight path of honesty, which alone is true honour, by this Satanic suasion, we have to lament, as we must expose, the false returns of income that are being made by many—and the most in the more opulent classes—to save themselves from a due support of national public burdens. Oh, the imagination—vulgar as it is vicious—is that no wrong thing it is to defraud the revenue by any act of deception, or by any utterance of falsehood, or by any contraband merchandise! All the gratitude such men show to that Providence who hath dealt so bountifully with them, is to insult His law—all the patriotism they feel for their personal protection and public freedom, is to cheat that Government, and impair the executive of that constitution by which, under God, they are secured. So slender is their principle of truth, that a little gold dust is enough to outweigh it, and so slight is their hold of the soil of justice, that the merest breath of the most meagre advantage can tear it up by the roots. Nor charge we here thus, void of that proof which forces to such an exposure. From documentary evidence we speak, spreading over a series of years—evidence which goes to show that we are either the poorest or the most chicaning people on the face of the globe."

"Limiting the remark *only* to cases where a full payment after a compromise would be attended with little sacrifice—would still leave enough and to spare for comfort, for convenience, for aims—we cannot but affirm, in face of a flourished discharge, that the precept is set at naught which directs us to owe no man anything, but to love one another, if nothing is thereon returned. Neglected is verily Christ's golden rule, which saith, 'As ye would that men should do unto you, so do you also unto them.' Nor is there a more irritating and humiliating spectacle of human depravity, than to behold the once reduced one 'clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day,' while the indulgent creditor, whom he now ignores, has scarcely a frugal meal; or to see this once bankrupt one now rolling in a splendid carriage, and dashing past you humble unnoticed pedestrian, to whom large sums are yet unpaid. If this is a resurrection from bankruptcy in the sight of God, as in the sense of every honest man, it is unto 'shame and contempt.'"—*Dr. Gillan on the Decalogue.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW SOUTARI MISSION.

Mr. Macnair's Journal.

August 1.—Visited General Hospital. Saw M. S., an Irish Presbyterian, for the first time. He has been sick since the middle of May, and for the last two or three days in hospital here. He seemed weak; but said, with the utmost composure, that he trusted the Lord would bring him through his sickness. Wishing to know what was the ground of his trust, I found that he had no proper conception of the Gospel remedy for sin; that, like too many whom one meets, he had nothing else on which to build than the general fact of the mercy of God, and was disposed to rest on this, that as God had helped him hitherto, (by which he meant, had given him a measure of health,) He would help him still. He said he had been in the habit of attending church when he had it in his power, and seemed wholly unconscious that there was any danger of his being finally lost or cast off. After reading and praying with him, I left a tract for his perusal. May God enlighten his darkness!

August 2.—Visited in Palace, after calling at General Hospital to ascertain whether there were any additional cases to visit. In Palace Hospital: H. J. told me he was not quite so well, but, if spared by God, he hoped to lead a new life. He acknowledged that he had been too much given to company and drink, and that, but for this, he might now have been comfortably situated in his father's house. Told him there was but one way of obtaining happiness here and hereafter, and that resolutions of amendment must be formed, not in his own strength, but in that of the Lord. Assured him that if his father was a pious man, it would rejoice his heart to hear that he was beginning to reflect on his past ways. Before I left, he told me that he wished, when he received his pay, to send some money to his father.

August 3.—Visited to-day in General Hospital. Saw amongst others a man who used to attend the services of the Primitive Methodists. He had never been a member of their society, but his friends, he said, were pious people. He shewed me a letter from his aunt, in which she said, for herself and her husband, how happy they had been to hear of his preservation, inquired kindly for his health, but told him plainly that there was one thing they would be more

glad to know of, and which was a constant subject of prayer with them, the salvation of his immortal soul. I was more than surprised to find that this man could not read, and wondered how it had happened that one whose friends must have prized the Word themselves, should have had his education so totally neglected. He had been at school, he said, but made no progress. Read a little with him, and promised to see him again.

August 4.—Visited as formerly. No cases of particular interest.

August 5.—Sunday. Preached as usual in Palace and General Hospitals. Had entertained hopes that we should now be able to have singing regularly as part of the service in the latter place, but found that the orderly who had acted as preceptor on one occasion, has now gone out to duty. On the only day on which as yet we have had singing, the man who was to lead stood up, and instantly the whole audience were on their feet. I told them afterwards, that while this was a most becoming attitude for praise, I would not ask them again to stand, unless they felt their strength so far returned, as to have no feeling of weariness in the service, thinking that some of the men might be too weak, though anxious to conform to what they would suppose to be an established usage. To my surprise, every man was on his legs again, when I gave out the concluding hymn.

August 6 to 11.—Have not visited so regularly this week as on former ones. On Tuesday, there was a very severe thunder-storm which lasted the whole day; very heavy rain falling all the time, with very few and brief intermissions. The thunder was excessively loud, and the lightning very vivid. I do not recollect of ever before witnessing anything so awfully grand. For two or three days after this I was troubled with pains and stiffness in my limbs, and on this account my visits were partially intermitted, and did not amount to more than three in the course of the week. I found that the weather had affected more than myself. Rheumatic patients in particular had suffered. Towards the end of the week we were cheered by hearing of the arrival of three boxes, two of them of considerable size, addressed to Mr. Fergusson, and one to me. The boxes for Mr. Fergusson have been long looked for, and contain—at least we hope so—supplies of Bibles and other books sent out by the Glasgow Committee. The box

addressed to me is from the Messrs. Bagster in London, and contains Testaments for distribution among the troops. These supplies would have been even more acceptable at an earlier period, but there are many men who enter the Hospitals still without copies of the Scriptures; and it is always a pleasure to a chaplain to be able to put these in their hands, more especially if their hearts have been in any degree softened by the afflictions they have passed through.

On Saturday was in Pera, and spent some time in company with Mr. Turin, agent of the Waldensian Mission to Constantinople. About thirty children are at present in attendance at his school. Heard the teacher, and also Mr. Turin, ask them some questions in Scripture History, on the birth of Moses, &c. Saw them go through some exercises on the map of Europe, and one work a rather complicated question in arithmetic. The children are mostly very young, say from six to ten years of age. They speak Turkish and Greek at home, but are taught in French and Italian at school. Considering that the questions put to them were not in their mother-tongue, their readiness and proficiency were wonderful, and reflect great credit both on the teacher and on Mr. Turin. Mr. T. preaches on the Sabbath in the Dutch church. He says that while he has been three years in Constantinople, it is only now that he is beginning to find openings for making known the Gospel, and to feel that the Head of the Church is owning and blessing His labours.

It is to be hoped that the friends of this mission in Glasgow, who have hitherto supported Mr. Turin, will be encouraged, and enabled to lend him every assistance.

August 12.—Sunday. Preached in Palace at half-past ten. Found the hospital fuller than I have yet seen it. Many men had come in on the previous day. From the increase of numbers, the general doctor had not been able to see all the invalids, and as some were waiting for his round, my numbers were smaller than they would otherwise have been. But in addition to a dozen or more who came to hear, there must have been a score or so on their beds within hearing. One man at a little distance from me and almost behind a pillar, I saw edging himself up on his elbow, turning himself round, and listening most attentively. Spoke to him afterwards, and found that he was an Episcopalian, but thankful for the opportunity of hearing the Word. My subject had been prayer, and I left with him Ryle's tract, *Do you Pray?*

Preached in General Hospital at four. Audience not so large as I have seen it. Probably some of the new men lately come in do not know where to find the chapel, or what is the hour of worship. Got the name of one man I had not previously seen, who has been in for some time.

August 13.—Visited in General Hospital. A considerable number of men preparing to go on board this afternoon, to sail for England. Distributed some numbers of the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home* for perusal on the voyage.

This morning I had the Messrs. Bagsters' box delivered, and found it to contain about 300 copies of a very neat Polymicron edition of the New Testament, with a centre column of references and notes, bound in cloth, and lettered outside, "New Testament for the British Army in the East;" 150 or 200 copies of the English version of the Polyglot New Testament, bound in morocco, and half-a-dozen copies of the same interleaved with the Scripture Harmony, and intended for the use of the chaplains. Of the two editions of the New Testament, the one was intended for the ranks, the other for non-commissioned officers.

August 14.—Had a call this morning from C. A., whom for some time I had visited in the General Hospital, till he was discharged for duty. He wished me to write to the captain of his company at the Crimea, to request him to send a sovereign, due to C. A., to his wife in Scotland. He shewed me a very affectionate letter from his wife, and left another sovereign with me to be forwarded to her. Before he went away, he said he thought he could spare her another five shillings, and that he knew it would not come wrong to her. I cheerfully undertook to have it conveyed.

August 31.—During the past fortnight, little of incident has occurred in the hospitals, and my daily visits have been uninterrupted, except by a short visit to Broussa, which took me away from duty for a couple of days. The prevailing complaints are still fever and diarrhoea, with some cases of dysentery, and there have been also a few of jaundice. The hospitals are, on the whole, fuller than they were, though the number is scarcely the same two days in succession, and varies considerably after a large draft has been sent to England, or after the arrival of a ship-load of invalids from the Crimea. The attendance at the Sabbath services continues as formerly, and there are some, I am happy to think, who value this mean of grace, and some whose opportunities of public worship after the

Presbyterian form have been few indeed since coming to the East.

The position of our Presbyterian chaplains is considerably changed of late. Mr. Fergusson, after hoping for long to regain his strength in this country, was again placed upon the sick-list about three weeks ago, and, as instead of getting better under medical treatment, he gradually became weaker, it was at last resolved that a medical board should sit upon his case, and the result of their consultation is, that he has been sent home in the hope that change of air may benefit his health. He embarked for England on the 24th of this month, on board the Arabia. The same steamer takes home the Rev. Mr. Fraser, also in poor health, and who has for the last six or seven months officiated as Presbyterian chaplain in the Crimea. In addition to this, the Rev. Mr. Watson is at present here on sick-leave from the Crimea, and has been for some time almost constantly confined to bed, so that of nine Presbyterian chaplains, as many as three, or one-third of the entire number, are now off duty. One of these, Mr. Fraser, it is understood, will not return to the East. By the removal of Mr. Fergusson, our numbers at Scutari have been reduced to two, and of these, one is shortly to leave, Mr. Drennan, he having been ordered up to the Crimea.

In reviewing the past, and looking forward to the prospect of being left as the sole Presbyterian chaplain in charge of the three hospitals at Scutari, there are many circumstances which tend to awaken the feeling of gratitude. When the work was new to me, a comparatively small share of it rested on my shoulders, and the field of my labours has been only gradually enlarged as I have become accustomed to hospital life, and learned by experience how to discharge most satisfactorily, and, at the same time, most expeditiously, my hospital duties. In the sudden change from a Scottish spring to an Eastern summer, when the heat of the sun was most oppressive, and its effects most relaxing, I had less to do. As the weather has become cooler, and the body somewhat acclimated, the amount of work required of me has only gradually increased. At the time of my arrival here, and when first setting foot on a strange land, my introduction to chaplains on the spot placed me at once among friends, intercourse with whom, at this period, was to me among the greatest of comforts. Now, when I am better acquainted with Eastern ways, and have met with others from Britain, I am less dependent on these first friends. It is

also pleasant to feel that one Presbyterian chaplain is still within five miles of this, at Kululi, and that my intercourse with the Episcopal chaplains here has been of an agreeable character. At the same time, knowing that it will devolve upon me almost exclusively to attend to the spiritual wants of all the Presbyterian soldiers here, I feel deeply conscious of my own personal insufficiency and need of strength; and, for the more efficient discharge of the duties of the mission, most earnestly desire an accession of labourers. In the absence of any intelligence as to assistance from other quarters, one of the most consoling thoughts, in the meantime, is in the prospect of the speedy recovery and return of Mr. Fergusson. That God may strengthen him for renewed duty, and grant me the benefit and the pleasure of his co-operation, is my fervent prayer.

Having mentioned a visit to Broussa, I may remark that this was paid in company with Mr. Drennan and Mr. Johnstone, two brother chaplains, under the guidance of Mr. Hamlin, American missionary to the Protestant Armenian Church here. Mr. Hamlin has been now for about seventeen years resident in the East, and seems quite at home among the natives. We left Constantinople by steamer in the morning, landed at Mundaya about two, and had a ride of sixteen miles thence to Broussa, through a most beautiful country, the first part of the way being hilly, but abounding in vineyards and also mulberry trees, the latter part being through a magnificent plain, stretching some forty miles in length along the foot of Olympus and other mountains. Broussa lies close to this giant hill, occupying one of the finest sites that can be imagined for a city. It is said to contain between three hundred and four hundred mosques, and when the minarets were all standing, the effect must have been truly imposing. As it is, Broussa has suffered much from earthquakes, and, I think, without a single exception, all its graceful minarets have lost their apices, and appear of stunted growth. The last great earthquake happened in the spring of this year, and its desolating effects are frightfully visible in the overturned houses and blocked-up streets of the city. Large portions are a complete mass of ruins, and instances were pointed out to us in which dwelling-houses, situated on the slope of a hill, moved *en masse*, burying their inmates beneath their crumbling stones, and one instance in which a house so situated had altered its position, but without injury to the inhabitants.

At Broussa we saw the tombs of the first sultans of the Othman line, and the mosques which each prince in succession had erected on coming to the throne. Here, too, we had an opportunity of visiting the silk-factories, in which the first process is performed of removing the silk in spider-like threads from the cocoon. At Broussa we likewise tasted the delicious fruit of this fertile region, and only regretted that time did not permit us to try its famed sulphur baths.

But perhaps the most interesting circumstance, and that which best deserves a place in this Journal, was the reception we met with from the Protestant Armenians. Mr. Hamlin was everywhere received as a well-known friend; and because we had been brought by him we were made at home at once, and treated with true Eastern hospitality. Our ignorance of the language prevented us from joining in, or following the conversation, but one could gather, from the readiness with which the little English at command was employed, as well as from the sparkling eyes and happy faces of all who were accosted by Mr. Hamlin, the real pleasure which it gave them to see him, and perceive at the same time that, despite all the differences of language and country, we were received as brethren for Jesus' sake, and the common name which we all named could bind us as members of one family, and the common faith we all professed prompt to the giving and receiving acts of Christian hospitality. The pastor of the Armenian Church at Broussa, who speaks a little English, was introduced to us. His brother pastor of Constantinople, who understands our language better, was our fellow-traveller from Constantinople, and our *cicerone* in the older capital. On parting, both requested an interest in our prayers on behalf of the flock of Jesus in this quarter. The circumstances call both for the prayers and sympathies of disciples everywhere. Christians here are still exposed at times to persecution, and the object of the visit of the pastor from Constantinople was to inquire into, and if possible obtain redress in, one instance in which persecution had been endured. The church at Broussa had their own trials, too, of another kind. One shock had much injured their place of worship, and it was just about repaired and again made fit for use when a second levelled it with the ground. A very neat new building, which, it is hoped and expected, will be proof against the repetition of such casualties, is now in course of erection.

How beautiful it is to see America, in the person of Mr. Hamlin and his coadjutors, paying back to Asia what she has herself received from Asia, through the medium of Europe. What a testimony to the thoroughly unselfish character of our religion! Oh! for the time when, Ethiopia, too, stretching out her hands unto God, the Scripture may be fulfilled, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ," and when the "great multitude, which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands," shall be prepared to take up the cry, "Salvation to our Lord, which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!" May not the events which are now taking place on the earth, the wars and rumours of wars, be preparatory to this, and the aid rendered by western powers to eastern in the hour of need, as it is indicative of the wane of the crescent, prove to be also introductory to the further triumphs of the cross? May not one effect be the opening up of large tracts, now stagnant and barren, to the benign and healing influences of the Sun of Righteousness, and so far preparing the way for the entrance of the good seed, "the truth as it is in Jesus."

Letter from Mr. Fergusson.

On Board "the Melbourne,"
Off Scutari, 26th December 1855.

MY DEAR MR. MACLEOD,—I have just embarked for Balaklava, for the purpose of doing duty at the Castle Hospital there,—where, for the present, there is no Presbyterian chaplain, but two Episcopalians, and one Roman Catholic. There are few patients at Scutari now, and, with a little help from Mr. Cannon, who has come down as chaplain to the Scots Greys, Mr. Macnair feels quite able for all the work. I have been at Scutari since Monday week. We had a tedious and rough passage from Marseilles. The mail by which I came was two days behind time. We called at Malta, Syra, Smyrna, Gallipoli, and the Dardanelles. Mr. Macnair dispensed the sacrament last Sabbath, for the first time, to a very small company, eight in all, the officiating minister included. There were four chaplains, one doctor, two lady nurses, and my servant, (a Scotchman.)

After I get settled down to work in the Crimea, I shall endeavour to give you the details of my field.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO SCUTARI MISSION.

Collected by *Mrs Davidson, St. George's Congregation, Glasgow.*

Miss Lindsay, 7 Brighton Crescent, Portobello	L 2 10 0
Mrs Jeffrey, Clarence Place, Glasgow	1 10 0
	L 4 0 0

Collected by *Mrs. Hyndman, Springside.*

Mr Hyndman, Springside	L 0 1 0
Mrs Hyndman, do.	0 1 0
Master Hyndman, do.	0 1 0
Mr Anderson, Cuslung	0 1 0
Mrs Anderson, do.	0 1 0
Miss Anderson, do.	0 1 0
Mrs Ritchie, W. Kilbride	0 0 6
Mrs Stirling, do.	0 1 6
Rev. Alex. King, do.	0 1 0
Mrs King, do.	0 1 0
Mr John Blair, Irvine	0 1 0
Mrs Thomson, Woodend, Kilmarnock	0 1 0
Mr Thomson, do.	0 1 0
Master Balfour, Cramond, Mid-Lothian	0 1 0
Misses Hyndman, Ayr	0 1 0
Mrs Bailton, Kilmarnock	0 1 0
Mrs Anderson, do.	0 1 0
Mr Anderson, do.	0 1 0
Mrs Hunter, Hunterston, West Kilbride	0 1 0
Mr Hunter, do. do.	0 1 0
Mrs Alexander, Ann's Lodge, do.	0 1 0
	L 1 0 6

Mrs J. O. Fairlie, of Goodham, for Bibles and Testaments	L 1 10 0
Anonymous, for Books	1 9 0
Mr F., (in Postage Stamps)	0 5 0
Mrs Philip, Cliff on House, Arbroath	0 5 0
	L 3 0 0

STATISTICS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN BRITISH INDIA.

Stations,	Mission-aries.	Ambassadors.	Native Ambassadors.	Communi-cants.	Schools.	Scholars.
<i>Gospel Propagation Society,</i>						
Calcutta	1					
Do., Bishop's College	1	2				
Howrah	2					
Tallygungie	2	25				
Barrapore	2					
Nerbudda	1					
Cawnpore	1					
Tamlook	1					
Ahmedabad	1					
Madras Miss.	23	14	205	15,642	169	4912
<i>Church Mission-ary Society,</i>						
Bombay	4	3	23	14	16	883
Nasuck, Asta-gaum, and Mal-hgaum	2	10		29	7	346
Junir	1	4			3	180
Onicutta	4	2	29	136	14	1169
Burdwan	2	1	11	54	9	634
Krishnaghur	9	4	105	548	38	1525
Bhagulpur	1					
Benares	4	6	31	74	6	456
Chunar	1	7		46	6	336
Jaunpore	2	16		19	4	409
Gorrukpore	1	1	6	70	3	167
Agra	3	12		183	10	333

Meerut	1	4	39	2	75
Kotghur	1	7	4	6	67
Madras	4	19	145	9	362
Tinnevely dis-tricts	14	425	2980	239	6245
Travancore dis-tricts	17	169	898	63	2049
Telugu	3	18	19	3	127
At home	4				

<i>Baptist Mission-ary Society,</i>					
Calcutta—					
Circ. Road	1		96		
Lal Basar	2	1	140	2	120
Kolinga	3		54		
Instally	2	2	49		
Baura & Salkiya	1	3	25	3	180
Nursakdachoke	2	3	52	1	25
Lakhyantipur	2	3	67	4	100
Khari	2	1	48	1	49
Malayapur	1	1	7	1	45
Dum Dum	1	1	25		
Serampore	3	5	127	8	750
Cutwa	1	4	31	1	10
Suri, Birbhun	1	3	36	2	100
Dinajpur	1	1	18	2	86
Jessore	1	10	204	4	150
Burrissal	2	10	177	8	150
Dacca	1	4	21		
Chittagong	1	7	39	2	42
Monghir	2	7	49	2	90
Benares	3	13	20	5	270
Agra	1	1	119		
Saugor	1	1	21		
Chitaura	1	4	23	2	60
Muttra	1	2	9	1	60
Delhi	1	2	15		
Madras	1	2	41	3	

<i>General Baptist Mission Society,</i>					
Cuttack	2	1	141	2	120
Choga		1	50		
Khundita		2			
Piplee	2	2			
Berhampore	2	4	44	2	58
<i>London Mission-ary Society,</i>					
Calcutta	8	8	255	12	1148
Berhampore	2	1		3	115
Benares	4	1			260
Mirzapore	2	2	18	5	192
Guzerat	2				
Madras	2		108	17	224
Vizagapatam	3		49	2	159
Chicacole	1	3	15	2	56
Cuddapah	1	6	32	7	272
Belgaum	2	3	29	12	445
Bellary	3	4	98	19	417
Bangalore	4	7	54	12	445
Mysore	1		12	4	77
Salem	1	9	38	6	141
Combacorum	1			9	327
Coimbatore	1	28	20	14	933
Nagercoil	4			19	760
Neyoor	2	1	66	65	42
Quillon	1	9		13	321
Trevandrum	11	113	8		171
<i>Wesleyan Miss. Society,</i>					
Madras	3	6	161	4	276

Negapatam	3	18	20	9	267	Dacca	4			
Manargoody	2	10	22	10	484	Dayapoor	2	1	50	
Bangalore—						Comilla	2	1		
Tamil	1	5	148	4	140	Berlin Missionary Society,				
Canarese	2	5	27	5	202	Ghaseepoor	2	1	11	50
Mysore	2	3	1	3	116	Leipsic Missionary Society,				
Goobbee, &c.	1	5	8	5	157	Tranquebar	2)			
Coonghul	1	5	1	5	169	Mayaveram	2)	19	137	28
Church of Scot-						Forelar	2)			
land,						Hambury Mis-				
Calcutta	3				1021	sionary Soc.,				
Madras	5				300	Rajamundry	3			19
Bombay	1	2			395	Ootacamund in-				
Ghospara		2			50	depend. Miss. }	1	sev.	3	76
Free Church of						American Board				
Scotland,						of Missions,				
Calcutta	5	sev.		4	2000	Bombay	4	3	2	11
Bombay	3	2		1	1280	Ahmednuggur	7	7	10	112
Madras	3	sev.		10	1440	Madras	4	5	7	30
Poonah	3	1	9	23	10	Madura	11	13	23	202
Nagpur and		2	4		600	American Presby-				
Kampli }						terian Board,				
Irish Presbyterian						Lodiana	11	8	10	53
Mission,	6	2				Furrukhabad	8	5	4	197
Basic Missionary						Allahabad	5	3	6	42
Society,						American Bapt.				
Mangalore	6	5	25	2		Mis. Union,				
Moolky	1		40			Nellore,	3	3		10
Dharwar	2	6	49		412	American Lu-				
Hooby	2	7	5	7	230	theran Miss.,				
Bettigherry	2		3	5	204	Guntoor	3			5
Malasamoodra	2		7	2	28	Guyal		6		103
Catory and Ca-		1	19		70	American Free-				
tagherry }	3					Will Baptists,				
Cannanore	1	10	130	4	130	Balasore	1	1	2	13
Tellocherry	4	1	14	12	355	Jellalore	2	3		16
Calicut	2	13	45	7	271					17

Notices of Books.

Doctor Antonio: a Tale. By the Author of "Lorenzo Benoni." Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

It is no secret that Signor Ruffini is the author of this work; and as "Lorenzo Benoni," published a few years ago, was most favourably received, and is generally admitted to be the most graphic sketch of Italian oppression ever submitted to the public, he is no stranger in English literature. Both his works are very remarkable in point of style. There is a simplicity, a purity, and Saxon flavour in his language, a rare felicity in many of his phrases, and a flowing melody in the composition of his sentences, which are not a little captivating. In his delineations, both of character and scenery, there is a sharpness yet gracefulness of outline, exquisitely traced and sometimes happily filled up, and the precious gift of making a picture with a few artless yet master touches of his pencil, which are

but seldom to be met with. Although Signor Ruffini is a foreigner, yet we think that there is a moral certainty that he thinks in English, for such flowing and mellifluous periods as his, can scarcely, in the nature of things, be the result of the mechanical and cramping process of translation.

In one respect the two works differ greatly. In "Lorenzo Benoni" the narrative is full of stirring incident and fascination, and reveals an amount of stolid yet cold-blooded tyranny existing in Italy, at which the heart bleeds. In "Dr. Antonio" the story is slender in the extreme, and can scarcely be said to have a plot. It may be soon told. Sir John Davenne, a baronet full of English prejudices and prepossessions, is travelling with his fair but delicate daughter, Lucy, between Genoa and Nice, when his travelling carriage is accidentally overturned, and the young lady receives a severe injury, which compels the party to remain

for some months at a roadside inn on the shore of the Mediterranean. Dr. Antonio, an exile from Sicily in consequence of his political opinions, was then the parish doctor of Bordighera, where the accident occurred. He happened to be present when the carriage was overturned, assisted in conveying Lucy to the "osteria," behaved most kindly and honourably as her medical attendant, but, as will happen in such cases, he lost his heart to his fair patient, and his patient lost her heart to him. When matters were becoming ripe for a declaration, Lucy's brother arrived in post haste from London, and seeing how matters were, carried her off to England without allowing any time for explanations. There she married a nobleman, was unhappy in her married life, became a widow, fell into delicate health, and went to Naples, where she again encountered Dr. Antonio, now no longer the village doctor, but a deputy from the Sicilian people demanding from the king constitutional liberty. But, alas! instead of obtaining his object, he is confined as a prisoner in one of the loathsome and dreadful dungeons of the castle of Ischia. Lucy in vain attempts his release, and being worn out both in mind and in body, she dies. "Dr. Antonio still suffers, prays and hopes for his country."

The chief purpose of the book evidently is to remove English prejudices against Italy and the Italians, and to enlist the sympathies of the good and the generous in their behalf. Although the narrative contains but few incidents, and these are by no means of an exciting character, yet the interest of the work never flags, and it may be read from beginning to end with pleasure and profit.

As an example of the author's power of description, we quote the following account of the scenery on either side of the Cornice Road, which runs from Genoa to Nice:—

"Few of the public highways of Europe are more favoured than this,—few, at any rate, combine in themselves three such elements of natural beauty as the Mediterranean on one side, the Apennines on the other, and overhead the splendours of an Italian sky. Numerous towns and villages, some gracefully seated on the shore, bathing their feet in the silvery wave, some stretching up the mountain sides like a flock of sheep, or thrown picturesquely astride a lofty ridge, with here and there a solitary sanctuary perched high on a sea-washed cliff, or half lost in a forest of verdure at the head of some glen; marble palaces and painted villas emerging from sunny vineyards, gaily flowering gardens, or groves of orange

and lemon trees; myriads of white *casini* with green jalousies, scattered all over hills once sterile, but now, their scanty soil propped up by terrace shelving above terrace, clothed to the top with olive trees,—all and everything, in short, of man's handywork, betokens the activity and ingenuity of a tasteful and richly endowed race.

"The road, in its obedience to the capricious indentations of the coast, is irregular and serpent-like; at one time, on a level with the sea, it passes between hedges of tamarisk, aloes, and oleander, at another winds up some steep mountain side, through dark pine forests, rising to such a height that the eye recoils terrified from looking into the abyss below; here it disappears into galleries cut in the living rock, there comes out upon a wide expanse of earth, sky, and water, now turns inland with a seeming determination to force a passage across the mountain, anon shoots abruptly in an opposite direction, as if bent upon rushing headlong into the sea. The variety of prospect resulting from this continual shifting of the point of view, is as endless as that offered by the ever-changing combinations of a kaleidoscope. Could we but give this sketch a little of the colouring, real colouring, of the country, what a picture we should make of it! But we cannot. It is past the power of words to shadow out the brilliant transparency of this atmosphere, the tender azure of this sky, the deep blue of this sea, the soft gradations of tone tinting these wavy mountains, as they lapone over the other."

The author is much more chary of information as to the religious aspect of Italy, and of his own views of the Roman Catholic Church, than we could have desired. Whether he is a Romanist or a Protestant, it is impossible from his works to determine. We wish the following were true. Dr. Antonio says: "The whole Bible, translated into Italian, is open to all readers, with only two conditions. First, that it be the translation of the Scriptures commonly called the *Vulgata*, collated and completed by St. Jerome; and, secondly, that the Latin text be printed opposite the Italian."

Does Signor Ruffini believe that if one of our Bible Societies were to send a cargo of Italian Bibles, the translation being of the *Vulgata*, and the Latin being printed along with it, that the Church of Rome would permit them to be circulated in Italy? This would not only be contrary to the experience of all recent travellers, but also directly in the teeth of the well known fourth rule of the index of prohibited books of the infallible Council of Trent.

Sermon.

By the REV. THOMAS GORDON, Minister of Newbattle.

"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."—1 CORINTHIANS IX. 22.

TAKE him all in all, there has never been among the preachers of Christianity the equal of Paul. Even as a Pharisee, his zeal was remarkable. A hypocrite he never was, for he was as much in earnest when he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, as when exclaiming: "Yea, I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord;" or saying: "I am ready, not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." The difference was, that in the latter case all his powers had been baptized with heavenly fire, so that, possessed and ruled by the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, and animated by a profound conviction of the infinite importance of his work, he was ready to do all and to suffer all in its prosecution,—yea, to become all things to all men, that he might save some.

Rich as Paul's Epistles are in expressions of fervent love, and in proofs of the overpowering influence of the Gospel, there is no one in which his intense devotedness is more conspicuous than in our text, where we find him declaring his readiness to adapt himself, in all lawful and indifferent matters, to the peculiarities of those to whom he preached. He felt that his superior knowledge and Christian liberty did not exonerate him from the duty of adapting his conduct and addresses to the weaknesses and prejudices of Jews and Gentiles, that he might obtain free access to all. For the sake of the loftier influence which belongs to an unrewarded ministry, he had resigned the labourer's right of maintenance, and had wrought with his own hands. Among the partially enlightened, he did not hesitate to abridge his own liberty,—he accommodated himself as far

as he lawfully could to their prejudices, meeting them and arguing with them on their own premises. True, he never hesitated to declare the whole counsel of God. While studying to render himself acceptable to his hearers, while courteous in all things, while becoming all things to all men, he never garbled the vital truths of Christianity.

Fathers and Brethren! ought not we to imitate the self-denying zeal of Paul? The age in which we live is one that calls for such sacrifices. It demands that we be ready to be made all things to all men. The aspect of the times is of the most portentous character, indicating that we live in a crisis of the world's history, in one of those transition periods when "the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Discovery after discovery is coming upon us in rapid succession. The boundaries of human knowledge are enlarging in the most wonderful manner. The school-master is abroad, and education is being diffused to an unprecedented extent, while the cheap literature of the day is a sign of the marvellous activity and progress of the age. Still no Christian can fail to feel that all is not right, and that as of old the world by wisdom knew not God, so now material progress and the dream of regenerating the world merely by education in common things are no proofs of spiritual progress. We cannot contemplate the seething, heaving masses of society, without being convinced that there are elements at work which demand the most watchful attention, and the most wary handling on the part of Christ's ministers, if they would succeed in bringing these masses under the power of the Gospel. Think of the scenes of 1848, and the aspect which our streets then presented,—of what took place on the Continent, where the reign of anarchy and irreligion was averted, not by the

* Preached before the Synod of Lothian and Tweeddale, November 7th, 1854.

virtues or firmness of the rulers, but by the utter folly of the revolutionists themselves. And though for the moment all seems quiet, the snake is but scotched, not killed. The state of public feeling throughout Central Europe, the restless uneasiness of our operatives and artizans, and that dissatisfaction in regard to the relations between capital and labour, of which we had such ample evidence in the Preston strike of last year [1853], show that beneath the surface there is a burning lava stream, which may any day burst out into flames. Surely, in such an age, there is much work for Christ's ministers to do. They should, therefore, show their zeal, their earnestness, and their devotedness, by renouncing themselves, and becoming all things to all men. They should adapt their teaching and their labours to the peculiar circumstances amid which they are placed, and so counteract those errors which are leading men astray.

To traverse the whole ground which such a subject opens up is of course impossible on such an occasion as this. I can merely allude to one or two of our most urgent duties.

The two most dangerous and most destructive errors of the present day are Popery and Infidelity. That Popery is spreading, there can be no doubt; but that it is spreading among those whom our popular polemics and lectures reach, I do not believe. We are all too prone to regard it in one aspect merely, as an exploded and crumbling system of superstitious mummeries, which no sensible man can possibly adopt, and of which the only distinctive characteristics are, the withholding the Bible from the laity, the worship of images, and those indulgences and absolutions by which an easy way to heaven can be bought. But is this the only phase of Popery which we have to encounter or fear? It is futile to say that Popery is unchanged. It may be in its essence, but who will say that it is so in its developments? Nay, the very strength of Popery consists in its marvellous power of adapting itself to every varied phase of human weakness and corruption. Who will say that there is no

difference between the morality of the Papal ecclesiastics of the age of Leo X. and that of those of the present day,—between Tetzel selling indulgences, and the fervid zeal and self-sacrificing earnestness of many of the Jesuit missionaries, or of men like Wiseman, and Newman, and Manning, labouring with all the powers of their acute intellects and vast learning? To speak, then, of Popery as merely a system of absurd and childish superstition, which no man can embrace without almost forfeiting his claim to be accounted a rational being, is to miscalculate its strength. It is not a religion merely, it is a polity, and it has attractions and work for all the varying tastes, habits, and prejudices of mankind. We should, therefore, never forget its wide and varied adaptation to wants ineffaceable from the human heart,—its wonderful fusion of the supernatural with the natural,—its prodigious versatility combined with so much fixity,—its unvarying aim pursued with such ever-varying expedients,—its matchless dexterity in weaving together truth and error,—its faculty of concealing the deadliest weapon in the most attractive sheath,—its power of decoying a man into the most appalling slavery by offering to the restless discontented mind the bait of a haven of peace, to be found only in its communion, and its vast resources for a powerful hold on the conscience;—for if we do so we underrate its power, and mistake the quarter in which it is most likely to prevail, which is not among the ignorant, but among the intellectual and the imaginative. We ought, therefore, to prepare ourselves for encountering this error in all ways, and not in one way merely, so that we may not give ground for the assertion that "prejudice and ignorance are the sole supports of the Protestant view." Our coarse polemics are apt to do more harm than good. We should be prepared to meet it on its own speculative heights, in the wide field of historic research and Scriptural exegesis, we should seek to trace its errors to their source, to shew how they arise, and how completely they are at variance with the teaching of Christ.

But Popery is not the only error we have to combat. A still more dangerous enemy is Infidelity, which is at present working such havoc. Education is advancing with such rapid strides, that now, instead of hearing, as we might have done sixty or seventy years ago, of the dangers of instructing the people, we hear of nothing but the dangers of ignorance. Then, the preacher was almost the only instructor,—for newspapers and books were scarce and dear. But reading is now universal, and books and papers deluge the land. This is well. But, like every other good, it has its accompanying evil, for this literature, which circulates amongst the masses, is too often of the most pernicious description. In much of it "murder is openly advocated, all property declared to be robbery, marriage a dream of dotage, and law a mere device for enslaving mankind." The consequence is, that in some of our large towns, many of the operatives and artisans openly profess infidelity. I speak not of the *proletariat* merely, of the dangerous classes,—I speak of the working classes, of men who think, whose aspirations after knowledge are aroused, and who must find satisfaction of some kind. In proof of what I say, it is notorious that in Leeds, in Glasgow, and elsewhere, there have of late years been various public discussions, lasting for six or eight nights, in which the question discussed was: "What advantages would accrue to England generally, and the working classes in particular, by the abolition of Christianity and the substitution of Secularism?"—that is atheism, —and we know that the affirmative has been maintained by a man of some powers and considerable fluency, amid the applause of thousands of admirers.

The literature, too, more or less connected with infidelity, has an enormous circulation. Mr. Knight calculates that the publications of a decidedly noxious character amount to at least 29,000,000 annually, while in one manufacturing town alone there are sold 23,000 copies a-week of a blasphemous penny periodical. And let us not imagine that the infidelity of the present day is all of the

same character as the coarse and vulgar blasphemy of Paine and Voltaire. A far more dangerous class of works is now in circulation. You have Strauss's life of Jesus, published in weekly penny numbers,—the most dangerous works of F. Newman, Parker, and Hennel, sold in a cheap form as Tracts for the Times. These, remember, are the works of earnest men, who have canvassed the evidences of Christianity in a calm and philosophic spirit, eminently fitted to entangle the unwary and half educated. But the cheap periodical press is perhaps the most dangerous of all the foes of Christianity. In millions of its publications, religion is denominated a sham, a mere engine for keeping down the poor. The Bible and Christianity are represented as the enemies of all social and political reform,—the Church as a contrivance for keeping the people in ignorance,—and the clergy as mere state tools, who care not for the poor. Socialism and secularism are held up as levers by which the working classes may be freed from their present hardships, and obtain a fair share of those profits of which they are at present defrauded. The aristocracy and the clergy, masters and capitalists, are represented as combining to enslave and to starve them. The writers, too, speak of themselves as the people's best and truest friends. Thus has infidelity gone among the working classes, loud in its sympathies, liberal in its professions, offering them deliverance from the hardships they suffer in this age of fierce and unscrupulous competition. They have thus secured a channel for the propagation of their infidel notions, and they have organized associations to which infidel lecturers declaim week after week unchecked and unanswered.

Now, these are facts which we must not ignore, nor must we forget that a great gulf separates the Church—I do not mean the Established Church only, though perhaps wider in regard to it, but all churches—from the masses. In London, for example, the neglect of public worship by the working classes is almost universal. One city missionary tells us, that in a large district, he knew only twelve

regular attenders at church, and another reckons them at twelve families out of a thousand. The Census confirms these lamentable statements regarding London and other large English towns. Nor in Scotland are we much better. We see from the Census, that there is a population of more than half a million which rarely enters a church door, and it shows us that this population resides chiefly in our large towns and in our manufacturing and mineral villages. Nor are those who thus despise ordinances merely the ignorant and brutish. Many of them are thinking steady men, fluent talkers, anxious to propagate their opinions, ready and eager for debate, and fertile in resource.

Is this state of matters to continue? Are the masses to be left to such teachers? It is, alas! true, that in too many cases there is a great gulf between them and us. How little, comparatively speaking, do we know of their feelings and of their wants! How rarely do they speak frankly and open their hearts to us! How often do they suspect us and misconstrue our motives! But this should not be so. The minister of religion should be the first instrument of civilization. As such, then, we cannot be indifferent to the social and moral condition of the people. We should seek to become thoroughly acquainted with their views and feelings, if we would win their affections and find our way to their hearts, if we wish to become the instruments in regenerating the nation and regaining those thousands who are now outcasts. We must shew them that we sympathize with them, and that we are ready to do all we can to ameliorate their condition. Infidelity is at present claiming to be the champion of social reform, and foremost in such movements are many who make no pretensions to holiness, but who, though they fear not God, are eager in shewing their love to men. Should this field be abandoned by us, or should not their zeal rouse in us that higher principle of benevolence which should actuate Christians? We should never forget that, as ministers of the National Church, we have responsibilities

not merely in respect to those who attend our ministry, but also in regard to the careless and sceptical who despise it. We should remember that now, when the standard of the Gospel is applied to everything, and when Christianity is claiming its right as the ultimate arbiter of all questions, the absorbing social and educational topics of the day should engage our attention, and the Church should let her voice be heard both in promoting what is right and opposing what is wrong—for if we confine ourselves to obstruction merely, our motives will be misconstrued, and we shall lose our legitimate influence.

And, further, as the Christian ministry has been instituted for the instruction of men in every age and country, it should adapt its teaching to its position, so as to be able to repel the assaults of impiety and error under whatever forms they appear. We may sneer at the spirit of the age, but unless we accommodate ourselves to it, as far as our Lord's command permits, we come short of the apostolic injunction, and thus fail to accomplish the good we might. Even if the spirit of the age were thoroughly evil,—which it is not,—we should understand it so as to be able to encounter it, for we may learn from history current, as well as history past. Instead, then, of setting ourselves to rail at it, we should grasp it with a vigorous hand, and make it subservient to our work, assured that, though a bad master, it may be made a useful servant. Let us, in short, to use the words of an able writer, "adapt ourselves to the circumstances in which we are placed, not by withdrawing from the pulpit the great themes of the mediatory system, and substituting for them a rationalized Gospel, but by such a general line of conduct, with reference to the circumstances of a growingly enlightened age, and such a strain of preaching as shall lay hold of the public mind, and bring it under that doctrine which, and which alone, is the power of God unto salvation. Let there be a just estimate formed of the mental powers of the common people,—a judicious and hearty sympathy with their real wants and wishes,—a studious consideration of the means by which they

may be brought back to the sanctuaries of religion, which they have deserted. For these purposes, let us seek correct information as to the state of their intellect, their prevailing habits, their peculiar temptations, their literary tendencies and aspirations, and the books they read,—let there be all this, but let it be only as so much power put forth to bring these masses under the power of the Gospel. Oh! it were a noble triumph of the modern pulpit, to see men of strong principle and self-controlling wisdom gathering round them the most boisterous elements of our social atmosphere, conducting the lightnings with which its darkest thunder clouds are charged, and shewing to the nations they have saved that the preaching of the cross is still the power of God."

But it may be said, "We cannot reach the masses; they avoid us; we never see them; they are out at their work when we visit, and when we do rarely happen to see them, we cannot reach their sympathies." In some cases, this may arise from the size of our parishes, which have become so large, that even the labours of the Endowment Committee,—a scheme which every one, who has the welfare of our Zion at heart, is bound to promote to the uttermost,—cannot keep pace with our growing population, much less make up for past neglect. In all cases, however, we should endeavour to make ourselves acquainted with the habits, the interests, the wants and prejudices, as well as the religious condition of every individual in our parishes. This can be accomplished only by regular visitation, and, above all, by *evening visitation*, a practice which, among an operative population, has become absolutely indispensable, and which, therefore, no one, whose lot is cast in a large town, or among such a population, dare at his peril neglect. And when such labours cannot overtake a parish, new agencies may be necessary. The questions thus arise, whether we may not have to call in lay labourers to an extent hitherto untried,—whether the time has not come when we should seek out workmen at their work, and hold meetings specially for the careless and scerp-

tical, and whether it may not be advisable to follow the plan, adopted with some success by the Church of England, of open air and street preaching. No doubt, these are difficult questions. They are, however, pressing for answers, and we should take care that no want of earnestness on our part, no antiquated notions in regard to order, should interfere with our duty as the Church of Scotland, and therefore responsible for the spiritual wellbeing of all Scotchmen.

Again, we should become all things to all men, not merely in reference to those without, but also in regard to those who contend against the same enemies. Yet how lamentable are the divisions among those who are fighting under the same Captain! what searching of heart should, they cause? We cannot see the attitude maintained by the various evangelical churches of the land towards one another, without being reminded of the state of Jerusalem, when, beleaguered by the legions of Titus, its frantic inhabitants, instead of concentrating their strength against the assailants, expended it in intestine broils. Since, however, zeal spent in things external is so much strength withdrawn from what is spiritual, let us seek to become all things to our Christian brethren of every denomination, to be quiet and do our own business, keeping the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace, and uniting against the common foe.

The times demand this. It is not enough that we do not join the enemy; the curse of Merax will be ours, unless we come to the help of the Lord against the mighty. What, then, is required of us? Of course, the first and most indispensable requisite of the Christian minister is personal holiness. Unless constrained by the love of Christ to speak what he believes, his labours must be fruitless. But more is necessary. He must be ready to imitate Paul in his self-denying forgetfulness, and to devote to Christ's service every power and every faculty. As Angell James says in his valuable work: "We live in an earnest age, in which nothing but an earnest ministry can succeed." "No ministry can be really effective, whatever may be

its intelligence, which is not a ministry of strong faith, true spirituality, and deep earnestness." The public mind is not what it formerly was. It is alive and active, thinking, planning, and working. See how men throw their whole souls into their business, rising up early, going to bed late, eating the bread of carefulness, and sacrificing every personal comfort in their struggle for wealth. Look at the absorption of soul manifested by our merchants, our shop-keepers, our lawyers, our scholars; see how they devote all their energies to the pursuit of their favourite objects. Unless, then, we be equally earnest, how can we expect to succeed? Yet how much greater reason have we to be so! What is all the success of time when compared with eternity? What the noblest of earthly pursuits when compared with the interests involved in the acceptance or rejection of the Gospel offer? If, then, the soldier be ready to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, the merchant to compass sea and land in his pursuits, can we hope to succeed in our work if we be devoid of earnestness and zeal? An orthodox confession, if it be effete or lifeless, will avail us nothing. It can never make head against a living Popery or an earnest Infidelity. It is by earnestness alone that in these days the world is influenced. We all know how contagious it is, and that it is the sparks falling from a man's own burning soul, that kindle a like flame in others. They have always been earnest men who have succeeded in influencing the popular mind, and in bringing about great revolutions. Indeed, they have in general been characterised by intense earnestness, energy and perseverance, rather than by high intellect or first-rate eloquence. Think what was done by the earnestness of Whitefield and Wesley, of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton, or to come nearer to our own time, remember the success that attended the efforts of a few Manchester manufacturers of no great talents or influence, who threw themselves, heart and soul, into the attack on the corn laws. And let us never forget that our enemies are thoroughly in earnest. Popery is so.

It is impossible to doubt the earnestness of those perverts who have joined its ranks, some of them at the greatest sacrifices. Indeed, it is to the burning zeal and intense devotedness of its adherents, their willingness to spend and be spent for their Church, that it owes its continued existence and growing vitality. So with many of the sceptics of the present day. We may hold their views in abhorrence, but we cannot doubt their sincerity, nor that it has been only after many tears, and through many struggles, and at the cost of valued friendships and affections, that they have reached their present position. Can we, then, expect to encounter such foes successfully, unless we manifest equal zeal and devotedness? We may rest assured that we shall never be able to accomplish great things for God, unless we labour with a fervid earnestness, which some may call enthusiasm. Let there, then, be on our part an increasing abnegation of self, a readiness to become all things to all men, in all things lawful and indifferent, assured that earnest holiness, embodied in a personal form, is always triumphant in the end.

And finally, let each take care that he neglect not the gift that is in him, but that he cultivate it and devote it to his Lord's service. As we have each our special sphere, so has each his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that. Whatever, then, your respective gift be, whether it be eloquence in the pulpit,—the power of impressing multitudes with your winged words, an aptitude for teaching the young, a winning way with the hardened and careless, an affectionate sympathy with the afflicted, the faculty of managing the business and swaying the councils of the Church, or the power of repelling her assailants, take care that you stir it up, and that you exercise it in a humble dependence on the Divine aid, for if so, ye may rest assured, that, whatever be the results of your labours, you will always have cause to triumph in Christ, inasmuch as the savour of His knowledge will thus be made manifest by you in every place. Amen.

PSALMODY.

No. II.

THE state of literature and philosophy in the Roman empire had no small influence on the psalmody of the early Christian Church. The decline of literature was even more rapid than that of liberty. Early in the second century, imperial criticism ostentatiously preferred the rude gossip and harsh style of Ennius to the proprieties and dignified elegance of Virgil, and affected to regard with disgust the matchless pathos and sublimity of Homer. This criterion of taste was soon universally adopted,—a criterion which would despise the literary excellence of the sacred writers, and give all honour to the puerile declamation and the verbal conceits of the degenerate Latins. The Christian authors, separated as they were at first from the great men of the schools and the honours of the empire, were not exempt from this distemper of the age. In poetry, in philosophy, in history, in theology, the few works which appeared during the third century indicated the decline of human intellect. An era of intellectual decrepitude began its course at Rome. Its evils were well nigh all consummated before Constantine was born; and, when the Christian teachers became the objects of imperial favour and patronage, their prejudices against science and literary excellence survived the establishment of Christianity. The vitiated taste and intellectual weakness which invaded the empire were specially conspicuous in the Church, and maintained there, for many centuries, an arrogant hereditary rule far more noticeable and more rarely broken than the tradition of an apostolical succession. In 398 the council of Carthage prohibited even the reading of secular books by bishops; and, throughout the following century, a bitter aversion was generally manifested to every sort of learning, till illiberal ignorance came to be excused and even commended as Christian sim-

licity. The learning, the wisdom, the inherent authority of the ancient Church are convenient myths for scaring modern intelligence into humble and unquestioning obedience. That obedience would not be so ready or so reverent were it always remembered that, even in the general councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, many of the bishops were so illiterate that they could not write their names.* Now, during the whole course of these degenerate and unpropitious times, the Christian Church was profusely supplied with hymns, often of questionable orthodoxy, and always of corrupt taste. They were at first after the form of the Latin lyrics, though characterised by the sentimentality and mental exhaustion of the period; but ultimately the monks amused themselves with the novel task of turning Latin verses into rhyme, and forcing the language of Cicero and Virgil into the jingling cadences of a barbarous dialect. In the fourth century, the younger Apollinaris of Laodicea had translated the Psalms into Greek verse, a work which is still extant, but its adoption and general use were impossible in competition with the hymns, even although the disadvantage of the Greek tongue in the West had been overcome. Some of the early Latin hymns, with slight alterations, have continued in use in the Church of Rome; and though several are possessed of considerable merit, and a few have been the theme of unbounded admiration, it generally suffices to modify this estimate, to repeat the words in a different order. These hymns are the triumph of sound, they are very rarely the trophies of sentiment or intellect. Even the "Dies Iræ," and the "Stabat Mater" cannot abide the test of an altered arrangement of words. These are indeed of comparatively recent origin, being

* Jortin. *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History*. Vol. II. page 417.

ascribed to Thomas de Celano, and Jacobus de Benedictis, and were not introduced into the Missals till near the end of the fifteenth century; but beyond all question they are of the highest excellence and repute in the Church of Rome. They depend, however, so absolutely on association and rhythm, and so very little on intrinsic signification, that on reading the words without reference to rhyme, we are astounded at the general admiration which these compositions have undoubtedly commanded. And from a review of the period during which the Latin hymns were the most rife, and the Psalms the most forgotten, we are not surprised at the statement of a very competent authority, that during all that time there did not appear more than two really considerable men in the whole republic of letters.* The East and the West were in the same sad predicament. Our readers will be startled by the following exhortation on the education of youth, given by such a man as Chrysostom,—an exhortation which illustrates the fatal readiness to discard the Scriptures and assume a manual of merely human origin, more enthusiastic and sentimental, which has manifested itself so often, so variously, so perseveringly, among Christians. "Teach your children to sing those psalms, so full of wisdom, which treat concerning purity of life, and above all others, that one in the beginning of the book which admonisheth us to avoid a communion with the ungodly. These, and many other things ye will find therein, concerning abstemiousness, covetousness, dishonesty, and the nothingness of riches and glory. When ye shall have instructed them in these things from their childhood, ye may, by degrees, lead them to things higher. *The Psalms treat of man: the hymns, on the other hand, treat only of God.* When they have learned the Psalms, they may proceed to the hymns as to something holier; for the superior powers sing not psalms, but hymns."† This exhortation was certainly obeyed, and

the consequences were tremendous. The Word of God had to give place to something which men accounted holier!

I have not at present to trace the decline of correct literary taste in the Western empire, but only to notice the fact, as it accounts for a feature in the history of psalmody. It was no accidental coincidence that the decay of classical purity and intellectual vigour was coeval with the profuse production of inferior hymns in the Christian Church; neither was it an accidental coincidence that the revival of classical learning and the consequent return to a higher standard of taste and thought in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were coeval with the rejection of such productions and the restoration of the Psalms of David to their ancient and rightful place. This is a most interesting topic, which still awaits the study and attention of any author combining piety with erudition. Such a writer would easily show that every diminution of regard for the Psalms, as the chief and regulating manual of divine praise, has betokened an unhealthy condition of intellectual and spiritual life.

Before passing to other matters, we may mention that, in the early rivalry which, for a time, existed between the Psalms and the hymns of uninspired composition, it was observed that a solemn and dignified method of praise was confined to the Songs of Israel, but that the hymns were sung with intemperate and most indecent noise.* And it is also worthy of notice that the council of Laodicea imposed silence on the congregation during the time of praise, and suffered no person whatever to join in the music except the individual whose special office it was to sing.† It thus appears that the silence of some congregations, and the ill-regulated noise of others, in the present day, have both, equally, and with other ecclesiastical corruptions, a clear warrant from antiquity.

The venerable Bede informs us that

* Hallam, chap. IX.

† Neander's *Life of Chrysostom*, Translated by Stapleton, p. 410.

* Augustine, Ep. 119.

† Concl. Laod. c. 15.

after the arrival of Theodore in England, in 669, all the churches of the English began to learn sacred music according to the Gregorian Song.* And it is suggested that the chief, if not the only qualification of the person ordained about that date to the see of Rochester, was "his extraordinary skill in the Roman style of Church music, which he had learned from the disciples of the holy Pope Gregory." Indeed, this bishop, who was named Putta, retired to Lichfield after his church had been robbed by the Mercians, and betook himself to the congenial occupation of an itinerant teacher of music.† At this period, in every country of Europe, music was receiving an attention which fatally interfered with more serious and important studies. A proficiency in the art of singing, though restricted to the poor range of the Gregorian tones, was not only accounted a distinguished excellence, but was regarded as a miraculous gift of the Holy Ghost. The same state of things continued for several centuries; and the monkish legends are full of wonders effected by sacred song. Bede relates with devout minuteness the particulars of a vision in the monastery of Barking when the sisters were singing,‡ and vouches for the truth of a report that the chains fell from the limbs of a captive, and that all his enemies could not bind him during the time that his brother was singing in the monastery of Tunnacester.§ In the lists also of sacred books in the middle ages, there is continual reference to the excellence and superiority of the hymns to every other composition. One ecclesiastical dignitary, in the twelfth century, comments on the inelegance and imbecility of the translation of the Psalms in failing to render them into metre, and refers, with exultation, to his book of hymns. In the catalogue of his works with which Bede concludes his history, among the many translations and treatises on various parts of Scripture, the omission of the Psalms is remarkable, but perhaps it is accounted for by the presence of a

work entitled, "A Book of Hymns in several sorts of Metre or Rhyme."

Had the Psalms been translated into the language of each people, in such a form as would have promoted and assisted congregational praise, and been easily committed to memory, it is scarcely possible to believe that the sad religious characteristics of the dark ages would have been witnessed. These sacred songs, by their intrinsic and incomparable excellence, by their piety and spiritual devotion, would have fostered the intelligent piety of the people, and educated them to spiritual wants and aspirations which nothing human could have satisfied, and which would have refused to listen to the empty strains of the monkish rhymes. We have all witnessed the influence of national songs, and have acknowledged their power in the guidance and development of national character. If it were given us to analyse the politics and prejudices of a family or a village—if it were possible to trace to its sources the loyalty of a tribe, or the patriotism of a rural people, we would probably discover that such qualities had owed more to the burden of a song, with its homely and dear associations, than to the force of any argument whatever. The Scottish history of 1715 and 1745, requires its chapter on Scottish music. Now the influence of the songs of Israel dwelling in the memory, and recurring with all the charm of sacred music amid the business of the day, and the meditations of the twilight, would have done in religion what other songs have done in politics,—would have kept hold of the Scriptures, and demanded for the people the whole counsel of God. From these considerations we are deeply impressed with the conviction that there is no subject of ecclesiastical cognizance which needs a higher discrimination, a more sensitive delicacy, and a more chastened and severe wisdom, than the providing of those sacred songs, in which the devotional praise of Christian families and congregations is to find utterance. These songs will infuse their spirit, and their very blemishes, into the religion of the

* B. IV. 2.

† B. IV. 12.

‡ B. IV. 7.

§ B. IV. 22.

people. Their sentimentality, their want of reverence, their intellectual poverty, their mystical terms, their insobriety of thought or phrase, will all be reproduced in the spiritual character of the worshippers, and even with an orthodox creed, will develop an unhealthy Christianity. The value and importance of the inspired book of Psalms, and of any fair metrical version of it, are therefore very evident and very great. Its special influence for good has been incalculable. The reformation in France, as well as in Scotland, was mightily aided and promoted by metrical versions of Psalms, which the people possessed, in their own language, and which they sung in the family circle.* To this day do we not observe the happy influence of the metrical Psalms on the hearts and minds of aged and infirm Christians, who, though unable now to read the Word of God for themselves, and to go up with the multitude to keep solemn holy day, yet nurse their piety in their loneliness, by repeating the psalms which they had sung so often, and which were so eloquent of the Gospel of Christ? These psalms are a well of water within them, springing up into eternal life. Throughout the long and dreary night of the middle ages, the few indications of spiritual life which gladden the wistful inquirer, seem mostly awakened at the strains of David's harp. As early as the sixth century, the disciples of Columba, in the lone island of Iona, fostered their faith by carefully transcribing the Psalter. It is told of a copy which a Culdee had made for his own devotional use, and given to Columba for revision, that it was pronounced faultless, with the exception of a single letter. The piety of Margaret, the enlightened and good queen of Malcolm III., chiefly gathered its power and gave expression to its aspirations in the Psalms of David. In the British Museum there is a Roman psalter, with an interlinear Saxon translation. The psalter itself is said to have been the gift of Gregory, to the first archbishop of Canterbury; and the translation which was carefully inserted tells its own tale. It is known

that in the eighth century there were two distinct Saxon translations of the Psalms,—the one by Aldhelm of Sherborne, and the other by Guthlac, the first Saxon anchorite. But it is more than doubtful that these versions were never used to any practical purpose. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people, when Alfred entered on his reign. He asserts that at that period there were very few men in England who could understand their daily prayers in *English*, or translate any letter from the Latin.* He was himself engaged in translating the Psalms into the language of his people, but the pious and enlightened task was unfinished when he died. Old Stowe records in his Chronicle, that "Alfred carried ever the psalter in his bosom, that when he had any leisure he might read it over with diligence."†

My readers may be pleased to see a specimen of one of the old metrical versions in Anglo-Saxon. I therefore close this sheet with an extract of part of the first psalm, from a version as old as the thirteenth century, preserved in the university of Cambridge. As they look on the uncouth words, the early development of their own language, they should also bear in mind, that these lines happily express the meaning of the Psalmist, and gave utterance to the devotion of Christians in this land, six hundred years ago. The words still live, but he who wrote them has for ages been unknown!

Seli beern that nonht is zop
 In the red of wichked man,
 And in strete of sinful nouth he stod
 Ne set in sete of scorn ungodde:
 Both in lawe of Louerd his wille be ay
 And his lawe yinke he night and day.
 And al his lif, so sal he be
 Als it faris be a tre
 Yat strom of wattris sittis nere
 Yat gyyis his fruyte in time of yere
 And lif of him to dreue ne sal
 Quat so he dos sal found feel al,
 Nout so wichked men, nout so
 But als wind yat dust erye cast fro.

* Spelman, Vit. Alfred, Appendix.

† Chronicle, p. 80.

(To be continued.)

* M'Crie's *Life of Knox*.

RELIGION IN COMMON LIFE.*

It is a mere waste of space for us to criticise this sermon. It has not only received the approval of the sovereign, but also of the nation, which has corroborated her judgment as to its merits. For ourselves, we may be permitted to express our deep and unalloyed thankfulness that the Established Church of Scotland has the most popular living preacher within her pale, and that the Queen of Britain has heard him preach such a sermon, and has had the Christian sense and piety to command its publication. Its circulation has been immense, and its praise has resounded, without one discordant note, among all the Churches. Our earnest prayer and glad hope is, that this splendid success will but lead to a still deeper humility in Mr. Caird's own spirit, and therefore to a higher glory still in all his future labours.

Let us occupy our short space in giving a few characteristic specimens of the sermon, all of which we would willingly embody in our pages if we could. We hope, however, that a cheap edition will be published for the masses. The text is:—"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," Rom. xii. 11.

FALSE IDEA OF RELIGION.

"Keen for this world, yet not willing to lose all hold on the next—eager for the advantages of time, yet not prepared to abandon all religion and stand by the consequences, there is a very numerous class who attempt to compromise the matter—to treat religion and the world like two creditors whose claims cannot both be liquidated, by compounding with each for a share—though in this case a most disproportionate share—of their time and thought. 'Everything in its own place!' is the tacit reflection of such men. 'Prayers, sermons, holy reading'—they will scarcely venture to add 'God'—are for Sundays; but week-days are for the sober business, the real, practical affairs of life. Enough if we give the Sunday to our religious duties; we cannot be always praying and reading the Bible. Well enough for clergymen and good persons who have nothing else to

do, to attend to religion through the week; but for us, we have other and more practical matters to mind.' And so the result is, that religion is made altogether a Sunday thing—a robe too fine for common wear, but taken out solemnly on state occasions, and solemnly put past when the state occasion is over. Like an idler in a crowded thoroughfare, religion is jostled aside in the daily throng of life, as if it had no business there. Like a needful yet disagreeable medicine, men will be content to take it now and then, for their soul's health, but they cannot, and will not, make it their daily fare—the substantial and staple nutriment of their life."

TRUE RELIGION.

"The idea of religion which is set forth in the text, as elsewhere in Scripture, is quite different from any of these notions. The text speaks as if the most diligent attention to our worldly business were not by any means incompatible with spirituality of mind and serious devotion to the service of God. It seems to imply that religion is not so much a duty, as a something that has to do with all duties—not a tax to be paid periodically and got rid of at other times, but a ceaseless, all-pervading, inexhaustible tribute to Him who is not only the object of religious worship, but the end of our very life and being. It suggests to us the idea that piety is not for Sundays only, but for all days; that spirituality of mind is not appropriate to one set of actions and an impertinence and intrusion with reference to others, but, like the act of breathing, like the circulation of the blood, like the silent growth of the stature, a process that may be going on simultaneously with all our actions—when we are busiest as when we are idlest; in the church, in the world; in solitude, in society; in our grief and in our gladness; in our toil and in our rest; sleeping, waking; by day, by night—amidst all the engagements and exigencies of life. For you perceive that in one breath—as duties not only not incompatible, but necessarily and inseparably blended with each other—the text exhorts us to be at once 'not slothful in business,' and 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'"

RELIGION IS THE ART OF BEING, AND OF DOING GOOD.

"To be an adept in it, is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and

* *Religion in Common Life*: a Sermon, by the Rev. John Caird, M.A., Minister of Errol. Published by Her Majesty's Command. Edinburgh: William Blackwood and Sons. 1855.

deed. And the school for learning this art is, not the closet, but the world,—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficient, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world,—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries, and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is, therefore, an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that, whatever he writes, he learn to write *well*. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution is everything. It is true indeed that prayer, holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church, are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop become not more abundant. They are, in short, but means to an end—good, only in so far as they help us to be good and to do good—to glorify God and do good to man; and that end can perhaps best be attained by him whose life is a busy one, whose avocations bear him daily into contact with his fellows, into the intercourse of society, into the heart of the world.”

RELIGION CONSISTS, NOT SO MUCH IN DOING SPIRITUAL OR SACRED ACTS, AS IN DOING SECULAR ACTS FROM A SACRED OR SPIRITUAL MOTIVE.

“There is a very common tendency in our minds to classify actions according to their outward form, rather than according to the spirit or motive which pervades them. Literature is sometimes arbitrarily divided into ‘sacred’ and ‘profane’ literature, history into ‘sacred’ and ‘profane’ history,—in which classification the term ‘profane’ is applied, not to what is bad or unholy, but to everything that is not technically sacred or religious—to all literature that does not treat of religious doctrines and duties, and to all history save church history. And we are very apt to apply

the same principle to actions. Thus, in many pious minds there is a tendency to regard all the actions of common life as so much, by an unfortunate necessity, lost to religion. Prayer, the reading of the Bible and devotional books, public worship—and buying, selling, digging, sowing, bartering, money-making, are separated into two distinct, and almost hostile, categories. The religious heart and sympathies are thrown entirely into the former, and the latter are barely tolerated as a bondage incident to our fallen state, but almost of necessity tending to turn aside the heart from God.

“But what God hath cleansed, why should we call common or unclean? The tendency in question, though founded on right feeling, is surely a mistaken one. For it is to be remembered that moral qualities reside not in actions, but in the agent who performs them, and that it is the spirit or motive from which we do any work that constitutes it base or noble, worldly or spiritual, secular or sacred.”

“And as the mind constitutes high or low, so secular or spiritual. A life spent amidst holy things may be intensely secular; a life the most of which is passed in the thick and throng of the world, may be holy and divine. A minister, for instance, preaching, praying, ever speaking holy words and performing sacred acts, may be all the while doing actions no more holy than those of the printer who prints Bibles, or of the bookseller who sells them; for, in both cases alike, the whole affair may be nothing more than a trade. Nay, the comparison tells worse for the former, for the secular trade is innocent and commendable, but the trade which traffics and tampers with holy things is, beneath all its mock solemnity, ‘earthly, sensual, devilish.’ So, to adduce one other example, the public worship of God is holy work: no man can be living a holy life who neglects it. But the public worship of God may be—and with multitudes who frequent our churches is—degraded into work most worldly, most unholy, most distasteful to the great Object of our homage. He ‘to whom all hearts be open, all desires known,’ discerns how many of you have come hither to-day from the earnest desire to hold communion with the Father of spirits, to open your hearts to Him, to unburden yourselves in His loving presence of the cares and crosses that have been pressing hard upon you through the past week, and by common prayer and praise, and the hearing of His holy Word, to gain fresh incentive and energy for the prosecution of His work

in the world; and how many, on the other hand, from no better motive, perhaps, than curiosity or old habit, or regard to decency and respectability, or the mere desire to get rid of yourselves and pass a vacant hour that would hang heavy on your hands. And who can doubt that, where such motives as these prevail, to the piercing, unerring inspection of Him whom outwardly we seem to reverence, not the market-place, the exchange, the counting-room appears a place more intensely secular—not the most reckless and riotous festivity, a scene of more unhallowed levity, than is presented by the House of Prayer!

“But, on the other hand, carry holy principles with you into the world, and the world will become hallowed by their presence. A Christ-like spirit will Christianise everything it touches. A meek heart, in which the altar-fire of love to God is burning, will lay hold of the commonest, rudest things in life, and transmute them, like coarse fuel at the touch of fire, into a pure and holy flame. Religion in the soul will make all the work and toil of life—its gains and losses, friendships, rivalries, competitions—its manifold incidents and events—the means of religious advancement. Marble or coarse clay, it matters not much with which of these the artist works, the touch of genius transforms the coarser material into beauty, and lends to the finer a value it never had before. Lofty or lowly, rude or refined, as our earthly work may be, it will become to a holy mind only the material for an infinitely nobler than all the creations of genius—a pure and godlike life. To spiritualise what is material, to Christianise what is secular—this is the noble achievement of Christian principle. If you are a sincere Christian, it will be your great desire, by God’s grace, to bring every gift, talent, occupation of life, every word you speak, every action you do, under the control of Christian motive. Your conversation may not always—nay, may seldom, save with intimate friends—consist of formally religious words; you may perhaps shrink from the introduction of religious topics in general society; but it demands a less amount of Christian effort occasionally

to speak religious words, than to infuse the spirit of religion into all our words; and if the whole tenor of your common talk be pervaded by a spirit of piety, gentleness, earnestness, sincerity, it will be Christian conversation not the less. If God has endowed you with intellectual gifts, it may be well if you directly devote them to His service in the religious instruction of others; but a man may be a Christian thinker and writer as much when giving to science, or history, or biography, or poetry, a Christian tone and spirit, as when composing sermons or writing hymns. To promote the cause of Christ directly, by furthering every religious and missionary enterprise at home and abroad, is undoubtedly your duty; but remember that your duty terminates not when you have done all this, for you may promote Christ’s cause even still more effectually when in your daily demeanour—in the family, in society, in your business transactions, in all your common intercourse with the world, you are diffusing the influence of Christian principle around you by the silent eloquence of a holy life. Rise superior, in Christ’s strength, to all equivocal practices and advantages in trade; shrink from every approach to meanness or dishonesty; let your eye, fixed on a reward before which earthly wealth grows dim, beam with honour; let the thought of God make you self-restrained, temperate, watchful over speech and conduct; let the abiding sense of Christ’s redeeming love to you make you gentle, self-denied, kind, and loving to all around you;—then indeed will your secular life become spiritualised, whilst, at the same time, your spiritual life will grow more fervent; then not only will your prayers become more devout, but when the knee bends not, and the lip is silent, the life in its heavenward tone will ‘pray without ceasing;’ then from amidst the roar and din of earthly toil the ear of God will hear the sweetest anthems rising; then, finally, will your daily experience prove that it is no high and unattainable elevation of virtue, but a simple and natural thing, to which the text points, when it bids us be both ‘diligent in business’ and ‘fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.’”

“NO MORE SIN!”

Nor long ago, within an humble dwelling in one of our large towns, there lay a Christian sufferer, patiently awaiting his Lord’s summons. He was a young man,

of about twenty years of age. He was the only surviving child of his mother, and she was a widow. Many years of illness, many months of acute suffering,

had passed over him. His physical energy had gradually given way before long-continued sickness. Medicine could do him no more good. For some time after his illness had become serious, he had been able to employ his silent hours in reading, and then, as in his days also of comparative health, his Bible and other religious books were his chosen companions,—but now his eyes had become too weak for the exertion; even speech had become difficult to him. It was only too evident that the feeble lamp was quickly burning out.

A saddening sight it was for the mother to see her last remaining child drawing so certainly near to his departure. But even in her deepest sorrow, her heart was upheld by the sure conviction that her mourning would not be that of one who had no hope. She had early directed her son to his Saviour. During the long years of his illness, she had had ample opportunities of knowing how truly his heart was drawn towards God in faith and love. As his bodily strength waned, his spiritual character seemed to grow in vigour and earnestness. The outward man was perishing, but the inward man was being renewed day by day.

At the time we refer to, the patient lay silently gazing at the dull morning light, after a night of restlessness and pain. For some days previously he had said much to his mother of the wonderful mercies of the Lord,—mercies shown to him, so poor and unworthy a sinner,—and he had bitterly lamented that his heart was affected so little and so coldly by such loving-kindness. His request sometimes was that he should be prayed for,—and at other times, that the Lord should be praised on his behalf.

As he now lay in silence, a friend entered the house to inquire how he was. The sufferer turned to him, and with some difficulty replied, that he was “just looking forward, looking forward.” Shortly afterwards he was seized with a convulsive attack, which seemed likely to prove his last. On regaining his composure, he bade farewell to his mother and the friend, and in broken utterances exclaimed, “Oh, to be with Jesus!”

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,”—“Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!”—and then, raising his head from the pillow, he said, with a degree of earnestness with which he had never spoken in his days of health, “Oh, to be in heaven!—with Jesus!—no more sin! no more sin!” The friend standing by added, “Yes, there will be no sin there, and no more suffering;” whereupon the emaciated sufferer instantly broke in with, “Oh, what is suffering to sin? No more sin! no more sin!”

He lingered in life for two days longer, and then departed—to be with Christ, which is far better.

There is always something confirming and quickening to our faith in the knowledge that another human soul has passed into the presence of its Maker, supported in death by a simple reliance on the all-sufficient Saviour.

But in the case we have narrated, the particular which we would especially notice,—and for the sake of which we have deemed the case worthy of remark in these pages,—is, that in the view of passing into eternity, to be with Jesus, the spirit of the dying man was most of all filled with joy at this—that there was to be for him *no more sin*.

Reader, can you sympathize with such joy? Are you sure that sin is felt to be *your* chief affliction? Would the prospect of complete deliverance from it fill you with sincere rejoicing?

If you cannot honestly say that sin—sin *in you*—gives you much trouble or concern, be persuaded to consider calmly whether you yet know yourself. Do not be deceived by the suggestion that convictions of sin, and all anxiety about sin, are the proper experience only of those who have been flagrant offenders. The young man whose death-bed we have described was no flagrant sinner, in the view of the world. But the near prospect of eternity revealed things in their true light to him, and it may do the same to you. It was enough to weigh down his spirit, that his afflictions were cold towards God his Saviour—his Lord, his life, his all. He knew this to be the fruit of a sinful nature. Even while he rejoiced in

the free salvation in Jesus, and magnified the gracious loving-kindness of God his Saviour, he could not forget his own native vileness,—that enmity of the heart which, in so far as it had power within him, prevented him from ever perfectly knowing, perfectly loving, and perfectly praising God.

This, indeed, may well be a chief concern to us at our dying hour. In our day of health, the world looks very fair. Its honours, its riches, its pleasures, its friendships, seem well worth striving after; and our hearts are only too prone to seek contentment in them. But all these will have few attractions to us by and by. Whether we shall have succeeded in winning the world or not, will be of little consequence to us when we have to confront death. The question *then* will be,—not, what of friends now, what of honours and enjoyments, what of riches or learning, what of hopes or disappointments, what of cares or of poverty—nay, nor what of sufferings—all these things must be parted with, and in so far as they have related to this world only, they must lose all their interest to us at death,—but the question will be, **WHAT OF SIN?**—what of that accursed thing, lying now in our heart of hearts, which, if it is still to abide with us, will for ever separate us from God!

The young man, whose case we have described, had been a sufferer in the body to a degree not often experienced. For many years he had not known good health, for months he had not known relief from pain. But, taught of God, he made no account of temporal sufferings when he stood on the threshold of eternity—he was longing then for a greater deliverance,—“What are sufferings to sin? No more sin!”

Ah! truly, *Sin is the sting of death.*

Reader! as you value your soul's everlasting peace, consider these things; consider them in the light of that eternity to which, we trust, you are not unfrequently “looking forward.”

And consider, at the same time, the blessed tidings of salvation—that while “the Scripture hath concluded all under

sin,” yet Jesus “has been manifested to take away our sins.”

If these have not yet been found blessed tidings to you,—if you are not now living with anticipations of heaven's holiness,—if you cannot rise to any sympathy with the earnest rejoicing of the dying man in looking forward to deliverance from sin,—Oh give yourself no peace until it be otherwise with you! Pray that your blindness may be removed, and that you may see that even to *you*—whoever and whatever you be—a free salvation is offered. Thus may you be enabled, while feeling that “the sting of death is sin,” to add with joy, “but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

C.

FATHER, when Thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me Thy love display.

Let me willingly surrender
Life to Thee, its gracious lender;
Can I find a friend more tender?
Why should I wish to stay?

Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token
That for me the word is spoken,
“Thy sins are washed away.”

When each well-known face concealing
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing;
Then, thy gracious smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day.

When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that prest me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away.

When, in silent awe suspended,
They, who long my couch have tended,
Weeping, wish that all were ended,
Oh! hear them when they pray.

When my soul, no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then, with wings of mercy covering,
Be Thou Thyself my way.

C. E.

In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every *other* word you have written; you have no idea what *vigour* it will give your style.—*Sidney Smith.*

SHORT SERMONS FOR CHILDREN.

No. IV.

"OUR FATHER."

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—God wishes you to love Him, because "God is love," and your Father, and He made you to be like himself, and to enjoy himself for ever.

Think of this—*God is your Father!*

God made all things. He made this great world, with its wide and deep seas, which the swiftest ships take months to sail over,—with high mountains, on whose tops no human foot has ever trod,—and islands and countries far away, many of which no human eye has ever yet seen. God has made the heavens;—the sun, which is so large that thousands of worlds as large as ours, moulded into one, would not equal it in size,—and all the countless stars, so great that hundreds you see, like diamonds sparkling in the sky, are each much bigger than this world. "Who can understand all His mighty works?" No one can do so. "They are past finding out." But you can understand this much of God himself as to know, dear children, that He, the great Creator, is *your Father*.

God has not only made, but also *preserves all living things*. Had you been born in the time of Adam and Eve, and had you lived on earth until now, and been every day travelling over it, you would know but very few of the millions of people in it. Yet God knows every person everywhere! He knows at this moment what all the angels and saints in heaven, and Satan, the wicked one, and all his followers, are thinking about, and what is in your heart and the heart of every child in the world. He remembers, too, every word that any boy or girl ever spoke long ago in the streets of Nineveh, Babylon, or Jerusalem. He is also at this moment seeing and looking after the people in Africa, India, or America, in every Highland glen, in every city and village, and those who are wandering among the ice mountains near the North Pole, or sailing over the distant ocean. He thus knows every one in the whole

world, as well as all who have left the world since it was made and are alive somewhere else. In Him they all live, move, and have their being. "Such knowledge is too wonderful for us." But it is true, and should make you glad, for God sees you, and knows you, and thinks of you, as if you were alone with himself in the world, for this God is your *Father*.

God not only sees and preserves human beings who can love Him, but He is so great and good that *He takes care of all creatures great and small*. If any of us were to get a few birds and fish, and a very few other animals of different kinds to feed and preserve, we would find how difficult it was to do this. But God, every day and hour, for thousands of years, feeds all the fish, big and little, in all the lakes, and rivers, and oceans of the world,—all the countless millions of beasts that roam over the earth, in burning deserts, dark forests, wild mountains, or among frost and snow,—all the endless flocks of birds that live on sea or land,—all the insects that creep or fly,—all the creatures which are so small that thousands can live and move about in a spoonful of water. Yes! God sees and preserves them all! And this God is *your Father*, and says to you: "Behold the birds of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap or gather into barns, yet *your heavenly Father* feedeth them; are ye not much better than they?" Now, dear children, when you go out and look at the world, and see the green fields covered with plants and beautiful flowers, all kept so fresh and clean with God's rain, which the clouds draw from the ocean and pour down upon them as they need it, and all kept alive and warm by the sun,—or when you observe the lovely picture of woods, streams, lakes, mountains, seas, with the sky overhead, blue by day or full of stars at night,—when you watch the numbers of living things that you see everywhere, all so healthy and happy, or

the living persons, old and young, that are moving about, whom God wishes to love and enjoy himself for ever, say to yourselves: "My Father made all these persons, creatures, and things, and He sees us all, knows us all, and loves us all." Should not this thought make you happy, and draw out your hearts to God, the Father Almighty, "maker of the heavens and of the earth?" Read what the good King David said of this God, how much he admired His works, and how happy he was in His presence, (Psalms 104 and 139.)

But I dare say you have felt afraid of God, and did not like, therefore, to think of Him as David did. Perhaps I know why you were afraid. Was it because you felt somehow that you had not been caring for Him, or trying to please Him, but only thinking about yourselves, and trying to please yourselves, as if God was not your Maker, Master, or Father? If so, nothing can be so bad as not to love God, for He is the best of all, and most glorious and most worthy to be loved of all. I do not wonder that when you thought how wicked it was not to love God, that you said, as it were in your hearts: "I am sure God is angry with me, and I fear He will punish me, and it makes me unhappy when I think of Him." And perhaps you tried at last not to think of Him. Oh! what hard thoughts these were against God, your own Father! What if He did not think of you? What if He had not cared for you? How good, then, He must be, when, in spite of all our sins, He is still our Father! Now, my dear children, God says, as it were, to you: "You do not know me if you do not love me; for if you did know me truly, you could not but love me." For, as we read: "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love. There is no fear in love."

But perhaps you say, "It is quite true that we have been often afraid of God, though we have said with our lips, 'Our Father who art in heaven,' for we felt we had sinned against Him. But we would like to know Him better, so as to love Him more; tell us how that may be." I shall do so gladly, my dear

children, and answer your question, which is just like the one put by Philip: "Shew us the Father and it sufficeth us;" that is, let us see our Father's face that we may know and love Him.

Now, dear children, God has spoken to us, and shewed himself to us in many more ways than you can yet fully understand; but all I would remind you of at present is this, that Jesus Christ, of whom you have heard and read, and who is your brother and Saviour, is one with God; and Jesus came to the world to shew to us our Father. Remember, then, when you read of the words Jesus spoke, and the things He did, say to yourselves:

Now all this was just God my Father speaking to me, and working before my eyes." Yes, dear children! The love of Jesus is just the same as the love of God. When Jesus says, "Come to me," God also says it. When Jesus takes up little children into His arms and blesses them, you see in this the tenderness and goodness of God. And, therefore, when you know and love Jesus, you see and love God; for "He and the Father are one."

Say, then: "Almighty Creator of the heavens and the earth, I adore Thee as my Father! Thou art everywhere present, and Thou seest and knowest me Thy child. 'Thou preservest man and beast,' and Thou preservest me, and in Thee I live, and move, and have my being. Father! I am ashamed to think how I have forgotten Thee, and been a self-willed and ungrateful child. I thank Thee for Thy patience, and for sending Thy Son into the world to teach me to know Thee, and to die for all our sins. God, my Father, forgive me for Christ's sake, and enable me to be obedient and loving to Thee as was Jesus Christ, Thy well beloved Son, my Saviour and my brother! Amen." N.

The Gospel has exercised a powerful, though an unacknowledged, and, perhaps, an unperceived influence even on the minds of those who reject it; they have drunk at that stream of knowledge, which they cannot, or will not, trace up to the real source from whence it flows.—*Whateley.*

"STRONG IN HIM."—FOR THE YOUNG.

I AM going to tell you, my young readers, about a boy of eleven years of age, whom I visited, not long ago, when he was dying. Now you must not think that all good children become sick and die, for this would almost make you frightened to become good, because you wish, of course, if it pleases God, that you should be in health, and live long and happily in the world. There is nothing wrong in your wishing this, and I hope God may grant you so great a blessing, as He has done to many; for there have been thousands, and tens of thousands, who began very early in life to serve God, and who continued to do so, getting wiser, and better, and happier, as they grew older, and who have lived long, and died at last surrounded by every comfort and many friends. See how good in early youth were such men as Joseph, Moses, Samuel, Daniel, Timothy, &c., as well as great numbers whose names we do not know, who lived long, and "grew up in favour with God and men." But what I wish you to see is, how one may be very peaceful and happy, although it may be God's will that they shall suffer much pain of body, and die when they are young.

The boy James M., who is the subject of my story, was, for some time, in a junior Sabbath class taught by a friend of mine, who was very fond of him for his gentle manners, attention to his lessons, regular attendance, and kindness of disposition. James was at last seized with a severe disease in his neck, which confined him nearly three years to the house, and often to his bed. He gradually got worse, and all the while suffered so much pain, that it often amounted to agony; yet his sweet temper did not leave him, and he was greatly beloved by his poor parents, who were from the Highlands, and had very sore hearts as they saw their boy getting worse and worse, without any doctor being able to heal him or give him the least relief. The Bible and prayer were the chief sources of James' comfort. He

did not *pretend* to like them, or wish to make any show of them, so that people might say, he was a good boy; this would have been vain and deceitful. But neither was he *ashamed* to be seen reading his Bible, or to ask, as he often did, in the middle of the night, when he could not sleep with pain, his parents to read aloud to him. James really believed and knew God as his Father, and Jesus as his Saviour, and he liked to hear about them, and also to turn his face to the wall, and to shut his eyes and speak to them in prayer, telling all his wants, and opening his whole heart. Now, all this time I had never seen James, but only heard from his teacher what a sincere, good, Christian boy he was. But that teacher at last came to me one day to tell that he believed little M. was dying, and that, as the minister whom his parents attended was from home, he hoped I would go and pray with the boy. I of course instantly went. When I entered the lowly dwelling, I saw a mass of clothes in a bed, with a woman bending over them in grief. It was the mother with her dying boy. I will not describe to you the signs of suffering visible there, the blood and the wounds which were on that little body! I drew near, and at last discovered the pale face, with expressive blue eyes, looking quietly upon me. He was so weak that it was difficult for him to speak; I therefore spent the time I had praying with him and reading a short passage of Scripture, reminding him of the love of his Father and Saviour which never changes, and was much greater than even his mother's love, and was able to guide him in perfect peace and safety through the dark valley and shadow of death. Before parting, I bent over him and asked him how he was, telling him how much I felt for him. The only words I ever heard him speak, were these into my ear: "*I feel very strong in Him!*" What precious words were those! "Strong in Him!" Yes, pained, weak, and dying child! thou wert indeed stronger than all the fleets and

armies in the world! Thy strength was the omnipotence of Jesus, who overcame the world, conquered death and the grave, ascended up on high, and obtained all power in heaven and earth, for the weakest, youngest, and poorest of His people!

"Strong in Him!" I entered that home wearied in body and anxious in mind, but I gained strength and comfort from the lips of that weak and distressed child who was the stronger of the two. Often, I can say with truth, have his words come to me amidst the difficulties and struggles of life, and his quiet blue eyes have looked at me and cheered me, like the flowers seen by the fainting traveller in the desert, and the child has helped me to find peace where he found it, and to be "strong in Him."

Oh! could we but learn that lesson, we would be strong indeed!—fit for any duty, any trial between us and glory. To be strong in Him has been the secret of all the strength which has ever been enjoyed by God's people since the world began. They have all heard and known that "strength belongeth unto the Lord."

Moses was strong when he vanquished the Egyptians; but, said he, "*The Lord is my strength and my song.*" David was strong when he was "delivered out of the hands of all his enemies," but he confessed, "*God is my strength and power.*" The prophets were men of strength and power, and feared not the face of man. But what said Isaiah?—"The Lord Jehovah is my strength." What said Jeremiah?—"O Lord, my strength, my refuge, my fortress in the day of affliction!" What said Habakkuk?—"The Lord God is my strength!" The apostles were men of strength and power, what said they?

"I can do all things," says Paul—how? "*through Christ that strengtheneth me!*"

Reader! seek to understand what it is to be strong in God. Never forget that with Him "is everlasting strength," that "strength belongeth unto God." Remember, too, that this strength is for all who will avail themselves of it. "The God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power." To each man He says, "*Let him take hold of my strength,*" "*Be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might,*" and promises that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," and "go on from strength to strength."

Do not complain of, but feel your weakness; "for when you are weak then are you strong." We become strong as giants when we trust God as little children, and we become weak as infants when we trust ourselves as if we were giants; for "God perfects His strength in our weakness." And when we fall, it may always be said of us: "This is the man who made not the Lord his strength."

Little James died the night I saw him. "Strong in Him," he was conducted in perfect safety and perfect peace through the valley and shadow of death. "Strong in Him," he passed from the pained body, the poor home, the kind parents, to his Father, and his Father's home, in heaven, where "there shall be no more pain." And there he is, and there he shall ever be, in joy and glory, because with all the saints and angels he is "strong in Him" for ever.

Thanks for God's teaching from the meek and lowly ones! Verily "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength!" N.

SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

An admirable and most interesting volume has been published last month, by Mr. Stanley,—known to so many as

* *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: John Murray. 1866. Pp. lvi. 536.

the biographer of Dr. Arnold,—upon Sinai and Palestine. We shall return to this volume in our next number. In the meantime, we think it better to occupy the little space we have, in giving a few extracts from fragments of his tour in Egypt, communicated more fully in let-

ture to his friends, and which belongs merely to the introductory portion of the volume:—

EGYPT.

The eastern sky was red with the early dawn: we were on the broad waters of the Nile—or rather, its Rosetta branch. The first thing which struck me was its size. Greater than the Rhine, Rhone, or Danube, one perceives what a sea-like stream it must have appeared to Greeks and Italians, who had seen nothing larger than the narrow and precarious torrents of their own mountains and valleys. As the light broke, its colour gradually revealed itself,—brown like the Tiber, only of a darker and richer hue—no strong current, only a slow, vast, volume of water, mild and beneficent as his statue in the Vatican, steadily flowing on between its two almost uniform banks, which rise above it much like the banks of a canal, though in some places with terraces or strips of earth, marking the successive stages of the flood.

These banks form the horizon on either side, and therefore you can have no notion of the country beyond; but they are varied by a succession of eastern scenes—villages of mud, like ant-hills, with human beings creeping about, like ants, except in numbers and activity—mostly, however, distinguished by the minaret of a well-built mosque, or the white oven-like dome of a sheikh's tomb; mostly, also, screened by a grove of palms, sometimes intermixed with feathery tamarisks, and the thick foliage of the carob-tree or the sycamore. Verdure, where it is visible, is light green, but the face of the bank is usually brown. Along the top of the banks move, like scenes in a magic lantern, and as if cut out against the sky, groups of Arabs, with their two or three asses, a camel, or a buffalo.

THE OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

This is the first obelisk I have seen standing in its proper place, and there it has stood for nearly four thousand years. It is the oldest known in Egypt, and therefore in the world,—the father of all that have arisen since. It was raised about a century before the coming of Joseph; it has looked down on his marriage with Asenath; it has seen the growth of Moses; it is mentioned by Herodotus; Plato sat under its shadow; of all the obelisks which sprung up around it, it alone has kept its first position. One by one, it has seen its sons and brothers depart to great destinies elsewhere. From these gardens came the obelisks of the Lateran, of the Vatican, and of the Porta del Popolo; and this venerable pillar (for so it looks from a distance) is now almost the only landmark of the great seat of the wisdom of Egypt.

Immediately above the brown and blue waters of the broad, calm, lake-like river, rises a thick, black bank of clod or mud, mostly in terraces green—unutterably green—mostly at the top of these banks, though sometimes creeping down to the water's edge, lies the Land of Egypt. Green—unbroken, save by the mud villages which here and there lie in the midst of the ver-

dure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet; or by the dykes and channels which convey the life-giving waters through the thirsty land. This is the Land of Egypt, and this is the memorial of the yearly flood. Up those black terraces, over those green fields, the water rises and descends;

“Et videm Egyptum signa fecundat arena”

And not only when the flood is actually there, but throughout the whole year, is water continually ascending through innumerable wheels worked by naked figures, as the Israelites of old “in the service of the field,” and then flowing on in gentle rills through the various allotments. To the seeds of these green fields, to the fishes of the wide river, is attached another natural phenomenon, which I never saw equalled:—the numbers numberless, of all manner of birds—vultures, and cormorants, and geese, flying like constellations through the blue heavens; pelicans standing in long array on the water side; hoopoes and zicacs, and the (so-called) white ibis, the gentle symbol of the god Osiris in his robes of white, walking under one's very feet.

COLOSSAL STATUES OF THEBES.

No written account has given me an adequate impression of the effect, past and present, of the colossal figures of the Kings. What spires are to a modern city,—what the towers of a cathedral are to its nave and choir,—that the statues of the Pharaohs were to the streets and temples of Thebes. The ground is strewn with their fragments: there were avenues of them towering high above plain and houses. Three of gigantic size still remain. One was the granite statue of Rameses himself, who sat on the right side of the entrance to his palace. By some extraordinary catastrophe, the statue has been thrown down, and the Arabs have scooped their millstones out of his face, but you can still see what he was,—the largest statue in the world. Far and wide that enormous head must have been seen, eyes, mouth, and ears. Far and wide you must have seen his vast hands resting on his elephantine knees. You sit on his breast and look at the Osiride statues which support the portico of the temple, and which anywhere else would put to shame even the statues of the cherubs in St. Peter's—and they seem pigmies before him. His arm is thicker than their whole bodies. The only part of the temple or palace at all in proportion to him must have been the gateway, which rose in pyramidal towers, now broken down, and rolling in a wild ruin down to the plain.

Nothing which now exists in the world can give any notion of what the effect must have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it; but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object; Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the whole of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who

thus had raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men.

And when from the status you descend to the palace, the same impression is kept up. It is the earliest instance of the enshrinement in art of the historical glories of a nation, such as Versailles. Everywhere the King is conquering, worshipping, ruling. The Palace is the Temple—the king is priest. But everywhere the same colossal proportions are preserved. He and his horses are ten times the size of the rest of the army. Alike in battle and in worship he is of the same stature as the gods themselves. Most striking is the familiar gentleness with which—ones on each side—they take him by each hand, as one of their own order, and then in the next compartment introduce him to Ammon and the lion-headed goddess. Every distinction, except of degree, between divinity and royalty, is en-

tirely levelled, and the royal majesty is always represented by making the king, not like Saul or Agamemnon, from the head and shoulders, but from the foot and ankle upwards, higher than the rest of the people.

It carries one back to the days "when there were giants on the earth." It shows how the king, in that first monarchy, was the visible god upon earth. The only thing like it that has since been seen is the deification of the Roman emperors. No pure Monotheism could for a moment have been compatible with such an intense exaltation of the conquering king. "I am Pharaoh;" "By the life of Pharaoh;" "Say unto Pharaoh, Whom art thou like in thy greatness?" Gen. xli 4; xlii. 15, 16; Ezek. xxxi 2—all these expressions seem to acquire new life from the sight of this monster status.

A PEEP ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

(Concluded from page 244.)

I SHOULD like to end my "peep" in the old hall of the University of Leyden—to close my eyes gazing on the portraits on its walls—fall asleep, and awake anywhere except in a late debate of the General Assembly. But that is a matter of taste more than of principle; and to be fully awake in such circumstances would be rare in those days.

The portraits are of the great professors who, as members chiefly (I believe) of the theological faculty, have made Leyden illustrious since it became a university. Of course I requested my guide to withdraw, that, all alone, I might get a whiff from the past amidst the deep repose of that ghost-like old hall. There were profound scholars there, like Scalinger; men of science, like Boerhaave; and divines, like Arminius; and also, no doubt, the usual per centage of those whose names have gone amissing, except to antiquaries, among the dust of books and churchyards. Some easy men were there, with double chins and single wit, who transmitted faithfully to the next generation what they got from the past, all wrapped up in a white napkin, never opened by themselves, and who were awfully solemn in their rebukes of any student who profanely suggested an examination of the contents, lest they should have become mouldy by time and damp; and logical-looking men were there, with knit

brows and sharp noses, who had the faculty of proving to a demonstration points which no one either believed or could contradict; and weak, though proud-looking men were there, who made sonorousness pass for sense, orthodoxy for religion, and "dignified silence" the defence of their ignorance, and the graceful escape from their perplexities. There seemed to be God-loving men also among them, with giant brows and childlike eyes. Arminius—how good and mild he looked!—was there, with some of his followers, and Calvinists side by side. How these sects fought while on earth! and most zealously in that land of ditches, sluggish canals, wheeling windmills, and dead flats. Great often was their mutual hate, too, in arguing about the love of God to some or to all. There were martyrs in Holland to the five points, and the Synod of Dort was well-nigh as dogmatic and exclusive as the Council of Trent.

These good men are now in heaven. Looking at their portraits I was inclined to ask: "I wonder, fathers and brethren, if you even now understand the mysteries about which you divided families and churches? Are the decrees or foreknowledge yet comprehended by you in relation to man's responsibility and free will?"

Come, let us breathe the air! The figures begin to move on the walls, and we may have the dispute renewed, each

ready to begin where he left off, finding that no one since their day had thrown any additional light upon it. The Dutch Church is strictly Calvinistic in its creed. As to its practice, I believe fifty out of a thousand clergy, believe and preach the divinity of Christ. The Church has become the tomb of a dead Redeemer.

One word about Leyden before we leave it. It contains one of the most, if not the most, magnificent museums of natural history in the world. The great naturalist, Temminck, has helped greatly to arrange and enrich this superb collection. Professor Von A——'s family are not forgotten, but remembered with gratitude.

The Hague, or Gravenhagen, is unquestionably the most pleasing town in Holland. The park, with its massy noble trees, gives it a picturesqueness and beauty not found elsewhere. These trees are the mountain ranges of Holland. Except a few steeples, there is nothing higher.

There was the annual *kermis* or great fair the week I was there. It would be unprofitable to my readers to describe at any length those Dutch saturnalia. With a few exceptions, they were like every other of the same class; innumerable booths, many of them got up with wonderful taste and beauty, merchandises of all sorts, theatres, shows, horsemanship, giants and dwarfs, gambling, drinking, tons of toys, tubs of pickles, crowds of men, women, and children, dissipation of all sorts night and day. The Dutch are proverbially *douce*, sober, and formal; they have few amusements or excitements on week days; their Sabbaths are, outwardly, almost as well kept as in Scotland. But when such a holiday as a *kermis* comes round, it seems generally understood among the working classes, and even domestic servants, that a general indulgence is proclaimed for every vice. This is just what one would expect. It is so with many in Scotland on our new-year's days, and some of our fairs. Men will have amusement and excitement, as certain as the ocean will have its spring tides, and the world its summer flowers and summer songs. How

shall this inborn appetite be fed? Shall it be treated as a crime, and handed over to Satan; or shall it be made to minister to man's happiness according to God's will? Shall it be pent up until it gathers strength to burst all the barriers of law and decency, and rush in annual floods of wild and unbridled passion; or shall society recognise its necessity, perceive how full of goodness and benevolence it is, and adopt such wise plans as will run it off in gentle rills, week by week, or even day by day, to freshen and irrigate the earth, and make our fields more green and beautiful?

Those who can adjust the demand for excitement to the other and higher demands for man's nature and life, will confer an inestimable boon on society. All classes require their amusements to be reformed, not reduced; spread over, not concentrated; directed, not annihilated; and taken out of the kingdom of Satan and brought into the well ordered and beautifully balanced kingdom of Christ on earth. A danger from all extremes is to be found in their opposites. When the swing is highest on one side, look out for broken heads and falls on the other. One cause of the tendency to pervert the Sabbath from a holy day to a holiday, is the incessant toil, barren of hours of rest, and of all amusement and gentle excitement, during the week. The bouts of hard drinking indicate many previous days of parched thirst.

Let us leave the crowd of the fair, and go to Scheveling, on the sea-coast, about half-an-hour's drive from the Hague, and the only bathing quarters of the capital.

We drove along a road straight as an arrow, with trees on each side, and at the end of which was a village intensely red, nestled beneath a ridge of sandhills, which sheltered it from the ocean. We ascended these *dunes*, and reached a café on the sea-side, which sprung out of the sand like an Egyptian tomb, and almost as empty of living inhabitants. The day was cold, and the whole prospect intensely dreary and comfortless;—fine sand drifting like snow before the cutting sea-blast,—the sea brown, gurlly, and sulky-looking;—rows of Dutch

fishing-boats arranged along the beach, their rotund sterns turned towards Great Britain,—the café containing only piles of chairs and benches, which prophesied of crowds yet to come,—we saw but one waiter, and nothing more cheering than Schiedam.—Such was Scheveling.

There is much in the Hague to interest one. There are many pleasing and undefined memories from the past, of "our ambassador at the Hague,"—"letters from the Hague,"—"ministers who took refuge at the Hague,"—and though it was difficult, perhaps, to recal much about any one ambassador, letter, or minister, in particular, yet you felt pleased in knowing that if the Hague could speak, and those old houses tell their story, it would be worth listening to. It had the interest of an old man who had seen strange things in his day, but was not communicative. Then there was for the present a royal family that I knew nothing about; and Paul Potter's bull, with other pictures which the whole world know something about, and which were all worthy of those great artists, who had indeed eyes to see, hearts to feel, and hands to execute; and there were many other things which were associated with historical names and events that can never die, such as the house, the prison, and place of murder of the great De Witt,—the house and place of execution of the greater Barnevelt. Alas! may we not pause and mark how often in the history of this fallen race of ours, these two things go together—great men and murdered men! Truly hath Coleridge said:—

"How seldom doth a good man get what he merits,

How seldom doth he merit what he gets!"

It must be so until the kingdom comes! The clay world is not capable of understanding genius, unless it makes itself "useful," by working in clay, to supply the world with bowls and basins; the selfish world cannot believe in the unselfishness of the truly great; the proud yet little world cannot brook superiority; the hating world cannot admire love; and so in all ages hath it been. The world "loves its own," and hates those who are not of it. It is so with the clerical

world and lay world,—with the world, whether seen in presbyteries or Parliaments, in synagogues or senates. The huge shams and humbugs hate the honest men and true,—and there are none so fierce and unscrupulous as those who think that they are doing God a service, while serving their own passions.

I liked right well to see in the Museum of the Hague the arms, clothes, &c., of such men as De Ruyter and Van Tromp—the Lord St. Vincents and "mighty Nelsons" of Holland. The nation, like the family, is God's blessed and wise ordinance, and its independence should be defended with its last drop of blood! And therefore one of the greatest gifts God gives a nation is that of great heroes, men who will "hazard their lives unto death" for their country, who will "wax valiant in fight," and "put to flight the armies of the aliens." Noble fellows were De Ruyter and Van Tromp! Even England was afraid of them. Greater were they than our big talking and small doing admirals of the present day.

I heard Mr. Boucher preach at the Hague. He is a minister of the French Protestant Church, and some years ago electrified the General Assembly by the unusual eloquence of his address. He is now chaplain to the king of Holland. The royal family were in church, and generally attend his ministry, for which, it is said, they have the greatest admiration. Mr. Boucher is in every respect a very remarkable man. He is the superior of even Adolphe Monod in depth and range of thought, and especially in width of sympathy with an educated French audience, but his inferior in the depth of religious feeling and experience, in which Monod stands alone in France. Monod, when he dies,—and alas! we fear he is on his deathbed,—will have no second in France except Boucher. A little more subduedness, willingness to be led as a child, and, if it be God's will, to be like his Master despised and rejected of men, and Boucher will be spiritually, as he now is intellectually, the most powerful and eloquent preacher in the Reformed Church of France. It is alleged that the Paris preachers are jealous,

not only of his great talents, but more especially of his great boldness and independence of thought in political matters, and hence his being at the Hague instead of the capital of his own country. But his time is coming!

I could not learn that there were any great preachers or men of any rank in the Church of Holland. The evangelical party is, I am inclined to think, in every respect small; the heterodox party formal and dead

What a charming thing it is to voyage by a trackshuyt along the canals. What perfect repose; what placid enjoyment; what rest in motion; what an epitome of Holland, and what a contrast to England or America! The sunny canal, the quietly trotting horse, the regular and orderly succession of Dutch gardens, Dutch villas, and Dutch comfort, the sense of having nothing whatever to do, or railroads could not be so despised,—a glory from the past, when men were not rush-

ing like mad bulls over the earth, as Carlisle would say, "from the inane to the inane again," but could quietly browse and chew their cud,—all this made the sail from the Hague to Delft singularly pleasing.

Delft itself has now no manufacture of "Delft ware," as far as I know. But crockery is not at best interesting to me, Hugo Grotius or De Grot, on whose honoured grave I stood at Delft, bearing the inscription,—*"Ingang tot de Graff Kelder Von Hugo de Grot;"* the house where the good and great William was shot; the hospitable home of good Madame E——t, where I dined, are all I recollect of Delft. Then came Rotterdam at night, the steamer in the mooring, the ocean at mid-day and next night; London in the morning, with Blackwall and the weary custom house. Then farewells to my travelling companions, the best ever man had; then home. So ended my last Peep across the Channel. N.

"THE PEOPLE'S DAY." *

A LONDON AND PARISIAN SABBATH.

"Suppose that next Sunday morning your Lordship started from Charing-Cross for a walk through London, which your honourable helpers in the late debate thought had such need to take a lesson from continental cities. In the vicinity of Trafalgar Square you find no shopmen or shopwomen behind the counter; it is the assistant's day. At the National Gallery no porter is in waiting; it is the official's day. In Long-Acre the coachmakers' workshops are silent; it is the mechanic's day. In Lincoln's Inn Fields the lawyers' offices are peaceful; it is the clerk's day. In the Strand and Printing-House Square the offices of the great daily journals are at least partially at rest; it is the pressman's and compositor's day, the reporter's day, the editor's day. At the Post-Office no car is clattering, no man hurrying; it is the carrier's day. In Cheapside and Wood Street no warehouse is open; it is the salesman's day. At the Bank no pen is moving; it is the clerk's day. In Spitalfields no foot is upon the treadle, no hand upon the shuttle; it is the weaver's

day. In Brick Lane no drays are rolling, no whips cracking; it is the drayman's day. In new streets no shoulder bears a hod, no hand is on the trowel; it is the bricklayer's day. At the wharves no figure bends under a load; it is the porter's day, the coalheaver's day. Surely your lordship does not bear within you a heart which, reviewing all this, would not fill with emotion, and thank God! Surely, as your thoughts passed over the three kingdoms, and you marked the millions of labourers, from little girls to wrinkled men, who, for the moment, with no master over them but the Almighty, rested safe from the call of the covetous, the thoughtless, or the cruel, you would say, 'He spake well who called that institution "a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable," whereby these eyes are enabled to see this touching image of a world where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"' Surely you could not, then, look without compassion on those who, in low shops and on railways, say, 'To us this is not the Lord's day, it is our master's day!'

"At the same hour on the following Sunday your Lordship starts for a similar walk in Paris. The moment you leave

* By William Arthur, A.M. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

the Place de la Concorde you find, in the Rue Royale, shopmen and shopwomen behind the counter; it is the employer's day. In the first bank you reach on the Boulevards, the clerks are at the desk; it is the banker's day. In the Faubourgs the mechanics are busy; it is the manufacturer's day. The Post-Office is full of working men; it is the merchant's day. The Rue Rivoli rings with the mason's hammer; it is the contractor's day. In the timber-yards you hear the saw; it is the master's day. In the Rue Montmartre Emile de Girardin is at his desk, and his fellow-editors, his reporters, his printers, all are busy; it is the subscriber's day. Turn where you will, every man is in his employer's power just as on other days; the charter of freedom is in no hand, the joy of freedom at no fireside. In the shops of the Palais Royal are hearts which would love a rest as dearly as those of Regent Street; but what Mr. Kinnaird called 'the hand of rapacity' is over them. The working men of Paris are no more enamoured of labour than those of Westminster or Spitalfields; but 'the hand of rapacity' is over them. Nor does the evil press on the humbler workers only. Each man in turn has his employer; the merchant, the banker, the legislator, does not escape the burden which he compels his inferiors to endure; the curse he imposes upon others comes back upon himself, and none can call the day his own; he only excepted to whom every day is a rest if he choose.

"Why, then, is this, that here, in London, every man can defy 'the hand of rapacity' on one-seventh of all the days that come, whilst in the neighbouring capital no man can defy it but he who is totally independent of occupation? Because here is a day which no man can claim, the Lord's day, too sacred for amusement, too sacred even for work; a day on which the labour that is profitable must stand still, under the assurance that the God of the Sabbath will more than make up the loss. Because there is no Lord's day; the Sunday is not too sacred for amusement, consequently far less so for profitable labour. Where the Sabbath is used for its own ends, rest promotes religion. Where to these ends the foreign one of amusement is added, instead of a day of rest and religion, it is a day of drudgery, with an evening of dissipation. The barrier between a day of rest and religion, and one of drudgery and dissipation, is only the sacredness of the day. Man's rights rest upon God's rights; the repose of the Sunday, on the religion of the Sabbath. Destroy that in England,

then the physical toil and the moral pest of the French Sunday will at once invade the nation. From the rough hodman to the accomplished editor, THE SACREDNESS OF THE DAY IS THE LABOURER'S ONLY SHIELD."

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

"Whether we judge by the experience of all Europe and America, or by the natural connexion existing between the different steps of a social process, we are led to these conclusions:—

"You cannot open great exhibitions without opening lesser ones.

"You cannot open exhibitions without opening shops.

"You cannot open shops in the daytime without opening places of amusement at night.

"You cannot do all this on the Sabbath without destroying the public sense of the sacredness of the day.

"You cannot destroy the public sense of the sacredness of the day without letting loose the tide of ordinary secular labour.

"My Lord, as you love a people who are worthy of your love, be entreated to retrace the one step you have taken in a course which would deprive the English labourer of what a labourer's daughter has called, 'The Pearl of Days!' For, rob him of the Lord's day, and his week would be a hard, rude shell, from which the 'pearl' was taken.

GOD'S TEACHING ON THE SABBATH.

"As to revelation, whether it assigns heavenly or earthly purposes to the Sabbath, no argument need be raised. If any one tells me that the Creator deals with our race as so far gone, that the highest thing to which He can invite us is the study of curiosities and pictures, which not one in ten thousand of that race can ever by possibility see, I lay my hand upon my Bible, and look up, and say, 'The Father of spirits loves us better.' Fallen though we be, His redeeming mercy invites us even while on earth to taste somewhat of the spirit of Heaven. During one-seventh of all time that passes over us, He unnerves alike the hand of rapacity and the hand of power, permitting no hand to be lifted above us but His own, thus appealing to our reverence and loyalty; ordains that we shall have bread without labour, thus appealing to our trust and gratitude; appoints for us engagements which have no sensual zest and no worldly return, thus appealing to our hope of a life wherein we shall be as the angels of God; sets before us themes of thought, each of which reaches out on all sides into infinity, thus appealing to our desire for fellowship with Himself!"

GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

JOURNAL OF REV. R. MACNAIR.

(Continued.)

September 8th.—Another week has passed without much deviation from the ordinary routine of hospital work here. Mr. Drennan, after being kept in suspense each day as to the time of embarking, was ordered on board the "Trent" last evening, and in all likelihood has proceeded on his passage before now. During the last two or three days I have been trying to make the round of the Barrack Hospital, and though I have not quite finished, have found upwards of fifty men in the sick wards to add to my list, besides a considerable number more in the convalescents' sheds. Of twenty-five whom I saw for the first time, six embarked to-day for England. My visit was just in time to give me the opportunity of furnishing some with copies of the Scriptures, and with other reading for the voyage. Of those who remain in hospital, several have promised to be at church to-morrow.

September 9th.—Sunday.—This day, for the first time, since my arrival, had four services. Met in the morning (a quarter before seven), the men on duty in one of the huts occupied by the Highland Brigade. About fifty might be present, and three or four women also came in with children in their arms. Altogether, this was more like a home congregation than the ordinary assemblies of invalids I have been in the habit of addressing, but the preponderance of men, and the display of uniforms, still reminded one that a congregation of soldiers was before him.

Preached in the Palace Hospital at half-past ten to a smaller audience than for some time back. Several men have gone to England during the past week. Preached in Barrack Hospital at two. Twenty-four were present, of whom twenty were invalids; and in General Hospital at four. About twenty attended, of whom seventeen were invalids.

September 10th.—Heard it reported that the "Prince of the Seas" had been wrecked at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Earnestly hope it is not true. She carried a great many men from all the hospitals, in some of whom I was much interested.

September 15th.—Have been enabled to finish a second somewhat hurried visit to the wards of the Barrack Hospital, including the sheds in which the convalescents stay. But, without some

assistance, many of the patients must be neglected, or the whole of the visiting be gone about in a very perfunctory manner. To-day I have spent nearly five hours in the hospitals, and with very few exceptions have not read or prayed with the men. My object in this case has been to see as many as possible, and invite them to the various services to-morrow. About 300 or 400 arrived yesterday from the Crimea, some only of whom had landed when I visited the wards. As it is impossible to spend much time with each man, care must be taken to give as much publicity as possible to the Sabbath services. Week-night services, as held by the Episcopal chaplains, might also be advantageous. The great drawback I find to be, that my men are so much scattered. In a ward containing upwards of twenty, I have perhaps not more than two or three Presbyterians, and thus it is impossible to get a convenient place within easy reach of any considerable number; and this is one reason why the Sabbath services are not more numerously attended.

In the midst of the routine of daily visits, interesting incidents do occasionally occur. This morning I found one young man (Irish) engaged reading "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted," and seemingly much interested in it. Another, on returning "Fuller's Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation," expressed a wish that he might be able to act up to what he had been reading. A third remarked upon "Bunyan," that he thought he had been made for his own time, and that we do not see such men nowadays. I tried to explain to him that the promise of great gifts and great grace was not limited to one generation, and that if we had faith and prayer sufficient, we might see greater things than these. One man told me the other day that he had experienced a saving change since he came to the East. One night, being on guard, he was particularly struck with his perilous position, and asked himself, "Am I prepared to die?" Being obliged to answer the question in the negative, he prayed that his life might be spared, and vowed that if it was, he would, from that day, begin to seek God,—which vow he believes he has been enabled to keep.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
SCUTARI MISSION.

Archibald Boyle, Esq., second annual
Subscription

L. O. 10 6

Notices of Books.

Internal History of German Protestantism since the Middle of Last Century. By CH. FRED. AUG. KAHNIS, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Leipsic. Translated from the German by the Rev. Theodore Meyer, Hebrew Tutor in the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome this work of Dr. Kahnis'. So little is known in this country of the later religious life of Germany, and our impressions of it are often so confused and erroneous, that we cannot but feel grateful to one who tells us the story of it in an orderly and systematic form, while investing it, at the same time, with the charm of an agreeable and fluent style. We are apt to forget that, between the Reformation and the present time, there existed a religious life in Germany at all. With the exception of a few meagre chapters in our Church histories, and a few still more meagre biographies of Pietists, published by some of our religious societies, we are left in utter ignorance of it. It is true that in Germany, as in this country, the great reaction of Protestantism passed away, during the eighteenth century, into a low utilitarian infidelity; that the Christian life ceased to be national, and existed only in isolated forms; that instead of Luther and Melancthon, men like Wolff and Spinoza came to be the leaders of thought. But the seventeenth century, so rich in godly life, in pious deeds, in its brave and holy hymns, in its noble systems of theology; and the nineteenth, with its yearning for truth and life, its bold manly thought, its wide Christian philosophy, its subtle criticism, and, pervading and colouring all these, its fierce conflict between the negative philosophies and the positive faith,—these are epochs of intense interest to all who delight in the welfare and development of the kingdom of God.

Dr. Kahnis confines his history within the last hundred years. He thus includes two distinct and opposite periods, strongly contrasted and divided, though such a division can never be logically accurate, by the boundary line which separates this century from the preceding. The latter half of the last century exhibits the last and worst stage of infidelity, materialism and the popular philosophy; the first half of this present, the beginning of a new era, when, amid much doubt and scepticism, and in a

time of infinite confusion, the religious life has again put forth fresh and beautiful blossoms, and already bears rich and abundant fruit. The one is a picture of death; the other of life; and both are drawn by the author with rare skill and power. The book is naturally divided into two parts, corresponding to the periods of which it treats. The period of Illuminism,—which Frederic II. aptly enough expressed to consist in "enlightening the head and civilising the manners,"—occupies the first. The relation of Protestantism to the spurious philosophy which sprung from it in the eighteenth century, and of the men who founded this philosophy to each other, the pernicious influence of English and French Deism on German religious thought, the rise and spread of Humanism, which sought to level all nationalities, all family traditions, all difference of social position, and to sink the personality of men in their humanity, and the various modes in which the universal tendency to scepticism affected literature and the social life, are the subjects of the admirable introductory chapter. The author next proceeds to develop the theological tendencies of the time, and to show how, in spite of, and even through such men as Bengel, Crusius, Oetingen on the one side, and Mosheim, Ernesti, and Michaelis on the other, the principle of Illuminism found its way, and finally gave birth to the rationalism and supernaturalism which reached their height in the early part of this century. The second part is occupied with the "Renovation." The new philosophy represented by Schelling, and the new theology, which found its fittest type in Schleiermacher, are traced in their manifold and mutual influences down to the present day. The different schools of theology which sprung up, are carefully distinguished; their influence, present position, and their connexion with the progress of thought in Germany are accurately marked; and the many beautiful and healthy forms in which the new life is manifesting itself in the Church, the school and the mission are diligently and lovingly recorded.

Dr. Kahnis belongs to the ultra-Lutheran party in Germany. In saying so, we award his book a very high praise. It is written with a striking candour and impartiality. The facts necessary to the elucidation of the history are neither dis-

torted nor suppressed. And though we may not at all times agree with the judgment the author forms, though his estimate of particular movements, such as the "Kirchentay," and the "Inner Mission," appears strongly tinged by his peculiar theory of the Church, yet we feel that he judges honestly and thoughtfully, and if we hold his estimate a wrong one, it is he himself who affords the grounds of our opinion. The history of German Protestantism is the work of a wide-hearted, scholarly, and erudite man, who is gifted at the same time with a healthy freshness, and a power of graphic and

pictorial writing; and we feel confident that the unusual interest with which it has been hailed by men of all parties in Germany, will also attend its reception in our own country. It is rendered into excellent and intelligent English, and retains in the translation all the ease and vivacity of the original. Mr. Clark has been somewhat harshly blamed for the imperfect translation of some of the early works in his admirable series, and we trust that, for his own advantage, as well as that of the public, he may continue to obtain the services of one so capable as the present translator.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

THE Editor closes a seventh volume with his hearty thanks to his kind subscribers, and heartier still to his kind contributors, for the support and encouragement he has received from both.

He begins another volume, and probably the last, with the usual good intentions, fair promises, and bright hopes of fulfilling both; but also with the usual fears and misgivings! He asks one other trial from his friends.

The Editor takes this opportunity of replying, once for all, to one or two anonymous correspondents, by protesting that he never announced or intended the Magazine "solely for Sunday reading," and will not involve himself in so nice a question, as to what this or that reader may deem suited for the holy day. Each must select articles out of the Magazine for himself, as he does books out of the library, or subjects out of his own mind, and such as he deems most suitable for Sabbath. Those who "cannot stand the temptation" (!) may fly from it.

There are several new subjects of practical importance which the Editor hopes to be able to overtake for the next volume. Able and tried friends have promised him their aid.

Alas! one friend, Professor Allan

Menzies, who every year since the Magazine commenced, has contributed to its pages valuable papers, especially upon the Missions of the Church, has been called home. Great is his gain; but great and bitter is the loss of his many friends. His noble catholic spirit,—his readiness for every good work, and earnest zeal in doing it,—his gentle, pleasing manners,—his high and refined sense of all that was true, and lovely, and of good report, made him respected, trusted, and loved by men of all parties, and by Christians of all churches. But only those who had the privilege of enjoying his friendship could estimate the quiet depths of his spiritual life, the tenderness of his conscience, the constant overflowings of his love, and the touching humility and unselfishness of his disposition.

It is only when such men leave us, and their light is here extinguished, that we in some degree realise what they have been to us, and what a precious gift from God in "this present evil world" is even one man who truly loves God and his neighbour; and what a glorious world that must be where all are "just men made perfect," and "like the angels of God!"

END OF VOLUME SEVENTH.

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THE

EDINBURGH CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

Sermon.

By the REV. R. J. JOHNSTONE, M.A., Minister of Logie.

"I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."
MALACHI iii. 6.

To perceive the singular force of this announcement as made specially to the posterity of Abraham, we must attend for a moment to the relation which subsisted between them and the Almighty.

The circumstances in which they had all along been placed were altogether peculiar to themselves, and distinct from those of any other people. In the unsearchable riches of His wisdom, and in furtherance of His great and benevolent designs towards the whole family of Adam, Jehovah had selected them as a seed to serve Him, and as the depositaries of His mind and will. To their great and illustrious progenitor, who was distinguished for the liveliness and strength of his faith, He had given the assurance that He would make of him "a great nation, and that He would bless him and make his name great, and that in him should all families of the earth be blessed." In fulfilment of that promise, we are afterwards informed that God was always with Abraham,—that goodness and mercy were made to follow him all the days of his life,—and that he was specially blessed with many important divine communications,—and with such a knowledge of the doings and designs of

heaven as was at that period peculiar to himself. Thus Abraham lived; and we are assured that he "died in faith, not having received the promises." But although he to whom they were originally made was thus not destined to enjoy them, yet these promises were to be fulfilled, for "He was faithful who had promised." And accordingly we find the same love and favour which had been shewn to Abraham transferred to his posterity, after he had been gathered to his fathers. The history of Isaac presents us with evidence the most conclusive of the special guidance of the Most High,—and that of Jacob and his family, from the time that he became the servant of Laban, till he died in Egypt, surrounded by a long line of descendants, affords a most illustrious confirmation of the words: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great." From this period we can no longer recognise individuals, or a particular family, as heirs of the promise, because that part of it had so far received its accomplishment: "I will make of thee a great nation." For the descendants of Jacob, or of Israel, as he afterwards was called, increased so abundantly, and mul-

tiplied, and waxed so exceeding mighty in the land of Egypt, that in Abraham's seed, and the inheritors of Abraham's blessing, we have now to contemplate, not the members of a single family, but the collected members of a great nation, even mightier than those among whom they sojourned. In this capacity, we still find that Jehovah was with them,—that the lapse of ages had produced no change upon His purposes,—but that He still continued faithful to His word, that “blessing He would bless them.” And of this He afforded the strongest proofs, under otherwise disastrous circumstances. With their need His exertions were increased, and for constant displays of His affection towards them, nothing but occasions ever were wanting. For while they were thus prospering in Egypt, so that even “the land was filled with them,” there arose a new king over Egypt who knew not Joseph. Now had the time of their trial come, and had not God remembered and been faithful to His promise, now also had been the time of their extinction. But although reduced to the capacity of slaves, and subjected to more than slavish endurance,—although a worse motive than avarice actuated those who maintained for a season the dominion over them, and induced them to demand an impracticable service,—although the most inhuman means were resorted to prevent their increase, and put a stop to their growing power, yet do we find that the more they were afflicted, the more they multiplied, and so presented in these, as in other circumstances, an evidence of the faithfulness of Him who had promised, hundreds of years before: “I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and I will bless them that bless thee,” &c.

But for the full performance of His word, it was now requisite that the children of Israel should leave the place of their temporary sojourn, and take possession of that land whereof God had said to Abraham: “Unto thy seed will I give this land.” Of the amazing interpositions of His power on their behalf, which they received upon this occasion,

and previous to their final departure from Egypt, I shall not pretend to speak. They are far too numerous to be reckoned up, but in every one of them an example is afforded us of His strict and steadfast adherence to the word which He hath spoken to His servant Abraham. For this cause Pharaoh was afflicted, and his country made desolate, and its rivers turned into blood, while the land of Goshen, where Israel dwelt, was flourishing in all its wonted fertility. For this, the first-born of Egypt were slain, and every house filled with lamentation, while the babes of Israel remained unhurt. For this was a passage opened through the deep, and the sea was made dry, and the waters were as walls on the right and on the left of the chosen heritage; and to shew that this passage was for them alone, the waters closed on the Egyptians who pursued them, and “covered the chariots and the horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh, so that there remained not so much as one of them.”

Thus, during the first age of their history did Jehovah fulfil, in innumerable instances, that which He had spoken unto their father Abraham: “I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee,” &c.

But we now come to a period in the history of Israel, at which Jehovah's faithfulness as a covenant keeping God was even more remarkably and strikingly exhibited. Not that He was more steadfast to His word than He had been before, for that was not possible; His dealings from the very first having shewn, that with Him there was “no variable-ness, neither shadow of turning;” but that He continued to be so under other circumstances, and under such circumstances as in human estimation would have amply justified a different procedure.

During all the preceding period—from the days of Abraham till the departure from Egypt,—we are not made aware of any course of conduct on the part of Abraham's posterity, fitted so to provoke

the displeasure of Jehovah, as to induce Him to forsake them—retract what He had promised, and cast them off for ever. That there was sin even then among them, and that it did prevail, without intermission and without exception, from Abraham, to those who departed in triumph from the land of bondage, there can be no question; but yet, it was not sin like unto that which they afterwards committed; for we have no reason to suppose that they ever had forsaken the God of their fathers, forgotten the duty which they owed to Him, or given that worship which was His to the idols and vanities of Egypt. No! as Abraham's children, they had remained the servants of Abraham's God, and whatever were their shortcomings, their follies or their crimes, assuredly they had not been aggravated by giving that glory which was due to the Creator of the universe alone, to the senseless works of their own hands. But when we follow them from Egypt, trace their wanderings through the desert, and finally contemplate them put in possession of the land of promise, we behold a state of things very different. The sons of Jacob are miserably changed, and, in human judgment, more than sufficient grounds are afforded for the withdrawal of heaven's protection, and for the forfeiture of every promised blessing. For after the goodness and mercy which had followed them,—after their deliverance from the jaws of famine by the providential interference of Jehovah,—after the Lord had caused them to increase and multiply exceedingly, and made them, who had been but a despised remnant, a mighty nation,—after He had carried them victorious and triumphant beyond the power and malice of their enemies, reversing even, on their behalf, the laws by which He governed the universe,—after all these proofs, and many more than these of the love wherewith He loved them, and the scrupulous, unyielding steadfastness with which He held to the word that He had passed, that "blessing He would bless them," how did they act, or what proof did they afford of their attachment and their gratitude? Did they

shew that indeed they were Abraham's children, and heirs of the promise? Did they evidence a spirit different from that of the deluded nations from which they had been separated, and shew that they were fit to value the knowledge of the Most High, and be announced to surrounding nations as the chosen of the Lord? Had such been their demeanour then could we not have wondered that the "sons of Jacob" were "not consumed"—because their God was "the Lord who changeth not," but to them and to their children, we should have confidently looked for the fulfilment of all that was promised unto Abraham when this language was addressed to him: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee, and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Went Israel, borne as on eagle's wings, out of Egypt, and what was the result? They went after the idols of the heathen, and worshipped the works of their own hands! They forsook the Lord who had bought them, who had broken their bands asunder, and made the oppressed to go free! Although the Lord went before them in a pillar of cloud by day, to lead them in the way, and in a pillar of fire by night, to give them light, yet in their deep infatuation they thus resolved among themselves: "Let us make us gods who may go before us;" and although the Lord had miraculously shewn himself to be their God and Saviour, yet did they make unto themselves a calf, and they worshipped it, and sacrificed thereunto, and said: "These be thy gods, O Israel, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt!" And did the Lord now forsake them, when they had so shamefully forsaken Him? Did His wrath wax very hot against them, to consume them even from off the earth? Was His love turned into hatred, as well it might, and the blessings wherewith He had blessed them, followed with a righteous and eternal curse?—Ought it not to have been so if He is unchangeable, for is not sin

unchangeably hateful to Him, and has He not declared that they who commit it shall not escape? Might He not justly have withdrawn His promise, or could His faithfulness for doing so have been called in question? By us it might not. But the love of God is stronger than men, and the faithfulness of God is greater than men. "Behold He is of one mind, and who can turn him? the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Israel had turned and gone away backward, but for that *His* word did not fail! Though *they* had sinned, *He* was not "man that He should lie, or the son of man that He should repent." Although *they* had forsaken Him, yet them *He* would not, — He could not forsake. Although Him they had forgotten, yet them He could not forget, for they were "engraven upon the palms of His hands," — their walls were continually before Him! Other gods *they* desired, but *He* desired not another people, for on them He had set His love, and them He had taken for His heritage! Their iniquity He punished, and the death of the idolaters proclaimed His displeasure at their sin, but a full end of them He would not make. He remembered the word which He had spoken unto Abraham: "I will make of thee a great nation, &c.," and because it was impossible that one jot or tittle should pass from His word, because He was "the Lord that changeth not, the sons of Jacob were not consumed."

But while in the past history of Israel this truth is so remarkably exemplified, is not their condition at the present day as clear an illustration of it, as we could possibly desire! God is still the Lord who changeth not, and therefore Israel is not consumed. Their sins have caused Him to forsake them for a season, but His truth and faithfulness remain the same! They are still the heirs of the promise, and to them the promise is yet to be fulfilled. For although Jehovah has punished, yet a full end He has never made, and though "blindness in part hath happened unto Israel," it is only till "the fulness of the Gentiles be brought in." And when we contemplate that poor, despised, and persecuted remnant

which is scattered over the face of the earth, but which still continues a separate and distinct, though a broken nation, without a country or fatherland. When we think of the troubles through which they have passed, but always have survived. When we find that of the mightiest of their contemporary nations there remains not a wreck behind,—that Babylon, by whose rivers poor captive Israel once sat and wept, while they hung their tuneless harps upon the willow; that this Babylon has fallen, and left no trace of its government or people!—that Rome, which claimed the empire of the world, and for long regarded Judea as her tributary, can now only be said to have once existed! when on the surface of the globe, we can find neither Roman nor Assyrian, nor one to claim a Babylonish origin; while on the other hand, amid the fall of nations, and the convulsion of empires, and the change of dynasties, and all the revolutions which have shaken thrones, and made the slaves of to-day the victors of to-morrow, we still recognise the posterity of Abraham—distinct and secure amid the wreck of ages! enfeebled, it is true, but still like unto themselves; persecuted, but not forsaken—cast down, but not destroyed! When thus we find Israel to be Israel still, and as a separate, peculiar people, as much so as ever, do we not feel most impressively the truth of what is stated in the text, that "the sons of Jacob are not consumed," because their God is "the Lord that changeth not," and apprehend, as perchance we never did before, the sense of those deeply-interesting words: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee; in a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

"He that aims high, shoots the higher for it, though he shoots not so high as he aims. This is what ennobles the spirit of a Christian, this propounding of this our high pattern, the example of Jesus Christ."—*Leighton*.

EMBLEMS FROM EDEN.*

SELF-DENIAL.

Said our Lord, "If any man will be my disciple, let him take up his cross, and deny himself, and follow me." The fruit of the Tree of Life is tonic and invigorating, and nowhere is self-denial so easy as in the society of the meek and lowly Redeemer. But what is self-denial? Is it sackcloth on the loins? Is it a wooden block for a pillow? Is it pulse or lentil-pottage for the daily meal? Is it a crypt or kennel for one's lodging? Ah no! In all this flesh-pinching there is often a subtle self-pleasing: but when the temper is up to rule the spirit, and over a "manly revenge" to let Christian magnanimity triumph,—that is self-denial. To take pains with dull children, and with ignorant and insipid adults,—that is self-denial. To hide from the left hand what the right is doing: to ply the task when fellow-labourers drop away and lookers-on wax few: for the Lord's sake still to follow up the work when the world gives you no credit,—that is self-denial. When you might tell your own exploits, to let another praise you, and not your own lips; and when a fancy-touch would make a good story a great deal better, to let the "yea" continue simple yea,—that is self-denial. Rather than romantic novelties to prefer duty with its sober common-place routine, and to stand at your post when the knees are feeble and the heart is faint,—that is self-denial. From personal indulgence,—from the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, to save wherewithal to succour the indigent and help forward Christ's kingdom on earth,—that is self-denial.

"O could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along life's dullest, dreariest walk!

"We need not bid for cloister'd cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God."

UNION WITH CHRIST.

1. Wherever there is union to Christ there is love. This, as we have said, is the essential principle. Whatever else there be, if there be not love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbour is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and

the next greatest be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity. Reader, have you got it? To Christ's question, "Lovest thou me?" is it your answer, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee?" Then, if you love Jesus, you will love Him whose express image Jesus is. To God in Christ, your soul will be attached in gratitude, submission, and complacency. You will not wish Him less holy, less righteous, less true. Awed by His glorious majesty, and melted by His ineffable mercy, all that is dust and ashes in you will be humbled, and all that is devout and filial will be kindled into grateful adoration. If nothingness and sin bid you be silent, the sight of your Great Representative gone back to the bosom of His Father, inspires you with a joyful assurance and a humble confidence Godward; and, boldest where you are most abased, beneath the Cross you learn to cry, Abba, Father. You love Him who first loved you, and, "feeling it sweet to be accepted of God on any grounds, to be accepted in His own beloved Son, you feel it sweeter far."^o

2. And joy. The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a view of its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial, more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and His perfections, what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it for ever; but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which will never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!"[†] And in a similar frame another felt, "Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, He is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."[‡]

3. Peace. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures, it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread

* *Emblems from Eden.* By James Hamilton, D.D., F.L.S. London: James Nisbet & Co., 1856.

^o Nevin's Remains, p. 27.

[†] Payson's Life, chap. 19.

[‡] Memoirs of Rev. S. Pearce.

out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

4. Long-suffering. This is love enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his Heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther the disciple cries: "Strike, Lord, strike. But, oh! do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be seven-fold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely, than when His Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed His justice terrible, and His truth severe. One apostle denied Him, and all the disciples forsook Him; but Jesus prayed for Peter, whilst Peter was cursing, and His love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed Him; but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that evangelists were directed to begin.

5. Gentleness or affectionateness. * This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like perfumed flame from an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light and warmth and fragrance all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmier-dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth, and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the gentleness of Christ."†

6. Goodness or beneficence. Love in action, love with its hand at the plough, love with the burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the Gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday class, or in the Ragged-school. It is love at the hovel-door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same.—Love following His footsteps, "who went about continually doing good."

7. Faith. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, Faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervour is costly and sound

words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. Nay, it is a greater than all,—it is Jesus in the desert * It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever pursuing the path, or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great Forerunner, does not fear to die.

8. Meekness is love at school,—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself; learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practising the sweet but self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous Other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of Him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

9. Temperance.—Love in the gymnasium, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadowy and hectic sentiment, temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer, sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and hands which work makes horny. It is love with the empty scrip but the glowing cheek,—love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

* Matt. iv. 1-11.

Hope says, Thy health and life may be,
And years of joy for hours of pain;
Christian it matters not to thee;
To live is Christ: to die is gain.

Life has a thousand hopes to give,
A thousand blessings to bestow;
And thou, I know, wouldst joy to live,
Or, if thy Father bids, to go.

Little it matters thus to part,
The same our way, the same our shore;
One Lord, one life, one hope, one heart,
One meeting—and we part no more.

"There is a little child in every healthy heart, if one only knew it, that is pleased with all simple, natural things."—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

"THE CREDULITY OF SCEPTICISM."

We forget which of the French infidel philosophers once remarked to the great Fichte, that the day would soon come when men would no more believe in a God than they now believed in a ghost. "Depend upon it," replied Fichte, "men will begin again to believe in ghosts the day they cease to believe in God." How true! Universal scepticism, or unbelief in anything, is an impossibility for man. He must believe the truth or the no-truth. The "infidel" professes to believe as well as the Christian. The one, for instance, may believe, with many Jews, that Christ was an impostor, "and had a devil," while the other believes that He spoke the truth, and was the Son of God. To the thorough going infidel, as well as to the advanced Christian, we may say: "Great is thy faith!" The one believes great lies, and the other great truths. It is very remarkable how near scepticism is to credulity. The sceptic and the superstitious man are the same Janus-like person, with two faces looking different ways; or like two travellers who, back to back, journey in a circle, but meet, to their own perplexity, face to face on the opposite side. He who refuses to believe in Scripture facts from insufficient evidence, generally ends in believing his own imagination, or that of others, without any evidence whatever. The diseased eye of the spirit, which cannot perceive the excellence of Christ, soon sees visions of its own. Egypt was never more sunk than when the magicians were believed before Moses. Saul was at his lowest point, and God had forsaken him indeed, when he went to the witch of Endor. The nation was about to go into captivity when "the prophets prophesied falsely," and "of the deceit of their own heart," and "the people loved to have it so." Our Lord said: "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not; if another shall come in his own name, him will ye receive." And so it was with the Jews;—they who neglected the true Christ, soon believed in false Christs. And thus it has ever been. When men

receive not the truth in the love of it, there comes, as an awful judgment, the strong delusion which believes a lie!

We are led to make those general remarks by the perusal of an excellent lecture of Dr. Vaughan's on "the Credulity of Scepticism," which he delivered lately in Exeter Hall to the London Young Men's Christian Association. It contains some admirable illustrations of the credulity of men in believing the grossest and most palpable absurdities—who have nevertheless devoted their talents and their lives to overthrow men's faith in God, and in His Son whom He hath sent.

His first instance is that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who appealed to a remarkable and miraculous answer he received to a prayer recorded by him, and offered up to know whether or not he should publish his book *De Veritate*, as an argument in favour of that book being published, one great object of that very book being to disprove the possibility of any revelation from heaven!* Mr. Atkinson, the atheist priest of the atheist Miss Martineau, is also a remarkable instance of the credulity of scepticism. "Philosophy," writes Atkinson, "finds no God in nature, no personal Being or Creator, nor sees the want of any." The same gentleman—who is an enthusiastic believer in clairvoyance—in a letter printed by Professor Gregory of Edinburgh, says: "On one occasion I breathed a dream into a glove which I sent to a lady; the dream occurred!" Can anything go lower than this? We think credulity has deeper abysses still. Dr. Vaughan selects Mr. Chapman as a patron of the credulous. Who would have thought it possible! Mr. Chapman is the well known bookseller in the Strand, and a zealous propagandist of all infidel literature. He considers Christianity effete—gone for ever. But Mr. Chapman thinks the world may still be the better of a revela-

* The story is told, not only in Lord Herbert's *Life*, referred to by Dr. Vaughan, but also in Leland's *Deistical Writers*, Vol. I., p. 27.

tion, and that it is not unreasonable to expect it in the present age, "when the creeds and dogmas of the past have lost their influence and vitality." But how think you, reader, is this "new revelation, suited to the enlarged views and spiritual needs of man, to be obtained?" Through a far safer channel than prophets, or apostles, or the Saviour—through "the mediatorial element between mind and matter—the magnetic fluid!" Accordingly Mr. Chapman, some years ago, published and edited two large volumes, containing the clairvoyant ravings of a knave or lunatic, with the title, "The Principles of Nature, her Divine Revelation, and a Voice to Mankind, by and through Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer and Clairvoyant." This Andrew, when in a clairvoyant state, could see what was doing in every part of the universe. The inhabitants of the stars passed before him when asleep as plainly as his own neighbours did when awake. Nay more, he could see down the long vista of time, and know what was taking place before Moses wrote, and in the world before man was created. We almost fear that our readers will think we ourselves are drawing upon their credulity, in asserting that such things have been gravely published by any sane person, far less by a would-be great social and religious reformer like Mr. Chapman; but it is a fact. We give the following specimens from Dr. Vaughan's lecture of the seer's visions:—

"As to the inhabitants of Saturn, so clairvoyant are they, that every man knows the surface of the whole globe, and what is everywhere taking place. 'They inhabit buildings,' says the seer, 'of an ingenious and peculiar structure, which are also beautiful and convenient. These are very large and extensive, covering immense areas of land, like an extensive city among us. There are, however, but few of these large and united buildings on the surface of the planet, these being near the equator, where light and heat, which correspond to interior truth and love, are most perfectly enjoyed.' Concerning the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter, the clairvoyant says, 'Much might be said that would be of interest; for their relation to our conceptions of a perfect being is much closer than the inhabitants of Saturn. Their form is full, and well sustained by inward and physical forces. Their size, symmetry, and beauty of form exceed those of the earth's inhabitants. Their mental organization

corresponds to their physical developments. Smoothness and evenness are upon their form generally.' But, the clairvoyant adds, "They do not walk erect, but assume an inclined position, frequently using their hands and arms in walking, the lower extremities being rather shorter than the arms, according to our standard of proportion. And by a modest desire to be seen only in an inclined position, they have formed this habit, which has become an established custom among them."—(Vol. i. 189.) With all deference to our clairvoyant, it is not one of our conceptions of a graceful and perfect being that he should go upon all-fours! But something more note-worthy still is recorded of the inhabitants of Mars. 'Sentiments arising in their minds,' it is said, 'become instantly impressed upon their countenances, and they use their mouth and tongue for their specific offices, and not as the agents for conversation. But that glowing radiation which illumines their faces while conversing, is to us inconceivable. Their eyes are blue, and of a soft expression, and are their most powerful agents in conversation. When one conceives a thought, and desires to express it, he casts his beaming eyes upon the eyes of another, and his sentiments instantly become known. And thus do their countenances and eyes, together with their gentle affability, typify the purity and beauty of their interiors.'—(Vol. i. 202.)

The following is the seer's account of man before he became perfect, for, according to him, he was a growth, a development from a less perfect type:—

"The first type of man, it seems, made its appearance in the early part of the sixth day. The creatures in question, which then somehow worked their way into existence, are called *quadrumana*, because they were not so much bipeds as creatures going, Jupiter fashion, upon all-fours, being of a huge monkey or baboon tribe. This Poughkeepsie Seer, this new cosmogonist, describing these embryo specimens of humanity, says:—'Their body was short and heavy, their limbs disproportionately long, and their heads of a very wide and low form. The spinal column, in the early species, resembled more nearly that of the fish than that of any other form. The shoulders were of great width, and the neck was very short and full. The whole body was covered with thick, heavy hair, like many of the plantigrades of that period. Some parts of the body of this *quadrumana* resembled those of the lowest animals, such as the fore limbs, which were used always in walking. This animal was the first type, after many ages of regeneration, which resembled in any particular the form of man.'—(Vol. i. 315.) So writes our Poughkeepsie Moses. Behold—Homer and Æschylus, ye Shakespeares and Miltons—behold your sires! Those hairy brutes climbing their way through yonder primitive forest, they—they are your fathers!"

The last specimen needs no comment; it is the manifesto of no less a personage than Mr. Robert Owen, who has been

lamenting the credulity of the world for the last half-century :—

"MANIFESTO OF ROBERT OWEN TO ALL GOVERNMENTS AND PEOPLES.

PEACE, CHARITY, LOVE, UNION, AND PROGRESS, TO ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.

A great moral revolution is about to be effected for the human race, and by an apparent miracle.

Strange and incredible as it will at first appear, communications most important and gratifying have been made to great numbers in America, and to many in this country, through manifestations by invisible yet audible powers, purporting to be from departed spirits; and to me especially, from President Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, Grace Fletcher, my first and most enlightened disciple, and many members of my own family, Welsh and Scotch.

I have applied all my powers of mind, so as honestly and fearlessly to investigate these new manifestations, said to be made by departed spirits from another advanced state of existence.

Until the commencement of this investigation, a few weeks since, I believed that all things are eternal, but that there is a constant change in their combinations and results, and that there was no personal or conscious existence after death.

By investigating the history of these manifestations in America, and subsequently, as will be narrated, through the proceedings of the American mediums, by whose peculiar organization manifestations are obtained, I have been compelled, contrary to my previous strong convictions, to believe in a future conscious state of life existing in a refined material, or what is called a spiritual state; and that from the natural progress of creation, these departed spirits have obtained the power to communicate their feelings and knowledge to us living upon earth, by various means."

Well may it be said now, as in the days of Jeremiah,—

"From the prophets of Jerusalem is profaneness gone forth into all the land. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Hearken not unto the words of the prophets that prophesy unto you; they make you vain: they speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord. I have heard what the prophets said, that prophesy lies in my name, saying, I have dreamed, I have dreamed. How long shall this be in the heart of the prophets that prophesy lies? yea, they are prophets of the deceit of their own heart; which think to cause my people to forget my name by their dreams, which they tell every man to his neighbour, as their fathers have forgotten my name for Baal."

A Sabbath well-spent brings a week of content,
And health for the trials of to-morrow;
Not a Sabbath profaned,
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks, to thy dim eyes, a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that fret thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, deadly foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall, thou dar'st to despise,
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost; but wait and see
With hopeful pity, not disdain,
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain,
And love, and glory, that may raise
This soul to God, in after days.

Household Words.

Wish not, dear friends, my pain away—
Wish me a wise and thankful heart,
With God in all my griefs to stay,
Nor from His lov'd correction start.

The dearest offering He can crave,
His portion in our souls to prove,
What is it to the gift He gave;
The only Son of His dear love?

In life's long sickness, evermore
Our thoughts are passing to and fro;
We change our posture o'er and o'er,
But cannot rest, nor cheat our woe.

Were it not better to lie still,
Let Him strike home, and bless the rod;
Never so safe as when our will
Yields undiscern'd by all but God?

Thy precious things, whate'er they be,
That haunt and vex thee, heart and brain;
Look to the cross, and thou shalt see
How thou may'st turn them all to gain.

So wanderers, ever fond and true,
Look homeward, through the evening sky,
Without a streak of heaven's soft blue
To aid affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

K.M.E.E.

THE "WORKING CLASSES" AND THEIR LITERATURE:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

No. I.

IN modern phraseology, the term "working-class" signifies only one section of that large body politic which men call the "state." In the present limited acceptation of the term, we behold but one phase of our social condition, and recognise under that designation only those sons and daughters of manual toil, of whom it is indeed literally true that they eat their bread in the sweat of their brow; but who, regarded from a political standpoint, are seen to be the very marrow and sinews of a commercial country. The limitation to which we refer will at once appear too narrow and contracted. "Work" is not confined, as a curse or a privilege, to one class of the community, but is equally necessary to all. It is universal in its demands. The sovereign, amid the ceremonies and tedious routine of royal life; the legislator, amid the intrigues, cares, and responsibilities of government; the merchant in his counting-house or on the exchange; the man of science, amid his profound speculations and experiments, which in after years, it may be, when the grass of the churchyard is waving above his head, will carry throughout his own, and to many a distant land, great and glorious benefits; the physician, as he passes from sick-room to sick-room, striving by his skill and experience to alleviate distress, to smooth the couch and ease the aching head; the lawyer, amid the multifarious duties of his responsible position; the man of letters and philosophy, as he opens up new avenues of thought, knowledge, and pleasure for coming generations; the man, too, of ancestral peerage and lordly domain, standing amid that narrow circle, the nobles of the land,—all these, every one of them, belong to that large and ever-busy tribe, the universal "working-class." "The working classes!" says an author, whose recent publications, both in the departments of romance and jurisprudence, have placed him among the

foremost men of England, "the working classes! are those not worthy of the name, and in its very highest sense, few comparatively in number though they be, who, by their noble powers of thought, make those discoveries in science which have given tenfold efficacy and value to labour, turned it suddenly into a thousand new channels, and conferred on all classes of society new conveniences and enjoyments? Are we to overlook those great intellects which have devoted themselves to statesmanship and jurisprudence, to morals, to the science of medicine,—securing and advancing the permanent interests of mankind, and relieving them from physical anguish and misery; the genius devoted to literature, refining, expanding, and elevating the minds of all capable of it, and whose immortal works are glittering like stars of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of thought and imagination?" No! these men are as truly "working men" as the mechanic, whose mind is never devising though his hand is ever acting, the railway-stoker, the coalheaver, the pitman, the dustman, the wayside stone-breaker, and any of the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," wherewith the world is stored. But there is yet one other member of the "working-class," though modern phraseology excludes him. Where can we go to find a better specimen of a true "workman" than to him who, amid the toils, and cares, and anxieties of that sacred sphere to which Providence has called him, to bear the vessels of the sanctuary, and minister at the altar in holy things, is ever active, "in season and out of season," labouring among that flock over which he has been appointed overseer, striving by precept and example, by words of love, as well as words of terror, by a holy life, by purity, zeal, gentleness, forbearance, and charity, to turn many to righteousness. There is no labourer on the surface of the wide

world so diligent and honoured as the faithful minister of God. Angels guard his every step, and hover round him in his going out and coming in, and for him there is reserved a golden crown of heavenly mould which shall never be dimmed; and his brows will be encircled by that laurel chaplet, whose leaves, plucked from the tree beside the clear crystal stream, will never wither through eternity's long and endless ages. Yes! he is a true labourer; a labourer in that field, the world, and when like Ruth he has gleaned there until the evening, he will return to his Master's house rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

All of us, high and low, rich and poor, young and old, have work assigned to us here below; it may be tedious, toilsome, and cheerless, but work we *must*, and the wearied labourer is encouraged in all his arduous toils by the whisper which ever soundeth in his ear: "There is a rest remaining for the people of God,"—a place where the "great and the small are gathered," and "the servant is free from his master." "Work!—work!—work!" is stamped on all things under the sun; for nature in this work is our companion constant and gay. We may read it in all its changes and evolutions; from the falling leaf of autumn to the bursting bud of spring; from the calm, blue cloudless summer sky to the black tempest-covered heaven, pealing and crashing with the awful thunder, and flinging to and fro the vivid lightning flash; from the gentle ripple of the tide, which glides with crisp-gurgling over the white sand; or as in wide-echoing roar, wave after wave dashes and breaks in showers upon the gray cliffs;—all these speak of a constant work, a mighty universal "current" through all the kingdoms of vegetable, animal, and mineral existences.

In speaking, however, of the "working classes," what we now mean is that limited section to which, as we have said, modern phraseology confines the definition,—those who by manual labour contribute to the prosperity of the country, whether that labour is accomplished in the factories of dark, dingy, unhealthy cities, or in the more genial sphere of rural and agricul-

tural occupations,—“from the foreman in the factory to the shepherd boy on the green hill side.” It is unnecessary to say any thing regarding the importance of this class of the community. Adam Smith has told us all that can be said, and personal experience, whose testimony is as good at least as Adam Smith's, bears out what he affirms. The working man is absolutely necessary to our present social condition. So long as the human body requires its daily sustenance, and man, woman, and child feel it incumbent on them to be clothed; so long, in fact, as humanity is not regenerated; and until a second and better golden age arrives than poets have sung,—when the morning streaks of the millennial sun light up the mountain tops of earth, and the saints of God live and reign here below, then, perhaps, but certainly not before it, must there be in every circumstance, under every condition, in every state, bond or free, monarchical or republic, Utopian or real,—a working population. Nay, before man fell, he was a working man; the very object for which he was placed in the garden was to till and to dress it, and, when he did fall, the command to labour was not imposed, but only intensified. If that mighty mass of our working population was to suspend its operations for one single week, the whole fabric of our commercial greatness would fall with a world-apalling crash. It is on that mighty mass that it all rests, even as the globe was said to rest on the broad shoulders of old Atlas. If there was one universal and continued strike, what would become of our merchants, our manufacturers, our shipowners, our landed proprietors, our farmers, and all other classes in the empire; and where, too, would go the accumulated capital of the wealthiest nation of the world? We ever desire to speak with deepest veneration and most cordial affection of the nobles of the land; we know the good which they have done, and are still doing; we look with proud delight on such illustrious names blazing on the scroll of our nobility as Shaftesbury, Argyle, Eglinton, Derby, Lansdowne, Carlisle,—but still, disguise it as we may, it is to the pea-

santry and working class of our country that, under God, Britain owes her greatness in the past, her glory in the present, and will owe her power in time to come. And if this be true; if it be true that we are indebted to that portion of our brethren for wealth, comfort, luxury, greatness, safety, and glory, is there nothing which it can demand at our hands in return? Our obligation to the labouring classes is not discharged when we pay them their wages for value received: it goes farther. It follows the workman from the factory or the field to the domestic circle; it finds for him sufficient recreation and innocent enjoyment; it cautions, it counsels, it instructs him. But it does more. It sees that his children are educated as well as fed, that his dwelling is wholesome and well ventilated; but greater still, it sees that the means of spiritual instruction are placed within his reach. In short, we must look on the labourer as a MAN, not as a MACHINE; as a being with a soul, which throughout eternity is destined either to sing with God's triumphant church in heaven the song of Moses and the Lamb; or, dreadful alternative, to join its wailings with the wailings of the lost. And there are men who do look on their fellows as mere machines, who pay them their fair day's wage for their fair day's work, but as to whose temporal and eternal weal a question is never asked. Such men there are; shame be on their name—they is an awful responsibility! It may be that the souls of the workmen will be required at the hands of the master, and what excuse will he plead for his neglect, when assembled worlds are listening for his reply, and that scrutinising eye, which reads the deepest secrets of man's heart, is fixed upon his thoughts. The masters of Britain have been too careless in regard to the upbringing of those beneath them in the social scale. They have neglected to provide for the intellectual, moral, and spiritual necessities of the masses of the population. And what has been the result? To that neglect we may trace an immense proportion of the immorality, crime, and infidelity at the survey of which the Christian stands appalled, and asks: "Can these things be, and the fire

of God not descend and burn up this world." Well may the spirit of the golly man faint within him at the spectacle. Thousands and thousands of his countrymen growing up in destitution of the water and bread of life; not only devoid of principle, but trained up into every vice which exists under the sun. We do not speak now of the cities of Scotland,—of the crime of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Paisley, Dundee, or Aberdeen,—reserving that for an article by itself; but let us glance at London. A few years ago, it was calculated that, deducting infants and parties left necessarily in charge of house property, at least 1,312,500 of the population might and ought to attend church or chapel; but the fact appears to be, that the number of sittings is *less than one-half* the number specified as necessary for those who might attend; and the actual attendance on public worship would not reach by one-third the accommodation provided; while that accommodation is less than one-half of what ought to be required, and could be made use of, did all possessing the opportunity to attend church use that opportunity. The *London City Magazine*, so far back as 1846, says that the number of churches in London was 799. "But if we reckon them," the writer continues, "at 800, and allow 70 communicants for each church and chapel, (which is more than an average, seeing many of the churches are nearly empty, and many of the chapels very small,) 800 times 70 will give but 56,000." Since that time church accommodation has been greatly extended; but has not the population multiplied in a far greater ratio? "Once more," says Vanderkeste, "it is proved that in three of the South Sea Islands, numbering 18,000 inhabitants, the attendance on public worship was 9000, or one-half, whilst in Islington, the most favoured parish in London, with a population in 1841 of 55,600, the whole of the churches were capable of seating only ONE-HALF, or 27,850, and many of these churches were and are very far from being well filled." The occupations of those who do not attend public worship, it is needless to say, are drunkenness, sensuality, robbery, theft, sometimes even

murder, in fact "working all uncleanness with greediness." The age of life to which the greatest amount of crime falls is between fifteen and twenty; and while then these young men and young women don't form one-tenth of the population, yet they are guilty of nearly one-fourth of its crime. These things, however, have not been allowed to spread without the Christian philanthropist putting forth a hand to drive back the advancing tide. Schools of all kinds, and charitable institutions, have been established; and it is matter for congratulation that these have been the means of regenerating a considerable portion of that degraded class which otherwise would have continued sunk in the lowest vice and sin. And besides these, there are missionaries, too, who go from den to den among the Arabs of the cities, and whose words of godly truth and deeds of holy love have been blessed to many a soul whose light was well nigh extinguished, and whose lamp was about to go out in darkness. And what praise is too great for those ragged schools, which, from a very humble beginning, have grown up to be one of the noblest features in the charitable institutions of Great Britain. The movement on their behalf is now greatly favoured and munificently supported by our beloved Queen, to the door of whose heart the appeal for charity never comes in vain. "The thief has become honest, the harlot chaste, the ignorant enlightened in the knowledge of glory and virtue, and whole neighbourhoods, in which these institutions are established, are found to derive a most beneficial influence from the efforts made." And there is one man, to whom, on the great day of ac-

count, many a redeemed spirit will point as, under God's blessing, the cause of his that day standing on the right hand of the Great White Throne—who has penetrated the darkest dens of London misery—and by whose liberal charities and personal exertions many a man and many a woman has been rescued from the downward road to hell, and set them upon the upward path to heaven. That man is one of the brightest ornaments of his order—his honoured name ought never to be omitted when speaking of the condition of the working classes of this country—noble he is by birth, nobler by nature, noblest of all as a Christian philanthropist—of the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY it may indeed be said: "When the eye sees him then it blesses him; when the ear hears him then it gives witness to him; for he delivers the poor that cry, and the fatherless, and they who have none to help them." The costliest monument of sculptured marble will be worthless in perpetuating his name; for when it pleases God to call him hence, his memory will be enshrined in the hearts of the working classes of England from generation to generation; but better still, "his witness is in heaven, and his record is on high."

It is not, however, so much of the condition of the population, as sunk in intemperance, ignorance, and infidelity, that we wish to speak, as to one of the great causes to which we are indebted for the spread and perpetuation of these evils. We allude to the *literature of the working classes*, but this we must postpone till next number.

A. W.

(To be Continued.)

"WEE PAWNS."

We extract the following from an admirable letter upon "Wee Pawns," which has been lately published by Mr. Hector, the Procurator-Fiscal for Renfrewshire. It throws much light upon the habits of many of our working classes, and on one of their chief, though hardly noticed causes of degradation.

"THE WEE PAWN."

"The 'Wee Pawn' establishment is essentially the same as that of the licensed pawnbroker. The premises are fitted up in compartments, and the goods, as received, classified and ticketed; but there is this difference in their mode of transacting their business, that while the licensed pawnbroker receives goods on

pledge, and is bound to register, preserve and return them, the other makes a pretence of purchasing the goods, and has a tacit understanding that he will retain them for the seller, and restore them to him on receiving a profit on the purchase price, calculated at the rate of one half-penny per week for each shilling advanced, or at the rate of two hundred per cent. per annum. The broker thus affects to make a purchase, instead of receiving goods on pledge, to avoid the penalties of the Pawnbrokers' Act, and he reserves to himself the right either at once to sell or to retain and return the goods as he finds most profitable. This mode of dealing is one-sided—unfair and fraudulent. It is also unfair to the regular pawnbroker; and it is used by thieves, drunken married women, dishonest servants, and others, who are desirous to have their transactions concealed, as the broker keeps no register."

THE EVILS OF THE WEE PAWN.

(1.) "By the facilities they afford for secretly disposing of second-hand goods, metals, and other articles, incite to and encourage crime, and prevent its detection and punishment.

"My long experience as a public prosecutor, in a populous manufacturing and mining district contiguous to Glasgow, and where, from this proximity, as well as local causes, crime greatly abounds, enables me unhesitatingly to state that the brokers' establishments are at once an inducement to crime and the most formidable obstacle to its detection.

(2.) "Besides inducing to and encouraging crime, these establishments give great facility to the intemperate for procuring liquor, and thereby tend to increase drunkenness, with all the moral and social evils attendant on this debasing vice.

"The spirit-dealer dare not take goods for liquor; but his neighbour, the broker, purchases the goods and supplies money, with which the liquor is procured. The low whisky shop and the 'Wee Pawn' are invariably found in close proximity, and they are fast coming to an equality in numbers. If a tradesman or labourer's wife is addicted to liquor, she can obtain it, however careful her husband may be to withhold his hard-earned wages from her, for she can denude herself or her child of an article of clothing, or the bed of a blanket, send it by a child to the broker, and then go herself to the dram-shop. Women of sober habits are often seduced into such practices by dissolute neighbours, and often find it necessary 'just to be like their neighbours,' to avoid leading an uncomfortable life among

them. Thousands of respectable tradesmen have had to lament over their hearths made desolate, and their families ruined, by the intemperate habits of their wives, thus formed and secretly gratified; and the evil is not confined to this class, for it is notorious that very much of the drunkenness among females, in higher classes of society, can be traced to the facility afforded by the broker for secretly disposing of household articles.

(3.) "The system is subversive of the virtues of economy, self-reliance, and independence among the working classes.

"The facilities for raising money by the sale or pledge of goods obviate the necessity with the careless and improvident for making provision to meet any temporary pressure arising from loss of work, sickness, or such like.

"A very few years ago, a person who would have stripped a bed of its blanket, or a child of its clothes, to meet any trifling domestic pressure, would have been marked out as a degraded and worthless character; but, now that such things are so common and familiar, they are looked upon with indifference among the lower classes, and, if they continue to make progress, will soon destroy the last vestige of that noble spirit for which even the humblest classes of Scotchmen were at one time distinguished. There may be other causes at work, but the 'Wee Pawn' system has been one of the most insidious, active, and successful agencies for effecting a most unfortunate change in the habits of the lower classes of the people."

These extracts will give some idea of one of the social evils magistrates, missionaries, and ministers have to contend against. We have had long and sad experience of the "Wee Pawns," and believe them to be among the worst pests of our towns and villages. Our readers will hardly be prepared to learn, that there are nearly *nine hundred* such places in the shires of Dumbarton, Renfrew, Ayrshire, and Lanarkshire, 500 being in Glasgow alone! In the Report of the Aberdeen Committee on prisons, appended to Mr. Hector's letter, the following remarkable passage occurs:—

"A discovery of great importance in connection with the increase of juvenile crime has lately been made in consequence of the apprehension, and subsequent conviction, of parties (brokers) who, for a considerable time, and to a very large extent, have been receivers of

stolen goods. They have exactly followed the example of the Aberdeen Industrial Feeding Schools, and taken them as their model in every way except the end to be attained. They have fed a large number of children—they have procured lodgings and clothes for them; and they have used the influence thus obtained over them to train them up as thieves, and sent them out to steal for their employers' benefit—pointing out to them where property was likely to be obtained, and how they might most easily possess themselves of it;—in a word, these establishments were training schools for the purpose of initiating and improving thieves in their profession, and preparing them to carry it on with profit and safety to themselves and to their employers.'

"The report then gives the names of parties by whom, and the places where, these thieves' training schools were kept, and that as many as from 30 to 40 children in one case, and 15 in another, were found attending these infamous places. This feature in the Wee Pawn or Brokers' system is new to the public, but it is not the less dangerous."

We hope to see speedy and effective legislation on this point. But oh! for more real thorough-going home mission work, by all who name the name of Christ, as well as by official persons, to dry up those social evils at their root, through a Saviour received and known!

SERGEANT TALFOURD'S LAST CHARGE.

"I AM afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants, we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them; when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings; when we curb our temper, and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought, that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of another sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, of gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which

more than any book education tend to the culture of the heart, the refinement and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. If I were to be asked, What is the *great want* of English society—to mingle class with class? I should reply, Want of sympathy."

FRAGMENTS FROM ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

"It is one thing to pray that we may learn *what is right*, and another thing to pray that we may *find ourselves in the right*."

"The more easy of belief any one is, in respect of what falls in with his wishes or preconceived notions, the harder of belief he will be of anything that opposes them: therefore, the testimony of the early disciples of Jesus is even the stronger, from their prejudices all running counter to their testimony."

"If men *will* consult the Scriptures, as Balaam inquired of God, with a *secret bias*, not acquiescing at once in the Divine decision, but trying once more 'what the Lord will say,' they will, like him, be indulged in finding something more conformable to their sinful wish; and as Balaam, on his second application received permission to 'go with the men,' yet 'the Lord's anger was kindled against him, because he went.'"

"According to the Hindu law, the penalty denounced against a particular crime is remitted only in case of the inducement to its commission being the present of an *elephant*, that being a douceur considered far too magnificent for any one to refuse. Now, in Europe, though an actual elephant is not the very thing that offers the strongest temptation, there is in most people's consciences something analogous to it, and different things are 'elephants' to different people. It is well for every man to be on the look-out, each for his own '*elephant*.'"

"The lover of truth, for its own sake, must set himself to *act* as if he cared nothing for either censure or approval, and in time he gets hardened, as the Canadians do to walking in snow-shoes, (*raquets*.) At first a man is almost crippled by the (*mal aux raquets*) pain and swelling of the feet; but the prescription is to *go on* walking in them as if you felt nothing at all, and in a few days you *do* feel nothing. And this will always be the case, more or less, through God's help, with him who earnestly seeks to act unto the Lord, and not unto men, if he will persevere and *persevere from a right motive*."

SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

Continued from page 373, vol. vii.]

THERE is very little of what may be called personal history in this delightful and most instructive volume. Its object is chiefly to illustrate the relation between the history and the geography of the chosen people. Mr. Stanley says: "To bring the recollections of my own journey to bear on the question, to point out how much or how little the Bible gains by being seen, so to speak, through the eyes of the country, or the country through the eyes of the Bible, to exhibit the effect of 'The Holy Land' on the course of holy history, seemed to me to be a task not hitherto fully accomplished." In the preface the limits of this connection between history and geography are pointed out; admirable remarks are made upon the influence which the general geographical features of a country exercise on the national character and forms of expression, and how they explain particular events narrated in Scripture history; afford evidence of its truth, and illustrate the scenes of great events, &c.

We think Mr. Stanley has accomplished his task with singular ability. Every page bears evidence of the accurate scholar; the painstaking and scrupulously exact observer; the man of refined taste and of living piety. Except the well known work of Robinson of America, we have had no such contribution as this to Scripture geography, while for general readers it is much the more accessible and interesting of the two.

The volume consists of three general parts,—an introduction on "Egypt in relation to Israel;" a larger portion on "The Peninsula of Sinai;" with the largest portion of all on "Palestine." We may add, that small but admirable maps, far in advance of any we have yet seen, illustrate the narrative. The introductory

* *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: John Murray. 1856. Pp. lvi. 636.

portion on "Egypt" consists chiefly of extracts from letters, giving a picturesque and faithful picture of what meets the eye in that land of wonders. The following extracts will give some idea of this portion of the volume.

THEBES, KARNAC, AND THE ROYAL TOMBS.

Imagine a long vista of courts, and gateways, and halls—and gateways, and courts, and colonnades, and halls; here and there an obelisk shooting up out of the ruins, and interrupting the opening view of the forest of columns. Imagine yourself mounted on the top of one of these halls or gateways, and looking over the plain around. This mass of ruins, some rolled down in avalanches of stones, others perfect and painted, as when they were first built, is approached on every side by avenues of gateways, as grand as that on which you are yourself standing. East and west, and north and south, these vast approaches are found,—some are shattered, but in every approach some remain; and in some can be traced besides, the further avenues, still in part remaining, by hundreds together, avenues of ram-headed sphinxes.

You have only to set up again the fallen obelisks which lie at your feet; to conceive the columns as they are still seen in parts, overspreading the whole; to reproduce all the statues, like those which still remain in their august niches; to gaze on the painted walls and pillars of the immense hall, which even now can never be seen without a thrill of awe,—and you have ancient Thebes before you.

And what a series of history it is! In that long defile of ruins every age has borne its part, from Osirtasen I. to the latest Ptolemy, from the time of Joseph to the Christian era; through the whole period of Jewish history and of the ancient world, the splendour of the earth kept pouring into that space for two thousand years.

The western barrier of the Theban plain is a mass of high limestone cliffs, with two deep gorges: one running up behind the plain, and into the very heart of the hills, entirely shut in by them; the other running up from the plain, so as to be enclosed within the hills, but having its face open to the city. The former is the valley of the Tombs of the Kings, the Westminster Abbey of Thebes; the latter of the Tombs of the Priests and Princes, its Canterbury Cathedral.

Ascend, therefore, the first of these two gorges. It is the very ideal of desolation. Bare rocks, without a particle of vegetation, overhanging and enclosing, in a still narrower and narrower embrace, a valley as rocky and bare as themselves, with no human habitation visible, the whole stir of the city wholly excluded; such

is—such always must have been, the awful resting-place of the Theban kings.

Nothing that has ever been said about them had prepared me for their extraordinary grandeur. You enter a sculptured portal in the face of these wild cliffs, and find yourself in a long and lofty gallery, opening or narrowing, as the case may be, into successive halls and chambers, all of which are covered with white stucco, and this white stucco brilliant with colours, fresh as they were thousands of years ago, but on a scale, and with a splendour, that I can only compare to the frescos of the Vatican Library.

Some, of course, are more magnificent than the others; but of the chief seven all are of this character. They are, in fact, gorgeous palaces; hewn out of the rock, and painted with all the decorations that could have been seen in palaces. No modern galleries or halls could be more completely ornamented. But splendid as they would be even as palaces, their interest is enhanced tenfold by being what they are. There lie "all the Kings in glory; each one in his own house." (Isa. xiv. 18.) Every Egyptian potentate, but especially every Egyptian king, seems to have begun his reign by preparing his sepulchre. It was so in the case of the Pyramids, where each successive layer marked the successive years of the reign. It was so equally in these Theban tombs, where the longer or shorter reign can be traced by the extent of the chambers, or the completeness of their finish. In one or two instances, you pass at once from the most brilliant decorations to rough unhewn rock. The king had died, and the grave closed over his imperfect work. At the entrance of each tomb, he stands making offerings to the Sun, who, with his hawk's head, wishes him a long life to complete his labours.

Two ideas seem to reign through the various sculptures.

First, the endeavour to reproduce, as far as possible, the life of man, so that the mummy of the dead King, whether in his long sleep, or on his awakening, might still be encompassed by the old familiar objects. Egypt, with all its peculiarities, was to be perpetuated in the depths of the grave; and truly they have succeeded. This is what makes this Valley of Tombs like the galleries of a vast museum. Not the collections of Pompeii at Naples give more knowledge of Greek or Roman life than these do of Egyptian. The kitchen, the dimmers, the boating, the dancing, the trades, all are there—all fresh from the hands of the painters of the primeval world.

The other idea is that of conducting the King to the world of death.

The farther you advance into the tomb, the deeper you become involved in endless processions of jackal-headed gods, and monstrous forms of good and evil; and the Goddess of Justice, with her single ostrich feather; and barges, carrying mummies, raised aloft over the sacred lake, and mummies themselves; and, more than all, everlasting convolutions of serpents in every possible form and attitude; human-legged, human-headed, crowned, entwining mummies—enwreathing or embraced by processions,—extending down whole galleries.

so that meeting the head of the serpent at the top of a staircase you have to descend to its very end before you reach his tail. At last you arrive at the close of all—the vaulted hall, in the centre of which lies the immense granite sarcophagus, which ought to contain the body of the King. Here the processions above, below, and around, reach their highest pitch—meandering round and round—white and black, and red and blue—legs and arms and wings spreading in enormous forms over the ceiling; and below lies, as I have said, the coffin itself.

It seems certain that all this gorgeous decoration was, on the burial of the King, immediately closed, and meant to be closed for ever; so that what we now see was intended never to be seen by any mortal eyes except those of the King himself when he awoke from his slumbers. Not only was the entrance closed, but in some cases—chiefly in that of the great sepulchre of Osirei—the passages were cut in the most devious directions, the approaches to them so walled up as to give the appearance of a termination long before you arrived at the actual chamber, lest by any chance the body of the King might be disturbed. And yet, in spite of all these precautions, when these gigantic fortresses have been broken through, in no instance has the mummy been discovered.

Amongst the inscriptions of early travellers is one of peculiar interest. It was the "torch-bearer of the Eleusinian mysteries," who records that he visited these tombs "many years after the divine Plato"—thanks "to the gods and to the most pious Emperor Constantine, who afforded him this favour." It is written in the vacant space under the figure of a wicked soul returning from the presence of Osiris in the form of a pig, which probably arrested the attention of the Athenian by reminding him of his own mysteries. Such a confluence of religions—of various religious associations—could hardly be elsewhere found; a Greek priest-philosopher recording his admiration of the Egyptian worship in the time of Constantine, on the eve of the abolition of both Greek and Egyptian religion by Christianity.

IPSAMBUL (OR ABOU-SIMBIL.)

You here get the most distinct conception of the great Rameses. Sculptures of his life you can see elsewhere. But here alone, as you sit on the deep pure sand, you can look at his features inch by inch, see them not only magnified to tenfold their original size, so that ear, and mouth, and nose, and every link of his collar, and every line of his skin, sinks into you with the weight of a mountain; but these features are repeated exactly the same, three times over—four times they once were, but the upper part of the fourth statue is gone. Kehama is the image which most nearly answers to these colossal kings; and this multiplication of himself—not one Rameses but four—is exactly Kehama entering the eight gates of Pandalon by eight roads at once. Look at them, as they emerge,—the two northern figures, from the sand which reaches up to their throats—the southernmost, as he sits unbroken, and revealed from the top

of his royal helmet to the toe of his enormous foot. Look at them, and remember that the face which looks out from the top of that gigantic statue is the face of the greatest man of the Old World that preceded the birth of Greece and Rome—the first conqueror recorded in history—the glory of Egypt—the terror of Africa and Asia—whose monuments still remain in Syria and in Asia Minor—the second founder of Thebes, which must have been to the world then, as Rome was in the days of its empire. It is certainly an individual likeness. Three peculiarities I carry away with me, besides that of profound repose and tranquillity, united, perhaps, with something of scorn—first, the length of the face, compared with that of most others that one sees in the sculptures; secondly, the curl of the tip of the nose; thirdly, the overlapping and fall of the under lip.

And now let us pass to the second great interest of Ipsambul, which is this. Every other great Egyptian temple is more or less in ruins. This, from being hewn out of the rock, is in all its arrangements as perfect now as it was when it was left unfinished by Rameses himself.

Climb up that ridge of sand, stoop under the lintel of the once gigantic doorway, between which and the sand there is left only an aperture of a few feet, and dive into the dark abyss of the temple itself. Dark it must always have been, though not so dark as now. All the light that it had came through that one door. First, there is the large hall, with four pillars ranged on each side, colossal figures of Osiris; each figure with the feet swathed, the hands crossed on the breast, the crook and knotted scourge—his universal emblems—clasped in them; the face absolutely passionless: broad, placid, and serene as the full Nile; the highest ideal of repose, both as the likeness of death in the mummy, and as the representative of the final judgment. From this hall, richly sculptured round with the Homeric glories of Rameses, we pass into another filled with sculptures of gods. We have left the haunts of man and are advancing into the presence of the divinities. Another corridor, and the temple narrows yet again, and we are in the innermost sanctuary. . . . In that square rocky chamber, to which we are thus brought by the arms of the mountain closing us in with a closer and ever closer embrace, stood, and still stands, though broken, the original altar. Behind the altar, seated against the rocky wall, their hands upon their knees, looking straight out through the door of the sanctuary, through the corridor, through the second hall, and through the first, to the small aperture of daylight and blue sky, as it is now,—to the majestic portal as it was in ancient times,—sate, and still sit, the four great gods of the temple. There they sate and looked out; and as you stand far back in the temple, and light up the Adytum by kindling fires once more on that forgotten altar, you can see them still

There is the Hawkhead of the Sun. Next to him, Rameses himself; next, Ammon, the Jupiter of Egypt—the great god of Thebes—you see his tall cap, or tiara, towering high above the head of all the others in strong relief against the

wall: and in the remaining corner, Kneph with the ram's head, the spirit of the universe. As the whole temple has contracted in proportion to its receding inwards, so also have the statues in size. The sculptures of the Adytum, on each side, represent the processions of the Sacred Boat floating to its extremity. There is no trace of habitation for the sacred Hawk, who if he were in the temple must have been here, sitting at the feet of Ra. So at least it follows from Strabo's clear account, that in the Adytum of every Egyptian temple the sacred animal was kept, whatever it might be, corresponding to the statue of the Greek and Roman Sanctuary,—to the no-statue of the Holy of Holies in the Jewish temple.

MEMPHIS.

Memphis was the second capital of Egypt—sometimes the first—and there the Pharaohs lived at the time of the Exodus; and there, if its monuments had remained, might have been found the traces of the Israelites which we seek in vain elsewhere. Historically and religiously it ought to be as interesting as Thebes. Yet Thebes still remains quite unrivalled. There was never anything at Memphis like that glorious circle of hills—there is now nothing like those glorious ruins. Still it is a striking place. Imagine a wide green plain, greener than anything else I have seen in Egypt. A vast succession of palm-groves, almost like the Ravenna pine-forest in extent, runs along the river side, springing in many spots from green turf. Behind these palm-forests—behind the plain—rises the white back of the African range; and behind that again, "even as the hills stand round about Jerusalem," so stand the Pyramids round about Memphis. These are to Memphis as the royal tombs to Thebes, that is, the sepulchres of the kings of Lower, as those of Upper Egypt. And such as the view now is, such it must have been as far back as history extends. They are not actually as old as the hills, but they are the oldest monuments of Egypt and of the world, and such as we see them in that distant outline, each group rising at successive intervals—Daahur, Sakara, Abou-Sir, and Ghizeh—such they seemed to Moses, to Joseph, perhaps to Abraham. They are the sepulchres of the kings, and in the sand-hills at their feet are the sepulchres of the ordinary inhabitants of Memphis.

For miles you walk through layers of bones and skulls and mummy swathings, extending from the sand, or deep down in shaft-like mummy pits; and amongst these mummy-pits are vast galleries filled with mummies of Ibises, in red jars, once filled, but now gradually despoiled. And lastly, only discovered recently, are long galleries hewn in the rock, and opening from time to time—say every fifty yards—into high arched vaults, under each of which reposes the most magnificent black marble sarcophagus that can be conceived—a chamber rather than a coffin—smooth and sculptured within and without; grander by far than even the granite sarcophagi of the Theban kings—how much grander than any human sepulchres any where else. And all for the successive corpses of the bull Apis! These galleries formed part of the great temple of

Sersapis, in which the Apis mummies were deposited: and here they lay, not in royal, but in divine state. The walls of the entrances are covered with ex-votos. In one porch there is a painting at full length, black and white, of the bull himself as he was in life.

THE PYRAMIDS.

The approach to the Pyramids is first a rich green plain, and then the Desert—that is, they are just at the beginning of the Desert, on a ridge, which of itself gives them a lift above the Valley of the Nile. It is impossible not to feel a thrill as one finds oneself drawing nearer to the greatest and the most ancient monuments in the world, to see them coming out stone by stone into view, and the dark head of the Sphinx peering over the lower sandhills. Yet the usual accounts are correct which represent this nearer sight as not impressive—their size diminishes, and the clearness with which you see their several stones, strips them of their awful and mysterious character. It is not till you are close under the great Pyramid, and look up at the huge blocks rising above you into the sky, that the consciousness is forced upon you that this is the nearest approach to a mountain that the art of man has produced.

It is only by going round the whole place in detail that the contrast between its present and its ancient state is disclosed. One is inclined to imagine that the Pyramids are immutable, and that such as you see them now such they were always. Of distant views this is true, but taking them near at hand it is more easy from the existing ruins to conceive Karnac as it was, than it is to conceive the Pyramidal platform as it was. The smooth casing of part of the top of the Second Pyramid, and the magnificent granite blocks which form the lower stages of the third, serve to show what they must have been all, from top to bottom; the first and second brilliant white or yellow limestone, smooth from top to bottom, instead of those rude disjointed masses which their stripped sides now present; the third, all glowing with the red granite from the First Cataract. As it is, they have the barbarous look of Stonehenge; but then they must have shone with the polish of an age already rich with civilisation, and that the more remarkable when it is remembered that these granite blocks which furnished the outside of the third and inside of the first, must have come all the way from the First Cataract. It also seems from Herodotus and others, that these smooth outsides were covered with sculptures. Then you must build up or uncover the massive tombs, now broken or choked with sand, so as to restore the aspect of vast streets of tombs, like those on the Apian Way, out of which the Great Pyramid would rise like a cathedral above smaller churches. Lastly, you must enclose the two other Pyramids with stone precincts and gigantic gateways, and above all you must restore the Sphinx, as he (for it must never be forgotten, that a female Sphinx was almost unknown) was in the days of his glory.

Even now, after all that we have seen of colossal statues, there was something stupendous in

the sight of that enormous head—its vast projecting wig, its great ears, its open eyes, the red colour still visible on its cheek, the immense projection of the whole lower part of its face. Yet what must it have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt; on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement by which men approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its breast an altar stood from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose, now vanished from the face, never to be conceived again. All this is known with certainty from the remains which actually exist deep under the sand on which you stand, as you look up from a distance into the broken but still expressive features.

The chapter on "The Peninsula of Sinai," is made up, first, of a general description of the physical geography of the Peninsula, and its connection with the leading historical events which have taken place there from the time of Moses to the present day; and secondly, of extracts from journals, giving personal and interesting details of the journey. We grudge occupying another line with remarks of our own, and shall rather give copious extracts to instruct our readers, mingling the two portions of the chapter, the familiar letters and the impersonal dissertation, to illustrate the successive scenes of the journey:—

OVERLAND ROUTE.

The remarkable feature was a broad beaten track, smooth and even, and distinctly marked as any turnpike road in England, only twice the width, and running straight as a railway or Roman road through these desert hills.

It was a striking sight in itself, to see the great track of civilised man in such a region. One of the party said, that the only thing to which it could be compared was the high-road from Petersburg to Moscow. It was still more striking when you know what it was, the great thoroughfare of the British empire, becoming yearly more important and interesting, as the course which so many friends have travelled, and will travel. Even the Exodus for that day waxed faint before it. And, lastly, it was most instructive, as the only likeness probably which I shall ever see of those ancient roads, carried through the Desert in old times to the seats of the Babylonian and Persian empires, to which allusion is made in the 40th chapter of Isaiah. In this comparatively level region, it is true, no mountains had to be brought low, no valleys filled up; but it was literally "a high-way prepared in the wilderness;" and the likeness was only interrupted, not obscured, by the solitary stations and telegraphs which, at intervals of every five miles, broke the perfect desolation.

VIEW FROM SUEZ.

This morning I stood on the flat roof of the house, and with Dr. Robinson's book in my hand, made out every locality. Somewhere within my view,—somewhere under that jagged mountain,—the greatest event before the Christian era must have taken place. Close under one's feet, were the sandy shoals all around the modern town of Suez,—over which they passed, according to one theory; further down the gulf opened the deep blue sea, with the Asiatic hills just visible on the Eastern side,—over which they passed, according to the other. It is the less necessary and the less possible to decide precisely, because the limits of the Desert in the previous route have evidently changed since "the edge of the wilderness," (Exod. xiii. 20,) was only a day's march from the sea; as the limits of the sea have also changed, since the time when it ran far up into the north.

Mr Stanley is inclined to assign the passage of the Israelites to the northern end of the Gulph, as the traditional route between Wady Tuarik and the Wells of Moses is ten miles across, which he thinks a serious objection to the fact of an army of 600,000 having passed in one night. Immediately after the passage, "there can be no dispute as to the general track" between the table-land of the Tih until they entered the two hills of Ghurundel. "The encampment by the Red Sea must, almost certainly, be at the descent of the Wady Tayibeh." Wady Feiran, he thinks, was their first long halting place, and the scene of the battle of Rephidim. In journeying towards Sinai they encountered—

A SAND-STORM.

Imagine all distant objects entirely lost to view, —the sheets of sand floating along the surface of the Desert like streams of water; the whole air filled, though invisibly, with a tempest of sand driving in your face like sleet. Imagine the caravan toiling against this,—the Bedouins, each with his shawl thrown completely over his head, half of the riders sitting backwards,—the camels, meantime, thus virtually left without guidance, though, from time to time, throwing their long necks sideways to avoid the blast, yet moving straight onwards with a painful sense of duty truly edifying to behold. I had thought that with the Nile our troubles of wind were over; but (another analogy for the ships of the Desert) the great saddlebags act like sails to the camels, and therefore, with a contrary wind, are serious impediments to their progress. And accordingly Mohammed opened our tents this morning just as he used to open our cabin-doors, with the joyful intelligence that the wind was changed,— "good wind, master." Through this tempest, this roaring and driving tempest, which some-

times made me think that this must be the real meaning of "a howling wilderness," we rode on the whole day.

TO ONE WHO WISHED TO LOOK INTO THE FUTURE.

Oh! wherefore wouldst thou seek to lift the veil
That kindly hides Futurity from thee?
To know our future ills would nought avail,
But only make our life a troubled sea,
And poison every cup of joy and glee.

Trust in a gracious God, whose boundless love
A thousand blessings daily doth bestow;
Who seeks to win us to our home above
By every grief and trial we call woe
Oh! what is good for us—how should we know?

I doubt not, when we enter into rest,
And our past pilgrimage on earth review,
That we shall call those times supremely blest
When earthly comforts were but short and few,
For then it is we prove God's promise true.

He unto each and all doth kindly say,
"As is thy sorrow, so thy strength shall be;"
Believe His word, nor coldly turn away,
His love can make you happy, make you free;
"As is thy sorrow, so thy strength shall be."

SAVIOUR! though my rebellions will
Has been by Thy blest power renewed,
Yet in its secret workings still
How much remains to be subdued.

Oh! I recal, with grief and shame,
How many years their course had run,
Ere grace my murmuring heart o'ercame,
Ere I could say, "Thy will be done."

I wished a flowery path to tread,
And thought 'twould safely lead to heaven;
A lonely room, a suffering bed,
These from my training place were given.

Long I resisted, mourned, complained,
Wished any other lot my own;
Thy purpose, Lord, unchanged remained,
What wisdom planned, love carried on.

Year after year I turned away,
But marred was every scheme I planned;
Still the same lesson, day by day,
Was placed before me by Thy hand.

At length Thy patient, wondrous love,
Unchanging, tender, pitying, strong,
A vailed that stony heart to move,
Which had rebelled, alas! so long.

Then was I taught by Thee to say,
"Do with me what to Thee seems best;
Give, take, what'er Thou wilt away,
Health, comfort, usefulness, or rest;

"Be my whole life in suffering spent;
But let me be in suffering Thine;
Still, O my Lord, I am content,
Thou now hast made Thy pleasure mine."

SACRED POETS.

II.—MILTON.

(Continued from page 343, vol. vii.)

THE existence of angels, both good and evil, and of the localities in which they are chiefly resident, and the relation in which they stand to the human race, have always been subjects of curious interest to men. The few hints afforded in the Scriptures have been very fruitful in the mind of the poet. It does not fall within the plan of his *Paradise Lost* to allude often to the agency of good and evil angels after the fall; but a very ominous incident is described in the Second Book, which indicates the fact of frequent communication being established between earth and hell:—

"Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Had instrument of all our woe, she took;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up drew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved; then in the keyhole
turns

The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens: on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. *She open'd, but to shut
Rec'd her power*; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass
through
With horses and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame."

The ultimate invasion of Satan's empire and the destruction of his power, as well as the invasion of the earth by him and his emissaries, may be pointed at. The gates of hell are here described as opening upon a portion of space where darkness and disorder have dominion:—

"Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time, and place, are lost; and where Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise

Of endless wars, and by confusion stand:
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four champions
fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or
slow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroils the fray,
By which he reigns: next him, high arbiter,
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave,—
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;—
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to cross."

Whether we approve or disapprove of the plan given by Milton both of our universe and of the several realms of blessedness, of woe, and of disorder that lie beyond it; it is needful to know what his plan is. His descriptions must have often been misinterpreted by rapid readers, and regarded as much narrower and more confused than they are. His map of existing localities is most magnificent in its proportions, and characteristic of his giant mind. In our days, the wonders of the telescope have been made so popular, that we may not give Milton the credit he deserves for his map of space.

He has made mention, more or less definite, of four distinct regions. These are—1. Heaven; 2. The Universe, which our astronomers have never yet been able to sound to its remotest depths; 3. The region of Chaos or Disorder, an idea more familiar to heathen poets than to Christians; and, 4. The region that constitutes the abode of Satan and his hosts—*the prison of Hell.*

To begin with what is familiar to us, the well-ordered star systems in which our world is placed: this universe is regarded as enclosed from outer space by a vast boundary—an enormous shell of matter. Far, far beyond the farthest star, and deeper into the azure heaven of the day-light, and the solemn silence of the radiant midnight sky, far beyond the gaze of even the telescope of Rosse, we have to place that boundary which Milton has assigned to the universe. It is a vast concave spherical shell, enclosing all the stars within it, as the capsule of the poppy encloses its numerous seeds. In this enormous globular boundary there is one opening, through which lies the way to heaven. It was at this opening that Satan arrived at last, after penetrating a portion of Chaos, and traversing a large part of the dark outside and convex boundary, by Milton denominated Limbo, and reserved as the Paradise of fools. Light is shed on the side of the boundary nearest to Heaven. Satan looks down into the universe with wonder at the sudden view:—

“As when a scout,

Through dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last by break of cheerful dawn
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen; or some renown'd metropolis,
With glittering spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun glids with his
beams:

Such wonder seized, though after heaven seen,
The spirit malign; but much more envy seized,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair.
Round he surveys (and well might, where he
stood

So high above the circling canopy
Of night's extended shade) from eastern point
Of Libra to the fleecy star that bears
Andromeda far off Atlantic seas
Beyond the horizon: then from pole to pole
He views in breadth; and without longer pause
Downright into the world's first region throws
His flight precipitant; and winds with ease
Through the pure marble air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable stars, that shone
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other worlds.
Or other worlds they seem'd, or happy isles,
Like those Hesperian gardens, famed of old,
Fortunate fields, and groves and flowery vales,
Thrice happy isles; but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to inquire. Above them all,
The golden sun, in splendour likest heaven,
Allured his eye: thither his course he bends
Through the calm firmament.”

“There lands the fiend; a spot like which
perhaps

Astronomer in the sun's lucent orb
Through his glazed optic tube yet never saw.
The place he found beyond expression bright,
Compared with aught on earth, metal or stone;
Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
With radiant light, as glowing iron with fire:
If metal, part seem'd gold, part silver clear;
If stone, carbuncle most or chrysolite,
Ruby or topaz, to the twelve that shone
In Aaron's breastplate.”

“Here matter new to gaze the devil met
Undazzled; far and wide his eye commands;
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all sunshine. As when his beams at noon
Culminate from the equator, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall; and the air,
No where so clear, sharpen'd his visual ray
To objects distant far; whereby he soon
Saw within ken a glorious angel stand,
The same whom John saw also in the sun:
His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid.
Of beaming sunny rays a golden tier
Circled his head; nor less his locks behind
Illustrious on his shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round: on some great charge em-
ploy'd.

He seem'd, or fix'd in cogitation deep.
Glad was the spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandering flight
To Paradise, the happy seat of man,
His journey's end, and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape;
Which else might work him danger or delay:
And now a stripling cherub he appears,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb
Suitable grace diffused, so well he felg'n'd;
Under a coronet his flowing hair
In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore
Of many a colour'd plume sprinkled with gold;
His habit fit for speed succinct; and held
Before his decent steps a silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard; the angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish'd by his ear; and straight was known
The archangel Uriel, one of the seven,
Who in God's presence nearest to his throne
Stand ready at command, and are his eyes
That run through all the heavens, or down to
the earth
Bear his swift errands, over moist and dry,
O'er sea and land: him Satan thus accosts.”

The distant view of Heaven, as Milton describes Satan beholding it before he arrives at the boundary of our universe, is more undefined by far than that of the universe, (named the “world.”) It is regarded as infinitely larger than the enclosed star-systems, judging even from the part of the boundaries that is beheld. The golden chain, or what seems to be such in the distance, may have been the golden

stair afterwards described, or the radiance streaming upon the passage betwixt Heaven and the starry universe. Satan
 "Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
 Far off the empyreal heaven, extended wide
 In circuit, undetermined square or round,
 With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
 Of living sapphire, once his native seat;
 And fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
 This pendant world, in bigness as a star
 Of smallest magnitude close by the moon."

In some lines, already quoted above, we have a definition of the realms of disorder, where Satan, in his first flight from the gates of hell, found Chaos and "sable-vested Night, eldest of things," reigning over the diminishing empire that was left them. Chaos, in the hope of having the universe again reduced under his dominion, directs the archfiend which way to go.

"I know thee, stranger, who thou art;
 That mighty leading angel, who of late
 Made head against heaven's King, though overthrown.

I saw and heard; for such a numerous host
 Flew not in silence through the frighted deep,
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded; and heaven gates
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
 Pursuing. I upon my frontiers here
 Keep residence; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroach'd on still through your intestine broils
 Weakening the sceptre of old Night: first hell,
 Your dungeon, stretching far and wide beneath;
 Now lately heaven and earth, another world,
 Hang o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
 To that side heaven from whence your legions
 fell:

If that way be your walk, you have not far;
 So much the nearer danger: go, and speed:
 Havoc, and spoil, and ruin are my gain."

The region assigned to the rebel angels has been previously described. It remains only to notice its resemblance, in Milton's cosmology, to the system of the universe. A hollow, spherical shell of matter, in both cases encloses the separate regions; the gates of hell in the one case, and the opening from the universe up to heaven in the other, being the only exception to the complete sphericity of the enclosures.

To the poet, escaping from the gloom and pain of the sunless and cheerless realms, where long tarrying would have blighted his imaginative powers, it is reviving to breathe again the air of a better and happier region. His Third

Book has exquisite beauty of feeling, as well as of expression, in its opening. He has been harshly criticized for bringing his own blindness into notice; and it may be critical blindness in us to see no fault in the poet's conduct as far as this is concerned; but we know few portions of English poetry, if any, that have so profound a power over people possessed of ordinary sympathy and reflection, as that in which the lonely poet looks up through the darkness, vainly seeking to behold the light of that "sovereign vital lamp," whose warmth he feels, and whose light he celebrates.

But to enjoy it, the passage must be read as a whole.

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first-born,
 Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,

And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from eternity; dwell then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
 Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
 Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite.
 Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
 Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
 Through utter and through middle darkness
 borne,

With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
 I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
 Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
 And feel thy sovereign vital lamp; but thou
 Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
 To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
 So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
 Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
 Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
 Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
 That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
 Nightly I visit; nor sometimes forget
 Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets pl'd:
 Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
 Sings dawning, and in shadiest covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return, but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,

Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But clouds instead, and ever during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and from the book of knowledge fair
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works, to me expunged and ras'd,
 And wisdom at once entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her
 powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight."

Instead of regarding this passage as out of place, we consider it singularly appropriate. What a loss would it be were this passage, after the manner so common with the Germans, to be struck out in some future age, as an interpolation, by one who knew the poet to be blind, and thought this an admirable part of the poem for the commemoration of such a fact !

In his upward flight, the poet pauses not until his inward sight is entranced and irradiated by the splendour of heaven. The attempt he makes to describe the language and the counsels of the Supreme Being, we may be disposed to question ; and the words in which he vindicates the holiness and justice of God will always be questioned by many, and for various reasons. But none can avoid acknowledging,—not even those who differ from Milton,—that he has proved himself a most devout and laborious student of the Word of God. Milton speaks of the throne of God,—

" High-throned above all height,
 About Him all the sanctities of heaven
 Stood thick as stars, and from His sight received
 Beatitude past utterance ; on His right,
 The radiant image of His glory, sat
 His only Son."

The Father and the Son speak of man's danger from Satan, of man's freedom, of his fall, of his means of deliverance, of atonement, of an incarnate Redeemer.

We quote a passage in which Milton describes three classes of men, where only two classes have ever been thought of by the vast majority of writers on this portion of dogmatic theology :—

" Some I have chosen of peculiar grace,
 Elect above the rest ; so is my will :
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 The incens'd Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites ; for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soften stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut :
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My umpire Conscience, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light, well used, they shall attain ;
 And to the end, persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn shall never taste ;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude."

In the following lines, we find one method of explaining that passage in Isaiah : " I looked and there was none to help, and I wondered that there was none to uphold."

" He with his whole posterity must die ;
 Die he or justice must ; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
 Say, heavenly powers, where shall we find such
 love ?
 Which of you will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime ; and just the unjust to
 save ?
 Dwells in all heaven charity so dear ?
 He ask'd, but all the heavenly quire stood
 mute ;
 And silence was in heaven : on man's behalf
 Patron or intercessor none appear'd ;
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to death and hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renewed."

When the Son of God is proclaimed as the Redeemer of men, by His own will, and by His Father's voice,—

" No sooner had the Almighty ceased, but all
 The multitude of angels with a shout,
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy ; heaven rung
 With jubilee, and loud hosannas fill'd
 The eternal regions. Lowly reverent
 Towards either throne they bow, and to the
 ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their crowns inwove with amaranth and gold ;
 Immortal amaranth, a flower which once
 In Paradise fast by the tree of life
 Began to bloom ; but soon for man's offence
 To heaven removed, where first it grew, there
 grows,
 And flowers aloft shading the fount of life,
 And where the river of bliss through midst of
 heaven

Rolls o'er Elysian flowers her amber stream
With these, that never fade, the spirits elect
Bind their resplendent locks inwreathed with
beams;

Now in loose garlands thick thrown off, the
bright

Pavement, that like a sea of jasper shone,
Impurpled with celestial roses smiled.
Then crown'd again their golden harps they
took,

Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join
Melodious part: such concord is in heaven.

Thee, Father, first they sung, Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King: thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of light, thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou
sitt'st

Throned inaccessible; but when thou shadest
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle heaven; that brightest seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their
eyes.

These next they sang of all creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous countenance, without
cloud

Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,

Whom else no creature can behold: on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his glory abides;
Transfused on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He heavens of heavens and all the powers therein
By thee created, and by thee throw down
The aspiring dominations: thou that day
Thy Father's dreadful thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming chariot-wheels, that shook
Heaven's everlasting frame; while o'er the
necks

Thou drovest of warring angels disarray'd.
Back from pursuit thy powers with loud acclaim
Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes;
Not so on man; him, through their malice fallen,
Father of mercy and grace, thou didst not doom
So strictly; but much more to pity inclined.
No sooner did thy dear and only Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail man
So strictly; but much more to pity inclined;
He, to appease thy wrath, and end the strife
Of mercy and justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the bliss wherein he sat,
Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
For man's offence. O unexampled love,
Love no where to be found, less than Divine!
Hail, Son of God! Saviour of men! Thy name
Shall be the copious matter of my song
Henceforth; and never shall my harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoin."

J. L. B.

(To be Continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

CALLED INTO MARVELLOUS LIGHT.

"The light of believers is not here perfect, and, therefore, neither is their joy perfect: it is sometimes overclouded; but the comfort is this, that it is an everlasting light, it shall never go out in darkness, as it is said, in Job xviii. 50, *the light of the wicked shall*; and it shall within a while be perfected: there is a bright morning without a cloud that shall arise. The saints have not only light to lead them in their journey, but much purer light at home, *an inheritance in light*, Col. i. 12. The land where their inheritance lieth is full of light; for the vision of God for ever is that inheritance. The city hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, to shine in it, *for the glory of the Lord doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof*, Rev. xxi. 23. As we said, that increased light is the happiness of the soul, the beginnings of it are happiness begun; they are beams of it sent from above, to lead us to the fountain and fulness of it. *With Thee*, says David, *is the fountain of life, and in Thy light shall we see light*. Psalm xxxvi. 9."

"Let us not think it incredible, that a poor unlettered Christian may know more of God, in the best kind of knowledge, than any the wisest, the most learned natural man can do; for the one knows God only by man's light, the other knows Him by His own light; and that is the only right knowledge. As the sun cannot be seen but by its own light, so neither can God be savingly known but by His own revealing."

"Oh! it is a comfortable thing to have an upright mind, and to love God for himself: and *love seeks not its own things*, 1 Cor. xiii. 5. They are truly happy, who make this their work, sincerely, though weakly, to advance the praises of their God in all things, and who, finding the great imperfection of their best diligence in this work here, are still longing to be in that state where they shall do it better."

CHRISTIANS ARE STRANGERS HERE.

"Let them who have no better home than this world to lay claim to, live here

as at home, and serve their lusts; they that have all *their portion in this life*, no more good to look for than what they can catch here—let them take their time of the poor profits and pleasures that are here, but you that have your whole estate, all your riches and pleasures laid up in heaven, and reserved there for you, let your hearts be there, and your conversation there. This is not the place of your rest, nor of your delights, unless you would be willing to change and have *your good things here*, as some foolish travellers, who spend the estate they should live on at home, in a little while, leaving it abroad amongst strangers. Will you, with *profane Esau*, sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, sell eternity for a moment, and, for a mo-

ment, sell such pleasures as a moment of them is more worth than an eternity of the other?"

KNOWLEDGE NOT SUFFICIENT FOR THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

"Natural ornaments are of some use in this present life, but they reach no further. When men have wasted their strength and endured the toil of study night and day, it is but a small parcel of knowledge they can attain to; and they are forced to lie down in the dust in the midst of their pursuit of it: that head that lodges most sciences shall within a while be disfurnished of them all; and the tongue that speaks most languages be silenced."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

SCUTARI MISSION.

Mr. Macnair's Journal.

September 16th—Sunday.—Preached this morning in barracks to the men on duty. Audience smaller than last day,—between twenty and thirty, and one woman. Several of the men employed in bringing up invalids just arrived from the Crimea. At half-past ten in the Palace Hospital,—audience ten or twelve, with as many more in bed. At two in Barrack Hospital,—audience seventeen, of whom twelve were invalids. The smallness of the attendance is often discouraging, though, considering the limited number of Presbyterians in an hospital, and the fact that some are confined to bed, or otherwise disabled from attending, there is reason for thankfulness that even so many are found present. Perhaps in the Barrack Hospital the audience is most disproportionate to the number of invalids. This is partly to be accounted for by the immense space which is covered by this hospital, rendering the distances which many have to come too great for them in their weak state of health. But no doubt a more thorough visiting during the week, if it were possible to give it, would bring out a larger number; and this must be aimed at.

I was surprised to-day to see C. J. in the Barrack Hospital. He was discharged some time since from the General Hospital, has been on duty here since, and expected to be sent back to the Crimea. But human prospects are often thus blighted.

September 17th.—A wet day. Visited

in Barrack Hospital; saw several men in I. corridor; visited one half of A., and all B. and C. Am generally well received, and attentively listened to, though sometimes diffculted to know whether this is the result of that military training which teaches deference to a superior officer, or springs from a real interest in what is spoken. Saw one fine young lad, who had been at the assault on the 6th and 7th, and though obliged to go to hospital before the taking of the Malakoff and Redan, and subsequent possession of Sebastopol by the allies, had seen the Russian ships on fire before leaving the Crimea. Was more surprised in the evening to read, in the district orders for the day, a copy of a letter from her Majesty, expressive of her congratulations to her brave army on their recent success, and at the same time her sympathy in regard to the losses which had been sustained, and the sufferings which many of them were called to undergo. This letter must have been telegraphed to the Crimea, after the decisive event of the 8th was known in England, and a copy transmitted here by ship from the Crimea.

September 18th.—Called this morning at the Harem (hospital a little way from the Palace), having heard that a number of fresh patients had been recently admitted. Have not visited this hospital much of late, owing to the very small number of Presbyterians here. On my last visit there were only two in hospital. To-day I found that one of these had gone to England, but that seven others had been admitted. These men being all convalescent, promised to attend ser-

vice at the Palace on Sabbath. On my way home called at the General Hospital, and visited one-half of the upper division. Met one or two interesting cases. Distributed some books here, as I had done in the Harem. Visited corridor F. of the Barrack Hospital in the afternoon, and found several new cases to add to my list. Am surprised to find so many men without copies of the Scriptures. Thousands must have been distributed here and in the Crimea. Some instances, however, do occur in which men evince a real desire for the Word of life, and these I am always glad that friends at home have put it in my power to supply.

September 22d.—Visited, as usual, this week in all the hospitals. With one or two exceptions, none of the men are seriously ill. Large drafts are being sent home.

September 23d.—Preached to-day, as formerly, in the morning to the men on duty,—about thirty in attendance; in the Palace to about a dozen, besides those in bed (some of my audience here had walked over from the Harem); in the Barrack Hospital to upwards of twenty invalids, and about half-a-dozen others; and in the General Hospital to eleven.

September 24th.—Had a long day of visiting in the Barrack and General Hospitals, ending with calling on a sick officer at the Kiosk, as I contemplate being absent to-morrow.

September 25th.—Had set apart this day, in accordance with a practice I have followed for some weeks past, of taking one day in the week of entire relaxation from all hospital work. In this I believe I shall have the sympathy, as well as the approval, of every member of the Committee. There are few who can engage, day after day, in the same round of duties, without the intervention of, at least, the weekly rest. And the work of chaplain to an hospital has too little variety to form an exception to the rule. As the Sabbath is to me as much a work-day as any of the seven, I feel myself justified in employing another as a rest-day. And, though the scarcity of chaplains might seem to some a sufficient reason for intermitting this practice, I feel that, on the other hand, this makes it all the more incumbent to take every precaution for the preservation of health. And if, by such practices as I refer to, I have been enabled to visit Broussa, (as noticed on a former page;) to hold intercourse with friends at a distance; to thread the tortuous windings of the Bosphorus; to dip into the val-

leys in the interior, and behold the bounties of Providence in the abundant produce of vineyards, and oliveyards, and figtrees; to climb the steep banks of neighbouring heights, and wade through the tall heather which clothes them; to take my stand on some commanding eminence, and from one and the same spot feast the eye with pictures of the Black Sea dotted with sails—the Bosphorus, its sides capped with stately palaces, itself clouded with smoke from the busy passage-boats plying on its surface—the far-famed Stamboul, with its portly domes and pointed minarets, covering seven hills, and with its ample suburbs, containing a population of well-nigh one million souls—the extensive cypress-groves, rising, according to eastern usage, over the houses of the dead—and the sea of Marmora, displaying, on one hand, huge factories with their tall chimneys, washing, on the other, the shores from which the Olympic range rear their heads, and bearing on its bosom some giant steamer freighted with news from home; if, I say, I have had my soul enlivened and my heart enlarged by such views and prospects as these, I trust I shall not be considered as therefore wanting in duty, so long, at least, as there are no cases in hospital, under my charge, calling for daily visits. Rather may I not expect, from a survey of the works of nature and of art, to derive new strength for carrying the message of mercy to those placed under my charge. For one thing I cannot be too grateful, that, whether owing, in part, to this practice or not, I have hitherto been in the enjoyment of excellent health. To God be the praise.

I was resting myself after this day's ramble, when intimation was brought to me that one of my patients in the General Hospital had been very low to-day, with fever, and a few minutes later a soldier came with a message from the Barrack Hospital, saying that a sergeant who had come in a day or two ago, was anxious to see a Presbyterian chaplain. Both cases I found time to visit, as well as one or two others in neighbouring wards, thankful that my day of relaxation had still left me some time for duty.

September 26th.—Visited in Barrack and General Hospitals, and saw, among others, the two men referred to last evening. The sergeant wished me to write to his wife, so I took down some particulars to note in the letter. Saw also B. W. in a very weak state. He was to have gone home with last draft, but was then too poorly to be put on board ship. Last night he was scarcely

conscious when I saw him, and to-day was restless, and seemingly in great pain. Read and prayed with him. How many cases have I now seen, to shew, if need were, the folly of trusting to a sick-bed repentance. When the body is racked with pain, the mind is little fitted for entertaining the great question which it is so loathe to solve in the day of health. In the next bed to this young man lies an Episcopalian, with whom I have often conversed, and who is suffering from a wound or bruise inflicted by a sand-bag. Last night he was in great pain, and could not bear the weight of the bed-clothes. Then he confessed himself a sinner, and was ready to listen to all I had to say. To-day the pain is greatly gone, and I am glad to think that he is not destitute of gratitude to the Giver of every blessing. I trust that his spared life may see resolutions of amendment carried out.

September 27th.—Visited in Palace, and the worst cases in Barrack Hospital. To-day I am sensible of a considerable diminution of late in the number of patients throughout the hospitals, and if they continue as at present, I can see a gleam of hope, and conceive a faint prospect of overtaking the work entrusted to me. But the prospect is but faint, as the men are so scattered that much time is consumed in finding them out, and passing from ward to ward, and from hospital to hospital. Besides, the diminution in the number of patients does not serve to diminish the number of public services, while the smallness of each audience has a tendency to depress the spirit and weaken the energy of the preacher. So that, on every account, I trust that no long time will elapse without bringing some fellow-labourer to this field.

September 28th.—In the course of visiting to-day saw serjeant A. in the General Hospital, and had some conversation with him. He has, before now, given me some details of his history. By his own account, his father was a pious man, and very strict disciplinarian. The son found it necessary to submit, but did so with a bad grace. At last, taking offence at some act of his father's, he ran away, and enlisted. Some time after this his father purchased his discharge, though the son told him he might save himself the trouble, as he would probably enlist again. And so he did, and does not entertain the least feeling of regret or remorse. He will coolly tell you he never expects to regain his health, or to revisit his native country. He has no faith in the righteousness of the part Britain is acting in the present war, and

yet would rush with all his might against the thick of the enemy. He professes to think it too late for him to repent and amend, and is content to take his chance with others. I expressed my sorrow for his unhappy position, but fancy he thought I might as well have spared my pains. I had before left a copy of "Allesin's Alarm" with him, and entreated him again to read it.

I have often thought that such unhappy cases might serve as a warning to parents. There are, no doubt, instances in which the best discipline is defeated in its aims. But it is a not unfrequent error in training to treat only as a matter of *duty* what should spring from a principle of *love*, and to make that instruction a *task* which might be rendered, in a great degree, a *pleasure*. That parent comes nearest to training up his child in the way he should go who resembles most our Father in heaven; and in His government righteousness and peace meet together, mercy and truth embrace each other.

This evening received box containing, among other things, a very neat communion cup, "From a few of my late flock in Gourrock, for the use of their countrymen in the East." It is a very handsome and appropriate gift, and I hope soon to be able to put it to use. The box also contained a most suitable collection of books and tracts for the use of the sick and wounded, the gift of the Sabbath school connected with my late congregation in the same place, which I shall have peculiar pleasure in putting into the hands of the men in hospital.

September 29th.—Spent an hour or so in the Barrack Hospital, and saw most of the men who are confined to bed. Engaged afterwards in writing out Journal, and letters for Monday's mail, and in making preparations for the duties of tomorrow.

September 30th.—Sunday. No service this morning in Barracks, the men having been marched out for inspection. The usual services in the Palace, Barrack, and General Hospitals. At the conclusion of the sermon in the Barrack Hospital, administered the ordinance of baptism to the child of a serjeant who had applied to me for this on the previous Sabbath. About thirty men present, and, from the extreme rarity of the dispensation of this ordinance in such circumstances, it is to be hoped that the impression made upon them was salutary and solemnizing.

Mr. Fergusson has been transferred from Scutari to Balacava. The only

difficulties which he seems to have encountered have arisen from some of the High Church of England party. It is time for the Church of Scotland to assert and maintain her *equal rights*, secured by the treaty of union, with the Church of England everywhere beyond England itself. Both churches are equal, in the eye of the law, in all our colonies, and in the army and navy. We hope and believe Mr. Fergusson will never be provoked to say or do anything unworthy of his official position or personal character and calling, but will "strive to keep the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace." Both the Committee and Church will expect him, however, to maintain these with equal firmness and dignity. He may rest assured that the Committee will see justice done him at the War Office or in Parliament, should he see cause to apply to them for support at home against any unjust interference or want of even-handed justice on the part of the civil or ecclesiastical officials abroad.

Letters from Mr. Fergusson.

BALACLAVA, 11th Jan. 1856.

There are facts coming to light now, with reference to the three religious divisions of the British army, which are astonishing some who take pleasure in depreciating the list of Presbyterians.

General C—— has called for a report shewing the number of each sect—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. As an example of the facts alluded to, I may state the case of the 82d regiment. The Episcopal chaplain attached, and the colonel, both said they did not believe there were half-a-dozen Presbyterians in the whole regiment, whereas it turns out, when the census is taken, that there are 125. Instead of having the Presbyterian Church over-represented in the number of her chaplains, as it has been again and again hinted, it will be found that she is much under.

BALACLAVA, 11th Feb. 1856.

I have delayed to write to you much longer than I intended at the date of my last hasty note. Much might be said by way of apology, but I have not time to apologize at any length. Scarcely a day has passed for some weeks in which I have not remembered you, and felt I

ought to be giving you some account of my labours here.

I have charge of the Presbyterians in the General and Castle Hospitals. But in addition to this, I felt it to be my duty to attend also to those in the artillery, the 89th, and the 82d regiments, which are encamped in the neighbourhood. My labours are thus scattered over a wide field—much too wide. There is sufficient work for two chaplains here. The Church of England has three within about the same bounds. I have thus five hospitals to visit—those already mentioned, and the regimental hospital of the regiments also noticed. These latter I have only been able to visit once a-week. They are all distant from my quarters about one and a-half miles, and I shall not attempt to say anything about the roads. I have not yet got a horse, as I have not a stable; but I must have one soon, if possible. *I preach four times every Sunday*, and should like to do it more frequently were I able. Up till a week ago my Sunday duties were as follows:—In "the Church" at General Hospital, parade service for Royal Sappers and Miners, at nine A.M.; on the heights above Balacava, parade service in open air for the artillery and 89th, at half-past ten A.M.; at the Castle Hospital, (Sanatorium,) for patients, nurses, medical staff corps, &c., in a ward, (having been refused the use of the Hospital church,) at half-past eleven A.M.; at the camp of the 82d, parade service in the open air, at three P.M. For the last two Sabbaths instead of the service at the camp, the 82d have joined the Sappers in the church at nine in the morning; and for the patients, and the medical staff corps of the General Hospital, and the public, I have public worship in "the church" at half-past two P.M. This is not a suitable hour for the public, but I felt it my duty to attend to the hospital in the first place. There are some cases in hospital of deep interest to myself, and, I have no doubt, would be so to you also; but I beg you will excuse my giving any details for the present.

The Church of England has a church and regular morning and evening services every Lord's day in the Main street of Balacava. Many of those who attend are Presbyterians. I sent in a requisition for a hut, to be used as a place of worship, which was refused, as many of my requisitions have been. Mr. C——, the Episcopalian chaplain here, very kindly offered me the use of his church. I called one morning at Mr. C.'s to inquire the name of his place of worship, that I might insert it in my notices. Mr. E——,

the principal chaplain, was with him, who, when he heard the proposal, refused to allow me the use of the house. But he engaged to apply to the Quartermaster-General to have a place of worship erected for the Presbyterians in Balaclava immediately. Nearly a week passed away, and I had no reply. I went myself to head quarters, and saw Colonel H——, who still refused to grant my requisition, but promised to lay my statements before the chief of the staff. On the following day (5th February) I had a letter from the principal chaplain, dated 29th January, requesting information as to the number, time, and places of my conducting divine service each Lord's day. To this I replied immediately, but I have heard nothing more of it. I feel, and I think justly, considerably aggrieved in this matter, and I told the Quartermaster-General so; and if he continues to refuse my requisition, I shall forward it to higher quarters. *The Roman Catholics have two large churches in the neighbourhood, and, in all fairness, the Presbyterians have an equal right, and might, without a grudge, get one.*

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

Mrs R. B. Maconochie, Edinburgh, L.1 0 0
Second annual Sub.

We have peculiar pleasure in recording the following subscriptions received from New Brunswick. We return our best thanks to our kind friends, and value most deeply this proof of their sympathy for their suffering countrymen. We have always maintained that there exist nowhere more warm and generous hearts than those of our countrymen in the colonies.

The following letter has been addressed to Mr. Macleod, the Secretary of the Scutari Mission:—

MIRAMICHI, NEW BRUNSWICK,
23d February 1856.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We have much pleasure in transmitting to you the enclosed Bill of Exchange for L.6 sterling, in favour of the Scutari Mission. The subscribers, sensitively alive to the sufferings and spiritual destitution of the Presbyterian portion of the British army in the Crimea, have cheerfully expressed their desire to assist your generous efforts in sustaining the Scutari Mission.

They have read with deep interest the Journals of the missionaries, as recorded in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, and are much gratified with the success that has attended their exertions. Their sincere desire is, that Almighty God may strengthen their hands and encourage their hearts in the discharge of their heavenly vocation, and that their labours may be abundantly blessed in imparting the consolations of the Word of Life to our suffering fellow-countrymen in that distant land.

We recollect, with grateful feelings, your visit, together with the other members of the Deputation from our venerable Church, to this place, at a time when the presence of able and faithful ministers was much needed; and the impressions then made will not soon be forgotten.

The subscribers express a desire that you will please insert the enclosed subscription list in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, not so much for their own gratification, but that their conduct in this matter may induce other congregations on this side of the Atlantic to go and do likewise.

That the Chief Shepherd may bless and prosper your labours, and give you many seals of a faithful ministry in the great day of His appearing, is the sincere desire of

Your humble and devoted Servants,

GEORGE JOHNSTONE,
JAMES MILLAR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS BY THE ADHERENTS OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, CHATHAM

George Johnstone	L.0 2 6
Mrs Johnstone	0 2 6
James Millar	0 2 6
Mrs James Millar	0 2 6
John Macdougall	0 2 6
Mrs Macdougall	0 2 6
John Smith	0 2 6
William Swanson	0 3 1½
Robert Nicholson	0 2 6
Mrs Robert Nicholson	0 2 6
Bery Miller	0 2 6
Mrs B. Miller	0 2 6
W. Muirhead	0 2 6
Mrs W. Muirhead	0 2 6
Richard B. Haddon	0 2 6
Mrs Haddon	0 2 6
George Henderson	0 2 6
John Linklater	0 2 6
Mrs John Linklater	0 2 6
Alexander Loudoun	0 5 0
Mrs Alexander Loudoun	0 5 0
Henry Wyse	0 2 6
James Case	0 2 6
James Patterson	0 2 6
John Cameron	0 2 6
William Mason	0 2 6
William Sinclair	0 2 6

Mrs Sinclair	L. 0 2 6
James Henderson	0 2 6
Mrs Henderson	0 2 6
Charles Anderson	0 2 6
Charles Cameron	0 2 6
Mrs Mackie	0 2 6
John Mackie	0 2 6
Archibald Russell	0 2 6
Peter Miller	0 2 6
David Ritchie	0 3 0
William Wyse	0 2 6
R. B. Forbes	0 2 6
Charles C. Watt	0 3 0
Richard Coltart	0 2 6
Hugh Bain	0 2 6
Mrs Bain	0 2 6
John Brown	0 2 6
George Haddow	0 2 6
Alex M. Muir	0 2 6
George M'Leod	0 2 6
Hugh Fraser	0 2 0
James Nelson	0 2 9
David Smere	0 1 3
D. M'Lachlan	0 2 6
D. Ferguson	0 2 6
George Kerr	0 2 6
Daniel MacKiren	0 2 6
Mrs Robert Johnston	0 2 6
Timothy Lovemoney	0 2 6
Francis Elliot	0 2 6
Mrs F. Elliot	0 2 6

4,225,433 dollars, of which sum 298,835 dollars were derived from endowments, 14,202 dollars from taxation, 155,799 dollars from public funds, and 4,225,433 dollars from other sources,—in other words, were paid by the pupils.

The entire number of pupils in the schools, public and private, in 1850, was, therefore, 3,017,107 as returned by the teachers of the schools to the marshals who took the census, but as returned by the parents, it was 4,189,507; † the former giving, it is probable, the number that attended with a good degree of regularity, whilst the latter included all that were sent for any period, however short. The entire cost of tuition, including public and private schools, as well as the academies, was that year 14,173,756 dollars.

We should not give a complete view of what is doing for the education of the people of the United States, if we did not say that it is believed that there cannot be less than 35,000 Sunday schools, with at least 2,500,000 pupils in them. These schools have generally interesting libraries attached to them. Not a few persons, especially among the adult pupils, receive all the education they ever get at the Sunday school.

Number of Evangelical Ministers and Members.—In 1854, there were, in the United States, 21,740 ordained ministers of the Gospel belonging to the several evangelical branches of the one true Church of Christ. The number of the members or communicants in such branches was 3,986,750.

If we suppose the population of the United States to be at present 26,500,000, then there is one minister, on an average, for a fraction more than 937 inhabitants. And this leaves out of view the Evangelical Friends, whose statistics we do not possess, and also the ministrations of the "local ministers," who, as we have seen, exceed 12,000 in the Methodist body alone. We have no doubt that the statistics of all the evangelical Churches in the United States would show at this time a membership of four millions! Nor can the number of those who preach "Christ crucified" with a good degree of faithfulness and clearness—ministers having pastoral charges, professors in colleges and seminaries, licentiates, local preachers, &c.—be at all less than 40,000.

Summary of the Non-Evangelical Bodies.—The number of ministers in the non-evangelical bodies, great and small, is 2,486; of the congregations, 3,607; and that of the members about 700,000. Of these there are 260 congregations of Unitarians, with 35,000 members; three million Roman Catholics, with 140,000 "communicants." The Jews have 65 synagogues, holding about 20,000 persons.

The Presbyterian Churches.—In the year 1705, a Presbytery, consisting of seven ministers from the north of Ireland and from New England, was formed. From this body arose the large body of Churches which bear the distinctive appellation of Presbyterian. In 1800, it is believed, there were about 300 ministers, 500 churches, and 40,000 communicants, or members. In 1832, there were 1,935 ministers and licentiates. In 1843, the two branches (for this Church was divided into two bodies in 1838, called Old and New School) had 2,991 ministers and licentiates. In 1854-55, the statistics of these two bodies combined were as follows:—2 general assemblies, 52 synods, 254 presbyteries, 3,770 ministers, 546 licentiates, 648 candidates, 4,635 churches, 368,433 members; contributions to congregational, missionary, educational, and other religious objects, at least 4,000,000 dollars; and 10 theological seminaries.

We subjoin, in a tabular form, the statistics of the other branches of the Presbyterian family or group of Churches:—

† Of these 4,089,507 pupils returned as attending school in 1850, those born in the country were 3,942,081; 147,426 were born in foreign lands; and 26,461 were free coloured children.

STATISTICS OF AMERICAN RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.*

Education.—In no subject is a greater interest felt among us than that of education. The six states of New England, (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut,) and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and California, have each a system of public schools, by which instruction, if not gratuitous, is given at a reduced cost to all the youth who attend them. It is done in some cases by taxation, in others by the proceeds of funds created for that purpose, and in some cases (indeed most generally) by means of both taxation and permanent funds. When to the aid thus received we add the sums contributed by the pupils, where, as in most cases, they are required to pay something per month, or for three months, the whole amount becomes great.

In the other states the governments give large sums for the education of the children of the poor, derived from taxation, or from permanent funds.

According to the census of 1850, the number of public schools (that is, of schools sustained or aided by the government, as explained) was 80,978; the number of teachers was 91,966; of pupils, 3,354,011; and the amount paid for tuition was 9,519,542 dollars, of which 4,653,096 dollars were derived from taxation, 2,582,402 dollars from public funds, 182,594 dollars from endowments, and 2,141,450 dollars were paid by the pupils.

The number of academies and private schools was 6,069; of pupils attending them, 263,096; of teachers, 12,230; and the cost of tuition was

* From an interesting pamphlet published by Dr. Baird of New York, on "The State and Prospects of Religion in America," originally given as a report at the Paris Conference.

	General Assm.	Synods.	Presby-teries.	Minis-ters.	Licen-tiates.	Candi-dates.	Churches.	Members.
Associate Church	...	1	20	164	21	35	267	21,588
Associate Reformed	...	5	34	315	30	60	375	39,680
Ref. Presbyterian	...	2	13	108	15	22	160	14,408
Cumberland Pres.	1	15	48	800	400	50	1000	100,000
German Reformed	...	2	23	350	25	40	1800	110,000
Reformed Dutch	1	2	25	333	15	35	322	36,297

Combining these six Presbyterian denominations or communions with the two great branches just spoken of, we have a total of 4 general assemblies or general synods, 79 synods, 417 presbyteries and classes, 5,589 ordained ministers, 522 licentiate, 915 candidates, 7,750 congregations, and 680,021 members or communicants.

Home Missions.—Last year the American Home Missionary Society employed 1032 missionaries; the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church (in 1853-54) employed 523 missionaries; the Board of Missions of the Associate Presbyterian Church, 41; the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church, 98; Baptist Home Missionary Society (North), 179; Southern Baptist Convention, 86; American and Foreign Christian Union, 62; Board of Missions of the Reformed Dutch Church, 50; the Boards of Missions of the several branches of the Methodist Church, 1197; Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, (about) 65; in all, 3335, at an expense of 723,539 dollars. This is not complete, but is sufficiently so to give a good idea of what is doing in the cause of home missions; and this movement, we may add, is comparatively of recent origin.

The Bible Societies.—The American Bible Society printed last year 801,400 copies of the Bible and New Testament, and has issued, from its organization in 1816, no less than 10,653,647 copies. The American and Foreign Bible Society issued, in 1853-54, 51,032 volumes, and has published more than 550,000 copies since its formation. The American Bible Union has not yet published much at home. The entire number of copies of the Bible, in whole or in part, published by the Bible societies just named, as well as the Bible Society of Philadelphia, considerably exceeds eleven millions; the largest part of which has been for the benefit of the people of the United States. The receipts of these societies, in 1854, exceeded 500,000 dollars.

The Tract and Book Publication Societies.—The American Tract Society published last year—of volumes, 961,363, and of tracts, 10,091,214 copies; the Presbyterian Board of Publication circulated last year 252,413 volumes; the Baptist Publication Board (North) published last year more

than 26,000,000 pages; the Tract Society of the Methodist Church published many hundred thousand copies of 26 volumes and 467 tracts. The American Sunday School Mission has issued more than 2000 different publications, many of them books for libraries; the Methodist Sunday School Union nearly as many; the Massachusetts Sunday School Union, 2500 at least; the Episcopal Sunday School Union, 300. The receipts of these several societies last year exceeded 525,000 dollars, and they employed more than 1300 colporteurs and missionaries, whose work consisted greatly in promoting the circulation of good books and tracts.

Foreign Missions.—The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (supported by a portion of the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists) had, in 1854, 161 ordained American missionaries, 35 native, and 448 assistants, male and female; the American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society, 66 missionaries and 234 assistants, American and native; the Presbyterian Board, 64 missionaries and 161 assistants, American and native; the Board of Foreign Missions of the Episcopal Church, 15 ordained missionaries (including 2 bishops) and 30 assistants; the Southern Baptist Convention, about 15 missionaries; the American and Foreign Christian Union 46; the Methodist Missionary Society, 81 missionaries and 30 assistants; the American Missionary Society, 20 missionaries. If to these we add the missionaries of the Free Will Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, and some other small denominations, we may safely say, there are 460 ordained missionaries, and 700 assistants, labouring in foreign fields—in China, Siam, Burmah, India, and Ceylon, Persia, Turkey, Papal countries in Europe and America, in Southern, South-Eastern, Western Africa, in the Islands in the Pacific Ocean, and among the aborigines on our borders, at an expense, last year, of not much, if at all, less than 800,000 dollars. Connected with these missions, there are more than 340 churches and 53,000 members; a large number of schools, and at least 39,000 pupils, besides a goodly number of seminaries, and many printing presses.

Notices of Books.

An Analytical Concordance to the Holy Scriptures; or the Bible presented under distinct and classified heads or topics.
By JOHN EADIE, D.D., LL.D. Griffin, Glasgow.

THE name of the learned and distinguished editor is a sufficient guarantee to the public for the worth of this Concordance. It is the third of an admirable series of biblical works published by Mr. Griffin, and edited by Dr. Eadie, designed for popular study, "specially for the use of Sabbath school teachers," and generally for domestic instruction. "The volume," as we are told in the preface,

"is an attempt so to classify Scripture under its different heads as to exhaust its contents." Thus, for instance, to take the first article "AGRICULTURE," the reader will ascertain under it what is said in Scripture as to the land and farms of Canaan; the processes of husbandry, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, &c.; and the allusions to them contained in the prophets and in the parables of our Lord, with much more of similar import. That Dr. Eadie has had, as he tells us, an older and similar work, by Mr. Talbot, to improve upon, makes it the more certain that the latest is the best. We cordially recommend it.

SERMON.

By the REV. J. PAISLEY, Minister of Gareslochhead.

"For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours."—1 Cor. xiii. 9, 10.

Of this epistle the early portion to which the text belongs is directed against the state of division existing in the Corinthian Church. They were separated one from another into different parties, each of which severally had attached themselves to one or other of the eminent ministers of the primitive Church whom they especially appreciated, and were undervaluing all but him. One party magnified Paul, and wished to be reckoned his adherents; another gathered round the eloquent Apollos; a third ranged themselves as the followers of Peter; each party glorying in their favourite teacher, and living in disunion and separation from all who in this respect followed not with them.

The apostle is referring to this state of things in the language which he uses in the text. They were not Paul's, or Apollos', or Cephas', as they said, but they were Christ's, and, in Him, God's; and Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas were theirs. Yea, not Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas only, all things here were theirs; all things with which in any way they were conversant on the earth. All things here, they should recognise, constituted a universal ministry to the saints. "All things were theirs; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all were theirs."

That all things here are a ministry to the saints is the truth which is in this passage declared to us; and of this truth I propose some brief elucidation and enforcement in connexion with the words of the text. It is a truth that is little recognised or little borne in mind by us, if indeed it can be said to be believed. Yet Scripture everywhere affirms it. And of all the truths revealed in the Scrip-

tures, it is surely for the Christian one of the greatest, the most blissful, the most important.

The ministry to the saints which the teachers of the Church constitute is the simplest and the most obvious part of the universal ministry to us.

It is altogether a perversion of the truth when you think of yourselves as belonging, in any measure, to this or that minister of the Church, and thus make ministers, in that measure, the centres of division and separation in the one body of Christ. It is to forget that you are Christ's, that you are God's, and that ministers are Christ's servants, whom He has set in the Church for your sakes. Ministers are to be accounted of as the servants of Christ with you,—as the stewards, for your behoof, of the things of God. They are for you, and not you for them. In all their prayers and pains in the Church, in all their ministry of the Word, in all their watching for souls as they that must give an account, they are Christ's servants whom He has placed among you, because you are His,—who are with you for your spiritual edification—for the great end of your progress towards the perfection that is in Him. From this truth, distinctly realised, you are to rise into that wider affirmation on the subject which the text contains. The ministry to the saints here is not confined to living teachers; for the great end which the Christian has to keep in view, and to press forward towards, all things here are a ministry to us. Thus, first, following simply the guidance of the text,

I. The world is ours—this present evil world in which we are. In its temptations which it puts in our way, in the oppression of spirit which its evil is fitted to cause us, in the separation of its

life from ours in which it makes us dwell apart from it, in every aspect in which it presents itself to us as spiritual men, it is ours.

It is not the worst world in which we could be for our growth in holiness, as we may be sometimes tempted to think, but the very fittest world for this,—a world in which everything is fitted for the accomplishment of this in us, by the wisdom of Him who rules over all things in it.

The world's temptations, for instance,—the particular temptations which it puts in our way,—are trials of our steadfastness by God whose we are. They are often the occasion of our falling into sin,—that is just when we fail in the trial, not walking in the guidance of God's Spirit which is given us, yielding ourselves instead to the suggestions of the evil that is within us. In themselves, in God's purpose, they are trials of our steadfastness, by which it is proved, and by which He would strengthen and establish it. In every one of them there is for us a way of escape from sin, simply by proving faithful. And as often as we are true to God, our faith is by every one of them established, our Christian character, in one feature of it or another, is confirmed, and our progress advanced, in the best possible way, towards the perfection that is in Christ.

The oppression of spirit, again, which the world's evil is fitted to cause us, so far as it is felt by us, is salutary to our spiritual health. It makes the Christian a man of sorrow; but to be a mourner here, is part of the perfection to which the Christian is called. The time is coming when he will be comforted. And it is a blessed thing to be a mourner now. It is fitted to make us like unto Him who, in our flesh dwelling here the Righteous One, was made perfect through that which He suffered; to make us partakers of the perfection of humanity which He manifested, when He had compassion on sinners, when He wept over impenitent Jerusalem, when He laid down His life for His brethren, that He might save them from sin even through His blood.

The world's separation of life from ours, also, in which it makes us dwell

apart from it, while we are in it, is helpful to our spiritual wellbeing. It makes our life here a life of separation from that of many around us; and it brings sharply out to us, therefore, the difference between the Christian life and that of the world. It does, indeed, make us feel that here we are pilgrims and strangers. But this is the very feeling we have to come to, if we are to come to the perfection for a man that is in Christ. He was a pilgrim and a stranger here. This is the very feeling by which we are to improve our meetness for the better country, even the heavenly; and the training to it which we have here through the separation in spirit from us of all who are of this world is just one manifestation among many of the love of God to us in Christ Jesus in which the world is ours.

II. Then, secondly, life is ours, this present life, in the things that belong to it with us. Life here in its business occupations, in its social connexions, in its vicissitudes, in everything belonging to it.

Life is ours in all its business occupations. It sometimes seems to Christians as if the time spent in their daily work, their worldly occupation, were, at best, withdrawn from God's service, and there were thus left them but their leisure hours and stolen moments in which to do any thing for God. So the case will be felt to be by those with whom religion is a series of observances, or with whom it lies in a few peculiar duties; but so it need not be, and is not in God's purpose. The worldly occupation given to him in God's providence is no longer, to the Christian, merely labour and weariness of the flesh that he may live; it is now a blessed thing, or may be so with him, a work in God's service; and it is a work in God's service which, in the wisdom of His love, is fitted to prove us, and to bring us forward towards perfection. There is in it to each of us, throughout every day, a trial of our diligence, and patience, and conscientiousness, and right use of our gifts, in a work given us by the Lord to do. There is in it, also, in its reference to others, a trial of our integrity, and faithfulness, of our loving-kindness, and of our uprightness to the

standard of the sanctuary. In all these respects, and in other such like, it is for each of us a sphere of service in which to raise a living testimony for God, day by day, to those around us, and to establish ourselves, day by day, in righteousness of spirit towards Him. All its hardships even, and its seeming evils, are in God's design for highest good, and may by us, if we are true to God, be redeemed thereunto.

Life is ours, also, in all its social connexions. Some of these, with us, may be springs of joy and happiness, and others, perhaps, occasions of sorrow or anxiety; but every one of them is adapted to be, and may be, conducive to our highest good, if only in the bonds of these relationships we will act our part with faithfulness. Every one of them is intended to minister good to us. It is in the closer relationships of life that it is especially shewn, regarding every man, what manner of spirit he is of; they therefore try our spirits especially, and if we act worthily in them, they establish us, as perhaps nothing else does, in the life and the walk of faithfulness. The probation through which they carry us, is especially severe, but therefore, also, it is especially salutary. It is often in the intercourse of his domestic life that the Christian most of all reveals his want of the spirit of Christ; in his intercourse with brothers or sisters, with wife or husband, with parents or children; that is when he fails in the especial trial. In the sphere of this intercourse it is, on the other hand, that the faithful man above every where else approves and makes manifest his faithfulness.

It sometimes occurs that in their social relationships Christians have very sore afflictions appointed them. And in these peculiar trials a Christian is sometimes almost ready to think that he does well to have another spirit in him than that of Christ. He is apt to live in the feeling that these particular connexions at least are sorely against him, and against his spiritual advancement. But this also is simply the failing of our faith in the Lord. The worst evils in our social condition may by us be redeemed to good.

In its trials, as much as in its comforts, it is overruled for us by the wisdom and the love of God. Everything belonging to it has a blessing in it for us, if we be true to Him, and is for us in His purpose good. No one thing in it is intended to be hurtful to us, but everything intended and calculated to be helpful to us, if we will walk worthily of God in the circumstances in which He has placed us to serve Him.

Life is ours, again, in all its vicissitudes. The changeful character of the present life is one of the most obvious features of it. The vicissitudes of life for us severally are all controlled of God our Father in heaven. The changes, for instance, that take place in our relative position, as we advance from youth to age; the changes in our worldly estate; the changes in the outward circumstances in which we are placed; the seasons of joy that come to us, and the seasons of sorrow; the alternations of health and sickness in our personal history, or in the history of our domestic circle; the greater changes also that come over our life, when parents or only friends are taken away from us—when those on whom we leaned, or to whom we most cleaved, depart, and we have, as it were, to begin life anew. All these vicissitudes are of God. That is saying little. They are all of God our Father in heaven, adapted, each of them, by Him, in time, and place, and circumstances, to prove a blessing to us. God has always a gracious object in view, whether He makes our path to be one of gladness, or casts a shade around us. The joys and satisfactions of life have a gracious purpose in them, and are the continual manifestation to us of His fatherly care, and of the riches of His great goodness, and loving kindness, and tender mercy. And life's afflictions, and disappointments, and bereavements, are no less really, in their purpose, kind, and wise, and good. All its joys, and all its sorrows, are alike the discipline of His hand, and come to us with a lesson of His care for us, and of His fatherly love. This is the apprehension out of which would come the interpretation of our chequered life; out of which the good pleasure of God for us, in all that befalls

us, would be revealed; and all things, as they are intended to do, would work together for our good. Life is a changing scene; but every movement in it is directed by an unerring hand, which seeks by all things to lead us forward, to make us live unto God, to make us partakers of God's holiness. It is not the way which we have chosen for ourselves, or would have chosen; but it is the way by which the Lord our God leadeth us, that He may bring us unto himself, and unto that life, not of probation, but of blessed service, over which no change shall come. In all its changes it is an intelligent, an impressive, a most affectionate ministry for our highest good.

III. And then, moreover, death also is ours—death as it lies before us in prospect. Death is the curse which sin brought into the world, and it is naturally to men a dread prospect, from which we shrink. But the world has been redeemed from that curse, and by the Gospel life and immortality have been brought to light. In Christ, death need be no longer to us a prospect of fear. It is the prospect to us of rest from the labour of the Christian life here, and of deliverance for ever from the evils which sin has brought into this world; the prospect, moreover, of an inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Abiding in Christ, we are able to have it all this for us in prospect; and, thus looked forward to, it is a sustaining anticipation amidst the things of the Christian life here; not a hindrance, but a great help, to our spiritual advancement. It is the prospect which above every other is naturally fitted to sustain our hearts in God's service, to draw forth our chiefest affections towards Him, to make us steadfast. While we fight the good fight of faith, we are able to do so as laying hold of eternal life. While, in the strength of Christ, we wrestle with our spiritual adversaries as they that strive for the mastery, we are able to strive as having an incorruptible crown in prospect, which is for him who overcometh. We may be steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we thus know

that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

IV. Finally, All things, whether present or to come, are ours; all things in the lot of any of us now, and all things, whatever they be, that can befall us in the future. There is nothing present with any of us now, and there never shall be any thing with us, but what is a ministry of God to us, under His overruling providence both intended and fitted to minister good to us. In the things present with us, there may be much that is evil, or seemingly evil, but there is nothing in them, if we act our part with faithfulness, that will not in its results prove beneficial to us. Over the things to come, there may be the shadow of fear or of uncertainty, but all things, whatever they are, will be for the end of our highest good, and the things that are best adapted to promote that end; for all things will be, even as all things are, of God our Father in heaven.

What shall we say, then, brethren, to this great truth which the text declares, and which I have sought to express to you, that all things here are a ministry to the saints; we who, as God's called people, are professedly desiring to walk with Him, and to do His will for us?

It is a truth, whether we realise it or no. Our state of life here is in a world full of evil, and full of difficulties, therefore, for the Christian's path; but it is a world in which there is redemption from evil, in which God's kingdom of grace is established over all. It is God's world, it is not Satan's world; God, our heavenly Father is over all in it, and directing all; Christ is in it, the Head over all things, for the Church which is His body. And, therefore, all things are ours.

If we realise this great truth, we should seek, each of us, to bring it into connection with our own life.

I will suggest to you, towards this end, two simple reflections:—

First. If these things be so, should we not by every one thing coming to us, be helped forward in our Christian life? Should not every one thing coming to us, in God's providence, day by day,—in our worldly business, in our social life, in our

contact even with the world's evil, in our thoughts, also, of the end of life, and of the everlasting future,—be the occasion of our taking another step, and having a further measure of steadfastness in the life of Christ? So it was intended to be. The world and all things here are divinely constituted, and for us divinely ruled that it may be so. God is ordering, step by step, the way in which we are to walk with Him. Every step in our earthly life, surely, should be another victory over evil, an advance forward and upward, in which some spiritual ground is gained.

And, Secondly. Should we not, therefore, as time advances, be making rapid progress, each of us, in the Christian life? Should not Sabbath after Sabbath, season after season, as they pass over our heads,—finding this ministry of all things still ours, in God's exceeding grace,—find us, each of them, at a new and a greatly advanced stage of the Christian life? Should they not find our corruption in larger degree mortified, our earthliness in a greater measure purged away, our

graces ripening and expanding into the unfading loveliness of the perfect purity that is in Christ? In the ministry to us of all things here, there is nothing here that should impede our progress; all things whatsoever should be subservient to it, and will be, if we are true to God, and our faith fail not. The hindrances are in ourselves alone. If we will only serve God with "a perfect heart," in the way in which He guides us, if we will only "follow the Lord fully," being strong in Him and in the power of His might, we may, with the great apostle, in all things be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." We may redeem all the evils that are here with us into good, and rejoice in the Lord always: going forward from strength to strength: being able continually to say, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

THE "WORKING CLASSES" AND THEIR LITERATURE:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

No. II.

WHILE we have Sabbath schools, ragged churches, and charitable schemes, whose name is legion, all operating in various ways for the amelioration of the "working classes" of our country, we regret that so little has been done, and such small interest felt, in the literature which forms the minds, and regulates the thoughts and actions of an immense majority of those who form the "base of our social pyramid." If there are many of that class unable to read for themselves, there are abundance of those who are not unwilling to read to them. Looking, therefore, to the effects which books or periodicals of any kind have on the MAN for good or evil, it is surely a great responsibility under which the Christian public of Great Britain lies, to see that those, to whom, in reality, they stand in

the relation of brothers, should have a literature which will not only *not* have the tendency to demoralise, but possess the positive power to elevate the faculties of the mind. There was a time, even within the memory of some still living, when there was no literature for the poor. That time has passed away, and the working man now sits down at his own fire-side, when the toils of the drudging day are over, and learns the history of the past, and the events of the present. The press has brought round this mighty change. It is to that press we owe many of our choicest national, social, and individual blessings; but it is still true, although it must be said with regret, that to it, also, we are indebted for many of our direst evils. The influence of that mighty engine rivals, nay, excels the in-

fluence of the pulpit. There are thousands in our land whose only knowledge of Sabbath days and Sabbath duties, is from the solemn chime of an hundred bells, as the musical invitation they carry to all to repair to God's house sounds, as it were, in muffled peals, amid the narrow lanes, dark dens, and close cabins of the city poor; or, it may be, too, from the clear ring from the village house of prayer, as the fresh breezes of heaven carry the slow and solemn melody over the bright green fields and smiling pasture lands of the hills and vales of Britain. But there is no place, no cabin, no hut, no hamlet, unknown to the press. In the gilded saloon of ancestral halls, in the low den of the dingy lane, in the peasant hut amid the lone wild Highland hills, in the fisher's cot by the "sad sea wave," the voice of the press speaks. It speaks in the heavy tome of theology, in the light, sparkling work of fiction, in the dry statistics and dogma of politics, in the godly tract, in the blasphemous pamphlet, but most loudly and most powerfully of all, in the sheets of the periodical press. It is, then, to the press that we owe the propagation of truth, but, at the same time, the dissemination of error. Our lot has been cast in a stirring age, distinguished above every thing for the unprecedented cheapness of literature. The result is, that the poorest of the land can purchase books or papers. The Rev. Charles Kingsley, an author with whose opinions on many subjects we have little sympathy, in his volume of "Village Sermons," has some good, but at the same time curious remarks on books and their influence. He says:—"Why is it that neither angels, nor saints, nor evil spirits, appear to men now to speak to them as they did of old? Why, but because we have books, by which Christ's messengers and the devil's messengers can tell what they will to thousands of human beings at the same moment, year after year, all the world over! . . . If books are false and wicked, we ought to fear them as evil spirits let loose among us, as messages from the father of lies, who deceives the hearts of evil men, that they may spread abroad the poison of his false and

foul messages, putting good for evil, and evil for good, sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet, saying to all men, 'I, too, have a tree of knowledge, and you may eat of the fruit thereof, and not die.' But believe him not. When you see a wicked book, when you find in a book any thing which contradicts God's book, cast it away, trample it under foot, believe that it is the devil tempting you by his cunning, alluring words, as he tempted Eve, your mother. Would to God all here would make that rule,—never to look into an evil book, or a filthy ballad! Can a man take a snake into his bosom and not be bitten? Can we play with fire and not be burnt? Can we open our ears and eyes to the devil's message, whether of covetousness, or filth, or folly, and not be haunted afterwards by its wicked words, rising up in our thoughts like evil spirits between us and our pure and noble duty,—our baptism vows?" Mr. Kingsley concludes this sermon with the following words, which we take the liberty of impressing on every reader of this Magazine:—"Now, if ever, are we bound to remember that books are words, and that words come either from Christ or the devil; now, if ever, are we bound to try all books by the Word of God; now, if ever, are we bound to put holy and wise books, both religious and worldly, into the hands of all around us, that if, poor souls! they must need eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, they may also eat of the tree of life; and now, if ever, are we bound to pray to Christ, the Word of God, that He will raise up among us wise and holy writers, and give them words and utterance, to speak to the hearts of all Englishmen the message of God's covenant, and that he may confound the devil and his lies, and that the swarm of writers who are filling England with trash, filth, blasphemy, and covetousness, with books which teach men that our wise forefathers, who built our churches and founded our constitution, and made England the queen of nations, were but ignorant knaves and fanatics, and that selfish, money-making, and godless licentiousness are the only true wisdom; and so turn the divine

power of words, and the inestimable blessing of a free press into the devil's engine, and not Christ's, the Word of God." Fer- vently uniting in that prayer, earnestly beseeching our friends to unite in it too, simply and very shortly we proceed to point out the crying evils against which we thus lift up our voice, and crave others to do so likewise. In the first place, the press is importing among us, in large numbers, those vicious and vitiating French novels, which, popular in that country which gave them birth, are also becoming alarmingly so in this favoured land. Thank God!—however firmly and closely knit we may be in terms of national and brotherly alliance, we have yet no alliance, no sympathy, with the religion and morals of France! In the second place, we have our own large and increasing home produce, in the shape of licen- tious romances, and infidel serials, and diurnal newspapers. In estimating the amount of the evil created by these, and their principles, if principle it can be called which is a negation of all principle, we must trace these up to the great sources from which the editors and contributors to these sceptical or infidel papers, derive their arguments and ideas. Now, in selecting some specimens of these sources, we cannot avoid naming one man, however distasteful our opinion may be to many, a man of learning and genius, on whom there rests a greater responsibility than on almost any other, we mean—THOMAS CARLYLE. Great as may be his eloquence, profound as some think his learning, his "everlast- ing nay" has driven many of his admirers—deluded souls—into the deepest depths of atheism. Of course, a man standing like a mighty giant in the forefront of the ranks of literature, surrounded with the hazy twilight of a mysterious heresy, the dim outline of his gigantic form bursting out darkly from the shade, brandishing his arm aloft in defiance of things that be, is an impressive sight, and such a being must have his crowds of awe-struck worshippers, and servile imi- tators. The works of Thomas Carlyle may be read by few, and those few among the educated of the country, but the

vain, babbling, sophistical productions of Thomas Carlyle's shallow followers are read over the length and breadth of the land. And another man also, of our own country too, has earned a reputation in the same department of sceptical philo- sophy, GEORGE COMBE. His *Constitution of Man* is a favourite work with the pro- fessedly irreligious, and would-be philo- sopher's of our working-classes. Some time ago, it is said, that no less than 80,000 copies had been sold, and the other day we observed a new edition ad- vertised. Give an average of four readers to each copy, how many of the 320,000 who have read that work have escaped unscathed the ordeal through which they passed? America has lent valuable aid to that semi, or rather entirely, infidel school. Two of her most approved authors are well known and extensively read here. We allude to the pantheistic Ralph Waldo Emerson, and to Theodore Parker. These writers have outgrown Carlyle in disrespect of Christi- anity. Thomas Carlyle never speaks much in direct opposition to it. He tells us his temple is the "Great Cathedral of Immensity," and he invites us to worship with him there; that his "adorations" are addressed to the "Supreme Silences," "The Destinies of Immensity," and the "Eternities," and he summons us to build our altar and pay our vows to them; that his goal is an "Everlasting Nay," and he adjures us to abide with him in that same consolatory faith. But though he says of our Christian beliefs, that they are made "for stealing into heaven, ostrich-like, with our heads in the fallacies of earth," he never stigma- tises Christianity as "an Eastern mon- archy built by indolence and fear;" he never characterises the God-man Christ Jesus, the Lord of Life and Glory, as Emerson does in his "Essays;" nor with him does he sneer at historical Christi- anity, "because it dwells with noxious exaggeration around the person of Jesus." With Emerson the "soul knows no persons." Man, with him, is the worshipper and the worshipper. "Standing on the bare ground, my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,

all mean egotism vanishes. The currents of the universal being circulate through me. I am part or particle of God."

"I am the owner of the sphere;
Of the seven stars, and the solar year;
Of Caesar's hand, and Plato's brain;
Of Lord Christ's heart, and Shakespeare's
strain;"—

is the motto with which Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson prefaces his volume of *Essays*. We take at random an extract from "Self-reliance": "In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office, is so not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity—anything less than good is vicious. Prayer to effect a private end is theft and meanness. It supposes dualism, and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all actions." . . . "As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so their creeds are a disease of the intellect." Many more passages we might cull, but space forbids further extracts. That is another source from which shallower and less gifted men draw their inspiration for the instruction of the masses! These two men, Carlyle and Emerson, are famed representatives of the Pantheistic creed. And what is Pantheism? It is infidelity; nay, more—it is atheism. "The atheist and the pantheist," says an eloquent writer, "shake hands as believers in the same black creed. Danton, on his trial, said, 'My name is Danton—my residence will soon be in annihilation—my name will live in the pantheon of history.' And the pantheist says, let us dream on the day of our existence here, for the night is coming when self must return to the great ocean of being, and there be lost for ever. Such are the issues of a system that denies the living personal God." Passing over many whose writings are decidedly infidel, we regret that another English name must be added to this sad pillory. He to whom we allude has lately

begun his advocacy of the same system of anticreeds in a very resistless and enticing way. It is most deeply to be deplored that the popular and justly-honoured name of CHARLES DICKENS must be mentioned in company with such men as the preceding. With him, as with Carlyle, nature is the grand cathedral for all to worship in—nature is the sacred altar on which the sacrifice must be offered—nature herself the goddess to be adored. By the position which he has lately so boldly assumed as an advocate for Sabbath desecration, and as an opponent of what he is pleased to style pharisaical sanctimoniousness, he has disappointed many of his most ardent admirers. In those well-known passages in *Little Dorrit* and *Hard Times*, which lately have been the subject of just censure, and even in some numbers of *Household Words*, the cause, at least the so-called cause, of the "working man" is pleaded. Sabbaths are pronounced days of sombre Calvinistic gloom and hatred, churches sneered at, ministers ridiculed, and Nature substituted for Christ. The influence Mr. Dickens wields is great; his works are truly works for the million; many are glad to find so illustrious a supporter for their pernicious opinions; and is it not, therefore, to be deeply deplored that the author of *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, and *David Copperfield* has not cast his influence into the opposite scale? With all his knowledge of human nature, Mr. Dickens has yet to learn that the grand morality of upper, and middle, and lower classes does not consist in the knowledge of earth's productions, improving as that knowledge may be; nor in Museums and Crystal Palaces opened on the "Lord's Day,"—for these will never be the means of saving a soul from hell, and preparing man for meeting God at death. No! However eloquently and sentimentally the pseudo-friends of the "working man" may write, and reason, and plead for such amusements, the great fact yet remains, that neither botany, nor geology, nor philosophy, nor history, is Christ. It is all very well to plead pathetically for Sabbath travelling for the wearied workman, but the responsibility for want of

recreation lies with the masters, who will not resign some portion of their time to their "hands," as modern economists feelingly term their brothers—the responsibility does not rest with the defenders of the Sabbath. However beautiful may be the streams, and flowery the glens, and rugged and glorious the mountain tops, the lesson will not be taught by them, that for our immortal souls, or yours, dear reader, there "is salvation in none other than in Him who came in the name of the Lord to save us." The clear blue rippling stream may lave with its cooling waters the dusty toil-stained feet of the wearied workman, just released from his six days' toil; but though it may speak to him of God, it will never tell of Him who walked upon

the stormy waves of the lake of Galilee! Purple may be the heather, and bracing the breezes which blow upon the summits of our hills, but no voice comes from them to tell of Him who so often sat upon the hallowed hill of lovely Olivet! Sweet may be the flowers, and beautiful the blossoms of our rural gardens, but no flower, no blossom gently whispers of Him who poured His bloody sweat for man in the lonely garden of Gethsemane!

But we come to other writers still more popular and influential—the men of the periodical press. Of that portion of the press which disseminates positively infidel and licentious literature we shall speak next number.

A. W.

(To be Continued.)

SINAI AND PALESTINE.*

(Continued from page 20.)

In our present number we shall give a few extracts from Mr. Stanley's volume, illustrative of his journey to Sinai.

There are some interesting features of the scenery noticed, as for instance:—

THE DESOLATION AND SILENCE OF THE DESERT.

It is an equally striking, and more accurate expression of the same traveller, when he speaks of the whole range as being "the Alps unclothed."† This—their union of grandeur with desolation—is the point of their scenery absolutely unrivalled. They are the "Alps" of Arabia—but the Alps planted in the Desert, and therefore stripped of all the clothing which goes to make up our notions of Swiss or English mountains; stripped of the variegated drapery of oak, and birch, and pine, and fir; of moss, and grass, and fern, which to landscapes of European hills, are almost as essential as the rocks and peaks themselves. Of all the charms of Switzerland, the one which most impresses a traveller recently returned from the East, is the breadth and depth of its verdure. The very name of "Alp" is strictly applied only to the green pasture-lands enclosed by rocks or glaciers—a sight in the European Alps so common, in these Arabian Alps so wholly unknown. The absence of verdure, it need hardly be said, is due to the absence of water—of those perennial streams

which are at once the creation and the life of every other mountain district.

And it is this, probably, combined with the peculiarity of the atmosphere, that produces the deep stillness and consequent reverberation of the human voice, which can never be omitted in any enumeration of the characteristics of Mount Sinai. From the highest point of Ras Sasafeh to its lower peak, a distance of about sixty feet, the page of a book, distinctly but not loudly read, was perfectly audible; and every remark of the various groups of travellers descending from the heights of the same point rose clearly to those immediately above them. It was the belief of the Arabs who conducted Niebuhr, that they could make themselves heard across the Gulf of 'Akaba; a belief doubtless exaggerated, yet probably originated or fostered by the great distance to which in those regions the voice can actually be carried.

THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA AND MODERN INHABITANTS OF THE DESERT.

It has often been asked whether there are any natural phenomena by which the wonders of the giving of the Law can be explained or illustrated. There are at first sight many appearances which, to an unpractised eye, seem indications of volcanic agency. But they are all, it is believed, illusory. The vast heaps, as of calcined mountains, are only the detritus of iron in the sandstone formation. The traces of igneous action on the granite rocks belong to their first upheaving, not to any subsequent convulsions. Everywhere there are signs of the action of water, nowhere of fire. On the other hand, the mysterious sounds which have been mentioned on Um-Shomer and Gebel Moussa, may be in

* *Sinai and Palestine in connection with their History.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. London: John Murray, 1856. Pp. lvi. 536

† "Notes during a Visit to Egypt," &c., by Sir Frederick Henniker, p. 214.

some way connected with the terrors described in the Mosaic narrative. If they are, they furnish an additional illustration, not to say an additional proof, of the historical truth of the narrative. If they are not, it must rest, as heretofore, on its own internal evidence.

Finally, the relation of the Desert to its modern inhabitants is still illustrative of its ancient history. The general name by which the Hebrews called "the wilderness," including always that of Sinai, was "the pasture." Bare as the surface of the Desert is, yet the thin clothing of vegetation, which is seldom entirely withdrawn, especially the aromatic shrubs on the high hillsides, furnish sufficient sustenance for the herds of the six thousand Bedouin who constitute the present population of the Peninsula.

"Along the mountain ledges green,
The scatter'd sheep at will may glean
The Desert's spicy stores."

So were they seen following the daughters or the shepherd-slaves of Jethro. So may they be seen climbing the rocks, or gathered round the pools and springs of the valleys, under the charge of the black-veiled Bedouin women of the present day. And in the Tiyaha, Towara, or Alouin tribes, with their chiefs and followers, their dress, and manners, and habitations, we probably see the likeness of the Midianites, the Amalekites, and the Israelites themselves in this their earliest stage of existence. The long straight lines of black tents which cluster round the Desert springs, present to us on a small scale, the image of the vast encampment gathered round the one Sacred Tent which, with its coverings of dyed skins, stood conspicuous in the midat, and which recalled the period of their nomadic life long after their settlement in Palestine. The deserted villages—marked by rude enclosures of stone—are doubtless such as those to which the Hebrew wanderers gave the name of "Haseroth," and which afterwards furnished the type of the primitive sanctuary at Shiloh. The rude burial-grounds, with the many nameless head-stones, far away from human habitation, are such as the host of Israel must have left behind them at the different stages of their progress—at Massah, at Sinai, at Kibroth-hattaavah, "the graves of desire." The salutations of the chiefs, in their bright scarlet robes, the one "going out to meet the other," the "obeisance," the "kiss" on each side the head, the silent entrance into the tent for consultation, are all graphically described in the encounter between Moses and Jethro. The constitution of the tribes, with the subordinate degrees of sheykhs, recommended by Jethro to Moses, is the very same which still exists amongst those who are possibly his lineal descendants—the gentle race of the Towara.

Mr. Stanley discusses, of course, the old question as to the identity of the mountain from which the Law was revealed, and unhesitatingly gives the palm to the magnificent cliffs of Ras

Sasafeh, instead of the Serbal, or the high peak of Gebel Mousa.

APPROACH TO SINAI.

We reached the head of the pass; and far in the bosom of the mountains before us, I saw the well-known shapes of the cliffs which form the front of Sinai. At each successive advance these cliffs disengaged themselves from the intervening and surrounding hills, and at last they stood out—I should rather say the columnar mass which they form, stood out—alone against the sky. On each side the infinite complications of twisted and jagged mountains fell away from it. On each side the sky encompassed it round, as though it were alone in the wilderness. And to this giant mass we approached through a wide valley, a long continued plain, which, enclosed as it was between two precipitous ranges of black and yellow granite, and having always at its end this prodigious mountain block, I could compare to nothing else than the immense avenue—the "dromos," as it is technically called—through which the approach was made to the great Egyptian temples. One extraordinary sensation was the foreknowledge at each successive opening of the view of every object that would next appear; as cliff and plain, and the deep gorges on each side, and lastly, the Convent with its gardens burst before me, it was the unfolding of the sight of sights, of which I had read and heard for years, till each part of it seemed as familiar as if I had seen it again and again. Was it the same or not? The colours and the scale of the scene were not precisely what I should have gathered from descriptions; the colours less remarkable, the scale less grand. But the whole impression of that long approach was even more wonderful than I had expected. Whatever may have been the scene of the events in Exodus, I cannot imagine that any human being could pass up that plain and not feel that he was entering a place above all others suited for the most august of the sights of earth.

The following is his interesting account of the true

MOUNT SINAI.

No one who has approached the Ras Sasafeh through that noble plain, or who has looked down upon the plain from that majestic height, will willingly part with the belief that these are the two essential features of the view of the Israelite camp. That such a plain should exist at all in front of such a cliff, is so remarkable a coincidence with the sacred narrative, as to furnish a strong internal argument, not merely of its identity with the scene, but of the scene itself having been described by an eye-witness. The awful and lengthened approach, as to some natural sanctuary, would have been the fittest preparation for the coming scene. The low line of alluvial mounds at the foot of the cliff exactly answer to the "bounds" which were to keep the people off from "touching the Mount." The plain itself is not broken and uneven, and narrowly shut in, like almost all others in the range, but presents

ASCENT OF RAS SASAFEH.

a long retiring sweep, against which the people could "remove and stand afar off." The cliff, rising like a huge altar, in front of the whole congregation, and visible against the sky in lonely grandeur from end to end of the whole plain, is the very image of "the mount that might be touched," and from which the voice of God might be heard far and wide over the stillness of the plain below, widened at that point to its utmost extent by the confluence of all the contiguous valleys. Here, beyond all other parts of the Peninsula, is the adytum, withdrawn as if in the "end of the world," from all the stir and confusion of earthly things. And as in the Wady Feiran, "the hill" of Paran may be taken as fixing with some degree of probability the scene of Rephidim, so there are some details of the plain of Er-Raheh which remarkably coincide with the scene of the worship of the Golden Calf, evidently the same as that of the encampment at the time of the Delivery of the Law. In this instance the traditional locality is happily chosen. A small eminence at the entrance of the convent valley is marked by the name of Aaron, as being that from which Aaron surveyed the festival on the wide plain below. This tradition, if followed out, would of necessity require the encampment to be in the Wady Er-Raheh, as every other circumstance renders probable. But there are two other points which meet here, and nowhere else. First, Moses is described as descending the mountain without seeing the people; the shout strikes the ear of his companion before they ascertain the cause; the view bursts upon him suddenly as he draws nigh to the camp, and he throws down the tables and dashes them in pieces "beneath the mount." Such a combination might occur in the Wady Er-Raheh. Any one coming down from one of the secluded basins behind the Ras Sasafeh, through the oblique gullies which flank it on the north and south, would hear the sounds borne through the silence from the plain, but would not see the plain itself till he emerged from the Wady Ed-Deir or the Wady Leja; and when he did so, he would be immediately under the precipitous cliff of Sasafeh. Further, we are told that Moses strewed the powder of the fragments of the idol on the "waters" of the "brook that came down out of the mount." This would be perfectly possible in the Wady Er-Raheh, into which issues the brook of the Wady Leja, descending, it is true, from Mount St. Catherine, but still in sufficiently close connexion with the Gebel Mousa to justify the expression, "coming down out of the mount." These two coincidences, which must be taken for what they are worth, would not occur either at Serbal or in the Wady Sebayah. In the case of the former, although there is the brook from the Wady Aleyat, which would probably meet the description, there is no corresponding contiguity of the encampment. In the case of the latter, both are wanting.

After ascending the Gebel Mousa, or the traditional Sinai, he and his party resolved to compare with it the view from what he believes to be the real Sinai.

The first thing to be done was, therefore, to gain the summit of the other end of the range called the Ras Sasafeh, (Willow Head,) overlooking the Er-Raheh from above. The whole party descended, and after winding through the various basins and cliffs which make up the range, we reached the rocky point overlooking the approach we had come the preceding day. The effect on us, as on every one who has seen and described it, was instantaneous. It was like the seat on the top of Serbal, but with the difference, that here was the deep, wide, yellow plain sweeping down to the very base of the cliffs; exactly answering to the plain on which the people "removed and stood afar off." . . . There is yet a higher mass of granite immediately above this point, which should be ascended, for the greater completeness of view which it affords. The plain below is then seen, extending not only between the ranges of Tlaha and Furei'a, but also into the lateral valleys, which, on the north-east, unite it with the wide Wady of the Sheykh. This is important as showing how far the encampment may have been spread below, still within sight of the same summit . . . If we are to have a mountain without a wide amphitheatre at its base, let us have Serbal, but if otherwise, I am sure that if the monks of Justinian had fixed the traditional scene on the Ras Sasafeh, no one would for an instant have doubted that this only could be the spot.

Mr. Stanley mentions a curious coincidence.

QUAILS AT HAZEROTH.

In connexion with this incident of the "quails," may be mentioned the fact, that on the evening and the morning of our encampment, immediately before reaching the Wady Hude-rah, the sky was literally darkened by the flight of innumerable birds, which proved to be the same large red legged cranes, three feet high, with black and white wings, measuring seven feet from tip to tip which we had seen in like numbers at the First Cataract of the Nile. It is remarkable that a similar flight was seen by Schubert near the very same spot. That any large flights of birds should be seen in those parts, at any rate illustrates the Scripture narrative. But if a recent explanation of the difficult passage in Numbers xi. 31, be correct, and the expression "two cubits high upon the face of the earth" be applied, not to the accumulation of the mass, but to the size of the individual birds; the flight of cranes, such as we saw, may be not merely regarded as an illustration, but an instance, of the incident recorded in the Pentateuch.

Before leaving Sinai, we may inform those interested in the question of the rock inscriptions, that Mr. Stanley thinks the number of these have been exaggerated, though they are spread over a wide extent of country; that all may have been

executed without any ladders or ropes; that any one of them might have been executed in a few minutes, owing to the soft character of the sandstone, and finally, that from the number and position of the crosses, &c., he can hardly imagine a

doubt that they are the work, for the most part, of Christians, though their object cannot yet be ascertained. We may add that he differs entirely with Mr. Forster in all his conclusions.

(To be Continued.)

WHAT HAVE WE GAINED BY THE WAR?

THE war is ended! The awful drama which for two years has attracted the attention of the civilised world has come to a conclusion, and its many actors are about to leave the terrible scene of action. The mind naturally reverts to the stirring events which have so rapidly passed before our eyes, filling Europe with "hopes, and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng." We recal the day when the preliminaries of uncertainty were ended, and the Black Sea, from the shores of Varna to the horizon, was covered by the greatest fleet of vessels ever assembled since the world began. But as yesterday these poured upon the Crimea a magnificent army, supplied by two great neighbouring nations who had never fought against a common foe before. We recal the proudest page in the annals of the whole war—the indomitable advance to battle and victory up the steeps of Alma. We remember the hope of an immediate capture of Sebastopol, followed by the delays, the disappointments, the miscalculations, the sufferings and horrors of the first winter in the Crimea, that, but for the heroic and memorable defence of the heights of Inkerman, which seemed to be to our troops as the fierce death struggle of a giant in his last agonies, would have sunk the nation in despondency. And then there passes before us the continued struggle, such as history has nowhere recorded, of 400,000 men around the beleaguered fortress, and within a space hardly ten miles square. Artillery roaring night and day for months; shells in ceaseless showers hissing and rushing through the sky; trenches digging, attacking, and defending; batteries mounting and dismounting; nightly sorties, with firing, shouts, and death struggles in the darkness;

men perishing daily in hundreds from cold or disease, agonising wounds or the sudden crash of shot or shell. We remember the days of more than ordinary peril and more wide-spread calamity—days of hurricane, when navies were sunk, or of fierce onset against the fortress, when armies seemed to march forwards for hours, amidst the hell of turmoil and carnage, into some unseen and unknown dread bourne from whence no soldier returned. More than this, we recollect the crowds of sufferers who streamed from the shores of the Crimea, to add to the horrors of the already overcrowded hospitals, or the graves which were ever digging around their walls. We conjure up the messengers of woe which every day left the seat of war and visited Europe, knocking at the doors of ten thousand times ten thousand homes, telling children that they were orphans, wives that they were widows, parents that the pride of their heart was laid low, sisters that their brother was killed, and a large circle of friends and neighbours of old familiar faces they should see no more. But peace has been proclaimed! Our fleets will return home and cast their shadows upon the calm surface of our peaceful harbours, to give place to those of commerce, which Sweaborg and Cronstadt will receive with glad welcome. The Crimea will soon be deserted, and left to the gentle influences of nature, and the peaceful occupations of man. The green grass will soon grow in luxuriance over the heights so long trodden by armed men; the harbour of Balaclava will be silent as a mountain tarn, and cattle will browse along the line of the once busy railway; the bee will hum among the wild flowers that will spring from the graves of our countrymen; the lark will sing

over the fields drenched by blood; the husbandman will pause to examine records of battle turned up by his plough, and strangers, year after year, will visit the memorable scene, and trace out the spots consecrated by patient suffering or heroic valour; and many an unlettered barbarian will in vain attempt to decipher the inscriptions over our English dead, which will be read through tears by pilgrims from afar who shall come to visit their graves, and to whom the names on those humble tablets are records of the history of a life. Peace has come! and who can help rejoicing in a period which is marked by so blessed a word? In the beautiful language of Max Piccolomini we may say—

“O! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier

Returns home in life; when he becomes
A fellow man among his fellow men.
The colours are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers
home!

The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the
fields;

The city gates fly open of themselves;
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
With peaceful men and women, that send on-
wards

Kisses and welcomes upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate ges-
tures.

From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
O happy man! O fortunate! for whom
The well known door, the faithful arms are
open—

The faithful tender arms, with mute embrac-
ing!”

But while thankful for peace, with all its manifold blessings, we are forced to ask the important and solemn question—What have we gained by the war?

We are not among those who would speak slightly of what has been done by our fleets and armies. We do not believe braver men ever left our shores, or men more able and willing to act a part worthy of their name and lineage, than the sailors and soldiers to whom we intrusted the safety and honour of our country. And what, accordingly, have been our successes? The armies of Russia have been beaten in every battle, without one

exception, from the day they first advanced and crossed the Pruth, till the day they at last fled and crossed the harbour of Sebastopol. It is true, that, with unprecedented advantages and means of defence, in men and materiel, such as no beleaguered fortress ever before afforded, they made a long and gallant defence; but we took Sebastopol, which Russia deemed impregnable. We also destroyed every ship of the splendid fleet which, a few months before, threatened the liberties of the East, and had cruelly massacred an inoffending navy at Sinope. In the Baltic we made few conquests. The Russian position was deemed impregnable; but we defied a single ship of that mighty nation to leave the harbour, and thus rendered her utterly powerless for attack. The result of all this has been that Russia, which, like a second Babylon, threatened to be as a hammer to break the nations of the earth, has herself been broken—driven back from her advance towards Europe and the East, and compelled to accept a peace, with the loss of fortresses, fleets, armies, influence, and the glory of being invincible, which charmed nations to become her slaves. But, while all this is true, yet a satisfactory answer is not thereby given to the question—What have we gained by the war? Or to the question, as a believer in Christ will put it, Has anything, as far as man can see, been gained by this war to the cause of Christ? any obstructions to the preaching of the Gospel removed? any new facilities afforded for bringing men to the knowledge of their Father, through their Saviour and brother? any hope, in short, that the fall of Sebastopol may contribute to the pulling down, in Turkey, of the strongholds of Satan, which have hitherto been so invincible there? Just as those questions can be satisfactorily answered, will the Church rejoice in the losses of war, as having been true gains to the world, and rejoice also in the peace which has been obtained as helping to usher in the true peace of earth. Now we thank God for it with deepest heartfelt gratitude, that by His overruling providence the war has been the means of gaining this one unspeakable blessing:—

the Gospel can now be preached in Turkey, and Mohammedans by birth can become Christians without thereby incurring even the loss of their lives. This is the grand result which eclipses every other! We do not forget or overlook the *indirect* gain to the Church of Christ, in the additional security to India and to our India missions, obtained by the war; nor the check which the ambitious and exclusive Russian Greek Church has received, albeit by the temporary advancement of the more corrupt Latin Church. But still, like a mountain peak which rears its lofty head above a range of many hills, so does this liberty granted to the Gospel in Turkey, tower above all other minor consequences of the war.

It is not easy for us to realise such a grand crisis in history. It requires faith and a constructive fancy to see the oak in the acorn, the mighty river of busy commerce in the tiny mountain spring. So is it difficult for us to see what has been gained to humanity in the opening up of Turkey. But only think of it! For 1200 years has Islam reigned, and brooked no rival. For 1200 years it has been death to a Mohammedan to believe in Christ as the only Saviour. For 1200 years Mohammedanism, numbering at present its more than one hundred million souls, has been shut out from all the light and life of the Gospel! Now, Islam is practically destroyed! It has been permitted, in the calm and patient government of God, to do its best or its worst—to be, if it could, the life of an empire—the life of the race. Twelve centuries have been given it wherein to make the experiment, with the fairest and holiest portion of the earth in which to make it, and with unlimited power to back its efforts. The experiment has failed—failed utterly and deplorably. Mohammedanism has given birth to no literature, philosophy, science, or works of art. It has triumphed cruelly, reigned despotically, indulged itself sensually, until it has become effete, degraded, sunk. But now a new era has come, and Christianity, ever fresh and ever young, steps in to save Turkey from being blotted out from the map of nations, and to conquer

her as an enemy by making her a friend.

If this be so, we need not mourn the Christian dead as if they had died in vain. They have fallen in a magnificent cause. Their blood will truly prove the seed of the Church. As they behold from the heights of the New Jerusalem the coming triumphs of the Cross, they will rejoice that, by their death on the field of battle, they contributed to so glorious a triumph!

The real war is, therefore, only beginning! But shall the Protestant Church realise the grandeur of the enterprise assigned to her, in God's providence, of evangelising Turkey? Is there faith and love among us strong enough to begin such a new crusade as will eclipse those of the past in history and in character, and make the Moslem share the glory of our moral battles and victories? Shall we propose to ourselves a work so grand, as to rekindle the long extinguished lights in the churches of Asia Minor, and, through God's Spirit, tread the footsteps of St. Paul with a like zeal, courage, and even greater success, and read his epistles once more to Christian assemblies worshipping at Thessalonica, Philippi, or Corinth; or those of Peter, to brethren "scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia, and Bithynia?" Shall we make Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, with Bethany, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem, tell their own simple but blessed story to the people who dwell there, through the pages of the sacred volume, possessed, read, and believed by them at last? And if the Protestant Church of other lands will do this, let us ask once more, Is the Church of Scotland preparing to take a worthy part in this new movement in advance to the final conquest of the world? Our students and preachers chiefly must answer that question. Oh! if we fail to find men or money to do this work, with what withering scorn may the unbeliever turn round and say: "Europe has devoted half-a-million of men, and more than one hundred millions of pounds, to gain what you call a mere earthly triumph; yet what is the Church of Christ doing,

which is represented by you in the pulpit as the very embodiment of love, self-denial, and self-sacrifice? Or what is the Church of Scotland doing, which you say is a true branch of the Church of Christ? Can she not furnish any more missionaries,—any one corps for the grand campaign now beginning? If not, do you really believe in God, in Christ, or in the Bible?" Surely such a taunt will not be heard! Rather let us hope to see our young men take a worthy share in the splendid work given the Church of Christ to do, so that future Christian travellers, as they see the moral regeneration of Turkey through the preaching of the Word, will be able to point to many a mission church which we have been privileged to rear, and that, in the blessed spectacle of a new Christian Protestant

nation added to Christendom, they will be able, with grateful and adoring hearts, to answer the question we have put, and say: "*Behold what, under God, has been gained through the war!*"

Since the above was written, we have heard of proposals which will certainly be made to the ensuing General Assembly by our Jewish Committee, and of successes already attending their efforts to begin missionary labours in the East, which will rejoice the hearts of our ministers and people, and inspire the glad hope that our beloved Church will, in God's strength, not be last, but forward among the first in the advance of British missionaries into Turkey. If so, we may look for an era and revival in our missions!

N.

APPEAL TO THE CHURCH IN BEHALF OF SCOTCHMEN ABROAD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN MAGAZINE.

WITH your kind permission, I wish to call the attention of your readers to a part of the mission field of our Church, and to point out the great work which we have yet to do. The neglects of the Church are so many, and her efforts have been so small, in proportion to her ability and her responsibility, that I am indeed almost restrained from calling attention to them. But I am persuaded it is better that the truth should be known; and if there are those whose hostility and unholiness will find gratification in contemplating our shortcomings, I pray God to give them a better mind. As for churchmen, I earnestly hope that none of them will have their attachment to the Church weakened by any facts that I may bring forward, but that, on the contrary, they may be stirred up to pray more, to give more, and to work more in her behalf than hitherto, so that she may be brought at least abreast of other denominations. While our Church shares with all Christian churches the responsibility of seeking to enlighten the dark places of the earth, there is one field that is peculiarly her own, and of

this I intend chiefly to speak. I allude to THE SCOTCH POPULATION ABROAD; our fellow-countrymen and fellow-churchmen out of Scotland, whether in the British colonies, in the public service, or in foreign countries—those who, by their birth and by their baptism, have a claim upon the Church to care for their souls. Let us turn first to

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

To the north of Canada lies the immense district of country known as the Hudson's Bay Territory. By far the greater number of Europeans who are to be found at the posts in that wilderness—officials, clerks, traders, and trappers—are Scotchmen from the Highlands and Orkneys, thence selected because of their birth in a northern climate. And what has the Church done to follow these sons of hers whom she baptized, with those spiritual and hallowing influences that surrounded them in their early homes?—Nothing. The Roman Catholic priest finds his way through the dense forests to their trading posts, and, in the long winter evenings, talks with them beside

their roaring log fires; but there they live and die without ever seeing the face of one of their own spiritual teachers. They have many things to remind them of Scotland, but the Church is wanting. Ah, it is a sad subject this of the Scotch Church not following Scotchmen to the ends of the earth.

Coming south to Canada and the lower provinces, we find three provincial synods of our Church, and about a hundred clergymen scattered over an immense territory, from Lake Superior to Newfoundland. Of these a small number were sent out by the Church—many went on their own responsibility—some were educated in the country—and some originally belonged to other denominations. Most of them are laborious, self-denying men,—not a few are noble missionaries—men who have done the work of whole presbyteries, who have endured poverty and hardship, who have travelled far and near, through deep forests, beneath summer's heat and winter's cold, to point the eyes of their dying countrymen to the Saviour lifted up upon the cross—men whom the General Assembly should stand up to welcome if they made their appearance in its midst.

But still these hundred clergymen are utterly unable to overtake the people adhering to our Church. We are told, by these who know the country, that if we would follow our people, if we would treat them as all other denominations treat theirs, it would be necessary to send a hundred more clergymen to the North American field without delay. From all quarters of British North America—from the new territories that are so fast filling up on the shores of Lake Huron, from the Highland districts of Glengarry, from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, the most urgent appeals for ministers are ever and again sent to our Colonial Committee. We are told of districts of country where there are thousands of Scottish churchmen who have been unvisited for many years, and whose children are growing up unbaptized; we are told of congregations, able and willing to support pastors, having been vacant for ten, fifteen, and twenty

years; we are told of fine old Scotchmen, with tears in their eyes, saying they would die in peace if they only saw a clergyman of the Church of their fathers settled among their children; we are told of others using such language as this: "We see Methodists, Baptists, Roman Catholics, representatives of every name, save of the Church in which we were born, and in which we wish to die."

The loyalty with which Scottish churchmen in the colonies have clung to the Church is truly wonderful, and is enough to make us at home inquire, Whether, as a Church, we deserve such affection? But, notwithstanding this loyalty, we have already lost much ground. Whole communities have been alienated through our neglect, and, sick with hope deferred, have gone for ever from the Church of their fathers. Thus we read in the *Missionary Record* for February: "The Presbytery of Halifax, which once numbered three clergymen in Halifax, one in Dartmouth, one in Laurencetown and the adjoining districts, one in Cornwallis, one in Shelburne, one in Yarmouth, one in Lunenburg, one in Bermuda, one in Newfoundland, is now reduced to three." And we are told that several of these congregations have been alienated from the Church solely from want of clergymen. If those who are most indifferent to missionary enterprise, and who take no missionary periodical except the *Edinburgh Almanac*, will have the goodness to consult its pages, and to compare the clerical lists of different years, they will find some startling, and, to us, humbling disclosures. After the division of the Church in Canada, I believe that the numbers of the clergymen who adhered, and who separated, were very nearly in the proportion of fifty to thirty.

New the relative position is entirely changed. The Church in Canada has eighty clergymen, the new body a hundred. And this just because their friends at home have taken up the matter with far greater energy, have sent out men of some note to found colleges, and to occupy important places—just because they have supplied the demand, while the watch-towers of our Zion have been left deso-

late. Still, the sterling religious loyalty of our people is not to any great extent shaken. Still, as they sing the songs of Zion in a foreign land, they look back with feelings of the tenderest affection to the parish church where they were baptized, and around which lies the dust of their kindred, and vow that they will never forget the "beautiful house where their forefathers worshipped." Still there is material for a great and powerful Church in British North America, if the Church at home would but arise in her might and pour in fifteen or twenty clergymen from year to year, till the most pressing wants are supplied. But the present is a most critical time. I know that already some of our best clergymen are oppressed with doubt lest they are sinning against God, in seeking any longer to keep up the attachment of vacant congregations to a Church which does not seem to be able to do anything for them. I saw lately a letter from a colonial clergyman, from which I take the liberty to give an extract. He says: "A very few years will decide the question in my mind, whether the Church of Scotland is to have—ought to have—a place and a name in these colonies, and the solution of that question depends upon the supply of ministers that may come to our rescue from one source or another. If that supply does not come, then, as I am a minister of the Church of Scotland, and cannot at present think of being anything else, I will have to go to Scotland to do so with satisfaction to myself, and what I shall be obliged to consider duty to my Church and these provinces, for I think it will be a sin to uphold the Church of Scotland with scarcely more than a name."

I turn next to

AUSTRALIA.

And there a similar, if not still greater, destitution stares us in the face. It must be painfully obvious to every member of the Church; that we have done almost nothing towards taking advantage of the wonderful openings that the discovery of gold has caused in Australia. The present is a great formative period in the history of that colony, and the seed sown now will bear fruit for ages. What has

the Church done in this crisis? While the Scotch population has been increasing with wonderful rapidity, the death vacancies among our clergymen have been little more than supplied. The consequence is, that multitudes of our people are completely destitute of those spiritual privileges which they enjoyed in their native land. Surrounded with temptations, they have none to care for their souls, and if they go down to the pit, is the Church that baptized them clear of their blood? Another consequence is, that many of the friends of the Church in this colony, comparing her trifling efforts with those of other denominations, have lost faith in her spirituality, and grown lukewarm in their attachment. Australia was in a great measure true to the Church after the secession of 1843; but since the death of one or two of the old pillars of our cause, such as Dr. M'Garvie, and the efforts of the last few years so far below those of others, we fear that we have lost our vantage ground. And, indeed, however much it is to be regretted, it is scarcely to be wondered at when we find the state of things to be such as this: "According to the last census it would appear that our brethren of the Church of Scotland in South Australia amount to 5264, while the Free Church numbers only 1542, yet the latter have four ministers of their denomination labouring in the colony, while among the 5264 of the National Church there is only one."—*Vide Record* for February. No wonder our friends despair. I turn next to the

MILITARY AND NAVAL STATIONS.

Though an immense number of Scotchmen spend their lives in the public service of their country, the Scotch Church may be said to be unknown in these departments. She is unrepresented at one and all of the great naval and military stations. At Gibraltar, Malta, Corfu, Bermuda, &c., where there are always great numbers of our adherents, no spiritual provision is made for them. This is all the more inexcusable, that the present army regulations, unjust and dishonourable though they are to the Church, would for the most part ensure a tolerable salary to clergymen at these stations. I have said

unjust and dishonourable to the Church. And is it not an insult to the Church, the nation, and to those brave men who are the flower of the British army, that Scotch clergymen receive less for attending the military than ministers of the Southern Establishment? * Then, to turn to the navy, a still worse injustice meets us, for it is part of its regulation that no person shall be appointed a chaplain therein who has not been regularly ordained deacon and priest of the United Church of England and Ireland. † These wrongs should not be submitted to any longer. It is because they have been too long borne without remonstrance, because we have allowed our Church to be treated as a dissenting sect, as any Scotch Churchman who enters the army or navy feels at once, that we have lost so many of the higher classes of the country.

I turn next to Scotch communities in

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

There are none of her Majesty's subjects more prone to push their fortunes abroad than the Scotch. Wherever one travels on the continent, or elsewhere, he finds the so-called English population to be largely made up of Scotchmen. Now, although I am not able at present to quote the precise words of the Consulate Act, I know that according to the provisions of that Act a Scotch clergyman may be appointed, and will be chiefly paid by the British Government, wherever a certain number of Scotchmen reside, and a certain sum is raised. But this most important provision has never, I believe, been taken advantage of, except in the case of Buenos Ayres in South

* An Episcopal minister in Scotland, though a dissenter, receives more, I suppose, for attendance on the military, in proportion to their number, than a parish clergyman. On colonial stations, the treatment of Scotch ministers officiating to the troops, when compared with the treatment of Episcopal ministers, is often most unfair. Why do not the leading men of the Church take some action against such indignities? What means the omission in the army list of the names of Scotch chaplains at the seat of war?

† The difficulty connected with appointing a Scotch clergyman as chaplain to a ship can easily be got over by appointing one or two to a squadron.

America; and the consequence is, that multitudes of Scotchmen are thus lost to the Church, and return home in due time Episcopalised.

Go where you will into foreign countries, you find side by side with the British consul the English chaplain, though most of her Majesty's subjects, for whose spiritual instruction he has been appointed, were born north of the Tweed. There must at present be at least ten or twelve places of great importance, including several of the capitals of Europe, such as St. Petersburg, Brussels, &c., where the Act I have alluded to can be taken advantage of, and surely it should, without delay. Too many of our leading people have for ever been lost to the Church of their country through this neglect in time past, and the legitimate influence of that pure worship for which our fathers died has thus been carelessly thrown away. Some time ago I read, if I mistake not, in one of the publications of the Presbyterian Church of America, an article suggesting the propriety of their establishing a Presbyterian Church in all the capitals of Europe, for the accommodation of their travelling countrymen, and for the spread of apostolic truth in these strongholds of error. Why has the Church of Scotland never thought of this?

Having thus partially surveyed the *work to be done*, let us look

AT HOME

and see if we can discover any traces of a missionary spirit at all adequate to the crisis. What is the Church doing or purposing to do in this lamentable state of affairs? Is she repenting of the past, shaking off her lethargy, and girding herself for a great effort? Alas! we find, first of all, a widespread *ignorance* of missions in general, and of our Church missions in particular. A great portion of our people know little or nothing of our missions—of our missionaries, how many there are, where they are, what they are doing, and what they are not able to do. The adherents of other denominations read their "Records," and thus have their piety quickened—their interest in the extension of Christ's

kingdom intensified; and knowing the cause they are supporting, they give of their substance as God has prospered them. How many families are there belonging to the Church whose dissenting servants read *their* missionary chronicles in the kitchen, while the *Home and Foreign Missionary Record* of the Church of Scotland has never found its way to the library or the drawing-room! The truth is, a very small portion of families belonging to the Church read the *Record*, and the rest know necessarily very little about what is going on. As a natural consequence of this, we find a vast amount of *indifference*. If, instead of abusing her endowment, she had but used it aright, what a glorious missionary church might not the Church of Scotland have been! How many dark places might she not have enlightened? If every parish in the country was supporting a missionary abroad, we would be doing no more than dissenters are doing. But what is the present condition of things? The comparative indifference of our people to the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom can be proved by the most unquestionable statistics. A considerable number of our parishes refuse to collect for the Mission Schemes at all. If we take those which do collect, and turn to the lists at the end of any copy of the *Record*, we find appended to the names of large and influential congregations sums of which almost any dissenting place of worship of like ability would be ashamed.

When we compare the sums raised for missionary purposes by the two leading dissenting denominations of Scotland, after supporting their own ministry, with that raised by the Church, with her thousand parishes, her titled aristocracy, her large landowners, her paid clergy, we have reason to be humbled in the dust. Indeed, it is impossible for a Scotch Churchman to take an interest in the great movements that are now going on in the world for the extension of the Saviour's kingdom without being constantly pained at the remissness of his own Church.

I read in a recent number of your Magazine a statistical table of Protestant

Missions, in which the Scotch Church is placed immediately after the Wesleyans. The number of missionaries set down as belonging to the Wesleyans is 427, with 781 assistants. Noble, indeed, for that body, whose members are for the most part in the humble walks of life, and who have first of all to support their own ministry. But what of the National Church of Scotland that stands next in the table? Missionaries, *fourteen*; assistants, *eight*;—and of these fourteen we all know that several are of foreign birth! Of course our colonial missionaries are not included: and I think it likely, although I am not certain, that in the case of the Methodists they are, still the difference is most startling. Worse still, I turned up some time ago the prospectus of a magazine published in London, part of which I give: "Compiled principally from the official papers of the Baptist, London, United Presbyterian, Free Church, and Church (of England) Missionary Societies, in which is given—View of the Progress of Christian Missions throughout the World," &c. No mention of the Church of Scotland; and how sadly significant the omission! The Church of Scotland has the unenviable distinction of being *the least missionary of all churches*. May God our heavenly Father revive us in the midst of the years. May He make the preaching of His Gospel effectual to the conversion of our people, for certainly if more of them were converted to God, and to the love of the Lord who died for them, our missions would not remain long in their present condition.

G. W. S., B.A.

SABBATH BELLS.

Sweet Sabbath Bells! ye waft my soul
On your solemn chimes at even,
To the land where life's glad waters roll
Through the pastures green of heaven.

Sweet Sabbath Bells! no temple there
Gathers a holy throng;
For every heart is a shrine of prayer,
And "every voice is song."

No weekly calm in the world above
Shall breathe upon scenes of care;
For the moments of heaven are bright with
love,
And each is a Sabbath there.

No ear for the songs of the blast has he
Who loves not the Sabbath bell,
Breathing its sacred melody,
O'er city, and field, and fell.

Oh! take its shade from a "weary" clime,
And its well from the desert's breast,
But leave to a world of care and crime,
The depth of its Sabbath rest!

Like islands green 'mid the streams of life,
Our blessed Sabbaths rise,

When our barks may rest from storms and
strife,
As they float to Paradise.

O God of love! send forth a blast
From thy Spirit, full and free,
That their beaten sails may fold at last
In a haven of peace with thee!

From "The Pleasures of Home," a poem, by
the Rev. John Anderson, minister of Kinross.

INDIA MISSIONS.

THE peace which has now been ratified will tend to establish British authority still more firmly in India. May the precious time thus given us be redeemed by the Christian Church in establishing more widely and deeply the reign of Christ in the souls of its benighted millions! Apart from higher considerations, we are persuaded that the enlightened Christianity of its people will in the end be found the purest and the best defence of India against every attempt to wrest it from the supremacy of Great Britain. There is every prospect that the ensuing General Assembly will discuss, with patience and intelligence, the whole question of our India missions. It is full time, indeed, that a question of such immense importance and profound interest should occupy the patient deliberations of our Supreme Court. Why do so many ministers and elders meet, year after year, in solemn assembly? Ought it not to be for the one grand end of advancing Christ's kingdom by thoughtful consultation, stirring exhortation, and earnest prayer? And when one thinks what a great power might thus be brought to bear, year after year, upon what absorbs the interest of the angels in heaven, as well as of all good men on earth, because it is the satisfaction and reward of the Lord of men and angels, and how each General Assembly could thus become a means of spiritual life, strength, and comfort to the scattered ministers and members of the Church throughout the world, it might make one weep to see how often its precious days are wasted by hearing the evidence for deposing some miserable

drunkard, or rejecting some unfit presentee! Surely, surely, sufficient wisdom and principle might be found in Presbytery, Synod, or Law Committee, to dispose of such cases, and to leave the Assembly free to do its real work of advancing Christ's kingdom at home and abroad by nobler and more direct methods!

These thoughts have been suggested to us by the perusal of a pamphlet which has given us peculiar pleasure: "Proceedings of a General Conference of Bengal Protestant Missionaries, held at Calcutta, September 4-7, 1855." The history of this delightful Conference is the following:—

"During the first week in September, there was held in Calcutta a series of meetings, of peculiar interest to those who watch the progress of the missionary cause in India. Owing to various circumstances, which rarely occur at one time, nearly all the missionaries residing in the country parts of the province of Bengal were brought to the chief town of the Presidency, and it was arranged that, with the Calcutta missionaries, a General Conference should be held, to take into consideration the present position of the chief questions connected with their common work. The meetings of the Conference lasted four days, and by careful attention to orderly arrangements, a great amount of business was got through in that brief period. The greatest harmony prevailed throughout the numerous discussions: the attention of all was directed exclusively to missionary subjects; and not a word was said respecting those ecclesiastical differences which have so much divided the churches of Christendom. Indeed, it is believed that nowhere will be found a more complete Evangelical Alliance than

has been practically maintained for many years amongst the Bengal missionaries. Though belonging to many Churches and Societies, they are bound together in numerous instances by the closest ties of personal friendship, as well as of Christian affection, and frequently unite both in labours and consultations to advance the Redeemer's cause."

Accordingly there met together, during those four days, Baptist Missionaries, 18; London Missionary Society, 4; Cathedral Mission, 1; Church (Episcopal) Mission, 11; Church of Scotland, 4; Free Church, 9; besides resident chaplains, clergy, and laymen.

The order of business of each day consisted—of course, along with devotional exercises—in a paper being read, and afterwards discussed, on some subject of practical importance. These papers and discussions contain a vast amount of interesting information and well-weighed judgments upon most points which the friends of missions at home would like to be informed upon, and they afford an admirable example of how ministers at home might annually meet in brotherly conference for a few days, and, in God's presence, with humble hearts, consider how His kingdom might be advanced at home and abroad. Oh, that we beheld such meetings of our ministers at home! They would be as dew upon the dry grass, or as the cry to God of that old prophet, "who was a man subject to like passions as we are," but "who prayed, and the heavens gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit!"

We will, in a future number, return to the Report of the Calcutta Conference. In the meantime we shall endeavour, as briefly as possible, to gather from various papers what the opinions of the missionaries themselves are upon what will occupy much of the attention of the Assembly—viz., *education and preaching*, as instruments of evangelisation. We may premise that the proposed Government measure was not discussed at the Conference, but almost every other point which bore upon the relative merits of the schoolmaster and the preacher. Considerable difference of opinion prevailed. It would appear, indeed, that while all

the missionaries from Scotland, both Free and Established, were in favour of the school, all the other missionaries present were at least more favourable to evangelistic labours by preaching. It must in candour be admitted that the question is more complicated and difficult than it at first appears to be; and much—as the phrase is—may be said on both sides. We will occupy the rest of this paper in selecting as fairly as possible statements from "both sides" upon this question, beginning with those in favour of preaching:—

Rev. J. WILKINSON (Baptist):—"We are of opinion that missionary work embraces various departments of labour, and that the principle of a division of labour ought to be applied to it. The missionary church may justly be compared to a body consisting of many members. 'The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of thee.' In this way the preaching missionary, the medical missionary, the scholastic missionary, and the literary missionary, are all useful and necessary members of the whole body of the missionary church. . . . Again, it should not be overlooked that the command is to preach the Gospel 'to every creature.' We should, therefore, not condemn the missionary in a heathen land, who regards it as a part of his duty to preach to his own countrymen in his own tongue. And we may also safely acknowledge that a missionary is legitimately employed, if he looks upon his class-room as his place of preaching, and upon his class as his stated audience. If he proclaims the Gospel of Christ to these young people in a language which they can understand, even though it should be an acquired language, he is helping to preach the Gospel to every creature. And it will hardly be denied by the most zealous advocate of preaching, that such a class of well-instructed young men constitutes that which it is so very difficult to obtain in this country, a stated audience of regular hearers—hearers to whom he may preach not only on one day of the week, but on all; and hearers who are more attentive, more intelligent, and more free from prejudice, and consequently better prepared for understanding the Gospel, than those whom we meet with in the streets and market-places, and at religious festivals. But whilst we cheerfully make this concession, we still maintain that missionary preaching ought not to be limited to the class-room of an

English Institution; because the command is to preach the Gospel to every creature, and not only to educated young men. . . . Whilst, however, we assign the first rank among all the various missionary agencies to this preaching of the Gospel, we cannot pass over in silence the startling and humiliating fact, that very few manifest cases of decided individual conversion have been known to result directly from preaching alone. In our native Christian congregations the preached Word has again and again been blessed as an instrument of conversion; but preaching to Hindus and Muhammandans has very rarely been attended with such pleasing success in a tangible form. A few such cases have occurred, but they have been very few indeed."

Rev. J. STUBBINS, Cuttack (Baptist?):—"The missionaries in Orissa have ever regarded vernacular preaching as their paramount duty. They have ever held that other plans are subordinate to this; and that whatever else may be omitted from their labours, this must never be. Judging from the results, God seems to have eminently honoured this kind of service among us."

Rev. T. MORGAN (Baptist):—"The great commission is to preach the Gospel to every creature. Now, what is meant by preaching? To know what preaching is, we must look to the example of Christ and His apostles. We find the Lord going about speaking constantly of spiritual things. Paul again had a sort of monomania for the preaching of the Gospel. He determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. It is admitted that a large number of conversions have been effected by means of schools, but still the conversions have been effected by the preaching of the Gospel in the schools, and not by their secular instruction."

Rev. J. WILLIAMSON (Baptist):—"Regards preaching as the great work of a missionary. He does not fully understand what is said in the paper read of the scholastic missionary; but is decidedly of opinion that a missionary should teach nothing else but the Gospel."

Rev. C. BOWMERSCH (Church Missionary):—"He would congratulate the educational missionaries on the great success that has attended their labours. . . . The great majority of missionaries ought to be constantly engaged in direct preaching, which he thinks has not had a fair trial."

Rev. F. SCHUBB (Church Missionary):—"His great faith is in the direct preaching of the Gospel."

Rev. J. MULLENS (Baptist):—"Thought

that the opponents of educational operations, as conducted by missionaries, ought not to complain, because, including the two Scottish Missions in Calcutta, only one-fourth of the Bengal missionaries were engaged in the English Institutions. In all India, including the Presidency towns, only one-tenth were employed in them to any extent. To all other missionaries, four hundred in number, the vernacular languages are necessary; and all that number can employ them in preaching directly to the heathen in their own tongue. From his own experience he could testify that such preaching is by far the most attractive department of missionary work. . . . Probably all will be agreed in assigning the very first place to this branch of labour; but other departments ought not to be undervalued."

Rev. Mr. LACROIX (London Mission, and the oldest missionary in India):—"The success attending vernacular preaching is apt to be under-estimated. We generally think of those who have been converted under the influence of a particular sermon, and the number of such is certainly small. But in another way a very important influence has been exerted. A few persons have been converted; then a church has been formed, and ordinances maintained; and through the influence of these ordinances, and the example and influence of the Christians or their neighbours and friends, many have been added to the Church. To the south of Calcutta it was mainly through the influence and example of the first converts that the leaven spread. He is persuaded that the time is now come when all should bestir themselves more than ever in this department of work. At one time he was opposed to schools, and did not think them a proper mode of applying missionary resources. But he has changed his opinion, and believes that, in certain places and in certain circumstances, Christian education is one of the most powerful agencies that can be brought to bear upon the people. There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. What he would now say very earnestly is, that each one of us should do that work for which he is best qualified by the Spirit of God, and to which the providence of God directs him."

Rev. Mr. SMITH (Church Mission, Benares):—"1. Since the adults of this country can be converted, because some have been; since all missionary funds are supposed to be collected expressly for the purpose of teaching and preaching the Gospel, is it right, it is asked, to deviate from this point, by going with these funds to assemble Hindu and Mu-

hammadan children by holding out the offer of secular instructions (for which *alone* we know they attend our schools) in order thus to allure them to read and to receive instruction in our sacred Scriptures? To say nothing of its appearing, perhaps, somewhat *infra dignitatem*, may not this procedure be supposed to bespeak a sense of weakness in our cause with regard to the adults—that they are too hard for us, and we therefore turn to their children, who promise an easier conquest? To say, Carry on both—preaching to the adults and teaching the children—is here to say nothing to the point. We all know that the same individual, who is employed all day in teaching children, cannot have much time or strength left to preach to the adults. The question, then, is—is it right—i. e. is it in accordance with our one great object as missionaries, to carry out our Lord's last command—is it right, for the sake of thrusting one hour's Bible lesson down the children's throats, to spend five hours in teaching them secular knowledge? 2. There is one consideration which, I must say, has weighed much with me of late to make me doubt (if nothing else did) whether missionaries and missionary funds ought to be thus employed. It is the fact that Government are now coming forward so vigorously to carry on, and so liberally to aid secular education, and also are beginning to insist that all those employed by them, in whatever capacity, down to the recipients of a salary of Rs. 4 or Rs. 6 a month, shall, at least, be able to read and write their own language. So that there would appear no room to doubt that education to an extent sufficient to enable men intelligently to hear the Gospel and judge of its claims (even allowing that they were not equal to this before), will soon spread through the country."

Mr. UNDERHILL (Secretary, Baptist Mission):—"Much controversy has arisen, under this head, as to the value of schools as an instrument in the missionary's hands for the evangelisation of a country. I do not propose to touch the discussion here, more than to say that a general dissatisfaction seems to exist in all missionary bodies as to the results hitherto won by education for the Gospel; and with some it has resulted in a settled purpose to reduce into a much more subordinate position their scholastic operations. Wisely or unwisely, they think they cannot safely depart from the direct command of the Lord—to preach; to reach in the most direct, the simplest, the most effective way, every perishing sinner; to set before him, with all the

pathos of the human voice, and the eloquence of the human eye, and the warm passionate utterances of a heart on fire with the theme, the love of Christ and God. The instructions of the deputations they have sent will, I doubt not, be found with entire unanimity to say, 'See how far the oral preaching of the Gospel is the leading object and work of the missions; urge upon the attention of the brethren the paramount duty of preaching the Gospel, and of imparting to the people, by *viva voce* communications, a knowledge of salvation.'

In the resolutions come to by the Conference upon vernacular preaching, it is said—

"Amongst the various means employed in India for the fulfilment of the great commission, they regard the preaching of the Gospel to the people *in their own tongue*, either by European missionaries or by preachers raised up in the country, as the work of highest importance. Though attended with difficulties, they consider it admirably adapted to the instruction of all who can be brought under its influence; but they regret that, owing to the state and constitution of native society, there are certain classes, such as the members of wealthy families, and nearly the whole female population, who are rarely reached by its agency. So important is it in their eyes, that they consider that every missionary on arriving in the country should endeavour so to master the language as to be able personally to engage in it; and while such as learn to speak it well, should, if not otherwise directed by Providence, devote to vernacular preaching their entire attention, those who are directed to other plans should also give to it as much time and effort as they can.

"In looking at the results of vernacular preaching in Bengal, they acknowledge with regret, that though the majority of missionaries have been engaged, for many years, in various parts of the country in this department of missionary labour, it is a remarkable fact that, as compared with the amount of labour and journeying, the number of known conversions to which vernacular preaching to the heathen in the bazaar by missionaries has immediately led, seems to have been small. Indirectly it has produced inquiry, brought inquirers into connection with Christians and Christian services; and in conjunction with other agencies has led to the formation of the native churches now existing. Especially has it contributed to

that marked change in religious views, both as to the character of Hinduism and the worth of Christianity, which distinguishes the present generation of the Hindus from those which have preceded it. Regarding these fruits as of the highest importance, the members of this Conference feel abundantly encouraged to continue preaching the Word everywhere, sure that the promise will be fulfilled, "That we shall reap, if we faint not."

From this resolution, 4 Free Church missionaries, 2 Church of Scotland, 1 Baptist, 1 Church of England, and 2 of the London Missionary Society, entered their dissent for the following reasons:—

"We dissent from that portion of the above resolution respecting vernacular preaching, which pronounces it to be the department of missionary work of highest importance, and that for the following reasons, viz. :—

"1. Because the resolution is virtually a censure upon some of the most venerable missionaries who have ever laboured in this land, who have been mainly employed in other departments of missionary labour, as Bible translation, education, and the pastorate of native churches. We cannot join in a resolution which necessarily implies that these men have been employed only in subordinate departments of the work.

"2. Because in other places the resolution will probably be understood as implying this censure in a greater degree than the discussions in the conference showed that the members understood it; and, in the opinion of the dissentients, the resolution is liable to such misconstruction.

"3. Because one effect of the resolution will be, to induce young missionaries, when entering upon their labour, to rush into the most difficult department of missionary work before they are properly qualified for it, and will unduly excite prejudices in their minds against various departments of the work, before they are capable of exercising an independent judgment as to the comparative value of the several branches into which missionary labour is divided.

"4. Because we consider that in certain places, and for certain classes, vernacular preaching is not the most important branch of missionary work."

Let us now hear what was said in favour of education; and this is contained chiefly in an excellent paper read by Mr. Ewart of the Free Church mission.

After showing, (1.) that the sphere of English missionary education could not be applied to the masses in India, but only to the middle ranks found chiefly in the towns; (2.) that the aim of such education is conversion by means both of instruction, and the personal influence obtained over the pupil by means of instruction; (3.) makes the following remarks upon the influence of English missionary education:—

"Our missionary education convinces men that missionaries, who in these days cannot work miracles, are really zealous for their advantage and welfare in this world. And it convinces men that missionaries do not fear the spread of knowledge, and that they desire that the arguments which they bring forward on behalf of the Gospel, should be tested and judged of by the same kind of criteria as are to be used in testing the truths of other arguments. This shows that, if deceivers, they are the most interested of deceivers, seeing they furnish their audience with the best known weapons for detecting the deception.

"But the most marked influence produced by our missionary institutions, is the utter annihilation of some of the greatest difficulties with which missionaries have to contend in endeavouring to evangelise this people. The general education, coupled with the religious instruction, even where it fails to bring the youths to Christ, has a certain and powerful destructive tendency, as regards all confidence in the Hindu shastras, and all regard to the distinctions of caste. There may be an outward conformity to the innumerable requirements of the Hindu religion, there may be a public adherence to the distinctions of caste. But the spell is effectually broken, and never can again acquire its lost power. How can it be otherwise? The haughty and youthful deified twice-born,—who often, on his way to the place of learning, is stopped by the cringing sudra to dip his young brahminical toe in a basin of water,—learns at the prelection and in the class-room to form a different estimate of things. Some scion of a humble sudra stock may there, with ease, take the highest place. Or, though the Brahmin, which is not unfrequent, excel in literature and science, as well as occupy the highest rank in the contingencies of birth, yet he finds that to maintain his position, he must trust, not to such contingencies, but to application and mental superiority, and that if he slacken his

application, or cease to put forth his power, some *Dás* or *De*, or *Sáhá* or *Láhá* will immediately take a higher place than his. I believe that, if you had the means of scrutinising the tenets and opinions of the members of the upper classes of our institutions, you would not find more than a few who would venture to avow any confidence in the shastras of Hinduism, or who would describe caste as anything more than a fiction of the Brahmins to maintain their own supremacy.

"But we would say more. Christian education elevates the moral tone, even of unbelievers; and just as the irreligious man in a Christian land may have a high standard of honour, which the decencies of a community, living under the influences of the pure and exalted morality of the Gospel, force upon him, so the youth, who is disciplined and taught in accordance with the moral principles of the Bible, and is dealt with and treated on these principles, learns insensibly to respect these principles, and those who profess them and act upon them. And this influence extends in native society. We know many whose consciences are thus christianised, and who, although not professing Christians, do homage to the supremacy of the Gospel in their hearts and lives.

"But some one may say, What is gained by such an influence operating on native minds? We unhesitatingly reply, Much is gained; because the most formidable of those hindrances, which have been so distinctly stated and dwelt upon by our respected and esteemed brother, who brought this subject before the conference, are entirely done away with, in the case of those who have benefited by our instructions in our missionary institutions."

As to the *direct* success in the way of conversion by means of schools, the following results are stated by Mr. Ewart, from the commencement of our schools in India in 1830, on till 1843, since then in their connexion with the Free Church:—

"We have admitted into the church by baptism 70 males, and 31 females, in all, 101. With the exception of about 10 persons, these are the results of our educational labours, and have received instruction in the saving truths of the Gospel, either in our Calcutta and Chinsurah institutions, or in our branch schools, or in the orphan home for females, formerly under Miss Laing, now under the Rev. John Fordyce. Some few of these have fallen into sin, and been

separated from the mission; but the great majority have proved steadfast and consistent Christians. And some of our brightest jewels are transplanted to glory, and surround the throne of the Lamb, glorifying Him who washed them in His blood, and redeemed them from all iniquity. Of the males 22 are Brahmins, of the females 5 are Brahmanis; that is, 27 persons, more than one-fourth of the whole, belong to that class which was long supposed to be the most inaccessible to the truths of the Gospel in this land." And again:—

"There are connected with the mission, as native missionaries and teachers:

"Four preachers.

"Three catechists, applicants to be licensed for preaching.

"Two probationary catechists, and—

"Several applicants for being taken on trial for that office.

"Four efficient Christian teachers."

A discussion arose upon this paper being read, in which several members expressed their opinion on the question of *gratis* education. Rev. T. Smith, (Free Church,) said:—

"He would notice another point of Mr. Ewart's address, the free admission, and merely state that on that point he differs from him; thinking, that in consideration of the valuable secular education given, a small fee might well be paid.

"The Rev. E. Storrow, of the London Mission, while substantially agreeing with Mr. Ewart, would take exception to the gratuitous system. He thinks there is no objection in principle to the taking of a fee, considering the education given; and that owing to the great expense of these institutions, it should be imposed; the amount being a question of expediency."

The following resolution was at last come to:—

"That this conference concur generally in the views expressed by Mr. Ewart on the subject of English missionary education. The institutions specially formed for carrying it out are not, as some have thought, mere secular schools, intended to elevate the people in the ordinary elements of civilization and knowledge, but thoroughly Christian institutions, whose aim is to lead all their scholars to the cross of Christ, and whose every department is pervaded by a Christian spirit and rendered subordinate to religious ends. On no other condition could missionaries conduct them. They consider that such institutions find their

peculiar sphere in the great cities of India, or in localities, where with a great demand for English amongst the younger natives, Government colleges and schools or other non-religious schools are established, very deficient in the moral training of that interesting class, whose desire can be turned to the furtherance of the Gospel. They consider that, in order to prevent these young men falling into infidel error, and to secure an introduction for the Gospel amongst the higher classes of the community, these institutions ought to be collegiate in their character, and give a complete education, both of the intellectual and moral nature of their students, so as to retain them to an age when, with matured minds and extended knowledge, they may appreciate the claims of the Gospel. They consider also that to prevent the more secular branches of education from getting into excess, they should be guarded with jealous care; and that to preserve their missionary character entire, one or more missionaries should not only superintend, but personally engage in conducting them. They consider also that as the value of these institutions is directly connected with the maturity of their scholars' minds, the inferior schools, in which but a smattering of English is received, and which the scholars leave while but young and ill educated, are for missionary ends of comparatively little use. They consider that this plan of proclaiming the Gospel has spread the knowledge of it extensively among the educated, and introduced it into respectable families not otherwise easily accessible to its influence; has prevented greatly the spread of infidelity among the young; has greatly diminished the power of the Hindu priesthood and of caste, and also led, in not a few instances, to the actual conversion of souls."

With this extract we must close our present paper, noticing only, before doing so, such pleasing facts as these stated in conference; that the number of *native communicants* in Bengal, Orissa, and Assam, alone, is 4000; that there are 90 churches in the same district, which include 15,000 members, young and old; that in Krishnaghur alone, there are connected with the Church mission 5069 professing Christians, with 464 in full communion; these and similar results being chiefly, if not entirely, owing to *preaching the Gospel*.

One conclusion, at least, we think, may

be drawn with perfect safety from such a discussion as this, especially if read along with the mass of facts upon India contained in the evidence given before the lords' Committee, and published in the Blue Book; that the whole question of our India missions should receive, not only the deepest attention from the General Assembly, but should be remitted to a *select Committee*, whose members should include a large proportion of laymen, and not those merely who are members of Assembly, far less those only who are in the present India Committee, but such men certainly as shall really master the complicated subject in all its details, and take a manly grasp of it, read the best books, and examine personally the best informed men upon it,—going even to the metropolis to meet such,—and then lay before next Assembly a full and statesman-like report of where and how the Church should henceforth conduct her missionary operations in the altered condition of British India. Something, at all events, decided must be done to save our India missions from weakness or destruction, and make them worthy of the times and of the Church.

N.

INDIAN DESPATCH.

[THE following extract from a letter, written by a Scotch resident in Calcutta, and a great friend of our missions there, to a parish clergyman north of the Tay, has been sent to the Editor.]

CALCUTTA, 18th September, 1855.

"I am very sorry to see that the Assembly has resolved to take no advantage of the East India Company's Scheme of Education in this country. This is a great mistake, and every one I have heard speak of it, ministers, missionaries, and laymen, without a single exception, condemn the Assembly's resolution on this point. It would have been far better had they left the decision of it to the Church officers here, or at least have deferred their judgment of the matter, till they heard the opinion of people on the spot regarding it. The ministers and missionaries in the other presidencies take the same view of the case as those have.

"The Free Kirk Assembly, I hear, have agreed to take advantage of the Government scheme. I think the Company's plan a very liberal one. You are

allowed to give as much religious instruction to the scholars as you choose, though the schools are, as might be expected, subject to the inspection of the Government. The resolution of the General Assembly will just have the effect of preventing the Church giving an education of the proper sort, which, had the Government scheme been accepted, it would have been in its power to bestow upon a great number of the natives. Some people here, I am told, now since the Government plan has been condemned, propose withdrawing their subscriptions to the Assembly's institution. This will show you the opinion entertained by people here, who should know something about the matter of the Assembly's resolution on Indian education."

HONOUR ALL MEN.

The Jews would not willingly tread upon the smallest piece of paper in their way, but took it up; for possibly, said they, the name of God may be on it. Though there was a little superstition in this, yet, truly, there is nothing but good religion in it, if we apply it to men. Trample not on any; there may be some work of grace there, that thou knowest not of. The name of God may be written upon that soul thou treadest on; it may be a soul that Christ thought so much of, as to give His precious blood for it; therefore despise it not.—*Leighton.*

"The virtues which are in the people of God tell us of His virtues, as brooks lead us to their springs."—*Leighton.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

Mr. Macnair's Journal.

October 2d.—This morning, for the first time here, married a couple; and to give all due solemnity to so rare an occurrence among our British population in Turkey, performed the ceremony in the Garrison Chapel, and in gown and bands.

October 9th.—Have met some pleasing incidents lately in the course of visiting. One young lad from England asked for the "Pilgrim's Progress." He had a copy which had been presented to him, but it was in his knapsack. He told me of his intercourse with one pious soldier at least, at a former period. Like many soldiers, he had his tale to tell of civil life, as seen by him before entering the service; and it is sad to think that what he complained most of was, the amount of unnecessary work he was required to do on the Sabbath in the house of a professedly Christian family. Surely professing Christians do not sufficiently consider the effect of their conduct in such particulars as this. Even if it should not corrupt others by a vicious example, it may stamp upon themselves the character of inconsistent or hypocritical professors, and lead some to suppose that that religion is of little value which its professed friends seem so little willing to honour. And if it should lead a faithful domestic to a conscientious withdrawal from his situation, will they be prepared to answer for all the consequences which may follow this step?

In the General Hospital the other day, on asking one man if he was done with

the book ("Doddridge's Rise and Progress") which I had lent him to read, he said he was, but that his neighbour was reading it. The man to whom he referred then handed me the book. On asking if he was done with it, he said he had read it before, but he liked it so much that he desired to have it longer, and wished he could get a copy to purchase. Seeing that he was really in earnest, I told him I had one or two copies (sent me from Gourrock), and that I would be happy to let him have one, for which he returned me his best thanks, adding that he would willingly pay the price of it. A day or two afterwards I had the satisfaction of putting the book into his hands, marked as sent by a labouring man in Glasgow, knowing that the contribution of a street porter there had gone towards the purchase of the collection of books of which this was one, and feeling that it still enabled me to comply with his wish to give a Testament to some soldier in the East.

On coming from church last Sabbath I was accosted by an artillery-man—a most regular attendant—who told me he had discovered a shop lately in which were one or two English books, which he had eagerly purchased, as he believed them to be good books. I asked him if he would like more, and he said he did not know where to get them; that he was anxious to have a magazine or periodical regularly sent, but did not know how to order it. I invited him to call at my quarters, and he has been here this evening, and taken with him a few books which I had by me. Seeing that he was

unwilling to take the books without making some acknowledgment, I told him that, while I could not take payment for them, as they had been sent as gifts to the army, I would gladly remit for him any small sum which he might be disposed to send to any religious or charitable object he should name; and so he placed the sum of six shillings in my hands, remarking that he would like it sent to some society for the diffusion of Protestant principles. I had the greater pleasure in receiving this sum, because the man told me, on being asked as to the circumstances of his friends, that he had lately sent £5 to his mother, and that his pay easily enabled him to give this contribution without depriving them of any needful comfort. He is one of the few men I have met with in the army who profess to have experienced a change of heart, and so far his conduct is in keeping with his profession.

In the course of visiting to-day found no fewer than twenty-four additional names to add to my list in the General Hospital alone, mostly of men belonging to the Highland Brigade. Among these, for the first time, found one man who not only could speak and read Gaelic, but who preferred a Gaelic book to an English one. Having quite a store of Gaelic prayer books, as well as some Tracts and Testaments, I promised to get him something to read in his mother tongue. Visited B. J. in Barrack Hospital, and some others. This poor lad now in great pain, and could scarcely speak to me.

October 13th.—During this week three of my men have died, a larger number than I have known taken in the same time since I came to Scutari. One of these, B. J., referred to above, was in great pain when I saw him last. Towards night he got calmer, and went off in a quiet sleep late in the evening. The second had been only a few days in hospital here. I had seen him once or twice, but he was too weak to converse much. Both of these deaths were in one ward, only one patient being between the two men; and when I saw him the morning after the second death, the tear was in his eye. He had seen death on the battle field, and it was a terrible sight. But, poor man, he said this was more affecting still. Two young men, each little more than half his age, and occupying the nearest beds to his own, had been taken. Without any of the hurry or excitement of the battle, and with nothing to break in upon the stillness of the midnight hour, death had twice, in three short nights, entered the

chamber in which he lay, and left its victim at his side. The third case was in the General Hospital. T. S., the subject, was wasted to a skeleton. Latterly I had seen him nearly every day. As long as he was able to speak he seemed grateful for my visits, but the last two or three days was scarcely conscious of my presence.

October 14th.—Sunday. Preached, as usual, in the morning to the men on duty, between thirty and forty; in the Palace to six, besides some in bed; in the Barrack to twenty; and in the General Hospital to fourteen or fifteen.

Was shocked, on coming home from my morning duty, to find that the Rev. Mr. Lee, a chaplain residing in the same house with me, had died this morning. He has been little more than a fortnight out from England, and now violent dysentery has cut him off. This is the second chaplain who has died in Scutari since my arrival, and neither had been above a few weeks in the place. Besides these more than one have been invalided home, and a large proportion have had illnesses more or less serious. May that God who has hitherto spared me, and granted me health, give me not only a grateful heart, but a more devoted spirit!

October 15th.—In course of visiting, saw sergeant M. G. He has been a great sufferer from rheumatic pains. I read the 38th Psalm, and prayed with him. He remarked that he had read that and the two following Psalms this morning. I expressed a hope that as that portion which spoke of suffering was applicable to his case, so that portion might be which spoke of trust in God. He confesses himself to have been a great sinner; and as he has had long and painful hours to reflect on his past life, I am in hopes that this bitter experience may be not without its blessed fruits. He traces a great portion of the vicissitudes to which he has been subject to the early removal of both parents, and to the consequent want, in his case, of parental training. Though brought up by kind friends, who had his best interests at heart, he discovered that they could not exercise parental authority over him, and, being headstrong, he went to sea, and though again received into the bosom of the family on his return, once more took his own way, and enlisted. He has been a sad martyr to rheumatism, but a most patient sufferer. Though by no means demonstrative, so much the reverse that I was often at a loss whether to regard his spirit of endurance as iron stolidism, or weak resignation, I still fondly believe, from

the absence of all murmuring in his case, from the calm recital, at intervals, between the sharp twinges of pain, of this story reflecting only upon himself, and from the kindly manner in which he speaks of friends at home, that he is a true penitent, and now experiencing at the hand of a heavenly Parent that discipline which his earthly parents were not spared to exercise. But little do they, who are trained by right-minded, pious parents, think how much they owe to the firm, yet affectionate discipline of the family.

October 20th.—The subject of the foregoing remarks has been removed from hospital. I saw him on Thursday morning, and within an hour of the time I left him, his slender frame, wasted to a skeleton, would be carried on a stretcher, borne by four of his fellow-soldiers, to the steam-tender which conveyed the invalids to the "Great Britain" steamship, and, ere now, he will be on the Mediterranean, pursuing his way to his native island of Great Britain. Besides the above, one or two others of my men have left with the same draft for England. One of these was the young Highlander mentioned as visited on the 9th. Since then I had seen him several times. He had been greatly pleased with the promise of a Gaelic book, but it is scarcely possible to describe the appearance of joy which lit up his face when I put into his hands "Leabhar nan Cacc," or "The Mountain Sketch Book," a compilation by the Rev. Dr. M'Leod. He seemed to recognise it as an old favourite, and it may serve not only to while away an hour, but, it may be, also to fill it up profitably during the voyage, as, no doubt, it will be read.

Another young lad, belonging to the Land Transport Corps, expected to have gone with the same draft, but still lies in hospital. He is familiar with the scene of my former labours at Gourcock, and recognised me as having been present at the annual gathering in the village on New Year's Day.

This week I have discovered that two lads I was visiting in different hospitals are brothers, and have made both happy by informing them, that though they left the camp at different dates, they are now so near each other.

October 30th.—The attendance at the several services on Sabbath, if not numerous, keeps steady, and, as far as the invalids are concerned, is perhaps about as large as may be expected. In the General Hospital the other Sabbath, thirty-four were present, while the whole number of Presbyterian patients in hos-

pital must have fallen short of thirty, and of these several were in bed. Last Sabbath an Episcopalian asked me for a Bible, and expressed a desire to have one *with the whole service* in it. I did not exactly comprehend his meaning at first, but found that, as I had quoted an answer from the Shorter Catechism, and illustrated it from the subject of discourse, he wished to have one of those copies with which the Shorter Catechism was bound up.

October 31st.—Before closing these notices for the month, I must not omit referring to a call the other day of M. Babuc, one of the Protestant chaplains to the French army. He brought an introduction to me from Count Zuylen de Nevalt, the Dutch ambassador in Constantinople, he (M. Babuc) having officiated lately in the Dutch church there. He told me that six Protestant chaplains had been appointed by a society in France, of whom it was intended to station three in the Crimea, and three at Constantinople, in connection with the hospitals in its vicinity. He is himself expecting shortly to proceed to the Crimea, and seemed grateful for a bundle of French tracts, or rather a selection from a bundle left in my charge by Mr. Watson. M. Babuc was born in London, and has relations both in England and France, among the latter of whom he is proud to rank the celebrated Monods. He tells me the cheering fact, that already the Protestant chaplains in Constantinople have met with between 1200 and 1300 avowed Protestants in the French army, and he has no doubt there are many more whom they have not seen. Considering the limited number of troops to whom an hospital chaplain has access, the moral courage required to profess a religion so decidedly in the minority, and in particular the difficulties in the army, of the man who dares to be singular, this number is by no means despicable.

ADDITIONAL SUBSCRIPTIONS TO GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

For Robert Hill, Esq.

George Anderson, Esq., St. Rollox, Glasgow	L.1	0	0
C. D. Donald, Esq., Junior, Glasgow	0	10	0
Mrs. Porteous, Edinburgh	1	0	0
The Sabbath School Scholars of Inchinnan, per Mrs. Lockart	0	10	0
Anonymous, (acknowledged in Juvenile Record)	2	12	1

"Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world; yet more blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world."—Mrs. Jameson.

Notices of Books.

The Pleasures of Home: a Poem in Two Parts. By the Rev. JOHN ANDERSON, Minister of Kinnoull. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., Paternoster Row.

Not a few readers of poetry entertain very vague conceptions of its essential qualities. They have been accustomed to find certain words in the poetical compositions with which they are familiar; they are aware that poetry ought to deal in the imaginative; and they conclude that nothing more is required than a liberal use of sounding or glittering language, with the profuse employment of illustrative comparisons and pictorial descriptions. These comparisons and descriptions may have seen much service in other hands; their life and beauty may have evaporated in the transference from their original position, and they may be presented in combination with many proofs of feeble intellect and wretched taste; but the judgment to which they are subjected is not fastidious, and among fluent talkers, unencumbered with much pretension to thought or feeling, such writings are loudly applauded as genuine poetry.

But many, who are both skilful and fastidious, limit their admiration to poetry distinguished only by certain qualities to which they ascribe an unreasonable value and importance. They often demand, for example, a wild and bounding vehemence, and are not satisfied unless the writer "agonizes" with spasmodic jerks, and crowds his pages with dreamy obscurities. Thus alone, they contend, can he draw his thoughts from the depths of that inner life into which genius penetrates. It is not to be denied that high and thrilling poetry of this description has been frequently produced, but a more catholic spirit is not blind to attractions altogether different, and discovers much true poetry in quiet and gentle melodies, crowded with images suggestive of thoughts and feelings attractive in themselves, and clothed in robes of transparent beauty. Certain it is, that there are accomplished readers dissatisfied with the startling and obscure, and wearied by incessant and unnatural effort; and they, we believe, are desirous to exchange the fever of wild excitement for that quiet sweetness that steeps the heart in a tranquil delight. Such readers enjoy the life and the power of all true poetry. They cordially sym-

pathize with the wish so beautifully expressed by one of the speakers in Edwin Arnold's *Griselda*:—

"O sing a simple song, for I have thought,
Listening to many a modern line and lay
Of minstrelsy excelling, that their strings
Strove for too great an utterance, and so missed
The ready road that quiet music finds
Right to the heart; like as an o'erstrained bow
Shoots past the butt."

The readers who long for that which is beautiful and "excelling" in poetry, and pure and healthy in tone and feeling, will find a rich treat in this poem of Mr. Anderson's—*The Pleasures of Home*. At no period, certainly not in our day, have the ministers of the Church of Scotland earned much distinction by this species of composition. Any slight attempts, occasionally called forth by the peculiar circumstances of individuals, have been scarcely known beyond their own circle, and have not won for their authors a literary reputation. The fact, therefore, that a minister of the Church of Scotland claims audience in this capacity, is itself worth noticing; but while this poem is pervaded throughout by a spirit in perfect harmony with the professional duties and feelings of its author, it is also distinguished by much true poetry, beautiful description, and graceful imagery, and contains many truths of enduring value, conveyed in versification of surpassing sweetness. The quiet serenity of age may hang over its pages with great delight, and youth, while admiring its elegance and poetic power, will find in it many high and profitable lessons not to be wisely forgotten or despised.

The title of the poem indicates very clearly the subject of which it treats. In setting forth "the pleasures of home," the author has skilfully selected those general views, that shew—

"What simple joys from simple sources spring."

In the first part, among other subjects of interesting reflection, we find a notice of the influence of home over all hearts, and amid all changes—reasons assigned for the universality of this influence—an account of the ties that bind us to home—and all this interspersed with much vivid and interesting description. The manse, and eminent names connected with the manse, are appropriately introduced. We are tempted to make many extracts from this part, but must content ourselves with very few. The author having

"Bid others brave the bolsterous ocean wave
To kneel beside some ancient hero's grave,"

proposes to himself the home pleasure of climbing the crag-encircled hill of Kin-noull; and having given a rich description of the splendid view from that eminence, thus continues—

"Say whence the charm that binds us to a span,
When the wide world is smiling all for man?
Ask the rude savage why he yearns to roam
Through the dusk wilderness, and calls it
'Home?'"

Why 'mid his wanderings loves the Swiss so
well

The mountain land of liberty and Tell?
And whence that spark which warms the frozen
soul

Ev'n of the man who shivers 'neath the Pole?
Who dares dispute the logic of the heart?
What language, Home! can tell how dear thou
art?

Why sinks yon glowing sun each night to rest
'Mid the broad shadows of the crimson west?
Why run those planets an unvarying round?
Why are those countless streams to ocean
bound?

One genial law of Nature moves the whole.
Streams that flow seaward, suns and stars that
roll.

And man, of choice by far the least confined
For his best happiness, hath laws that bind,
Train the affections, point the wayward will,
And with a kind compulsion rule him still."

As a specimen of the more didactic passages of the poem, we may select the following, in which parental duties are well inculcated:—

"Parent, a dread and solemn task hast thou!
That dimpled cheek, bright eye, and sunny
brow,

Move thee to smiles; yet let them move thy
fears;

For who shall plumb the tide of coming years?
Oh! make thy home a happy, holy place—

A soil for piety—a field of grace—
Select in word, and pure in every deed;
For stores autumnal speak of vernal seed.
Far through the land where man may range and
roam,

Still with him goes the character of home.
In wandering brooks the parent fountains run;
So vice or virtue flows from sire to son,
And, as the rainbow's glorious arch of light,
With God's own smile of love and mercy bright,
Folds in its arms an arch of rival dye,
Sweet children blooming in their mother's eye,
Drink living hues from that benignant ray,
Nor time, nor clime, nor tempest wears away—
Immortal hues to goodness only given,
And lost on earth to brighten more in heaven."

We regret that our space will not permit the selection of other passages, which cannot be abridged without injuring their beauty, but we may quote a few lines for the purpose of exhibiting the language

and imagery by which the poem is pervaded. Referring to this age of progress, Mr. Anderson says:—

"While art and science bridge the raging deep,
And the two Poles electric converse keep—
Mysterious tongue! by which the deed is told
To half the world, ere yet a moment old."

Asking the question—

"But can the greed of soul absorbing gain
The homeward wanderings of the heart re-
strain?"

the poet answers very beautifully—

"No! when the dews of eve begin to weep,
Electric memory spans the rolling deep."

and then follows an admirable description of the Home of Childhood. Having shewn that in dejection and oppression we ever turn to home, he closes the passage by the following image:—

"Thus speeds the stag, with arrow in his breast,
To the brown mountain stream he loves the
best—
On the red heath in stricken beauty lies,
And, lulled by rippling waters, pants and dies."

Towards the close of the first part, the author introduces, in a very touching manner, an incident of the war; and here, also, we have one of the smaller poems that are occasionally inserted, entitled "The Breaking Heart," in which, as in other passages, we find a full recognition of the doctrines of the Cross. Only one verse can be quoted here:—

"Peace! breaking heart! a sorer wound
Was borne on Calvary.
Thine were the sins that drenched the ground
With blood that pleads for thee.
Peace! breaking heart!"

The second part of the poem, after a brief introduction, contains what the author calls "A Day with Nature":—

"In sorrow give me some sequestered dell
Where sounds of hidden waters please me
well—
Where tender shadows, like the steps of love,
Move with me, silent, through the sombre
grove—
While, like a gentle hand, the cooling air
Bathes my hot brow."

Some "Lines to the Snow-drop" are very graceful, as, for example:—

"Mute preacher! thou hast chosen well
The fair, auspicious hour—
All hearts are now accessible,
No rival shares thy power."

But we prefer extracting at length the lines on 'The Heron,' which breathe a spirit of genuine poetry, and are worthy of all praise. They are thus introduced:—

"Yon heron, brooding by the plashy edge
Of brooklet lost in muffing moss and sedge,
Recalls an hour—it seems but yesterday—
When that lone, dreaming bird evoked my lay.
Perchance you've marked its lagging, listless
flight
O'er the dusk meadows at the fall of night.
A weary wail, slow-drifting down the wind,
Like the sad cry of some distracted mind."

"THE HERON.

"Lonely, unsocial bird!
Brooding by mountain stream,
Seldom thy note is heard—
Dreamer! thy dream?"

"Now thou art floating by,
Mute as thy shadow,
Traversing silently
Yonder green meadow."

"Now thou art resting thee
Where the waves roar
Playfully—pleasantly—
Round the grey scaur."

"Now with a boding cry,
Dreamily—dreamily—
There thou art lagging nigh
Lazily—wearily."

"Coming, or going,
Unmusical bird!
The better I love thee
The less thou art heard."

"Thou art robed with a mystery
Graced with a swell
Deeper than melody—
Dreamer! farewell!"

In noticing these smaller poems, we would not pass that entitled "Sabbath Bells," which deserves a wide circulation.

This second part overflows with important truth as to the moral contagion of large cities, and their evils, but our limits forbid their introduction here. It is shewn that the cure for many evils is a religious education, and we must be satisfied with a few words bearing on this truth:—

"Ere yet depraved example rule the mind,
Let education, earnest, holy, kind,
O'er the young heart exert its blessed sway,
And call those latent treasures into day,
Which, by the grace of heaven, all bosoms
hold
More priceless far than Ophir's glittering gold;
Nor hope to prosper should the Word of God,
More potent still than even a prophet's rod,
Retire, expelled from thy unrighteous plan—
He best can teach, who made and knows the
man."

In a like spirit he had already said—

"Turn thou, O man! to Him whose earnest cry
Rings through the world, 'Why, mortals! will
ye die?'"

For the blessed doctrines of yon crimson tree,
And the sweet words that breath'd o'er Galilee,
Alone can whisper peace, expiring man! to thee."

After perusing this poem more than once, we have come to the conclusion that it deserves, and we trust that it will obtain a large popularity. That we shall soon find that the second thousand—the fifth thousand—the thirtieth thousand—the one hundred and fiftieth thousand—have been sold, we do not anticipate. Popularity of this kind is obtained by productions of another stamp. It is reserved for writings judiciously accommodated to the tastes, neither of the three nor the thirty, but of that vast throng, of all ages and conditions, not troubled by too nice a sense of elegance and refinement, who rush to their conclusions with railway rapidity, borrowing their feelings of admiration, and spreading them with as much confidence as if they were their own. Such works are far more extensively popular than others which we, in our ignorance and simplicity, imagine to be characterised by large and ripe ability. The flimsy and superficial must have numerous admirers in an age which cannot be described as one of patient thought or deep erudition; but while this poem speaks to a higher class of mind than that which can be satisfied with sounding fluency, and gaudy word-painting, and slavish compilation, its author, without being sanguine, may reasonably expect that its merits will be rapidly recognised by that influential circle whose decision must ultimately prevail. There are still, we believe, many readers prepared to welcome truthfulness of feeling, beauty of description, and genuine wisdom, more especially when presented as they appear to a poet's eye, and arrayed in the rich and graceful garbure which he knows so well to weave and to hang around them; and, since the author of "The Pleasures of Home" has combined with his powers as a poet and a man of literary accomplishment, a fine sympathy with all that is grand and beautiful, and exhibited truth in a pure and enlightened spirit, his poem must win for itself a place in the estimation of many Christian families. Nowhere will it be received more cordially than in the homes in which the domestic affections have been nurtured with greatest care, and hearts are knit together by the remembrance of the simple pleasures that childhood knew, and advancing years have made familiar.

Sermon.

LECTURE ON THE FIRST PSALM.

By the REV. JOHN WYLIE, D.D., Carlisle.

THE Book of Psalms, so far as they are David's, embodies the spontaneous outpourings of his heart, in the peculiar circumstances of his singular and eventful history. Yet are they, at the same time, mostly prophetic words, to shew forth the history and feelings of Christ's humanity—His inmost feelings in their outward expression, as including and exhausting, for substance, all holy experience and worship.

The psalms thus embody the views and feelings of the regenerate man, in their only perfect form, *the man* Christ Jesus. I therefore believe it to have been a great mistake, and to have so brought a grievous loss to the Church of God, when they have been, for worship, superseded or neglected for any other compositions, even the best. I do not altogether except even our own paraphrases, excellent in themselves, and approaching the full note of inspiration, as the most of them confessedly do.

In such a wonderful way is Jesus, our elder Brother, represented in these psalms, uttering forth His soul unto His Father, to His people, to His persecutors, and to His own bosom, that the younger brethren, in their circumstances and measure, are able to take part in them, and find to their unspeakable joy, that He is one with them, and they, rightly exercised, one with Him in mind, in heart, in deed, in every word—and that they thus come to know and prove that greatest thing for man—the true *worshipping in His name*.

There are, in fact, but two men or characters, so to speak, the heads of their respective classes, found and described in the Book of Psalms, "the righteous" and "the wicked"—those, namely, constituted in and like Christ—and those, who may be said to be of their father and head, the Devil—according as St.

John also, in his general epistle, writes but of two classes—those of "the Father," and those "of the world," or "the wicked one," in direct allusion, I believe, to the language of these very psalms. And yet, farther, as representing the entire history of "the perfect man," the psalms not only look to Christ, and breathe of Christ, as He was at His first, but as He will be at His second coming also. As He ever looked forward to the end, "the joy set before Him"—a bridal Church, and a redeemed world; so do *they*, like a full Gospel hymn in prophecy.

As to the *confession of sin*, again, which we meet even in those very psalms, (as the fortieth and sixty-ninth) which Christ expressly applies to *Himself*, we should understand, that He is, in a peculiar sense, the great and only true confessor of sin, just as He is the one great and only true propitiation for sin; though, and *even because*, "He had no sin personally." None ever knew and felt about sin, wholly according to the mind and with the feelings of God, but only *He*. And thus, as the typical lamb or goat, which under the law was offered for sin, took the name which in Hebrew signifies "guilt;" because the guilt, or evil desert of the offerer was, as it were, transferred for acknowledgment to the *innocent* animal, and typically expiated by its blood: so was this actually true of the great anti-type, "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." (2 Pet. ii. 22. and 2 Cor. v. 21).

Thus, in the psalms, Christ and the Church compose but one mystical person, of which He is the head, and the Church is the body. And, as the body speaks *by* the head, and the head *for* the body; so *He* speaks of *her* sin, and *she* of *His* righteousness—*He* of the sin of the nature He took, as known and felt by us, in the light and power of the Spirit; and

she of her righteousness, only in, by, and with Him, i. e. in *His spiritual nature*. And this is the key to any and all claim of righteousness by *her*, and to any and all confession of sin by Him, *throughout*.

So much, brethren, in aid of your correct conception and your holy use of the Psalms, the book of the Bible, which, as we grow and are tried, we feel, practically, we could least do without. It so testifies to the afflicted heart of man that it is of *God*. Therein, the chosen depositary of *His own sighs*, "the man of sorrows" has lodged His choicest consolations also—saying to the soul or church conforming to His likeness: "To this fountain resort—'drink, yea, drink abundantly here!'" Blessed they who do so! There we find, as in the Gospel parable, that "the master of the feast has kept for us the best wine until the last." "Yes," as one has said, "when disappointment has overtaken a man—when death has been by his side—when sorrow or disaster has stricken him—when he has been thrown down upon himself, and every human stay, to which he was wont to cling, is utterly taken away,—then, when he would turn to look for aid to one higher and mightier than himself, let him take this book, as *the book of the Comforter*, and 'enter into his chamber, and commune with his own heart and be still!'"

To return—This (1st) Psalm is placed as the inscription over the portal of the temple of the Living God, that whosoever has fellowship with it may enter in and worship.

Verse 1.—"Blessed is the man," &c.

And what a contrast, according to the principle stated for interpreting the psalms does this bring out, at the very opening, between the first and the second Adam—between man, as God intended him to be, in Christ's image, and man as he has made himself! Adam listened to the suggestion of the evil one. Jesus, resisting him by faith in His Father's name and word, as himself beautifully tells us, "opened His ear, morning by morning, as a learner" (Isa. l. 4). The promise of the tempter to Adam was—"ye shall be as gods"—the insinuation,

for God grudges you a blessedness; as if *He* could be jealous of His own creature. The lesson of obedience to Jesus was of sorrow, and humiliation, and bitter suffering throughout, and, at last, of death (Isa. l. 6). But He "was not rebellious, neither turned away back"—He was borne up under it, because He knew and trusted Him who chastened, and said, "I know that I shall not be ashamed. He is near that justifieth me." Thus Adam *fell*, with our nature and all accompanying circumstances at the best. Jesus endured and triumphed, with it and all accompanying circumstances at the worst. The root, then, of all sin, as we see in the case of Adam, is *evil counsel* listened to—a misjudgment of God, whose name is Love. While the root of all deliverance and victory over evil, as we are taught by the history of Jesus, is in believing the counsel and warning of love—understanding God, that, however trying, His will for us, eventually, is *life*. This is a great truth—the great root truth to hold fast as the key to the whole Bible. And, when this is forgotten, evil counsel is not far to seek. It is the fruit of the fall. The earth is thickly sown with its seed. He who insinuates it, "sitteth in the lurking-places of our villages, stands at the corners of our streets,"—He presides in many of our great assemblages, and has a soil prepared for his poison in every sinner's heart. And, when once we do listen, the progress is fast and fatal. Our feet decline from the way of peace, and we are soon found again, and found often "*standing*, the second stage downward, in the way of sinners"—waiting at the meeting-place, where Satan waits to meet with us to "slay souls." We forget and forsake now the meeting-places with God—the secret closet-prayer—the blessed family-prayer—and the place of "*solemn assembly*"—where God especially "records His name to meet with His people and bless them." The neglected home, the broken-hearted wife, the starving children of many a humble, but once happy home, tell this sad tale over all our land. And so we are at last found settled down "in the seat of the scoura-

er"—among the "mockers," whose "bands are made strong"—who hate God and His ways, and speak lightly of His ordinances and servants—whose very breath and company spread pollution wherever, in any house or neighbourhood, they are welcomed or suffered.

My people, beware, it needeth but a vain or covetous heart to bring any man to this. (Prov. i. 10, 19). And we have awful illustrations of it in its ripeness, in the so frequent unions, and combinations, and strikes of our day, whose means and weapons are at root intimidation, and whose end is so often misery and strife, nay, even pillage and bloodshed! These are the incipient movements and bandings of Antichrist against "the battle of the great day of Almighty God." "O my soul, come not thou into their secret—unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united." (Gen. xlix. 6). Oh, how unlike the counsel of him, the forerunner of Christ, when He came first (Luke iii. 3-14). And such is our counsel now when He is about to come again.

Nor is their guilt less, nor their doom slower, (for the *Book* knows "no respect of persons") of whom St. James writes (chap. v. 1-5): "Go to now, ye rich men," &c. Suffering children of God, whoever ye be, the great and true Redeemer of wrongs is on His way. Yield not to the suggestion of the Tempter to take *that* into your own hands, which is His prerogative and work—"Vengeance is mine." Men sneer at this. They will mock at the word of the Lord. (Zeph. i. 12.) last clause. They will mock at the work of the Lord (Acts ii. 13). They will mock especially at the coming of the Lord (2 Pet. iii. 3). Yet "the Lord is not slack concerning His promise," &c. And who, alas! of even common sagacity and forecast, sees not, that through accumulation ever increasing, if unused to His glory, and power despotic unexercised in God's love, on the one hand; and through sore oppression and misery, unsubmitted to in God's fear, on the other, men and the nations are preparing, like the bottles of the prophet, to be dashed against each other!

Verse 2.—"But his delight is, &c."

What a picture of Jesus, "the lowly and meek" one, embodying, ay, as it were, absorbing the law into himself! Thus, in a subsequent Psalm, (the fortieth,) He tells prophetically His own history; and this, again, is beautifully expanded in God's Word to Levi, as the effect of His (the only true Levite's) fully declaring it, (Mal. ii. 6.)

My hearer, this word is not for the priesthood alone, but also for *thee*. In the day of thy health and thy prosperity prove this,—seeking in the law and the testimonies of thy God "great spoil," "more than all riches;" and in the day of sore trial—even when, with Job's, thy "complaint is bitter," and "thy stroke heavier than thy groaning," then thou canst utter, They will not misgive thee. (Job xxxiii. 6, 8-12.)

To delight thyself in the law of thy God is to "delight thyself in *God*,"—to lay hold of and cleave to His word, is to lay hold of His great "strength," and to cleave to the living Jehovah. But, O sinner, how *canst* thou do this—love the *law*, the commandment—unless and until thou hast first received the *Gospel* into thy heart?—*this* as "glad tidings" to *thee*? It is to thee but as the doom of death to hear from Sinai, "*Do this and live*," till thou hast heard first from Calvary, "*Look and be saved!*" *This*—even will and power to *obey*—is the fruit *only* of the *Gospel*—of a *believed love*. But, having once given inlet to this in thy soul, then, from the first moment of thy life of faith to the period when that life is to be swallowed up in light, thy *delight* and thy *life* may be in fellowship with Jesus, who in life, and till death, bore about the law of His God in His heart; nay, it was just the consciousness of *this* that bore Him up through Gethsemane and Calvary; for we question not but that these Psalms, when we are once spiritually taught in them, have the charm of opening up the secret of our own spiritual selves, and strength and joy, and do remain with, and cling to, the believer, continuing to add to their loveliness and comfort, like a true and faithful friend, who, to our dying hour, is the last to leave us. "My heart and my flesh fail-

eth," said the Psalmist, "but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." (Psalm lxxiii. 26.) O Christian, "commune, then, with God on thy bed, and be still!" Jesus gave whole nights to the "Mount of Olives." "I sleep," says the Church in the song, "but my heart waketh." There is that to be learnt here in this Psalm, from the mouth and of the experience of Jesus, which, like "the best wine that goeth down sweetly," causeth the "lips of those that are asleep to speak." So Paul and Silas "sang praises to God" in the inner prison "at dead midnight." Ay, God still "giveth songs in the night." Thus Luther tells us, that in times of trial for the truth as these of ours, he lifted up his heart and said to his friends, "Come, let us sing, 'God is our refuge,' " &c. (Psalm xlvi.)

Verse 3.—"And he shall be like a tree," &c.

This is the tree of God, "planted by the river of God,"—the "tree of righteousness, that He may be glorified." In its root it is Jesus, "the tree of life," whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations." In its branches it is the living members of His body. For, "as the living Father hath given Him to have life in himself," and planted Him as a new root of life in your humanity—my brother and thine—so "hath He given us to have life in Him." He "lived by the Father," we "live by Him." And this river of life flows through the ordinances of God, the channel of life. But they are not the cause or source of the life; that is always in God, (Psalm xxxvi. 9.) It were an awful delusion to say that none can possess it, unless received through their conveyance. Still the tree is planted there and thus by the Spirit generally. The tree is nourished there and thus by the Spirit generally. The same truth is stated beautifully in Psalm xlvi. 4: "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God," viz., "the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High." Some seek this life through the appointed channels not at all. They despise them, and so shut themselves out from life. Others seek it now (alas!)

reluctantly and rarely. They don't seem to know it, but they are filling their souls from other and forbidden streams; and, if they take not warning, will soon join in saying: "The goodman is from home," the husband of the Church is away, "come, let us take our fill of loves until the morning." But that morning will bring an awful revealing, and tell this tale of you: "It shall be as when a hungry man," &c., (Isaiah xxix. 8.) And what is the cause? "Is there not a cause?" They have lifted up themselves—are become "stout-hearted." They are no more like the "root out of a dry ground," who, feeling no true nourishment nor abiding rest here,—in the flesh, of the world,—had "tears for his meat, and for his drink weeping." They are striking deeper roots here. They are finding their chief joy here. But now and here is the time and place to "sow in tears." "He that goeth forth weeping," &c., (Psalm cxxvi. 6.) Yes; for He—Jesus—brought forth His fruit only in "His season." There was to Him first the sorrow, then the joy; first "the cross," and then "the crown." And has He promised any other history to His Church, or to any saved soul within it? Fools we are that we think so! so suffering Satan and the world to take our "crown." What said Jesus? (John xvi. 20.)

I repeat the word and warning: The tree is planted by "the river of the water of life." ("All my well-springs are in thee," Psalm lxxxvii. 7.) It lives, and grows, and matures into fruit, bearing only thus and there. So, to change the image, the "healing" waters—the waters of joy and life—which the prophet Ezekiel saw,—first, waters "to the ankles," then waters "to the knees," at last "waters to swim in"—i. e., the living soul now, as it were, bathed in God,—these issued from under the threshold "of the house," the true house of God, which is Jesus; for I would tremble to substitute His Church, even His ordinance, for Himself. No; we must first be planted in Jesus, baptized into His Spirit, nourished by His flesh. And are they, who are not seeking Him here on the Sabbath, seeking Him elsewhere? I

do not believe it. "The Lord is in His holy temple." Jesus knew this, and was ever found there. "He grew," it has been beautifully said, and with great truth and reverence said, "because He ate His food." Would our souls, then, "prosper and be in health?" let us be found on the Sabbath where He was ever found. Let us feed on His food, drink of His drink. How can we grow—be refreshed else? How can we even live else? "God cannot deny himself." We do not grow. We feed in the week on garbage. We gossip and kill time. Even on the Sabbath, we much squander God's especial day of rest—of grace. At the very door of God's house we hasten away and back to some trifling word or engagement with men,—we escape from the solemnity of worship, of fellowship, of "being still with God." Oh, Jesus justifies God's ways against all men. He "drank of the brook by the way," and then "lifted up the head," (Psalm cx. 7.) So He must first "see in us of the travail of His soul," ere He can "be satisfied." He presses the history of His own life as what must, for substance, be ours. "Except a corn of wheat," &c., (John xii. 24.) Oh, is this, I ask, the religion, being without which all liking to, or experience of which we can aright live, or safely die? We would all like heaven, but few of us like the road; or, rather, the heaven we seek is not God's heaven. We could no more enjoy it, than we now enjoy the God who fills and makes it. "And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

It was prophetically written of Jesus, (Isaiah liii. 10.) "when thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin, He shall see His seed, He shall prolong His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand." "He doeth all things well," was the involuntary testimony to Him in the days of His flesh. "It is vain for you," says the Psalmist, "to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He (God) giveth it to His beloved sleeping," (as in Luther's translation),—i. e., without all this carefulness. "Seek first," says Jesus, "the kingdom of God," &c., (Luke xii. 33.) "Beloved,"

writes St. John to the elect lady, "I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." What a wish, were it but warranted to us for you all, even your prosperity in all else, as "your souls" are prospering! But—

Verse 4.—"The ungodly are not so," &c.

"I saw the wicked in great power," says again the Psalmist, and "spreading himself like a green bay tree," a tree "planted" or "growing in his own soil," more literally,—i. e., not planted in God, in the garden or house of God, (Psalm xcii. 13,) so not fed by the river of God; but delighting in sin, "trusting in uncertain riches," which "cannot profit in the day of wrath." "Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." The same thought and beautiful imagery we have in Jeremiah xvii. 5-8: "Thus saith the Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord: for he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is: for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit." And as are "the ungodly," so are the schemes of the ungodly,—the many devisings and hoardings up of this proud and covetous world in which God is not. Jesus is coming down with the wind of judgment—in the fire of holiness—to sift and prove, to scatter and consume them all. "His fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, to gather the wheat into His garners, and to burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." All schemes and kingdoms of this world, but the kingdom "which is within," and above all, and alone real of them all, though now unmanifested, shall be as "the chaff on the summer thrashing-floor." He, "the Breaker-up," as well

as the Revealer, is on His way coming to break in pieces. Only what is of *God* shall never be moved. "Oh, that we were wise"—but willing to receive the baptism of proof *now*—to have all "our tin removed—our dross purged away"—that "receiving," and living in and for "the kingdom which cannot be moved," &c., (Heb. xii. 28.)

Verse 5.—"Therefore the ungodly," &c.

We must all come up into judgment; for God's grace and Gospel take no man out of the judgment—they are given to prepare for it. But we shall not all "stand in," abide in. We stand all here, in the great congregation, spared and enduring yet, because the blood of the Lamb, in the forbearance of God, is yet pleading for us—is, in a sense, covering us. The day of grace, fast closing, is yet *between* us and "the wrath of the Lamb." But this bare element of *time* is all that is between, dear hearers! We so all endure yet, meet here Sabbath after Sabbath; but shall it always be thus? Will there be no separations among us? What saith the Lord, Isa. xxxiii. 14, "The sinners in *Zion* are afraid; fearfulness hath seized the hypocrites: who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal."

"For," lastly, verse 6.—"The Lord knoweth the way," &c.

"*Knoweth*," i.e., approveth, loveth, accepteth, for this is the great meaning of "know" in the Bible. There is *that* about "the righteous" which draweth, and fixeth their holy Father's eye. It is sweet and beautiful to mark an approving father's beaming eye following a loved and approved child; ay, even to far off lands, over the wide sea, into trying

scenes of battle and blood, it mentally follows him. *That* look is vacant and cold to the present and the near—it is away with the absent and the distant. Thus *God* pursues us—thus *God* "*guides* us with His eye." Thus *God* "*keeps* us, as the apple of His eye." He "*hides* us as in the secret of His presence" from the misjudgment of men—the coarse and unfeeling world—"the strife of tongues." *He* "*knows* all the way we take." This was enough for Jesus. It is enough for us. *God* then "*knoweth*." We find it *very* difficult to know you, dear people. Though He gives us many close and searching words to speak to you, because such are asked of Him in faith; still, you are much hidden up, many of you, and your ways, both the good and the evil, from us. But you are *all fixed down*, each one of you all, under the naked gaze of *God*, everywhere, every moment, and for all you *are* and *do*. *He knows* thee, O meek sufferer. He knows thee, O prayerful burthened soul. He follows thee to thy closet. He sees thee on thy bed. He catches up thy sighs. He "*puts* thy tears into His bottle." And *He knows* thee, too, O false hypocrite—and thee, too, O proud Pharisee—and thee, too, O dishonest dealer—and thee, too, O besotted drunkard—and thee, too, O beastly sensualist—destroyer of thy soul through appetite—defiler of thy body through lust—selling thy soul for gain! And thus, O sinner, as thou chooseth for thyself *now* what *God* rejecteth, so will He in the judgment choose for thee what thou wouldst *then* fain reject. Thy "*sin* shall find thee out," thy unrighteousness, thy covetousness, thy drunkenness, thy lust shall be as the brimstone, on which the fire of *God's* holiness coming down shall kindle it to consume thee! (Mal. iv. 1, 2, 3).

READINGS FROM THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.

ST. LUKE I. 1-4.

By the circumstance that many, even before the days of the evangelists, had devoted themselves to the task of setting forth in order a declaration of those

things that occurred in the early history of the Christian Church, we are reminded that truth, once received into believing hearts, refuses to be impi-

soned; but, in the strength of its expansive power, bursts into wider manifestation, and ever seeks to be proclaimed. Many had listened with earnest ear to the accounts supplied by eye-witnesses of events that actually took place, and were most surely believed; and, under the impulse of that deep interest, awakened by occurrences so remarkable, and involving consequences so important, had forthwith set themselves to the high endeavour of preserving, in an enduring form, the facts related by these witnesses and ministers of the Word. The world has never wanted historians who might catch the fleeting shadows of her changes, and multiply the number to whom the history of the past is known; but more especially is it the vocation of every Christian disciple to exhibit, in an arresting form, the truths which he has himself embraced, that, in the spirit of an enlarged benevolence, he may enrich other minds with the same precious instruction, and sustain the wanderers through life's wilderness with his own blessed hopes. The heart of that man must be cold and hard, who, after having been racked and careworn by the keen avidity with which he has sought and won this world's treasures, can find no better reward for endurance and self-denial than the wretched gratification of grasping his gains with yet more unrelaxing tenacity, and making them minister to an avaricious selfishness; but to lock up knowledge and to deny all access to its refreshing light also indicates a narrow and sordid spirit. It is deeply to be deplored when that truth is withheld which tells at once on present and eternal wellbeing. But a knowledge of the Gospel, spiritually acquired, deeply felt, and inwardly enjoyed, cannot be thus restrained. That selfishness and generosity which it creates will not be satisfied without active efforts in the diffusion of the nourishment on which they feed. To the operation of this desire to make known the Gospel must be ascribed every instance of missionary labour during the history of the Church. There was a strong manifestation of this desire when even the flames

of martyrdom were not sufficient to destroy its activity, and believing disciples persisted in declaring, with undaunted fortitude, the convictions entwined around their hearts. This it is which has prompted to the patient and laborious exertion of intellectual power in exploring the truth and successfully defending it; to much splendid and high-toned eloquence in pressing home the lessons of the Gospel; and to unwearied toil and ingenious contrivance for the purpose of conveying the simple yet arresting annals of early Christianity to nations of which the languages and dialects were imperfectly known. And it is delightful to believe, that, ever as the Church extends her influence, and a greater amount of intellectual power becomes affected by that living truth that is within her, and piety, springing from a cordial reception of this truth, settles in the hearts of her adherents, there must go forth more fully an active zeal in the work of bringing sons from afar, and daughters from the ends of the earth. For this there will be a watchful observance of the signs of the times, and an effort to summon to the service of the Church every agency best fitted for the prosecution of this work. As we may know, by the subjects of inquiry that kindle greatest animation, what are a man's favourite tastes and opinions, marking the intelligence that sparkles in the eye as soon as the congenial question is started, and the latent energy is summoned into exercise, so may it be discovered how far any real interest in Christian truth has been awakened by the efforts which the professing followers of the cross are making to extend and perpetuate its influence in the world.

* * * * *

That suitable instruction may be drawn from the records of early Christianity, they must be perused, not only with the impression that real events are described, but also with a constant endeavour to render the conceptions of these events clear, expressive, and well-defined. Familiarity with the letter of these narratives is acquired so gradually, and there is often so much mental listlessness in

the attitude with which they are received, that the question how far they are believed and realised is too frequently neglected. There is a want of that forcible conception which gives to all history of the past its peculiar charm and vividness. The reader does not mingle, as it were, with the individuals whose words and actions are recorded, and although the narratives are singularly graphic, and the views they present of the distinguishing characteristics of the first disciples, require only to be carefully examined that he may become acquainted with their peculiar dispositions, yet he often fails to form a clear conception of the griefs and joys, the dark clouds and the gleams of sunshine, by which their lives were chequered. In order to feel the force of these writings, it is necessary to occupy as much as possible the exact position of those who actually witnessed the things that were accomplished; marking the arresting eagerness with which every promise of a coming Deliverer was received; tracing with minute observation every step of our Lord's progress, as His mysterious plan is gradually unfolded; standing beside the tomb of Lazarus, and endeavouring to realise the spectacle of one, that had been dead, shifting off his grave-clothes, released, and walking forth. There must be a distinct conception of the form of Him who had wept in the presence of the sorrowing relatives, while groups of revering disciples listened to the rich consolations of their Master, and were made wiser and better by the comprehensive counsels which proclaimed Him to be the greatest teacher by whom the world has ever been enlightened. If all history has its valuable lessons, and the past is ever entitled to claim the attentive audience of the present, that a deeper wisdom may be transmitted to the future, most emphatically may this be affirmed of that history which bears so directly on man's highest interests; and since an inquirer spares no toil in his investigation of the changes that often give a new aspect to the temporal character of a people, and to the relationships subsisting between states and empires, seeking to form accurate conceptions of the

chief actors in such revolutions, and the motives by which they were impelled,—entering with keenest animation into the eager feelings of the combatants engaged in the busy and ambitious strife;—assuredly an enlightened zeal to become acquainted with all truth cannot turn coldly away from the vivid and beautiful delineations which the history of early Christianity supplies of overwhelming power, combined with deepest gentleness, and the quiet movements of that inner circle of attached and revering disciples on whom such power and gentleness was munificently bestowed. In associating with Christ and His Followers as they wandered in Judea, common words and actions are invested with a peculiar power; and not merely in parables richly laden with important lessons, but even in the record of minute transactions, may there be traced a comprehensive wisdom, hidden from the dull and inattentive ear, but expressed with a strength that cannot be resisted when the truth enshrined within has been spiritually revealed. The steps of this enlightening process may not be easily described, and only after long familiarity with the habit of extracting from every fragment of the Gospel narrative its appropriate contribution, can a reader be fully aware of the benefit to be derived from thus penetrating beyond the surface, that he may reach to the discernment of the inner truth; but there is satisfying treasure which it is impossible to grasp otherwise than by taking a place, as it were, among the eye-witnesses of the miracles,—mingling with the multitudes who crowded to receive the benefits that were dispensed,—the halt, the lame, the deaf, the blind, and the diseased, whose troubles were removed before the word and the touch of Jesus, showering down and around Him precious gifts, and proclaiming himself the author of blessings that no eye can see, and no hand can touch, and no external profusion can sufficiently represent.

“It is easy to be humble where humility is a condescension; easy to concede where we know ourselves wronged; easy to forgive when vengeance is in our own power.”—*Mrs. Jameson.*

PSALMODY.

No. III.

AGAIN a long and barren interval succeeds. The promising and royal labour of Alfred seems to have been buried with him, and centuries pass by before any one takes up and prosecutes his pious design. It is now understood that the earliest specimen of an *English* metrical version of the Psalms is the production of Myles Coverdale, whose name will ever be honourably associated with the translation of the Bible into English. In distress and exile, he learned and saw the unspeakable importance of a manual of divine praise, expressing in musical numbers the thoughts of inspiration. Many hymns there were which he could have rendered into English; but he knew nothing so apt for devotion, so universally appropriate, so beautifully significant, so variously rich in all the treasures of piety, so simple, yet so profoundly instructive, as the Psalms of David. Who will not confirm this testimony, and respond to the verdict of our great poet?

"If I would delight my private hours
With music, or with poem, where, so soon
As in our native language, can I find
That solace? All our law and story strewed
With hymns—our Psalms with artful terms in-
scribed—

Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victors' ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived.

The rest,

Thin sown with sight of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Zion's songs, to all true tastes excelling."

The father of the English metrical version, was born at Coverdale, in Yorkshire, in 1488, and, like many others of that age, derived his surname from the place of his nativity. He was brought up and educated in the Augustine Monastery at Cambridge, under the care of the learned and famous Dr. Barnes, the prior of that institution. In due time, Coverdale was ordained priest at Norwich, but returned to the Augustine Priory to prosecute classical and Biblical studies with Barnes. The prior was a zealous and

acute student of the New Testament, and, with his pupil, embraced the leading doctrines of the Reformation. But in an evil hour, under instant threat of torture and death, the prior recanted, while Coverdale boldly threw off the habit of a monk, denounced the papacy, and became avowedly a missionary of the Gospel in Essex. He was soon, however, compelled to leave England and take refuge with other and kindred exiles on the Continent. He spent a portion of the year 1529 with Tyndale at Hamburg, and then, apparently for the first time, formed the design of translating the whole Scriptures into English. About 1538, when residing at Paris, he published an English metrical version of some of the Psalms, with appropriate music. This volume, notwithstanding the researches of the Durham Surtees' Society, must now be acknowledged to have been the earliest publication of an English version in metre. The title of the volume is too curious to be omitted. "Goostly psalmes and spiritual songes, drawn out of the holy Scripture for the comfort and consolacyon of such as love to rejoyse in God and his worde." It is evident that he entertained a very humble idea of his ability and success as a versifier, and seemed almost to offer an excuse for his labour in the concluding stanza of the address which he formally made to his book.

"Go, little book, among men's children,
And get thee to their company;
Teach them to sing the commandments ten
And other ballads of God's glory.
Be not ashamed, I warrant thee,
Though thou be rude in song and rhyme,
Thou shalt to youth some occasion be
In godly sports to pass their time."

I cannot refrain from adding a short extract from the address of this earnest and devout man "to the Christian Reader."
—"Yea, would to God that our minstrels had none other thing to play upon, neither our carters and ploughmen other thing to

whistle upon, save psalms, hymns, and such godly songs as David is occupied withal. And if women, sitting at their rocks or spinning at the wheels, had none other songs to pass their time withal, than such as Moses' sister, Elkanah's wife, Deborah, and Mary the mother of Christ, have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *Hey nony nony, hey troyly loly*, and such like fantasies. . . . Now, beloved reader, thou seest the occasion of this, my small labour. Wherefore, if thou perceivest that the very Word of God is the master thereof, I pray thee accept it, use it, and provoke youth unto the same. And if thou feelest in thine heart that all the Lord's dealing is very mercy and kindness, cease not then to be thankful unto Him therefor; but in thy mirth be always singing of Him, that His blessed name may be praised now and ever. Amen."

I now give a specimen of Coverdale's version. It is undoubtedly paraphrastic, yet it is not so much so as other versions which followed it, and it has none of those trifling verbal conceits which deteriorate and disfigure so many of them. The specimen is from Psalm cxxxvii., and for obvious reasons I retain the spelling of the author.

"At the ryvers of Babilon
There sat we downe ryght hevily,
Even when we thought upon Sion
We wept together sorowfully;
For we were in soch hevynes
Y: we forgot all our merynes,
And left of all our sports and playe.
On the wyllye trees y^e were therby
We hanged up our harpes truly,
And morned sore both night and day.
They that toke us so cruelly,
And led us bounde into pryson,
Requyred of us some melody,
With wordes full of derision.
When we had hanged our harpes awaye,
This cruell folke to us coulde saye,
Now let us hear some mery songe.
Synge us a songe of some swete toyne,
As ye were wont to synge at Sion,
Where ye have lerned to synge so longe."

The form of these stanzas is cumbersome; but let it be remembered that they are part of the earliest metrical version in the language, and that when they were composed, there were difficulties in translating a foreign tongue into English verse

which had not been overcome. The lines now before us ought not, therefore, to be read as in competition with the subsequent versions, which, of course, enjoyed immense advantages unknown to the first. Yet they will not suffer by comparison with the version of the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, composed during the same century. This work is very rare, and, it is believed, exists only in manuscript. A copy of it is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and has this title: "The Psalms of David translated into divers and sundry kindes of verse, more rare and excellent for the method and varietie than ever yet hath been done in English." Coverdale's stanzas are not so smooth as those of Sir Philip and his sister; but they are not chargeable with the trifling prettiness and the unpardonable bombast which characterise the others.

"Nigh seated where the river flowes
That watreth Babell's thankfull plains.
Which then our teares in pearled roses
Did help to water with their raine:
The thought of Sion bred such woes
That though our harpes we did retaine,
Yet uselesse and untouched there
On willowes only hanged they were.

Now, while our harpes were hanged soe
The men, whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting goe,
And more to grieve us, thus did say:
You that of musique make such shew,
Come sing us now a Sion lay.
O, no! we have nor voice nor hand,
For such a song, in such a land."

There can be no hesitation in preferring Coverdale's verses. There is in them a touching simplicity, a deep pathos which in vain we search for even in the versions presently used in England and Scotland; and it is instructive to consider the earliest translation in contrast with the later versions. Are not Coverdale's stanzas, which I have quoted, immeasurably superior to the turgid, pompous and sentimental rhymes of Tate and Brady? Look on the one version and on the other. Contrast the simplicity and the ambition, the vigour and the rapidness of expression, the concentration and the discursiveness of thought, which respectively pertain to them. Tate and Brady have leisure and

callousness enough to assume an amplitude of phrase, an exhaustive redundancy of expletives, and a minute attention to unimportant and irrelevant matters, no less incompatible with deep sorrow than with the exquisite illustration of it in the original of Psalm cxxxvii. Read the prose translation, which is correct and faithful. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there, they that carried us away captive required of us a song: and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion." There is no adjective among these words in the Hebrew. In the very querulousness of captivity and sorrow there is a stern frugality of epithets. But the dignified and impressive severity, the chastened spirit, the total absence of every unnecessary and merely auxiliary word, which constitute a singular excellence of this Psalm are all outraged in the modern English version in metre. The very name of Babylon is suppressed—that name so eloquent with the sorrowful associations of the Hebrews, and so essential to the Psalm; and the misery of the exiles seems to be lightly regarded by the intrusion of four idle and redundant epithets within the space of the first four lines. In the second stanza, it is doubtful whether the matchless pathos of the Psalmist is more burlesqued by the euphuism which rehearses the *tuneful parts* which the harps were wont to bear when the Hebrews sung with joy, or by the dotting sentimentality which lisp about neglect, and silent strings, and willow trees that withered. Indeed Tate and Brady's version of this Psalm is of the same kind with Sir Philip Sidney's, only that the former is a thousand times more puerile. I have kept it, however, too long from the inspection of my readers.

"When we, our wearied limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept with doleful thoughts opprest,
And Zion was our mournful theme.

Our harps, that when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,

With silent strings, neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

Meanwhile, our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required,
Come sing us one of Zion's songs."

So much, in the meantime, for Tate and Brady, with whom we shall have a more detailed reckoning at another time. Since, however, the first verses of Psalm cxxxvii. are so prominently before us at present, I may be allowed to add that the modern Scotch version of this passage is by no means so felicitous as most Scotchmen would maintain. There are some words and verses so embalmed amid solemn and holy associations that we almost deem it profanity to subject them to criticism. Many of the Scotch Psalms are in the privileged list, and the very Psalm now under consideration is as decidedly so as any. But even the blindest partiality must admit that our metrical version of this Psalm needs much special prejudice in its favour. Would we, in any other composition, tolerate the rhymes of the first stanza, and the awkward ambiguity of its [third line which seems to assert that the harps were not hung at Babylon but at Zion? In any other translation would we endure the exaggerated ellipsis which does violence to one verse, and the uncouth harshness which destroys another? Observe the first stanza—its blemishes are patent—

"By Babel's streams we sat and wept,
When Zion we thought on,
In midst thereof, we hanged our harps :
The willow trees upon."

Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, in his letter to Dr. Blair on the Psalmody, proposed to amend these lines thus,—

"By Babylonian streams afar
We sat and wept forlorn,
When Zion we thought on; our harps
On willow-boughs were borne."

With due regard to the author of the Hermit, I prefer our own version with all its faults to his amendment. The best metrical translation of this passage is probably that of the Glassites, which in general is a mere revision of the modern Scotch Psalms,—

" By Babel's streams we sat, and wept
When we on Zion thought,
On willows, we in sorrow hung
The harps we thence had brought."

To return, however, to the early English versions. I have no reason to believe that the ghostly Psalms of Miles Coverdale were ever in general use in England. But, beyond all doubt, they called attention to the possibility and the importance of an English metrical translation, and most materially contributed to the speedy attainment of that object. It is not generally known or appreciated how much the progress of the Reformation associated with itself not only the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, but the providing of English metrical Psalms for the use of the people. Within a few years after the publication of Coverdale's "little book," several entire versions of the Psalms in English metre were composed. Before adverting to these, I ought to mention, however, that this was a task which engaged the study of royalty, and that there is preserved a version of the fourteenth Psalm, the work of Queen Elizabeth. On various accounts, it is sufficiently curious to deserve a place in my notes.

" Fooles, that true fayth yet never had,
Sayth in their harts, there is no God!
Fythy they are in their practyse,
Of them not one is godly wyse.
From heaven the Lorde on man did loke.
To know what wayes he undertoke:
All they were vague and went a straye,
Not one he founde in the ryght waye
In hart and tunge have they deceyte
The lypes throwe fourth a poysened bayte:
Their myndes are mad, their mouthes are wode,
And swift they be in shedyng blode:
So bynd they are, no truth they knowe,
No feare of God in them wyl growe," &c. &c.

About the same period, Parker, who afterwards was Archbishop of Canterbury, composed a metrical version of the Book of Psalms. He did so when in exile, and found much happiness and comfort in the task. Warton states, that one of Parker's designs in composing his version was to supply the people, whose predilection for psalmody could not be suppressed, with a national and proper translation. His version was printed,

but never published: and it is not certain that there are more than three copies of the work now in existence. It is easy to account for its never being in general use, as the version of Sternhold and Hopkins was soon received by authority both in Scotland and England. Parker's version is of very varied worth—sometimes it is abrupt and obscure, at other times, singularly simple and perspicuous. In some psalms it encumbers itself with an undignified profusion of rhymes, and in such cases the meaning is generally doubtful, and seemingly inferior in importance to the sound. In other psalms, however, the language is faultless, the rhyme simple, and the diction forcible and plain. The following lines from Psalm xix. are an illustration of the Archbishop's inferior style:—

" No speche or tong—to them doth loog
theyr voyce distinct not hard
To magnifie—theyr Lord so hie
by languages regard.

But yet theyr sound—as wordes rebound,
on all the earth it strays
To farther coast; all uttermost
theyr noyse theyr maker prayes."

My readers will not regret to compare the same passage in the version of Robert Crowley, published in 1549, the only known copy of which is in Brazen-Nose College, Oxford.

" They have no maner of language,
nor wordes sowndyng wyth noyse;
They speake not as men use to speake
no man doeth heare theyr voyce.

Yet went theyr rule throughout ye world
all men have heard theyr sounde
And theyr wordes went unto the coastes
of all the worldes so rounde."

This comparison is much to the disadvantage of the Archbishop: but I now give a specimen of his better style:—

PSALM XCII.

" A joyfull thyng to man it is
The Lord to celebrate,
To thy good name, O God, so hie,
Due laudes to modulate.

To preach and shew thy gentleness,
In early mornyng lyght,
Thy truth of worde to testifie,
All whole by length of nyght.

Upon the psalms, the decaehord,
Upon the pleasant lute,
On sounding, good, sweete instruments,
With shammes, with harpe, with flute.

For thou hast joyed my fearefull hart,
O Lord, thy workes to see,
And I with prayse will just rejoyce
These handy workes of thee.

How glorious, O blessed Lord
Be these, the factes of thine!

Thy thoughts be depe, thy counsayles hye,
Inscrutable, devyne!"

In my sketch of Psalmody, I have arrived at the date of the compilation of the first authorised version in Great Britain. It deserves to be more minutely told than the mere conclusion of an article would allow. I therefore reserve it for another chapter.

(To be Continued.)

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ITS RESULTS.

No. IV.

HAVING, in our previous papers, dealt with the men of the Association and their recreations, we now wind up with a brief review of the results of the last meeting. And before entering into special fields of inquiry, it is proper to keep in view the fact, that the British Association, by its very constitution, is calculated to have only an indirect influence on the progress of science. We are not to judge of its influence merely by the number of important papers read for the first time in the various Sections. No doubt, there were many valuable papers read for the first time, but these can give no fair estimate of the value of the Association. If this should be the whole standard of comparison, the Association could not bear to be put in competition with any of the numerous scientific societies devoted to special fields of inquiry. Its object is to influence science indirectly, by giving a stimulus to scientific men in general, and this it accomplishes by furnishing a rallying point to men of diverse pursuits, and bringing them in contact with the influential classes of society, on whose regard for science the progress of science must greatly depend. Estimating its influence in this light, we have no hesitation in saying, that the late meeting has done incalculable good. Perhaps former meetings were graced by greater names, and could boast of more important papers, but no meeting was ever characterised by more life and spirit.

One main feature of the late meeting was the eminently practical character of its results. The papers of most note were

those that bore most directly on the well-being of man, and the proportion of these to papers of mere speculative interest, was greater than at any previous meeting. It is frequently lamented by the man of science, that there should be such an undue demand for the utilitarian in science, and he repudiates with scorn the notion, that science needs any practical bearings to render it attractive, and worthy the cultivation of every thoughtful man. There is, no doubt, much truth in this; and who is there that has experienced the fascinations of science, but can heartily respond to it? Yet, science acquires a new worth and dignity when we see it linked with the best interests of man. It is these adaptations of science to man's interests that give the most striking view of the unity of the scheme by which the universe is governed. The physical and the spiritual, the material and the moral, are but diverse aspects of one mighty plan. No doubt, when viewed apart, they each present a field of delightful study. The machinery of each, even when viewed separately, has much to excite pleasure and wonder in every inquiring mind, but it is only when we detect the gearing that connects these separate systems, that the merits of God's government are most clearly unveiled. This material world is then viewed as a grand system of forces bearing on man's moral destiny. Take, for illustration, the connexion between galvanism and magnetism. What a thrill of delight must have been felt by Oersted, when he first saw the magnetic needle move across

the wire conveying a galvanic current. What significance was there in that simple movement. It at once bridged over the chasm between two departments of science, and made them one. It proclaimed unity in diversity, the secret of pleasure in science, as well as in art. Galvanism and magnetism were henceforward only diverse manifestations of one force. But mark that same needle moving with rapid jerks in the clock-like dial plate of the electric telegraph, as you glance through the pent-hole at which you get your railway ticket, and you behold a phenomenon of a far higher significance. It is just Oersted's needle moving at the bidding of galvanic wire; but it is now fulfilling its mission as a servant of man, or rather as a minister of God for man's highest good. Now, what we maintain is, that we have here a far higher and nobler unity than the mere scientific one which was at first proclaimed by the movements of the needle. In the latter case we have only two diverse departments of the material world united, but in the former we have a link formed between the material and the moral world. The wider the apparent diversity, the more wonderful is the arch that spans the intervening gulph, and the achievement which knits together the physical and spiritual forces of the world, is of a higher order than that which links the laws of matter in one harmonious whole. And it is good for man's sympathies with science that it should be so. While few can, in the nature of things, fully understand the high generalizations of pure science, all can fully comprehend its bearings on man's moral destiny. Few can understand the mathematical theory of electricity, but all can comprehend the bearings of the electric telegraph, and innumerable other applications of this mysterious power on the social and moral development of the human race.

But besides the general practical character of the results of the Association, there was one specialty in this practical character that deserves notice. We refer to the prominence given to researches bearing on improved means of intercourse between man and man; and this remark

holds true, not merely in reference to the proceedings of the Association, but to the tendency of scientific research in general. The lines of practical science converge all to one point, and that point is the union of the human race, by bridging over the vast chasms that yawned between the various families into which it is divided, and which have for ages acted as insurmountable barriers. It was needful for the accomplishment of God's purposes with the human race, that it should be dispersed throughout the whole globe, and the tower of Babel was the miraculous centre of dispersion; but now, that man has multiplied and replenished the whole earth, a reverse process is going on, a process of reunion instead of dispersion. Now that every island and continent is peopled, it is fit that there should be a bond of union, so that the kingdoms of this world may become more readily the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And what shows that this tendency of science comes from the overruling hand of God, is that it is simultaneous with a corresponding movement in the spiritual world. It was when the missionary spirit began to awaken in the church, that God put into men's hands such wonderful agencies as steam and electricity, to level a path for the feet of the Redeemer, and to make a high way for our God in the desert. As soon as the spiritual power was evoked in the church, God supplied the instruments by which that spirit might work. The Book of Revelation evidently indicates the present age as the missionary era in the church, but the missionary spirit would be evoked in vain, unless facilities were afforded for intercourse between the different families of the human race. Were it not for our steamers, our railways, and our telegraphs, how slow would be the progress of intercommunion between the various families of mankind! It is this turning of scientific discovery to the spiritual wants of mankind that in the strongest manner indicates the unity of Him who is both the God of nature and of grace.

It may be interesting to take a glance at the various Sections from this point of

view. Let us examine the various departments of science, and shew how wondrously they combine to unite the human family, and to prepare the way for the final triumph of truth and righteousness. This plan will also have the advantage of giving unity to our conceptions of the bearings of scientific progress at the present day. Let us look into the Mathematical and Physical Section, and see what it contributes in the way of facilitating intercourse. In glancing over the list of papers, we are at once struck with the number on electricity, and its practical application in the case of the electric telegraph. The most important paper was one read by Professor William Thompson, on the law by which the current traverses the electric wire. He made his observations bear on the question of electric communication between this country and America. He arrived at most important results, which must be attended to if the scheme is to be put in execution. Electricity is not instantaneous in its transit along the wire; although in short distances it is particularly so. The wire transmits the signal as rapidly as a man can work the handle of the machine. He does not require to pause to let one current pass through before he sends the next. This, however, only holds with short distances. When the distance is great, the retardation is a serious element; and what is more, the retardation is greater than in the simple ratio of the distance—the law being that of the square of the distance. If the distance be doubled, the retardation is four times greater. This law throws light upon the great discrepancies in various determinations of the velocity of electricity. It was imagined that the current should travel at the same rate, whatever might be the length of the line; but such is not found to be the case. This seriously affects the question of electric communication with America. A signal can be made in one-tenth of a second between Greenwich and Brussels; but it would take about a quarter of an hour to send a signal half round the world with the same wire. It would be intolerably slow work if, in spelling out a word, each letter

must have a quarter of an hour to itself. Unless some novel way of condensing thought were discovered, this rate of signalling would never pay a company. Happily, however, the same researches have discovered a remedy for this. It is only necessary to increase the thickness of the wire in a certain proportion, to make electricity travel the greatest distances with undiminished rapidity. The slender wire seems to retard the flow of the electricity, just as a pipe with a small bore will not empty a cistern so rapidly as a large one. The fears that were thus entertained that a limit would be set to electric communication, are removed. There is no barrier to the instant communication of mind with mind at opposite points on the globe's surface. How mysterious is this wonderful agency that God has put into man's hands! It glides silently like a spirit through the telegraph wire, but yet, when dealt with in another form, exercises terrific power; and this power is everywhere. It is imprisoned in everything that we touch or taste. We daily swallow doses of electricity that would burst a world into fragments. Faraday long ago conjectured that there was as much electricity pent up in a drop of water as would produce a loud thunder-peal. By recent researches, the exact amount has been ascertained. Conceive of a drop of water as a bow unbent—the positive electricity being represented by the bow, and the negative by the string. As long as they are united, the power is dormant; but separate them as you separate the string from the bow when discharging an arrow, and you will feel a power struggle to unite again. Now, let us suppose that the bow is bent to the extent of a foot, or that one electricity is separated from another by a foot, what is the exact pulling power necessary to keep them asunder? The result of calculation is almost inconceivable, but not the less rigorously deduced by Mr. Stokes. It would require 280 horses to pull in one direction, and 280 in the opposite, to keep the electric bow bent; or, in other words, the pull of 560 horses is necessary to keep one foot asunder the opposite electricities

in a drop of water, the ordinary pull of 160 pounds for a horse being allowed. And yet this tremendous power obeys our behests with the utmost alacrity and docility. It is a gentle spirit that will gild for us the slenderest pin, carry our lightest gossip to a distant friend, without lingering an instant by the way, make our clocks tick, drop our time-balls, illuminate our streets and our halls, and with innumerable tricky antics amuse us in the lecture-room; and this spirit is, as a spirit ought to be, invisible. We try to lay hold of it, but it eludes our grasp. When we think we get a glimpse of it, we find it is only an airy shadow; and yet it does anything for us! It is ever gliding around us, ever anticipating our wishes, ever supplying us with all things needful for health and comfort. The kind and marvellous performances of the elves and fairies of our ancestors, are not to be compared with those of this ministering spirit.

One of the most important papers of the meeting was one read in this Section by Dr. Scoresby, and it had a direct bearing on the means of intercourse. We refer to his researches on the magnetism of ships. Anything that renders navigation safer must lessen the difficulties of intercourse, and make the ocean still more the highway of nations. We are glad to learn that Airey has to a certain extent given in to the suggestions of Scoresby. He still contends for his mode of computing the errors of the compass; but thinks it would be of importance to have a compass aloft to be a check. His views are given in a very able paper in the last volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society.

Charts of the varied movements on the surface of the globe were submitted to this Section by Captain Fitzroy. These charts were prepared by order of the Admiralty, and they were prepared for the benefit of navigation. By careful and continued observation it has been found possible to shorten voyages very much by mapping out the ocean according to the winds that blow at certain seasons, and this holds not merely in the region of the trade winds, but also in more northern

regions. One would be apt to suppose that ships traverse the ocean in all directions just as people cross a common at random when there is no regular path. This, however, is not the case, even at present, and when we have more perfect maps, ships will keep as strictly to certain lanes in the ocean as carriages do to our roads—the rest of the ocean presenting an unbroken solitude.

Mr. Piazza Smith read several papers bearing on navigation—one was upon the measurement of the force of the wind on shipboard, and the other on astronomical observations calculated to facilitate the navigation of the ship.

There was also an interesting discussion on storms, and the researches in this field have already done good service to navigation, and removed many of the terrors of the deep. Storms have their laws, and the mariner, knowing what is coming, can prepare, so that the hurricane may pass over without damage. These papers, with others bearing more indirectly on the subject, indicate with sufficient distinctness the tendency of mathematical and physical science to facilitate intercourse between man and man.

In the Mechanical Section the bearing of the papers on improved means of intercourse was still more marked; indeed, three-fourths of them were on the various modes of transit. Whenever you looked into the Section room you were sure to hear some animated discussion about railroads, screw-propellers, steam-engines, the manufacture of wire, or some other subject directly bearing on the means of communication. We were glad to hear from such practical men as Fairbairn and Rennie the expression of sanguine hopes that some decided advance may be made on the present steam-engine. It was acknowledged by all that the air-engine invented by Mr. Stirling, minister of Galstead, is sound in principle, though, as yet, not reducible to practice. The employment of ether was mentioned by Mr. Rennie as having been successfully employed in combination with steam—the ether being evaporated by the heat that is lost in the ordinary steam-engine. The subject of electro-magnetism as a motive

power was also discussed, but as yet no decided advance has been made in its application to locomotives or steamers.

The subject of war occupied somewhat of the attention of this Section, and at first sight this might seem antagonistic to the tendencies of the other subjects discussed. A great deal was said about our inferior iron, and the causes of the bursting of mortars in the naval operations of the Baltic, and one might think, from the business-like way in which the subject of cannon and rifles was discussed, that war would seriously arrest the progress of the movement for bringing mankind into one great brotherhood. But God maketh the wrath of man to praise Him, and in no way does He this more strikingly, than by making war one of the means of cementing the union between the remotest families of mankind. How marvellously has the present war served to open up regions that would, in the ordinary course of events, have remained hid for many centuries to come! How familiarly do we now speak of countries and peoples that were a short time ago almost utterly unknown! As if to mark more distinctly the character of the times, old canoes, dug from under the streets of Glasgow, were exhibited in one of the college courts, to contrast with the gigantic steamers of the present day. What a chasm between that rude hollowed trunk, probably shaped into form by a stone hatchet, and these stupendous fabrics built in the same river where these canoes were wont to ply as the most advanced modes of intercourse in their day!

We need not dwell on the Chemical Section, as, from its nature, it can but indirectly bear on the facilities of intercourse. Chemistry is the handmaid to all the sciences, and wherever there is a demand, it is ever ready to supply it. A new metal, aluminium, was exhibited, and the multiplied uses to which it might be turned formed the theme of much conversation. We would have little difficulty in showing, did space permit, that chemical discovery at the present, has a marked bearing on intercommunication. How strangely may the discovery of the most unlikely substance conduce to this!

Take gutta percha, for example. When Dr. Montgomerie first discovered this vegetable product in the East, little did he think, that the curious material of which the natives made their knife handles, was to prove the most perfect insulator of electricity, and in this capacity to circulate human intelligence round the globe.

The Ethnographical and Geographical Section speaks for itself. It is the very science toward which we have been endeavouring to show all others converge. It demonstrates that the human race is one in nature, and Christianity comes to realise that unity in good. The discussion, in this Section, of the discovery of the North-west Passage, had, to us, a symbolical import. It proclaimed that the last geographical problem was solved, and that now there was no barrier throughout the world to the extension of Christ's kingdom. It was a cry to the heralds of the cross to go and possess the whole world.

We might, by reviewing the proceedings of the remaining Sections, show that they each, though in different degrees, contribute to the end of drawing closer together the bonds of human brotherhood, but we must now hasten to a conclusion. We have spoken of the coincidence of the awakening of the missionary feeling with the facilities for intercourse afforded by science. There is, however, a third point of coincidence that ought not to be overlooked, by these grand political movements which are opening up vast masses of immortal beings to the influence of Christianity. Look, for example, to the chronic revolution in China, the recent tolerant enactments of the Sultan in Turkey, and last, though not least, that wise and truly philanthropic scheme of our rulers in the East, by which education is to be brought home to the hundred millions of our fellow-subjects there, and by which Christianity is to wield a lever more powerful than any that has yet acted on the human heart and intellect. Can we contemplate all this and not feel that the world is hastening on to its high destiny, that after a long sluggish course, we are now amongst the rapids, that soon

the stream will burst its barriers, and the glory of the Lord cover the whole earth, as the waters cover the sea? Well may we apply the words of the Saviour to the

times in which we live: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see, and hear the things that ye hear."

B. B.

SACRED POETS.

II.—MILTON.

(Continued from page 25.)

DISGUISED as an angel of light, Satan obtains from the archangel Uriel information about the position of the earth; and, such is the power of vision Milton attributes to angelic beings, the shades of the embowering earthly Paradise are pointed out from the surface of the sun. Hypocrisy is described as—

"The only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through heaven and earth;
And oft, though wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate, and to simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

And hence the keen-sighted archangel, not discerning the arch-fiend under the disguise he had power to assume, gives him all the direction he requires.

Satan reaches earth, and alights on the top of a mountain near Paradise. And the Fourth Book opens immediately after with the sublime pathos of a prayer that comes too late.

"O, for that warning voice, which he, who saw
The Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven loud,
Then when the dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be revenged on men,
'Woe to the inhabitants on earth!' that now,
While time was, our first parents had been
warn'd
The coming of their secret foe, and 'scaped,
Haply so 'scaped his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflamed with rage, came down,
The tempter ere the accuser of mankind,
To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first battle, and his flight to hell."

A poet of inferior power to Milton would probably have made Satan silence all reflection, and rush at once to the accomplishment of his evil purpose; but the representation of the remorseful workings of his troubled nature beneath the bright beams of the sun, the exhibi-

tion of a high intellect in a state of utter moral disorganisation—fearing, doubting, despairing, hating; at one time imagining the possibility of his not having fallen from God's favour,—then almost accusing himself as having had free will and power to remain faithful,—then cursing the free love of heaven,—then cursing himself, is a picture that contains in its terrible truth and power a vast amount of instruction. For instruction is of two kinds,—that which hath language as its vehicle, and that which is borne in upon the soul through the strong working of the passions and the imagination together, or through the light of that working. An hour of fearful sorrow or terrible apprehension has often taught more to a human spirit than many long years of life have done. The teaching of external nature, too, is of this inexpressive and secret kind. Its lessons, arguments, and inferences are not syllabled even by the soul; they tinge the mind, as the impalpable and viewless air is tintured with the successive colours of the western evening light. Of course, language may be employed, as it is in the case before us; but the inferences and thoughts that result from such a picture as the language presents are all the more eloquent that they are unspoken. Instead of quoting them we refer the reader to the first hundred and thirty lines of the Fourth Book.

When Milton says of Satan—

"Now conscience wakes despair
That slumber'd; wakes the bitter memory
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must
ensue"—

he suggests to us what may have often occurred to others—that every addition the demons win to their number must

constitute an addition to their pain, remorse, and wretchedness. This, again, raises the wonder, why beings, that might know as much, should willingly aggravate their own misery. But here is one of the peculiarities of sin—one of the mysteries of the mystery of iniquity. Nor is it a subject, with all its mystery and half-revealed horror, that fails to teach impressive lessons to every soul that loves sin, and openly, secretly, or practically determines—"after it will I go."

The state into which Satan wrought himself, had the effect of marring his borrowed appearance.

"Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face

Thrice changed with pale ire, envy, and despair; Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd Him counterfeit, if any eye beheld: For heavenly minds from such distempers foul Are ever clear. Whereof he soon aware, Each perturbation smoothe'd with outward calm, Artificer of fraud; and was the first That practis'd falsehood under saintly show, Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge: Yet not enough had practis'd to deceive Uriel once warn'd; whose eye pursued him down The way he went, and on the Assyrian mount Saw him disfigured, more than could befall Spirit of happy sort: his gestures fierce He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone, As he supposed, all unobserved, unseen."

And the consequence of this is afterwards described, when the guardian angels of Paradise discover the fiend.

Paradise is now approached. It is elevated as a table-land in the midst of a comparative wilderness that slopes up towards it. The densest thickets cover the sloping sides of this boundary; while high above the thickets the loftiest of trees rear themselves; but we must quote the minute description:—

"So on he fares, and to the border comes Of Eden, where delicious Paradise, Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green, As with a rural mound, the champaign head Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides With thickest overgrown, grotesque and wild, Access denied; and overhead up grew Insuperable height of loftiest shade, Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm, A sylvan scene; and, as the ranks ascend Shade above shade, a woody theatre Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung; Which to our general sire gave prospect large Into his nether empire neighbouring round,

And higher than that wall a diering row Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit; Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mix'd: On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow, When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd

That landscape: and of pure now purer air Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires Vernal delight and joy, able to drive All sadness but despair: now gentle gales, Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are pass'd Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow Sabeian odours from the spicy shore Of Araby the blest; with such delay Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league

Cheer'd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles: So entertain'd those odorous sweets the fiend, Who came their bane."

Satan finding no entrance, and seeing that the only gate looked eastward, and was at a distance from him, contemptuously bounded over the wall as a wolf into a sheep-fold.

"So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold, So, since into His church lewd hirelings climb."

With great circumstantiality, and condescending to notice the minutest, least dignified, and most cunning features of the arch-fiend's behaviour, Milton describes him, now perched like a cormorant on the loftiest of Eden's trees, the tree of life, surveying the exquisitely beautiful prospect; now prowling, first in the shape of one animal, then in the shape of another, to watch the noble creatures whose happiness he came to destroy, and again, "squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve."

Critics who peck and carp at the fame of great men, and who give proofs of not having completely read, far less considered, their works, flippantly attack Milton, and say he is always great, but never minute. They are mistaken: where minuteness is required he is never wanting in the condescension or in the particularity, or in the honest boldness which his theme demands. But if he had tried to be what flippant, superficial men, who do not like the grand old Puritan, wish he had been, he would not have been Milton, but something infinitely smaller.

Again, some have said that he had no tenderness—that he borrowed when he drew beauty, and that he comes far short, in his description of Eden, and of Adam and Eve, of his originality in the preceding books. They wish to have the awful grandeur of hell repeated amid the sweet odours and peaceful beauty of Eden! They do not know what they would have. Such critics are of the sort that have a lively appreciation of the *exciting*, however horrible it be. They read very diligently every account of an accident: a murder is one of the most desirable things in their literary bill of fare; and they would probably fall into deponency if shipwrecks and fatal accidents by flood and field became impossible. What startles may keep a stupid man awake; but if mere excitement is what he likes, he had better sleep. Herein lies the error of the class of preachers with whom, to keep folks awake by stories or startling figures, is the great and only effort. They excite for the sake of mere excitement. There is no result of an edifying or of an improving kind. The true orator and the faithful preacher, as well as the noble poet whose work we are considering, have to follow truer and better guidance.

A great number of Milton's critics, worthy men in their way, have tried to dictate what he ought to have done, and what he ought not to have done, in the exquisitely but unconsciously imprudent style in which a youth, ignorant of most things, and of himself in particular, will sometimes proceed to tender his advice on a subject on which age and experience alone can judge, to a man that might be his grandfather. When a great author secures a certain amount of respect, that respect should render the greatest caution and the most careful examination necessary before condemning any part of his works. But the less care and caution a critic can exercise, the more rapidly will he gather good opinions from a certain portion of mankind. To be flippant and superficial is almost an effort with some men, and they have abundance of applause in carrying that effort out; if they became careful or serious, it would seem to their admirers as if they doted.

Our readers will see that it is difficult to study an author like Milton without stumbling against those who have depreciated him, or shamefully blotted some portions of his poems.

Whatever critics say or do to depreciate Milton's great epic poem, or that part of it to which we have now come—the description of Eden—their criticism always labours under the disadvantage of being uselessly vague or ingeniously trifling. The comprehensive, and, at the same time, accurate mind of Milton, is far more than a match for the petty criticism that would be nothing at all if it were not flippant and careless.

Sweeping away, then, the foul cobwebs that have been hung in our way, and in which the flies of criticism are caught, as neither ornaments nor improvements, in considering the *Paradise Lost*, let us think of Milton as a far greater man than any of his critics, and as a better judge than they of matters in which they have decided against him. We do not regard him as infallible; but, comparatively speaking, he is so when we contrast him with his critics.

In describing Eden, poets of feeble and imperfectly regulated powers would have lost themselves, and forgotten the great theme on which they were writing, and buzzed like bees or fluttered like butterflies from flower to flower; but Milton, with a noble simplicity and classic beauty, restrains himself, in order to note the most notable and important elements in the picture, and in order to gather all his powers for the weightiest parts of his work. We quote part of his description of Eden as beheld by Satan:—

“Beneath him, with new wonder, now he views,
To all delight of human sense exposed,
In narrow room, Nature's whole wealth; yea,
more,

A heaven on earth: for blissful Paradise
Of God the garden was, by him in the east
Of Eden planted; Eden stretch'd her line
From Auran eastward to the royal towers
Of great Babelica, built by Grecian kings;
Or where the sons of Eden long before
Dwelt in Telasar. In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordain'd:
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit

Of vegetable gold ; and next to Life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy
hill

Pass'd underneath ingulfed; for God hath thrown
That mountain as His garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth, with kindly thirst updrawn,
Roses a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Water'd the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And, now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl, and sands of gold,
With many error under pendent shades
Ean nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flowers worthy of Paradise; which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Pour'd forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain;
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrow'd the noontide bowers. Thus was this
place

A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odoriferous gums and
balm;

Others, whose fruit, burnish'd with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed:
Or palmy hillock, or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store;
Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose.
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringed bank with myrtle crown'd
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves."

"The fiend

Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
Of living creatures, new to sight and strange.
Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd;
Whence true authority in men: though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal, seem'd;
For contemplation he and valour form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him;
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung

Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorn'd golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway."

The innocence and beauty of our first
parents, and the happiness of the crea-
tures around them, were bitterness to the
fiend.

"The sun

Declined, was hastening now with prone career
To the ocean Isles, and in the ascending scale
Of heaven the stars that usher evening rose:
When Satan still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length fail'd speech recover'd
and :—

O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Into our room of bliss thus high advanced
Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps.
Not spirits, yet to heavenly spirits bright
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love; so lively shines
In them divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that form'd them on their shape hath
pour'd!

Ah! gentle pair, ye little think how nigh
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish, and deliver ye to woe:
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy;
Happy, but for so happy ill secured
Long to continue; and this high seat your hea-
ven

Ill fenced for heaven to keep out such a foe
As now is enter'd; yet no purposed foe
To you, whom I could pity thus forlorn,
Though I unpitied. League with you I seek,
And mutual amity, so strait, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth: my dwelling haply may not please,
Like this fair Paradise, your sense; yet such
Accept, your Maker's work; He gave it me,
Which I as freely give: hell shall unfold,
To entertain you two, her widest gates,
And send forth all her kings: there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous offspring; if no better place,
Thank Him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you, who wrong me not, for Him who wrong'd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I do; yet public reason just,
Honour and empire with revenge enlarged,
By conquering this new world, compels me now
To do, what else, though damn'd, I should abhor.

So spake the fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.
Then from his lofty stand on that high tree
Down he alights among the sportful herd
Of those four-footed kinds, himself now one,
Now other, as their shape served best his end;
Nearer to view his prey, and unespied,
To mark what of their state he more might learn.
By word or action marked: about them round
A lion now he stalks with fiery glare;
Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spied
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Straight couches close; then, rising, changes oft

His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,

Whence rushing he might surest seize them both,

Griped in each paw: when Adam, first of men,
To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech,
Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow."

The conversation of Adam and Eve indicates how thoroughly they understood the position in which God had placed them, as well as their experience of His wisdom and goodness. Satan finds out, from what he overhears Adam say, that there is one prohibition under which they are laid.

"All is not theirs, it seems:

One fatal tree there stands, of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: knowledge forbidden?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should their Lord
Envy them that? Can it be sin to know?
Can it be death? And do they only stand
By ignorance? Is that their happy state,
The proof of their obedience and their faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Their ruin! hence I will excite their minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with design
To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt
Equal with gods; aspiring to be such,
They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This garden, and no corner leave unspied;
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering spirit of heaven by fountain side
Or in thick shade retired, from him to draw
What farther would be learn'd. Live while ye may,

Yet happy pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures; for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with aly circumspection, and began
Through wood, through waste, o'er hill, o'er
dale, his roam.

Meanwhile in utmost longitude, where heaven
With earth and ocean meets, the setting sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern gate of Paradise
Levell'd his evening rays: it was a rock
Of alabaster, piled up to the clouds,
Conspicuous far, winding with one ascent
Accessible from earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggy cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climb.
Betwixt these rocky pillars Gabriel sat,
Chief of the angelic guards, awaiting night;
About him exercised heroic games
The unarm'd youth of heaven; but nigh at hand
Celestial armoury, shields, helms, and spears,
Hung high with diamond flaming and with gold.
Thither came Uriel, gliding through the even
On a sunbeam, swift as a shooting star
In autumn thwarts the night, when vapours fired
Impress the air, and show the mariner
From what point of his compass to beware
Impetuous winds; he thus began in haste:—

Gabriel, to thee thy course by lot hath given
Charge and strict watch, that to this happy place
No evil thing approach or enter in.

This day at height of noon came to my sphere
A spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of the Almighty's works, and chiefly man,
God's latest image: I described his way,
Bent all on speed, and mark'd his airy gait;
But, in the mount that lies from Eden north,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from heaven, with passions foul obscured:
Mine eye pursued him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him. One of the banish'd crew,
I fear, hath ventured from the deep, to raise
New troubles: him thy care must be to find."

The angelic guardians of Paradise are warned, and promise to find out the fiend, "in whatsoever shape he lurk," within the boundary. It was the last evening our first parents spent in the happy garden. Their pleasing talk is commemorated; the shady lodge, too, where they slumbered; the watchfulness of the angelic guards; and the sudden discovery of Satan, nestling close to the ear of Eve,

"Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, phantasms, and dreams;
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure; thence
raise

At least distemper'd, discontented thoughts,
Vain thoughts, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discover'd and surprised. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
Against a rumour'd war: the smutty grain,
With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air;
So started up in his own shape the fiend."

But we cannot leave the Fourth Book without quoting the beautiful lines on the approach of evening.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad:
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were shunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

THE PATAGONIAN MISSION.

When this mission was apparently extinguished with the lives of its first martyrs—for martyrs they truly were, who perished three years ago in Pictou Island, we predicted its revival with confidence.* We said then, "Our faith is strong in the ultimate success of this mission." And why? Because our faith was strong in the blessing and success sooner or later which is sure to rest upon genuine self-sacrificing love to men springing out of love to the Saviour. The dead formal efforts of churches in behalf of missions, without earnest faith or earnest effort might come to naught; the fiery zeal of proselytism kindled merely by love of sect or denomination might perish, but the undying heroism in Christ's cause of such a man as Captain Gardiner, which no failures and no obstacles could subdue; the perfect peace and majestic dignity of himself and fellow-sufferers when literally "dying daily" from famine, and none but God's own eye beholding their deathbeds on that desolate shore; the hearts that could praise "their heavenly Father for His continued mercies," when "He enabled them to scoop up a sufficient supply of water that trickled down at the stern of boat!"—heaven and earth may pass away before all this can pass away without its receiving its reward, the only reward it sought—that God might, through these His servants, be glorified in the salvation of the heathen, for whose sakes they counted not their lives dear to them.

Four years have passed away since that first mission party perished. The Patagonian mission has been revived. Wise and efficient arrangements have been made for its continuance. Sums amounting to several thousand pounds have been raised. A vessel—well named the Allen Gardiner—has been despatched to Patagonia, to prepare the way for other able missionaries ready to follow. The first and chief of whom is the ex-

* See article on the "Patagonian Mission, and Captain Gardiner," in number of this Magazine for June 1853, page 88.

cellent Secretary of the Society, Mr. Despard. The vessel has arrived in safety, and from the Journal of its pious Captain, published by the Society a few weeks ago, we make the following extracts, which we feel assured will delight our readers and interest them still more in what may be truly termed the Romance of Missionary History.

ARRIVAL OF THE SCHOONER.

"The moment the anchor was down and the vessel secure, so as to relieve my mind from all consideration on that point, and permit me to turn it to others, I felt as one in a dream. If it be asked what were my thoughts, I can give no explanation of the strange mixture of subjects that chased each other in rapid succession through my mind as I gazed upon that very spot where the determined missionary—a naval captain, and of social standing, with his devoted little band, perished. I can only ask all our friends to follow me in the detail of our doings here, and imagine everything I would fain express. The Allen Gardiner at last in Spaniard harbour and at anchor! Allen Gardiner!—and a name belonging to a ship! Most wonderful are thy ways, O God! What! a ship named after, and looking upon the very spot where miserably perished the individual so named! A ship and crew, with food in great abundance, resting upon those very waters the bordering shores of which contain the starved and lifeless remains of him in remembrance of whom she is called! So true is it, that it is a fact now accomplished, no longer to be hoped for, and it makes the mind almost loose itself in a passing dream. Who that knows sought of the Patagonian Missionary Society, its history, trials, and uphill difficulties, but must view the whole circumstance of our visit to this place as most extraordinary? In the face of almost human certainty to the contrary, (taking as a starting point that period when the melancholy fate of Captain Gardiner and his companions was first made known,) has God brought this thing to pass?"

ERECTING THE TABLET.

"There you see, clustered around the heap of stones which mark the grave of the departed ones, a solemnized and deeply affected group. Some of those who form the group have been newly

added to the vessel's crew; they were shipwrecked mariners, and are here assembled without any of that previous knowledge of the circumstances that the rest had; still they, too, are sensibly affected, and appear greatly impressed with what is going on. At the head of that group is the captain; on one side of him is the catechist, and on the other side both of his officers; while kneeling down by the side of the grave, her head bent low, and her eyes streaming to tears which fall fast upon that grave, is one whose woman's feelings at such a time could well be excused, even were there not men in the same way affected, to keep her company. Humble as the tribute was, ye devoted ones! balm would it have been to your hearts could ye have known that such would have been rendered! Mrs. Snow felt, as she knelt there, with a knowledge of all that had occurred on that spot fresh on her mind, as woman alone can feel on such solemn occasions as when the service for the dead is being performed, but as few perhaps have ever had an opportunity of feeling under such peculiar circumstances.

"And now, you who stand by my side in this mental picture, you can see that there are about to be interred some remains of what was once a human being like yourself. They were found and recognised to be such; and, consequently, with reverence and the suitable forms, are placed within the grave. The service, read by the catechist, and appropriate hymns being finished, a tablet, with the following inscription thereon, is nailed and securely lashed to the tree nearest and over the grave:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LAMENTED MISSIONARY MARTYRS, ALLEN F. GARDINER, CAPT. R.N.; RICHARD WILLIAMS, SURGEON; JOHN MAIDMENT, CATECHIST; JOSEPH ERWIN, CARPENTER, JOHN BRYANT, BOATMAN; JOHN PEARCE, DITTO; JOHN BADDOCK, DITTO, who, after much fatigue and privation from want of food, departed this life between June 28th and September 6th, 1851. Their remains are laid close by."

"This tablet was erected (wonderful to say, yet remarkably instancing the inscrutable ways of divine providence) by the Captain (W. P. Snow) and crew of a vessel built according to the wishes of the above-mentioned Captain Gardiner, and named after him; Mr. G. Phillips, catechist, assisting in the erection, and reading a suitable service for the occasion; the whole under the direction of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, to whom the vessel

belongs, and of which Society Captain Gardiner was the founder."

RELICS OF THE MISSION PARTY.

"The interior of the cave was damp, and smelt most unwholesome; striking a light, I examined every corner of it to its extremes. Wet was dripping down from the roof, and puddles had formed in several places. Heaps of small muscle and limpet shells were seen, and a few fragments, such as a shirt collar, part of a blue serge frock, bits of rope, quadrant case, besides a stove bedded in the stony soil, were collected together; but nothing of any importance was discovered."

"We then returned to the sandy beach; but before leaving I took a few rough outline sketches, and especially the rock, and inscription *Ps. lxxii. 2, 5, 8* thereon. . . . Continuing our walk along the beach, a few yards further on we came to the remains of the Pioneer: there is nothing left of her but a portion of her side, and that has been burnt, whether by natives or other visitors I am unable to say. Some tins, cork, and remains of hawsers, (the rope now quite rotten) was all that could here be seen. We next crossed the brook or mountain stream, and soon afterwards arrived at the Hermitage, where are still to be seen 'the poles placed against the impending face of a cliff,' the signs of the fire that burnt Captain Gardiner out, and the pieces of rock, (some of them as much as I could turn up) that had fallen down as he describes. . . . Having now finished in Earnest cove, I returned towards the boat, took another long and thoughtful look at the spot around me, and then embarked to go and visit the other place at Cook's river. . . . We were soon examining this place, as we had done the other. Three good boat's anchors and chains were found and sent on board, and some trifling remains of fine blue cloth clothing now quite rotten. The frame of the boat broken and burnt was visible, and the iron deck which lay apart by itself. There was a broken stove, iron pot, sole of a well made boot or shoe marked with the letter W., and a few odd things of no particular use or interest, beyond that of having belonged to those who had suffered there."

BANNER CAVE.

"Finding no signs at the head of the Tent Cove of the place where Captain Gardiner and his party had located themselves, I walked along the beach, and at length came to the spot. There, sure enough, it was, and as if vacated only a short time back. There were the fence, the pieces of cork, the arrange-

ment of the branches, and trees cut down just as described in their journals. After a short stay here I proceeded to the little island close to me; this was originally called Dothan Island—subsequently changed to Round Island. From this, I went across to Cape Cooper. Here I found in two places the melancholy inscriptions Captain Gardiner had written; the one was on the face of the rock, looking to the sea; the other round the corner, and nearer to the cove. The following will give the idea of how they

appeared. Dark rocks with trees on the top, and a decayed one at the foot; a white patch with a cross painted thereon, and a long black mark adjoining, which was written in large letters

Go to Spaniard || ;—
Harbour.

“How touching this appeal, in our own native tongue, for succour! But the hand that wrote it was soon able to write no more; and the words still remain a mournful memorial of the past.”

NOTES FROM MY CRIMEAN JOURNAL.

(CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.)

CONTENTS.—Huts—Weather—Amusements—Sebastopol—The Defences—General Todleben—Scenery—The Dead.

Feb.—How I envy the clear, crackling fires of home in this weather! The thought of a bright grate and blazing fire fills me with emotion! How the wintry wind whistles round my crazy hut, and seems to beat with fists of iron at the door and frail planks! My fire is a sorry apology for such a luxury, made up as it is of green chips, which hiss and sputter but give no heat; and from every corner the most outrageous draughts come rushing, so as to necessitate a frequent shifting of my cutty-stool to enable me to escape their violence. Queer places these abodes of ours are on this crowded plateau! Some men burrow in the earth and make to themselves dens to which they gain access by suspicious-looking trap-doors; others make shift by the aid of bottles and mud to throw a wall of circumvallation round their tents; while most, like myself, inhabit huts which resemble, more than anything else I can think of, the sheds erected by masons for protection in wet weather. Our furniture is more select than elegant. Made of old boxes, or saved from the pillage of the captured city, it affords specimens of many patterns, several of them new to the trade. They are not bad places these Crimean huts, after all! I know I will leave mine with a touch of regret. No doubt they have their discomforts, but one gets used to their eccentric ways, and when experience has shown the exact position of all the wind and rain holes, and enabled one to make the arrangements necessary to counteract the evils which flow through such apertures, it is curious to what a height contentment rises. The boards on the sides, through which the sun shone so scorch-

ingly in summer, certainly form too potent ventilators in such weather as this, and the afore-mentioned holes, though filled with plugs of the “Times,” and papered over with views from “the Illustrated,” are not over wind or water tight. The rats, too, whose advanced posts are placed behind every box, await the bugle at “lights out” to advance their strong reserves, and charge across floor and bed with headlong ardour so soon as darkness conceals their evil deeds and makes a residence in such an abode more exciting than agreeable. All this is, however, bearable, so long as the fuel lasts, which, by economy, it may do for six days out of the fourteen for which it is issued; and if the cold does not serve us out in its usual manner, and so mask its play as to cause one to burn wood generously under the notion that fine weather is close at hand. But woe betide the unhappy being who believes in weather prognostics! Here everything of that sort goes by “contraries.” No one knows, let him be ever so deeply versed in meteorology, what an hour may bring forth. Generally speaking, rain or snow supplies the fluid, thick fogs the solid, and a sharp frost the relish served up for our daily consumption. The great “coup” is kept in reserve till every stick of fuel, be it commissariat wood, a carefully hoarded box, or a stolen plank, is consumed, and then from the Pole direct is sent that piercing wind which produces a sensation the word “cold” totally fails to express. No other “establishment” could turn out such a wind except the extensive one comprised within the arctic regions. It cuts and carves you in a most artistic

manner, and appears to salt the wounds afterwards. It pierces every vulnerable part with its icy shafts, as it tears through the encampment like an angry bull. It bites you with the tooth of a scorpion, and soon renders every exposed atom of your luckless body insensible. It hides in the ravines, and seems to stand behind the rocks holding its breath to tempt you from under cover, and then rushes at you where you have no protection. Nose and ears make no resistance, and hands and feet, after a feeble struggle against the tyrant might have been left at home for all the good they are of. If you tuck to avoid him he takes you unawares from a gully, and pinches you like Caliban, "as thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging than bees that made them."

Then we have the oft-recurring variety of a snow storm. The sky assumes a look which would make you suppose you were put under a leaden saucer, so dark and low does it become. Earth and heaven are connected by long bands of murky light; and during a brief cessation of the gale, down comes the snow in thick, heavy, noiseless folds, till the whole landscape is deeply wreathed in its cold embrace. The little hills become rounded off in their outline, and the different camps appear like rough ink sketches on the white surface over which the sun's beams flit in sparkling flashes, and the cloud-shadows glide gently. So long as it continues thus no one complains, but this is in general only the prelude to a change which makes every one grumble. The humid sea wind rolls its smoky mist over the plateau, and, like the rod of an enchanter, converts the fair scene into a weltering ocean of mud, so deep that you flounder in it knee deep, and carry on each foot as much soil as would make a respectable market garden. This agreeable compound follows you affectionately into your hut, and there, by your very hearth, you have to sit with your feet in stocks formed of this frozen slush. By a proper and not unusual combination of these agreeable variations, one is frequently reduced to sad extremes. Cold preserved meat and ration bread take the place of those savoury stews, in the composition of which onions formed so prominent an ingredient; and after this dinner, dressed in sheep skin and boots, cap gloves and worsted cravat, you resolutely take up a book, and, seated before the fire-place, try to imagine you have still a fire, and savagely determine to be happy. But the delusion soon vanishes, as the wind throws himself headlong down the chimney, and seems to ampu-

tate your legs below the knees. There is nothing then for it but to "turn in," an act, by the way, which requires some nicety to accomplish properly, as it has to be carried out with a due regard to the state of the thermometer, and the air from which the wind blows. Having fixed upon the proper quarter for the night's encampment, then you must decide on how many of your day clothes you will retain to balance the increase in the cold. Your bedclothes remain a fixed quantity, and it is only by regulating the number of day clothes to be kept on that a proper arrangement is arrived at. When the temperature is very low, and the wind butts on a particular corner of the hut, then great coat, cap, gloves, and long stockings, have to be added to the usual amount of clothing. Such are some of the discomforts of a Crimean life, but there are also many pleasures mixed with them. Where have you such exciting shaves—tales which deal with peace and war, life and death? Where have you such opportunities of exercising your ingenuity and talent for "dodges?" The very nicety necessary to place aright the perforated meat-tins which form your chimney so as to cause the smoke to go up, and not down as is its custom,—the gastronomic talent called for to cook a tasty dinner out of the commissariat meat, and so disguise the anomalous flesh they serve out to you, as that it may, by a stretch of the imagination, be supposed to be the genuine article,—the enlivening cross-country rides—the furtive peeps down ravines, and from outlying ditches at the enemy—the visits to the ruined city, rendered picquant by the occasional whizz of a round shot, or the waving sighs of a shell—all these things are pleasures in their way. Then when after a snowfall a fight was got up, the one wing of a regiment against another, the discomfort of days was amply atoned for. Behind our encampment we had lately a fearful battle which lasted all day. Snow forts were built after Todleben's most approved designs, and each party had its recognised leaders. An old worsted stocking tied to the handle of a shovel served as an ensign, and sore was the fight its possession occasioned. Everything was transacted with military precision. Skirmishers were thrown out, sorties made, flank movements performed, and the air resounded with the "boisterous strife" of war. A forlorn hope would launch themselves on the devoted battlements, huge pieces of which were hurled on their heads. Nothing could be seen but arms and legs wildly thrown into the air, and the discomfited party

would be ejected from the fort in the most summary manner, being in general thrown out bodily, and overwhelmed with the debris of a tower or salient corner. Then a sortie would follow, led on by the big grenadier who protected the flag-pole, and officers and men would be inexplicably mingled, tugging, hauling, snowballing, and smothering one another indiscriminately. Along the outskirts of the mass many private adventurers did battle on their own account, and one eccentric Irishman, with a button nose and villanous squint, whose familiar name was "the Provost," attracted much attention by the perseverance and ill results of his attacks. Having provided himself with ammunition, he selected some one whose back was turned, and, rushing at his victim, fired furiously. The shot to a certainty missed its mark, and as the great lout tried to turn and fly, his boots, which were much too large for him, invariably tripped him up, and he fell by his own recoil, to be overwhelmed by his antagonist. Nothing daunted by what he evidently looked on as his fate, he renewed the same cowardly attempts to meet with the same sad catastrophe.

Sometimes, too, we have a fine day, and the different regimental bands turn out on parade. Of late the big drums have begun to resume their proper subordinate position, and to recede from that undue prominence they have so long assumed. Death was busy with our musicians, but the drummers appeared never to die. A dead drummer has been much more rare here than a defunct ass. The result was that the music came to consist of little else than a solo, in thunder peals, from the drums, with occasional interludes from the little fife, which modestly put in a note to allow his noisy friend to recover breath. Now, however, the hospitals have begun to disgorge, and horns and trumpets have silenced, or at least subdued, the tormentor, and there is some comfort in listening to the regimental music.

It is often curious to find how much the soldiers retain, as firm as ever, even amidst all this "sum of stirring things," their links with home. These associations shew themselves oddly enough at times. A few days ago, two men on a fatigue party were leaning against the side of my hut, when a Frenchman, starving, as usual, came up looking for biscuits or any scraps, and one of the worthies addressed him with the current language of the camp, "Bono Sacre, nong bisquit to-day;" and to the Frenchman's long speech he merely replied with the

most emphatic air, "nong la ba," (bas? which is the highest proficiency acquired in French by any of our men;) and as the Frenchman moved off, he remarked to his friend: "Isn't he like a Barrhead chiel, Tam; man look at his fingers, they are sae lang they would do fine for the herring fishing." I neither know in what the Barrhead "chiefs" are peculiar, nor yet the especial advantages of long fingers in the herring fishing, but I give the incident as shewing how strong are the home associations. On another occasion I heard one man come up to another and say: "Are ye Serjeant ———, frae the Kirk Street in Calton?" and being answered in the affirmative, he added, "eh, man, I'm a Glasgae chap tae;" and so at it the two went, speaking familiarly of their mutual friends in that distinguished locality.

March.—Spring is at last beginning to show itself, in the occasional beams of sunshine which shoot athwart our sky. Now, amidst the more genial atmosphere, our winter's discomfords do not appear to have been so bad, though in truth they were often depressing enough. But good bye to the north wind; he has now, I hope, been finally subdued by the gentle breath of the summer's south. With the change of season, too, has come a like change in affairs. Of old, the hoarse roar of cannon came fitfully to the ear, borne on the howling blast, but now only the shouts of play, or the merry notes of music come stealing over the camp. Men have escaped from their boots, and tidy uniform has taken the place of the preposterous "mufti" formerly in vogue. We ride now without concealment or fear through every corner of that city which for so long could only be surveyed by stealth, and approach points where a rifle ball would surely have overtaken any intruder a few weeks ago. How prostrate is that once fair city! Hardly a stone stands on another, but over hill and valley, and lying along the tide, its outline remains in tottering walls and pillars. A perfect ghost of a city it is, so white and fair even in its ruins, so like the conjuration of an excited dream! Streets furrowed and torn by shot, houses scorched and black, churches spoliated, — their very cornices and pillars prostrate. The harbour choked with line of battle ships, and its creeks strewn with wrecks. Gardens shadowed out by the stumps of destroyed trees, around which the modest flowers of spring peep up wondering. The refinement of destruction is discernible everywhere. Nothing which could be by any possibility annihilated has escaped. Then these huge defences! Mountains

piled on mountains. The most elaborately finished works massed one behind the other over every commanding point, and at every corner where by any possible contingency the battle might sway. Our approaches appeared such child's work to these labours of giants. The problem of the pyramids has been solved by Todleben. From Inkermann to the Quarantine battery, many miles in extent, is covered in endless series and in countless repetition with these immense earth-works. The ravines are guarded and counter-guarded, the hills covered terrace above terrace. As you pass from one work to another, each so jealously protected and so complete in its internal arrangements for independent defence, so elaborately finished in all its details, and above all so stupendous, you are struck dumb with amazement, but more at the genius of the planner than at the perseverance and labour of those who carried out the idea. To grasp the idea of their magnitude wearies the mind: what genius must it have been to originate them! There is in these Cyclopean ramparts the written evidences of an advancing people. The fiery energy and strong will here displayed must yet tell in the affairs of the old world. The works which cost us so much labour and so many lives to construct, look like the mimic castle of a child playing on the sand, and these like the towering strength of Dumbarton Rock.

The living and moving spirit of the whole was Todleben. The common sapper instinctively recognised a change in the energy of the enemy the days the General was not in the works. The very day he returned to duty after his wound, became evident to all by the flash of genius he threw over the defence.

How melancholy it is to visit the little rifle pits, the holes and rocks, so long fought for with deadly energy and where so many died! The trench unfinished from the destruction of life occasioned by the attempt,—the little crater of an advanced mine which used to be literally choked of a morning with lifeless bodies—the intermediate ground between the opposing advanced works, every foot of which has been watered with blood, where the crocus and hyacinth struggle to force themselves between the rough fragments of shell. Now all is silent, but the long graves close by are eloquent to the mind. Many a "Kapi" lies sodden in the earth, and torn pieces of clothing and broken arms mingle in the beaten and trampled earth. The docks look like a huge quarry, the houses close by have still their floors stained deep with blood.

How many bodies these blue waves cover no eye but one can tell! Down the little valleys behind the batteries, and in distant lonely nooks and sunny corners, friends and brothers have marked the solitary graves of many a brave man. Cannon balls are usually placed round them, and little flowers have been planted on the mounds. At times a handsome head-stone records the name of the departed, at others only a cross made of willow branches. These men need no monument.

"They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
And the free blood that bounded in their veins
Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy."

Since the armistice we ride down the whole length of the Tchernaya, and by the head of the harbour, which is very beautiful. The high, wild rocks are cut into caves and chapels, and above the grey battlements of a ruined castle look down as they have done for ages. The sedgy banks are merry with the sparkling stream, and the heads of sportsmen pop up every here and there from the reeds as they stalk the numerous wild fowl. Upwards, the level banks wind among the hills, and downwards the stream falls into the shining harbour. Russians, French, and English fraternize with wonderful cordiality, by means of the usual "bono" dialect. Presents are exchanged, and often passed across the river by curious contrivances. Small things are thrown made up in clay, while the larger are floated on the stream, and guided by cord. The officers willingly exchange swords and belts, and the men sell their little crosses. The Russians, generally, are great hulking fellows, with flat, villainous faces, though some more "distingué" at times appear. All are dressed in the ugliest and worst made clothes it is possible to conceive. One officer sang "Rule Britannia," and the Emperor's hymn, the other day. He spoke English perfectly, and said his mother had been a Scotch woman. The Cossacks are the worst of them. They are big and strong enough, but most uncivilized and wild-looking. The most miserable Highland sheltie would be a superb war-horse to the majority of their chargers, and perched on high saddles, with their knees drawn up to their chin, and their long, grey coats spread over the flanks of the ponies, and with lance in hand, these great, dirty louts canter their hairy rats of horses about in an extraordinary manner. They look, by all the world, like the troop one would expect to find crowning the cliffs of a newly-discovered and savage island; with bows and arrows they would be

complete. A regiment of cuddy asses, if they kept together, would bowl down a thousand of such cattle.

All along the river, among the sedges and bushes, as well as on the green hill sides above, numberless dead bodies lie bleaching in sun and rain. They have lain there since the battle of Inkermann, in the line of retreat from which this part of the Tchernaya lies. Trying to drag their wounded bodies to the water, the poor wretches died miserably. They lie sometimes alone, at other times in groups. Bones and tattered clothes map out the outline of a human form on the grass. High up, under the rocks, in crevices, and drains, and among the bushes, they lie in heaps. In some sheltered spots their bodies are undecayed, and, though dry like mummies, their features are quite distinct. Many of them must have died of starvation. Being able to crawl so far, they might have been saved if discovered. What misery, pain, and despair may have existed here! In the cold haze of that November morning they dragged their mangled bodies into these lonely retreats, and who knows for how many days in cold, and rain, and hunger they may have looked hopelessly for aid. Their pouches and water-tins lie beside them, and in many cases their boots still contain their severed feet. Over such piles the wondering and thoughtless crowd of comrades and enemies laugh and make merry to the sunshine! The peace has come too late for them!

Reviews are the order of the day. One day the heights are covered with artillery, which sweep in glittering masses down the slopes, on another, solid blocks of infantry dot the plain, and reflect the sun's rays from their numerous bayonets. Our men, fat and strong, contrast well with the French, who suffer greatly from scurvy and fever—the products of bad food and bad housing. No army could be in finer condition than ours is at this moment.

Horse and foot races, games and

matches have taken the place of assaults and repulses. At the great races which lately took place in the valley of the Tchernaya, about 40,000 were present, in endless coloured uniforms, and, looking down on the moving mass, the effect was superb, as it looked like the variegated threads of an intricate web being thrown together and separated by the woof. Music, flags, and booths added to the festive appearance of the scene, and horsemen and footmen, singly or in groups, covered the plain as far as the eye could see. The Russians filled their batteries and gazed on the animated scene and, I have no doubt, recalled other incidents rendered memorable by the same ringing cheers.

At Traktir bridge there have been many gay conferences between the Generals, and pretty groups they formed. No half-clothed Russians came there, but all those who appeared came dressed in the most gorgeous uniforms, and mounted on the handsomest horses. Some were dressed in white, trimmed with black fur, others in light blue and silver, others in chocolate and gold, and some Cossack orderlies had coats and capes of bright scarlet, profusely decorated with gold, and contrasted strongly with their comrades, who were twisting and turning to keep themselves warm under the cold shadow of the distant hills, in rags and tatters. The group formed by these and the officers of the allied armies, representing as these did almost every corps, was brilliant in the extreme. The picturesquely dressed Zouaves, who kept the ground, formed a fitting setting to the picture. On the hill-side, rising tier above tier, as if in a theatre, numerous spectators looked on. And so war finishes with a gay "spectacle;" but how many sore hearts has it occasioned during its short but whirlwind course! Kings and ambassadors cannot

"Render back

The golden bowl that's broken at the fountain,
Or mend the wheel that's broken at the cistern,
Or twist again the golden cord that's loosed."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI
HOSPITAL.

Mr. Macnair's Journal

October—As the time absorbed by the care of the sick has diminished, greater attention has been paid to the men on duty, and steps are being taken for their

mental and moral, as well as for their spiritual improvement. For some time past, schools have been conducted by teachers who have undergone a regular system of training in Normal Schools at home, and have been sent here on purpose. More recently, Evening Lectures have been set on foot twice a-week,

which are numerously attended by the soldiers. Such questions as "Who live in the Crimea?" "Who was Mahomet?" "The Cross and the Crescent." "Plain facts and experiments in Chemistry." "Facts in Anatomy" &c. &c., have been the subjects of lectures already delivered by chaplains and medical officers. The spectacle may now be seen of men who have met with Russians, Turks, Tartars, and others listening to disquisitions upon the origin and habits of those with whom they have measured swords, or upon the contrast between their own religious belief, and that of their allies, their respective founders and books. The sight may now be witnessed of men to whom explosions of charcoal, sulphur and saltpetre have been familiar as the day, and who have themselves been active agents in rending the air not only with the thunder of artillery, but also with the bursting of huge and deadly shells, intent upon explanations of the rationale of combustion, the nature and properties of substances, elementary and compound. Men who have narrowly escaped dislocations and fractures, many of whom have been witnesses to amputations and dressings of wounds, may now be seen patiently drinking in lectures upon the structure of those bodies which are so fearfully and wonderfully made. And as the lecturers do not ignore the agency of a great First cause, but lead the thoughts of the men to Him who maketh wars, and causeth them to cease, who is at once the God of nature, and the God of grace, let us hope that the manners which war is too prone to form may be softened, and that those who have drawn the sword, may be equally ready to sheathe it, when an amicable adjustment has been made.

November—During the early part of this month the wards were very empty, and the number of Presbyterian patients had considerably diminished, so much so that I considered this the most favourable time to apply for leave of absence, and having arranged with Mr. Cannan (who was rapidly becoming convalescent) and Mr. Johnston (Kululi) in regard to the conducting of the Sabbath services, I applied for, and obtained leave to visit Smyrna. The "Calcutta," a steam transport, being about to sail for England, to call *en route* at Smyrna, I took my passage in her, on the 10th, and having a Sabbath to spend on board, and being the only chaplain, I not only had an opportunity of seeing the invalids, and distributing among them some books and tracts brought for the purpose, but also conducted service, first in the saloon,

with the crew and cabin-passengers, consisting principally of sick officers, and afterwards in one of the sick-wards, with the soldiers.

Being unable to learn beforehand the state of the Hospital at Smyrna, and remembering the expressed wish of the committee that something should be done for this as well as for Scutari, I made up a box of Bibles, Testaments, and other books and tracts before starting, and took this with me, as well as another box entrusted to my care, to be delivered to the English Chaplain. These were safely landed on the morning of the 13th. From the brief and somewhat hurried visit which I was enabled to pay to the Hospital, everything seemed to be in good order; and great expense and care had been taken to fit it up for the convenience of patients. But at this time every one seemed uncertain as to the length of time during which the building might be occupied as an Hospital, and whether it might not in a few days be handed over to the Swiss Legion. When I left on the 15th, it was generally understood that all the patients, somewhere about 300 in number, were to be removed to the new Hospital at Renkioi.

This Hospital (Renkioi), situated on the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, and very near their western extremity, I had also an opportunity of visiting. It is beautifully situated on a little tongue of land stretching out into the straits; and abundantly supplied with water brought in pipes from the neighbouring heights. For occupation in summer, a more advantageous spot could scarcely have been selected, as the northern exposure secures an almost perpetual cooling breeze, which very much modifies the temperature of the otherwise scorching atmosphere. The buildings being all new, and fitted up under the direction of British engineers, have also a look of cleanliness and comfort which is by no means universal in Turkey. It remains to be seen whether these, with all their conveniences, will form as comfortable winter quarters for invalids, as the more substantial, solid, and admirably contrived stone and lime buildings at Scutari, Kululi, and Smyrna. When I visited Renkioi, there were between 100 and 200 patients in Hospital, but on the day I left, 138 arrived from Smyrna, and another detachment was to be sent a few days later. There is accommodation at present for 700, to be increased so as to accommodate 1500, or upwards.

On my return to Scutari on the 24th, I found that cholera had broken out, and carried off many victims in the course of

a few days. The number of deaths in the Barrack Hospital, had risen in a single day from 1 or 2 to 8, next day to 16, next to 25, and then gradually diminished. Separate wards had been set apart for the cholera patients. Some had been carried off after a few hours' illness; and several of the medical men in attendance had been among the victims. The mortality had been greatest in the German Legion, and the (British) Osmanli Horse Artillery. Those who were on the spot all along tell me it was a truly solemn time, a time which ought to make men pause and consider. But, as one chaplain said to me, how little, after all, can we do on such occasions. In the first stage of the disease, the subject of it is in intense agony, and indisposed to listen to any spiritual counsel. In its second stage, collapse and exhaustion render him unfit to profit by it. But this just shows how much greater need there is for improving the day of comparative health and strength.

Since returning from Smyrna, and in the course of several visits, I have found between 50 and 60 Presbyterians in Hospital. Many of these belong to the cavalry regiments, and of these the greater proportion will probably consist in future, as Scutari is now being made the principal cavalry depot for the winter months.

One of the most interesting cases with which I have met for some time, is that of a young Englishman, with whom I have had several conversations. His friends belong to the Calvinistic Baptists. On one occasion he heard a clergyman speak slightly of them, and of Calvinists generally, and he was tempted to think the Bible a delusion altogether, when it could be so variously construed. Besides conversing with him, I have put several books in his way, among others James's Anxious Inquirer, which he has read with evident attention, and I trust with some degree of profit. He confesses that he sees his error, and is, I trust, seeking for guidance from Him who is able to impart it. Oh! for a larger number of instances such as this, inspiring a chaplain to feel that he is speaking to men who are alive to what is said, and interested in the welfare of their souls.

The Journal of a chaplain is perhaps not the place to dilate upon the purely natural features of a country. But a visit to the two above-mentioned Hospitals (Smyrna and Renkiol) having brought me into contact with scenes possessing so many classical, ecclesiastical and biblical associations, a passing remark or two may be permitted. Half-an-

hour's climb, or little more, from the former, brings you to the top of mount Pagua, from which a most perfect diorama is beheld; or rather, in passing a few yards from one side to the other, a most diversified succession of pictures, equal to any series of dissolving views, presents itself to the eye.

On the summit of the hill there are extensive remains of the walls of an old castle, and taking your stand within these, every object beyond is shut out, and you seem brought into contact only with the past. Here is the Stadium, where Polycarp was martyred. An opening at one place leads to a vault, conducting into a subterraneous building, in which it is supposed the wild beasts may have been kept before being brought out to the amphitheatre. Of this building, the pillars, supporting at least thirty domes, remain entire. Coming out again to the fresh air, and advancing to one side, Smyrna (*Ismir*, the Queen of Anatolia), the Paris of the East, stretches at your feet, its further side washed by the beautiful basin or gulf, affording ample and excellent shelter for any number of ships, and whose edges, all round, are graced by gently sloping and finely wooded hills. You cross the ruins and take your stand a few yards further back, and it is almost as if you had passed from life to death. The busy mart of *Ismir* is exchanged for the barren and uncultivated wild of a far-stretching valley. There are links to connect with the past in that solitary arch spanning the Meles, the supposed river of Homer, (blind Melesigenes), which sweeps round the foot of the hill, and that solitary cypress which marks the spot where stood the church of Polycarp, the disciple of the beloved apostle. There are links to connect with the present in that solitary house which, in the distance, rises to view, and that solitary string of camels which is seen winding its way through the valley. But as far as appears, you might imagine yourself fifty miles in the interior, and as far from any considerable town, instead of being within a stone's throw of the spot from which you look down upon a city peopled by 150,000 souls, and a bay visited by ships from whose masts float the flags of almost every nation that owns a fleet.

The land in the neighbourhood of Renkiol has the appearance of a succession of terraces rising like a flight of steps, as though the water had at successive intervals retired, and left its old seamarks dry, finding time after time a narrower and lower channel in

which to flow. From the hospital, an easy morning's ride conducts to the plains of Troy, and the supposed site of the ancient and far-famed city of the same name. Here and there, as at Sheblac and Hallil Elly, you light upon whole fields, having in the distance the appearance of grave-yards, but which a nearer inspection shows to be covered with the ruins of what once, no doubt, were splendid buildings. Fragments of columns, some cylindrical and some beautifully fluted, some of solid marble, and some of harder granite; fragments consisting of single stones, measuring from four to six feet and upwards in length, lie strewn upon these fields, while here and there stray stones, which may once have held their place in some gorgeous temple, have, from their greater proximity to human dwellings, been put to meaner uses. I was particularly struck with observing, in passing through Hallil Elly, a section of one of these fluted columns, standing in an open space with a basin-shaped cavity hollowed out of the top, and seemingly intended to serve the purpose of a temporary manger. On the tops of several of the hills skirting the plain, conical-shaped heights, which one might denominate *cairas* on a large scale, are pointed out as the *tumuli* of Ajax, Agamemnon, Hector, and others. Hector's I climbed. It commands an extensive view, but with nothing particularly attractive in the prospect, apart from the feeling that on this plain "Troy was." But in passing at the further side of this eminence to the next ridge, you come all at once upon a most refreshing view of the Mendere, supposed to be the ancient Simois, wending its way through a most beautiful valley,—that valley, like so many others in Turkey, not surrounded by gently-sloping banks, communicating with the higher grounds on either side, and making it impossible to say where is the boundary-line between hill and dale, but itself a dead level, upon which you look down over a steep and precipitous crag. Not far from this spot are the forty springs, the sources of the river Bounarbashe, which is generally identified with the ancient Scamander. Here I had the satisfaction not only of tasting these waters, but of doing so from a gourd carried by a descendant of the prophet, as his green turban indicated, and who was passing at the time with his ass. What a satire does all this seem to read of human greatness and earth-born fame! The scene of deeds so long celebrated in the immortal strains of the Grecian bard, now become common to

the savage Turk and the barbarous Briton,—a descendant of Mahomet serving a Christian dog from a heathen river, at least a river celebrated as pointing out the site of that renowned city which was supposed to have witnessed so many contests of the gods on behalf of their respective proteges!

The country, in another direction from Renkiol, is not without its points of interest. Some twelve or thirteen miles further up the Dardanelles is Abydos, where is still pointed out Byron's house, and also that of the Bride of Abydos, now occupied as quarters by our British officers stationed here. Behind this is Xerxes' Hill, commanding a magnificent view extending from one extremity of the Dardanelles to the other, and embracing the openings of the sea of Marmora on the one hand and the Mediterranean on the other. From the top of this hill the Persian monarch is said to have viewed his vast army, reaching from one continent to another across the straits, and to have wept at the thought of the ravages which time would make in it. And it is scarce possible now to feast the eye on the beauties of nature in this quarter without reflecting that the waters which are now ploughed by the fleets of Britain and France, have borne on their bosoms other fleets and other armies, which have not only themselves long since perished, but which represented dynasties and empires that are now numbered among the things that were. May our countrymen not be found trusting in an arm of flesh, but making the Lord their stay! May they be enabled to build for themselves a more lasting memorial than is furnished by a military campaign! May their visit to these Eastern waters be the prelude of happier times, because times more pervaded by Gospel light, to these lands for which the great ones of earth have so often struggled! Physically and spiritually may that cultivation speedily be given which alone seems necessary that this region may become fruitful as the garden of the Lord!

"We should study to be wise, not above Scripture, but in Scripture; to learn, not the things which God has concealed, but what He has declared."—*Whately*.

"What Scripture has left obscure, we should be satisfied to let remain obscure, until God himself sees fit to clear it up; and, instead of looking out for theories and satisfactory accounts of 'how these things can be,' we should be content to say plainly, 'I do not know.'"—*Ibid*.

Sermon.

By the REV. ANDREW K. H. BOYD, B.A., Minister of Kirkpatrick-Irongray.

"I know thy . . . poverty, (but thou art rich.)"—REV. II. 9.

It should appear from these words that the members of the Church in Smyrna were remarkable for their want of this world's wealth. "I know thy poverty," the Saviour says to them; and as nothing like this is said to the people of the other Churches in Asia, it is understood that the Christians of Smyrna were poorer than those around them. We know, indeed, that poverty was no unusual thing among the earliest who believed in Christ: it is recorded of our Saviour himself, that "the common people heard Him gladly;" and St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, says: "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called." But among the poor, the Christians of Smyrna were yet poorer; among the lowly, they were lowlier still. And so when Jesus addressed them, and told them how thoroughly He was acquainted with their circumstances and wants, He fixed on this point as one that was characteristic of their condition; and it must have been a comfort to them to hear their Saviour say, that He "knew their poverty." He was quite well aware of all the little straits, and shifts, and embarrassments, to which they were driven; He knew quite well the load of carefulness which day by day pressed heavy on the poor man's heart, who hardly knew where he was to find the next meal, or how he was to keep a roof over his little children's head. And we say there must have been comfort to a poor believer at Smyrna even in the words, "I know thy poverty." Hard as was the struggle for the bare necessities of life, he was not forgotten, not overlooked, as he battled on, day after day, year after year. A kind eye watched him in it, a tender heart sympathised with him in it, a strong arm was ready to help him in it. Poverty could not be such a bad thing,

after all, if the gracious Redeemer saw him in the very thick of it, and yet allowed him to remain there. Viewed spiritually, it could not be an unmitigated evil. There must be good reason why Christ allowed His servants, His friends, His children, whom He had redeemed with His own blood, to be involved in it, now that He had gone back again to the glory He came from, and could by one word deliver them from it all. And we can quite imagine how a poor overlooked believer, pushed aside into a corner in the competition of life, and ready to sink under the burden of his cares,—almost fearing that he had dropped out of God's sight as he had dropped out of man's,—would be nerved to go on his way with fresh hope and heart, as the kind, gracious voice of Jesus fell like music on his ear: "Thou art not forgotten; though 'poor and needy, the Lord thinketh on thee;' 'I know thy poverty.'"

It is many hundreds of years to-day since these Christians of Smyrna have passed into a country in which they never would be asked whether when in this world they were rich or poor; and it is quite impossible for us now to tell how they came to be distinguished among others for their want of worldly wealth. Perhaps they never were any thing but poor; perhaps they had been born to a birthright of toil and penury; and though they had learned to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," they had learned by experience that the promise, "and all these things shall be added thereunto," does not mean that a man shall grow certainly rich as soon as he grows religious. Or, it may be, they had grown poor for their Saviour's sake; they had found that, on entering at the strait gate, they must leave their worldly possessions behind them; they may have been of the number of those who "took

joyfully the spoiling of their goods," that thus they might have a better treasure laid up in heaven. But, however that might be, the Saviour knew all about it. And as in that part of the text I have already quoted, He reminded them of those privations and struggles which their daily life would not allow them to forget, He desires, in the little parenthesis which follows, to remind them of something which was to be set over against all these. And so He utters words which to the worldly man might indeed look like a paradox and a contradiction, but whose meaning they would catch and understand at once: "I know thy poverty,—but thou art rich."

We need not say to you that there is no contradiction here. This is a case in which "the rich and poor" may "meet together," not in one place merely, but in one individual. The text does but remind us of the great truth, that outward and inward prosperity and wealth do not always go together; that sometimes, indeed, they run in opposite ways; that there may be a healthful body, with a diseased, dying soul; that there may be a man with his hundreds of thousands, while yet his soul is starving poor. And sometimes the fact that a person has got the one kind of wealth, is all against his obtaining the other: our Saviour said strongly, that it is "easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." And you may set off against the many hardships and disadvantages of poverty, the well-ascertained fact, that its discipline and teaching do oftentimes tend to make the soul more easily disposed to look away from this world, and to seek its portion above. If a man has not so much to cling to, he will perhaps not cling to it so much. Great affluence has oftentimes a bad effect on the heart, more especially when a man has it when very young. In such a case, the probability is great that it will prove his eternal undoing; that it will make him proud and arrogant, idle and useless, selfish and vicious, a voluptuary and an heir of perdition. While the yoke of poverty, borne in youth, may prove, as it has often

proved, a salutary curb on evil dispositions, and a spur at the same time to industry, piety, and success. Yet not but that the two kinds of wealth may go together, though often one sinks as the other rises. There are men who are rich alike in this world's wealth and in treasure laid up above; there are multitudes, alas! who are the very poorest in both. Let no poor man be in his heart revenging himself of the rich man he envies, by saying, as he looks on the rich man's luxuries and elegancies: "Ah, it is your turn now, but you will smart for this hereafter. In this life you are receiving your good things, and I, like Lazarus, evil things; and the day is coming when I shall be comforted, and you shall be tormented." I believe there is in the heart of all of us, as we look at people who are much better off as regards worldly wealth than we are, a tendency to revenge ourselves upon them by thinking such hard thoughts as these; but nothing can be more unjustifiable than our doing so. The fact of a man's being rich or poor just proves nothing at all about his actual state spiritually. It was not merely because Lazarus was a poor beggar, and Dives a man who fared sumptuously every day, that their respective fates in the next world were so different. It might quite well have been that the rich man might have gone from his purple and fine linen in this life, to Abraham's bosom in the other. He might have had many temptations to contend with in leading a godly life: more than if he had not been so wealthy; but the "deceitfulness of riches" need not necessarily have "choked the word." It was because the beggar was a pious beggar, and the rich man a godless rich man, that things turned out as they did. But in the case of the Christians of Smyrna the two kinds of wealth did not coexist. And so the Saviour suggested, as a comfort to them, that if in a worldly sense they were poor, they were not so spiritually; that if men saw something in their lot to pity, angels did not. "I know thy poverty," He says; "but thou art rich."

I may just remind you that this is not

the only text of Scripture in which we find the same contrast stated. You will remember St. Paul describing himself "as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things." And St. James speaks of "the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the promised kingdom." But forasmuch as we can draw no practical lesson from the statement in its first sense,—because (as we have said) a man's outward position proves neither one thing nor another with regard to his spiritual state,—I wish to look a little deeper into the text, and see whether it be not the case that these words may be applied with truth to all true believers, whatever their outward circumstances. To all such, as it appears to us, we may regard the Saviour as saying, "I know thy poverty; but thou art rich."

For there is not a truth more plainly taught in Scripture than this: that the soul which comes to Christ for salvation, must come to Him emptied of all trust in creature-merit: and with the deep conviction that "without Christ it can do nothing;" but that every thing must be done for it by Him "who became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." By nature we stand bankrupt, so to speak, before God, owing a debt which we cannot pay. We first of all owe Him an obedience we cannot render: an obedience perfect, universal, spotless, extending to every deed, word, and thought. And then we owe him a debt of punishment which we cannot pay off, except by enduring eternal woe. By failing to render our first debt of perfect obedience, we became liable to pay this further debt of satisfaction to the divine law we have broken. And so the attitude in which Christ teaches us to go to God, is that of *poor* beings, owing what we cannot pay; and so the prayer the Saviour teaches us to offer is, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." And so long as any man cherishes the belief that he can render anything to God in requital for his salvation, he is not coming to seek it in the Gospel way: he is not complying with that free invitation which God addresses to him "that hath no money," to

come and take the blessings of the great atonement, "without money and without price." How truly, then, may the Saviour say to all those whose sins through Him are forgiven: "I know thy poverty!" And how well must the soul that feels its utter inability to render the least part of the ransom of its transgressions, recognise the description as exactly applicable to its own case! We must all stand before God as poor: as owing ten thousand talents, and not able to pay the first farthing of it. The first step towards making us rich, is to make us aware of our native poverty and helplessness. Our natural disposition is to stand in complacent self-sufficiency, saying: "I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" and the very first thing to be accomplished in the process of our salvation—the very first thing the Holy Spirit sets himself to accomplish,—is to convince us of sin—to shew us our true condition—to make us feel and understand that we are "wretched, and miserable, and poor." And at the first touch of that enlightening and convincing Spirit's influence, what had seemed to us like the minted gold of our own self-sufficiency and self-righteousness, crumbles into dust, like the ill-gotten wealth of fairy fable. But oh! it is well and kindly done, to open our eyes to our real condition; to shew us how bankrupt we are in ourselves; when we are not left in that sad state, but receive the offer of being enriched with the imputed righteousness of the Redeemer. It would be no kindness to beat down our satisfaction with our present state, if we were just to be left comfortless in the sense of our helplessness. But it is not thus our Saviour uses us. He displaces the base counterfeit to replace it by the pure gold: He shews us we cannot help ourselves, but He himself offers to help us. It is as if He said to us: "I know thy poverty, and surely, poor soul, thou knowest it too: but I will make thee rich."

Thus, then, every true believer in Jesus is poor, and feels himself so. He is poor in the utter lack of merit or self-righteousness: he is humble in his estimation of himself: he is "poor in spirit."

And now we go on in the second place to shew that every true believer is rich. "I know thy poverty," the Saviour says to the Christians of Smyrna, "but thou art rich;" and in saying this He was not alluding to anything peculiar in the situation of the believers there; He was making an assertion which holds good no less of true Christians at any time and anywhere. Many texts of Scripture will at once occur to your minds, bringing out this idea. There is that we have already quoted: "the poor of this world rich in faith." There is Paul's description of the believer, as "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." And you will think of Christ's words: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven;"—"Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of God." You will remember that strong assertion of St. Paul's, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians: "All things are yours: whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: all are yours." These texts, and many like them, will confirm my statement, that there is a sense in which all true Christians are to be regarded as rich.

We are indeed constrained at once to admit that the wealth of the believer may appear to many as a very unreal and fanciful thing. It is not like worldly wealth, a thing which may be paraded before the eyes of men. The wealth of the soul is as invisible as the soul itself. In the case of a man possessed of worldly wealth, if he takes the use of it, there are—even when he cannot be accused of ostentation—indications of its presence which every one can see. There is the stately mansion he lives in—the style in which he entertains—the showy equipage in which he makes his journeys—the liberal contributions he is able to make to religious and patriotic schemes. All these things, and more, mark the worldly-rich man. The footsore wayfarer sees from afar the graceful turrets rising above the noble trees; the poor man, who "hath done what he could," reads in the newspaper of the thousand-pound subscription to that deserving purpose to which he could give only his poor pence and his hearty prayers; and each

feels that *he* who lives in that princely dwelling, or who dispenses his charity with that bountiful hand, must indeed be a rich man. But it is not so with spiritual wealth. There is no glitter about *that*. It is all stored up within the soul, and so it cannot be seen. But then this advantage follows, that it can go wherever the soul can go; it can go even beyond the grave, where all worldly wealth must be left behind. You cannot strip a person of it; you cannot separate its possessor from it. But without dwelling upon this at present, let us look for a little into some of the particulars which make up the wealth of the man who is what the Saviour himself called "rich towards God."

He is rich in present privileges. He has at all times the privilege of access to God at a throne of grace. He is permitted at any moment to enter into the audience-chamber of the Almighty,—to draw nigh to God, with the assurance that God will draw nigh to him,—to make all his wants known to his Maker and Saviour, pleading the promise—"If ye ask anything in my name, I will do it;" and approaching God in that "new and living way," through the mediation and merits of a crucified Redeemer. And when he bends before his Maker, mourning the want of devotion in his heart, and not knowing where to begin in the relation of all he wants and all he feels, he is taught to expect the guidance of the Spirit of grace and supplication to warm his heart and to order his thoughts and words. In his times of sorrow, that same Divine Spirit comes to him as a Spirit of comfort; in his day of weakness, as a Spirit of strength and power; and in his endeavours after purity of heart and meetness for God's presence, as a Spirit of holiness and sanctification. The believer has the privilege of looking up to the Almighty as a kind and "reconciled Father in Christ;" "in the multitude of his thoughts within him," he finds it sweet to meditate upon God. It is his privilege to find a double enjoyment in all the blessings he receives, when he regards them as tokens of his heavenly Father's kind remembrance of him; and

it is his privilege to look abroad with a double delight upon all that is fair, and majestic, and sublime, in the forms and features of this world, as he thinks, "My Father made them all!" His daily bread is sweetened by the thought that it is given by a Father's hand; and he lays his head on his pillow at night, sure that One will watch over him through his slumbers, to whom darkness and light are alike alway. It is his privilege,—how far short are many Christians of realizing it,—to walk through this world without carefulness or fear, secure that "all things shall work together" for his eternal good; as he looks onward to the unknown future, not knowing what changes it may bring, he finds a quiet anchorage in the belief, "Thou wilt guide me by thy counsel, and afterward receive me to thy glory:" and even when he anticipates that tremendous hour that severs from this world, it is his privilege to look forward to it without overwhelming alarm: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," he says, "I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

He is rich in present possessions: possessions more valuable by far than any that worldly men possess, though they may look shadowy and impalpable to the eye of sense. And hard as it may be to make it felt that grace in the soul is a real possession, a real piece of property; there is not a truth more plainly taught in the Word of God, or more completely confirmed by the felt experience of all true believers. The true Christian is rich in *faith*—that faith which lays hold of Christ, and which brings salvation—that faith which looks up to God as to a kind Father, and which trusts every thing for time and eternity to His gracious will. So says the apostle James. Then St Paul writing to Timothy mentions another item of the Christian's spiritual wealth: he is "rich in *good works*;"—those good works which are precious, not for any merit of their own, but as indicating the presence of the divine life within, as the leaves and flowers show the existence in the branches of that vital sap which we do not see. He is rich in that

holiness which makes meet for heaven; for it is written: "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." He is endowed with a share of the "unsearchable riches of Christ;" and what must Christ's riches be, when we know of one, well competent to judge, who reckoned "the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," and so was willing to forego them all! The believer is rich, because he has found "the pearl of great price," cheaply purchased at the price of all other possessions,—because he has got the "one thing needful," which is equal to all things beside,—because he has chosen that "good part which cannot be taken away from him," and which can do more to make a human being really happy, than all the wealth of the Indies,—because he has "won Christ," and in winning *that* prize, has obtained every thing.

Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

He is rich in precious promises: "exceeding great and precious," and perfectly sure of fulfilment. There is not a position in which the believer can be placed, in which there is not some gracious promise that exactly suits his necessity; and he is encouraged to appropriate them as his own. Is he weak? "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Is he sorrowful? "I will not leave you comfortless." Has he strayed from his heavenward path? "I will heal your backslidings." Does he feel unequal to perform duty and resist temptation? "My grace is sufficient for thee." Does he fear that his sins will sink him into ruin? "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." Must he lie down at last in the dreary grave? "This mortal shall put on immortality." Must he launch away at death into an untried world? There "we shall be for ever with the Lord:" and "God himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

It is but placing in another point of view a truth already presented to you, when we say that the believer is rich, because he is the heir to a noble inheritance. It is true, indeed, that his inheritance is in another world: but this does not make it seem less precious and less real, to such as "walk by faith, and not by sight." Whatever his wealth be now, it is nothing to what it will be yet: however excellent, holy, happy, he may be now, "it doth not yet appear what he shall be." He is an "heir of God, and a joint heir with Christ." "He is an heir of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love Him." He has "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for him." Paradise is the happy home to which every day's march in the pilgrimage of life is bringing him nearer: perfect holiness and perfect happiness are the things he shall inherit there! But it is not possible for us in this world rightly to understand the nature of the "inheritance of the saints in light." Even the Bible explains it to us rather by negatives: rather by telling us of all the familiar evils which will be absent, than by setting out (what we could not understand) all the unknown and untried glories and blessings of that delightful land. We know that there shall be no sin, no sorrow, no parting, no decay, no death, no tears, no curse, no night, no pain, no sickness. For all these things we have our warrant in the Word of God: and we are told, besides, that "there we shall know even as we are known,"—that there the redeemed make up "a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing,"—that there "a rest remaineth for the people of God,"—that there we shall "see Christ as He is, and be satisfied with His likeness,"—and, best of all, that there "we shall be for ever with the Lord." Oh! brethren, is not the heir to all this *rich*: rich with a force and emphasis which no worldly wealth or estate could ever make a human being!

I have thus endeavoured to set out some senses in which it is true that the believer is in a spiritual sense rich: I know not how far I have succeeded in

impressing the truth upon your hearts, in such a fashion as that it shall sway your convictions and your actual conduct. His wealth, indeed, is not seen; but what of that? *That* is nothing against it: for God's Word tells us that "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." His wealth makes no glitter nor grandeur around him: but it *can* do what all these things *cannot* do, it can make peace and contentment and happiness within. Even here, we aver it, he has the better of the worldly rich man: for what can mere worldly wealth do to make the soul happy; what can it do to cure the aching heart, to lighten the burdened conscience, to keep off sickness, accident, bereavement, and death? Is it not so, that every accession of worldly wealth is an addition of many anxieties and many cares; that when you get beyond the golden mean of decent competence, the "just enough," the "neither poverty nor riches" of the wise man's prayer, worldly wealth has often grown a burden on the heart of its envied possessor? We say that even here, tried by its power to communicate real peace and happiness to the heart, and to sustain under every sorrow, spiritual wealth is better far than worldly; and then, when life ebbs away—when the worldly-rich man must part, though sorely against his will, with all that wealth he prized and toiled for—*then* it is that the spiritually rich soul is only coming into the full possession of his estate and his fortune. Hitherto, he has been only (so to speak) living on his expectations, and even *these* have sufficed to make him a rich man in the view of God: like the heir to a throne, who, years before the crown has fallen upon his brow, yet walks among men with something of a kingly state. Truly said Christ, "I know thy poverty; but thou *art* rich:" but though rich in present privileges, and possessions, and promises, the believer is most truly rich in immortal hopes. Yet all the wealth he has accumulated here will follow him into the other world,—every kind and merciful deed done on earth follows him *there* where no worldly possession can follow;

for what saith the Spirit of the dead in Christ: "Their works do follow them,"—follow them across that dark river which turns all companions else at its hither shore! All the holiness he sought for here, all the strife with temptation which has marked him out as the soul "that overcometh"—all these have fitted him for a higher and happier place in that glorious abode where all are high and happy! And how stands it, my friends, with you? Have you felt your spiritual poverty, and gone to Him whose unsearchable riches may make you rich? Have you felt the worthlessness of your own merit, and cast yourselves upon *His*? Oh! will you toil for worldly fortune—fortune you may never reach however hard you toil—fortune which may leave you a broken-hearted, unhappy man with it all,—fortune which may flee away when you need it most, and which can give you no help when you come to die—fortune which you can have at the longest for but a few fleeting years, and of which

you cannot take the least fraction into the world in which you are to live for ever: or will you not rather choose the true riches—the riches which all may get who seek—the riches which enrich the soul—the riches which alone make happy—which will stand you in stead at the hour of death, and which you can keep for ever? Then take the Saviour's admonition—"Lay up your treasure in heaven." Take St Paul's advice: "Put not your trust in uncertain riches," but "be rich in good works," "laying up in store for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold of eternal life." And let the world around esteem you as it may, it will be enough for you that He whose judgment cannot err regards you as one well and amply provided for; and if your lot be lowly, or if you be numbered among the wealthy of the land, pleasantly alike shall fall His words upon your ear,—“I know thy poverty: but thou art rich!”

READINGS FROM THE GOSPEL OF ST. LUKE.

No. II.

ST. LUKE, i. 8—25.

ZACHARIAS, now well stricken in years, was executing the priest's office before God in the order of his course; and, while it was his lot to burn incense when he went into the temple of the Lord, the whole multitude of the people were praying without. It may be inferred that, either at this very time or on previous occasions, he had earnestly sought that the early promises might be fulfilled in the coming of Messiah; for, although Herod was then king of Judea, he was rather a Roman governor than a king; and, as the sceptre had departed from Judah, there was a general expectation of the arrival of Him to whom there would be the gathering of the people. Zacharias was childless, but there are indications that he and his wife Elizabeth eagerly longed for the blessing of offspring, and probably sought this blessing in fervent prayer. The description given

by the evangelist represents the time] of the evening incense, when the Jews assembled without, that in spirit they might join in that supplication which the priest, standing beside the golden altar, offered on their behalf. On such occasions, fitted to still and solemnise the heart, each of them doubtless sympathised with the desire of the Psalmist: "Let my prayer be set before thee as incense, and the lifting up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." And, as they gazed on the magnificent temple of stupendous altitude, and adorned by the richest architectural decorations,—on its massive stones of polished marble, its stately pillars, its numerous steps, and heavy gates, and roof of burnished gold,—feelings of exalted devotion must have been awakened to Him whose visible glory had filled that earlier edifice of which this second temple was only the restor-

ation. While engaged in his interesting service, Zacharias suddenly perceived that he was not alone. Having looked on the right side of the altar, there appeared unto him no priest or worshipper like himself, who had intruded into the sanctuary, but a visitant from heaven—the angel of the Lord commissioned to deliver to him intelligence that could come only from God. He was agitated by this appearance, and while troubled and in terror, this mysterious messenger addressed him in terms of encouragement. He was directed to lay aside his fears, and assured that his prayer was heard. If he had been lifting up his heart to God in behalf of the multitude of the people who were crowding the porches and outer courts of the temple, and asking for them, as the most precious of all blessings, that Messiah would come, he was informed that this desire was about to be fulfilled, and that He would come who was to be a righteous branch, a king to reign and prosper, to execute judgment and justice upon the earth. And, if on this, or on any former occasion, he had sought that a son might be given him, he was now told that this blessing would be granted. Between this blessing and the coming of Messiah there was an intimate connection. But the angel not only conveyed this astonishing communication, but also gave a minute description of the character and ministry of this son, and of the place he was destined to occupy in the great coming dispensation of light and liberty and highest life.

Zacharias was told that, although this son was not to be the promised deliverer, he should call his name John, a term directly expressive of the *grace* and *mercy* of God, and suggesting also the idea of *joy* and *rejoicing*. He intimated that high expectations would be abundantly fulfilled, for that such would be his distinguished character, and so exalted the purpose for which he was born, that he would be both a source of joy and gladness to his parents, and of great rejoicing among the many who would be led to regard him as the forerunner of Christ. Zacharias was also

assured that his son would attain to much greatness, not in external splendour, or in the possession of earthly power, or in worldly estimation, but in the sight of the Lord: that he would be early separated and set apart to the service of God; that with peculiar strength of character, and much self-denial, he would abstain from all unnecessary indulgence, maintaining a deep earnestness of feeling and demeanour; and that the source of all this piety and heavenly wisdom would be very deep, inasmuch as he would be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb. The angel also declared that this promised son would go forth among the people vigorous in exertion and unwearied in toil; that his preaching would be a powerful instrument in stirring up the slumbering and indifferent, and in turning many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God; that as the Lord would appear in the person of Messiah, so John would go before Him to prepare the way; and that, animated by the spirit of Elijah in zeal towards God, in courage and in severe strictness of life, he should, without the performance of any miracle, be eminently successful in the work of conversion and reformation,—originating that union, that harmony, that fatherly love and submissive piety by which the subjects of Messiah's kingdom would be distinguished,—addressing the disobedient by powerful arguments and earnest appeals,—applying to their hearts the wisdom of the just,—inculcating that disposition which is indispensable to genuine wisdom, at once awakening the sure expectation of the Lord, and preparing them for welcoming Messiah when He came. A tide of varied feeling would swell in the heart of Zacharias as he listened to such interesting and important communications. He could not fail to rejoice at these gracious intimations. That his wife Elizabeth was about to bear him a son, and that to this son there was about to be assigned so prominent a place in that great economy of grace and mercy to which he had been long taught to look with absorbing eagerness, could not be contemplated

without deep emotion. But whether his hesitation in receiving these promises is to be traced to the very delight that would have been awakened had he been decidedly convinced of their truth, or ascribed to a disposition to entertain doubts as to that which cannot be actually seen and experienced, the question which he immediately proposes, and the reason he assigns for asking it, mark very clearly the existence of a *spirit of unbelief*;—"Whereby shall I know this, for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years?" He was well aware that he had been addressed in a very unusual manner. It is not expressly affirmed that he recognised in this messenger an angel of the Lord, but we know that he was troubled, and that fear fell upon him. Nor does his question indicate any doubt as to the authority with which the intimation had been made to him. It was the apparent improbability of the event by which he was startled. Now on the supposition that Zacharias had been already convinced that this was an angel of the Lord, his question indicates that very *unbelief* which still prevails so widely, and the reply addressed to him by the angel is fitted to bring home a sense of his sin: "I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God, and am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings." The import of this name Gabriel, God is my strength,—a strength,—a man of God,—was fitted to command instantaneous veneration. His employment was to declare and announce the purposes of God. The place he occupied proved his dignity as a messenger, the favour with which he was regarded, and the trust reposed in him: "I stand in the presence of God." He declares at the same time the wonderful condescension of the Most High, in having deputed him to convey a divine message to Zacharias, and to communicate the very gladdening intelligence which he brought: "I am sent to speak unto thee, and to shew thee these glad tidings." The priest, familiar as he must have been with the ancient Scriptures, ought to have recalled the fulfilment of promises similar to this which are there re-

corded. But, as he had sought a sign, it was determined that a sign should be given, and that this sign should be fitted not merely to destroy his unbelief and to remove his doubts, but also to mark God's displeasure against this sinful hesitation in refusing to receive a divine communication. He was told that when he went out to the people, he would be unable to utter the usual benediction; that when he returned to his own dwelling he would still continue in this condition; and that this memorial of his offence would be retained up to the very time at which the events predicted should be fulfilled. If Zacharias felt any inclination to remonstrate with this messenger from God, he must have instantly been conscious of his utter powerlessness, for he was already suffering under a sign which must have given him assurance that all the events predicted by Gabriel would in due time be accomplished. This conversation and the accompanying circumstances detained him within the temple beyond the usual period required for the service, but the people still waited without, marvelling that he tarried so long in the temple. Their astonishment must have increased when, as he came out, they found that he was unable to speak to them. From the signs by which he endeavoured to convey an impression of his calamity, and from the agitation which he probably still retained, they perceived that he had seen a vision in the temple, for he beckoned unto them and remained speechless. He continued, however, it would appear, to officiate in the temple, burning incense on the altar; and, when the days of his appointed ministration were accomplished, he returned to his own house. After these days Elizabeth conceived. Her husband, we may imagine, communicated by writing the interesting revelations he had been so reluctant to believe, while his wife withdrew into seclusion from the world, probably under feelings of ardent devotion, that she might meditate in humble gratitude on a blessing so unexpected, and praise the Lord, thankful that He had dealt so graciously with her. She declared this goodness of the Lord not merely because her reproach was re-

moved, but because she was chosen to be the mother of one so closely connected with "the Desire of all nations," to whose followers the divine promises had been so numerous, rich, and full of consolation.

Although the mere circumstance that Zacharias asked a sign was no sufficient evidence of his unbelief, he nevertheless manifested the very spirit which still exists extensively, and which finds its origin in that natural ungodliness that bursts forth often most decidedly in moments of agitation, and when there has been no time for patient reflection. This unbelief is not that of a calm, anxious, and candid inquirer, who sifts with minute and careful scrutiny the evidence by which Revelation is supported. It is the unbelief of one who is under the influence of mere feeling. He has conducted no tedious investigation of the varied proofs by which God has condescended to surround His communications with a peculiar light as being drawn from the eternal fountain of truth. He has not studied with any searching and intelligent earnestness the history of the ancient people of God; the miracles by which the interposition of almighty power was directly manifested; the prophecies that have been receiving such remarkable fulfilment; and the divine wisdom by which the development of doctrine was carried forward with a gradually increasing effulgence, until Messiah actually came. Nor has he looked to those credentials of our Lord's divine mission, to which earnest attention ought to be directed, and to that accumulation of varied evidence, external and internal, by which the genuine believer undertakes to defend against all assaults, the broad and ever enlarging foundation on which Christianity stands, a lofty and enduring structure that cannot be overthrown. Unfortunately with many, all such preliminary investigations are neglected, and consequently there is no deep and abiding conviction that the doctrines of the Bible, being express revelations from God, ought to be at once and cordially received. This was the sin of Zacharias. There stood before him a messenger from God. That fact was not questioned for a moment, but this mes-

senger penetrating into his heart, discovered the unbelief that was there, and saw that, regular as he was in the performance of his ministrations as he served in the order of his course, he in reality did not receive the communication which God had sent to him with the reverence and decided faith which a knowledge of its heavenly origin ought to have awakened. As soon as Zacharias received the sign, a great change must have passed over his convictions. He then probably began to see that he had been refusing to believe the promises of God. But provision has been made for conveying similar convictions under the spiritual dispensation of the Gospel. This priest was living under the Jewish economy, one feature of which was the prevalence of the material above the spiritual. Abundant illustrations of this may be gathered from the promises and threatenings addressed to the Jews,—the temporal character which belonged to them,—and many of the habits and prevalent feelings to which this gave rise. Evidence of the importance which they attached to the visible in preference to the merely spiritual may be traced even in the circumstances of outward impressiveness that heralded the birth of John. It would have been inconsistent with the whole genius of the ancient economy had the announcement of one destined to prepare the way for a system of truth about to affect the destinies of countless generations been unaccompanied by signal marks of Almighty power. Every circumstance harmonizes with this design. The employment in which Zacharias was engaged,—the multitude of the people assembled without at the hour of prayer,—the stately magnificence of the temple,—the awe-striking appearance of the angel awakening in the priest an indescribable emotion of terror and agitation,—the instantaneous exercise of power by which God vindicated His authority and sent down a manifest sign of His truth and His displeasure; all these external impressive circumstances were fitted to show, according to the prevalent conceptions of greatness and power, that an enterprise of vast magnitude, demanding for its exe-

caution the agency of heaven, was then commencing. Such methods of awakening conviction are not now employed;—but still it is of the very highest importance that unbelief be utterly overthrown, and although direct communications are not received through the voice of those ministering spirits that are nevertheless, in some form, sent forth to minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation, yet provision has been made for producing faith both by that Word of God which contains the precious truths of revel-

ation, and by the promise of the Holy Spirit to enlighten our minds and to guide us to the truth. The Gospel dispensation is very different from that which Zacharias was permitted to enjoy; but it is never to be forgotten that even if no visible sign of God's displeasure may appear to mark that unbelief which is so readily nourished within men's hearts, its continuance in spite of evidence, and earnest invitations to seek the assistance of the Spirit of all truth, cannot fail to awaken the indignation of God.

HEDLEY VICARS.*

THE war has told us that we have Christian men among our soldiers and their officers. After all there is nothing very remarkable in that. If we think so, we have forgotten Bible history. Take the most romantic incident in the life of the Baptist. Alone in the wilderness,—Jordan rolling at his feet,—brooding over the mysteries of life and eternity,—a motley multitude broke in upon his solitude with their earnest faces and importunate question, What shall we do? Among them came the soldiers. Doubtless these men were fierce, cruel, rapacious. But the worst of men are not without a better nature. Times there are when that nature makes itself known. Moments when old remembrances crowd upon the mind, dim recollections of childhood and home, and a father's counsel. Moments when, in the view of a life of sin, and that life waning away and eternity at hand, the heart becomes the prey of an unspeakable regret, a nameless foreboding, and the strong man breaks down, and the hard heart softens, and the voice that speaks in prayer is choked with sobs. Who can tell what was the spiritual condition, wants, and longings of those men of the old Roman Legion, as they stood with abashed faces on the banks of Jordan. Hardy veterans—bronzed with many a sun—seamed with many a scar,—they had carried the eagle into many a conquered province—they had won for

themselves renown on many a bloody field—but they could not subdue themselves, they could not expel the devil from their hearts. And so to come to John was a moral necessity, and for them there was no peace and no rest, till they had put the question which Scribe nor Pharisee could answer: What shall we do?

Then there was the centurion who came to Jesus on behalf of a sick servant. We can imagine a man of harsh features, of rugged manners, imperious to inferiors, treating his privates as so many machines—a man in authority, to this one saying, Go, and he goeth; to that, Come, and he cometh. Yet here, as in presence of a great moral power, he is humble and subdued. As by those under himself, he expected to be obeyed, without having his orders questioned—so here, he was prepared to obey one who, he felt, had a right to command. The discipline of the soldier had taught him reverence for authority; but another explanation must be found for his surprising humility and trustful confidence. Such a faith as that of this heathen, the Saviour had not found among the children of the kingdom,—‘Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.’

Again, when Jesus was crucified He was watched by soldiers. Men of blood they were—of iron nerve and pitiless hearts in presence of a spectacle which, ghastly as it was, was no novelty. Among them was one, a centurion, who, like the rest, had come to scoff, but learned to

* Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars, ninety-seventh regiment. By the author of "The Victory Won." London: James Nisbet & Co.

tremble. The terrors of the scene appalled him; he could interpret only in one way that mysterious darkness, that awful testimony of nature, and his lips gave expression to the awe-inspired conviction of his heart. "Certainly this was a righteous man. Truly this was the Son of God."

Once again: Peter on the house-top fell into a trance, and was the subject of a strange vision. Bethinking himself what this might mean, he received its explanation in a message—compliance with which was enjoined by the Spirit—which invited him to a Gentile house, there to open up the good tidings of great joy which were for all people. And who was this first convert from the great world of Heathendom? A soldier! "A centurion of the Italian band; a devout man, one who feared God, and all his house, which gave much alms to the poor, and prayed to God always."

And now, once again, in this nineteenth century, we have to look among our soldiers for the brightest examples of Christian faith, patience, and heroism. And we have not to look far—for the subject of this memoir, being dead, yet speaketh. Lying among the brave, in one of the grassy mounds of the far away Crimean hills, the memory of his earnest life yet remains to us—the most touching exhibition we remember of Christian devotedness and unselfishness, combined with a faithful discharge of the duties of an arduous profession, and manful facing and overcoming of the manifold difficulties and temptations of his position. What we like about the Christian character of Hedley Vicars, is the intensely human element which remained in it to the last. Free and frank in his bearing—unaffectedly good—with a manly independence about him, which secured sympathy and respect for the man, and the opinions which such a man so earnestly professed, and so consistently carried out—a most tender woman-like heart, which attached to him the rudest natures—a disposition of winning sweetness, for it was steeped in the essence of love, distilled out of the flowers of Gospel charities, and everywhere diffusing the loveliness and fra-

grance of the precious Rose of Sharon. His Christianity too, was that of Christ. He was no fanatic. He was no mere religious enthusiast. He was not a dreamer. He was not a sentimentalist. He dealt practically with sin wherever he found it,—and he found it everywhere, most chiefly in his own heart. He judged of others by himself, and his rule of right was severe and inflexible. He had no tolerance for sin, but great patience with the sinner. To the last he was one of the humblest of men. What he had been he never forgot. His life and earnest self-sacrificing labour it is easy to understand. It is the old Gospel explanation: he had been forgiven much, and *therefore* he loved much. The subject of a grand belief, he acted accordingly. About that living Christianity of his,—whether working in the Sabbath School Class, or the Thieves' Reformatory of London, or among Crystal Palace workmen, or railroad navvies, or humble homes of the cottage poor, or the tents of suffering soldiers, or the crowded wards of the hospital,—there was a beautiful spontaneity, and so seemed it all the more genuine and lovely. What he did, he did simply, naturally, through the unbidden impulses of a new heart—instinctively, as a little child, with no parade of words, without thought of reward, or even approval, in the spirit of purest unconsciousness that he was acting in any extraordinary, out of the way manner, with any claim on the thanks of the community, or the admiration and gratitude of the Church. Impossible it was for Hedley Vicars to be other than he was. The man who thinks great thoughts must speak them. The man who is filled with a great idea, will devote his life to giving it expression. The sun cannot help shining. The birds in the woodland cannot help singing. The earth and stars must be beautiful, though all men become blind. A Christian is the light of the world. He must move through its dark places and give out that which is in him; and under that warm sunshine will melt like frost-work, many a frozen heart,—and many a dismal home shall become another Bethel, radiant

with Gospel hope,—and many a rugged nature blossom into flowers of holiness, to blow into fuller beauty, and hues of deeper, richer colouring, when God shall transplant them to His own garden.

Such a man as Hedley Vicars, such a life, it cannot but be good to think of. If for the sick frame and languid pulse, it is good to drink in the fresh sea-breeze,—good for man, weary of the dust and din of cities, stupid with the dull roar of world machineries endlessly revolving, to look upon green fields, wander by hawthorn hedge and wayside bright with flowers, and be calmed and soothed and sublimed into a peace which passeth understanding, by a nature-beauty, which lifts us into fellowship with the Infinite and Unseen,—then is it good for the sick heart, doubting at times of the reality of God and goodness, to come into contact with both in the life of a true man,—in the freshness and simplicity of a Christian spirit, shadowing out, in dim but distinct outline, if ever again, in a fallen world, may be shadowed out, the image of the blessed Healer of soul and body.

Hedley Vicars was born in the Mauritius on the 7th of December 1826. His boyhood was undistinguished by any immature and unnatural developments intellectual or religious. He was a wild youth, wayward and impetuous, fond of fun and frolic; at times not very bidable, but never giving his parents a moment's serious pain. When the children were assembled by their mother to take their turn in repeating Scripture texts, Hedley would contribute nothing but, "Remember Lot's wife." "Once, at the end of the holidays, when told to pack up his box for school, resolving to put off the evil day as long as possible, he paid no attention to his mother's repeated injunctions, until they became positive commands no longer to be disregarded. Then he walked away to his room with an air of insulted dignity, and soon called out, 'Mother, my box is packed!' On opening the door of her room, she found the box placed, loosely corded and packed indeed, but with the housemaid's dustpan and brushes, and a collection of old boots, shells, stones, and all sorts of rub-

bish, with which a few of Mrs. Vicars' favourite books were irreverently jumbled. The boy, meanwhile hanging over the banisters, humming a careless tune, calmly received a displeasure, the dignity of which it was not easy to preserve." At the age of twelve he lost the example and counsel of a Christian father, whose dying words seem almost the voice of prophecy: "I pray that you may be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His holy name." His father was himself a Christian soldier, and his son adopted his profession, in both senses. In the year 1843 he received his commission as an ensign in the line, and soon after joined the 97th regiment, then stationed in the Isle of Wight. Next year, he sailed for Corfu. His life as a soldier was commonplace enough, and its temptations were too strong for his youth and his inexperience. Fond of gaiety, with a vivacious and somewhat reckless disposition, he indulged without restraint in all the amusements, and many of the excesses characteristic of barrack life. In after years, the recollection of his career at this time occasioned the keenest regrets and self-reproach. Thus he writes, in 1854, to a young friend: "You will be spared poignant remorse in the future by remembering your Creator in the days of your youth. I speak from heart-felt experience. I would give worlds if I had them to undo what I have done."

In the year 1848 Hedley was ordered to Jamaica. Here he was alarmed by tidings of his mother's illness. He had lately contracted debt. His conscience smote him. His feelings relieved themselves in the following letter: "My darling Mother,—I do love you, and that fondly, although I have often (and may God Almighty forgive me!) rebelled against your wishes. Mother, I ask your forgiveness for what has passed. You know not what real anguish some of your letters have caused me; and although I have tried to drown the voice of conscience, after reading them a still small voice has always been whispering in my ear, and kept me from committing many a sin." What a testimony is this to the

value of a mother's counsels and a mother's prayers! Hedley Vicars, like Augustine, owed everything, under God, to his pious mother.

Together with these stern self-upbraidings, he appears to have been visited by forebodings of a premature death. He writes thus to his sister: "I am no coward; but the thought of death is solemn, and the idea of dying far away from home, with no fond mother or sister to give me comfort in my dying moments, is sad enough. Yet I hope the effect of these reflections is wholesome, and will make me consider seriously whether I am fit to die." The experiences of the day, during his residence in Jamaica, were those of a man suspecting there was something wrong about him, yet not knowing very well what,—a dissatisfaction with present good, without knowing where to look for a better portion,—the "Oh that I knew where to find Him" spirit. This feeling, remorse for past follies, and a soldier's funeral, where he commanded the firing party, originated religious impressions, which deepened into earnest convictions, and ended in a true turning of his heart to God. There were the agitations of a spirit ill at ease,—there was the conflict and the storm,—and out of all, at last emerged the great calm, which was never more disturbed. The following letter from his valued friend, the assistant-surgeon of his regiment, wears the aspect of an authentic picture: "From the first day I saw Vicars at Zante, in 1846, I was struck with his manly air, and the peculiar open truthfulness of his eye. He was at this time much taken up with the gaities of the island. We quitted for Malta, whence, in 1848, we sailed for Jamaica. During the voyage he used to dress as a sailor, and to delight in making himself useful to the crew. In Jamaica he had the advantage of attending an excellent ministry, and of witnessing the beauty of consistent religious character in the family of Dr. M'Ilree, the surgeon of the 97th, which had great effect upon him. But this all passed away on his being withdrawn from these influences, by being ordered to the Lowlands to sit on court-

martial, where he was again led away by unavoidable association with ungodly companions. At this time, as I afterwards heard from his own lips, he totally neglected prayer and the reading of the Bible, and consequently lost the power of resisting temptation. A long period elapsed before a second conviction arose, and this appeared to be sudden, and lasted till he left Jamaica. He frequently came to me for prayer and the study of the Scriptures, either at my own quarters or at a brother-officer's."

Leaving the fortunes of Hedley Vicars for a moment, let us pause to contemplate the glimpses—opened up by the concluding sentences of this letter—of Christian life and fellowship among some, at least, of the officers of our army. Here, at least, are three earnest inquirers,—three praying men,—enough to leaven the whole community of officers. Not a strange thing that men should meet together for Bible-reading, prayer, and Christian converse; common enough in olden times, not so common, we fear, now. We should like to have looked into that barrack-room, with its three students, each with a Bible in his hand,—one reading, another commenting, a third perhaps asking explanations,—all serious, all in earnest, their hearts in their work,—never so happy as in that room at that hour, wishing only that others of their number were of like mind, and then what a model regiment would theirs be! what hope for the army! what a grand thing for Britain if such were the soldiers who fought her battles! The world would learn to dread their prayers as now it dreads their swords! When shall we see a day like that on which Scotland's heroes, led on by the gallant Bruce, confronted the invaders of her soil, on the memorable field of Bannockburn; and, before commencing that deadly struggle, supplicated Heaven's mercy, Heaven's aid, and, as one man, prostrated themselves in prayer,—for a brief moment a joyful spectacle to the tyrant;—for, "Look," said the haughty Edward, "they ask for mercy,"—the next, a sight for wonder and alarm;—"Yes, sire," was the answer, "of Heaven, but not of you."

In June 1851 Hedley sailed for Halifax, and thence proceeded to Canada. One day in the month of November of the same year, while musingly turning over the leaves of his Bible, he was arrested by the passage, which, to so many of the weary and heavy laden, has given rest,—“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.” These words he had often read before, but never till now had he known their meaning. They were just what he wanted. He was burdened with a sense of past sin. He could do nothing, attempt nothing, while haunted by that phantom. Here was relief, here liberty. He could begin his life afresh. Here was hope even for him. Closing the book, he said: “If this be true for me, henceforth I will live by the grace of God as a man should live who has been washed by the blood of Jesus Christ.” That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart whether it were presumption or not to claim an interest in those words. On the morning which succeeded that memorable night, he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table in his sitting-room, determining that “an open Bible” should henceforth be his “colours.” His friends came as usual to his rooms, and did not altogether fancy the new colours. One remarked that he had turned Methodist. Another ventured to warn him not to become a hypocrite. “Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow.” So, for the most part, for a time, his quarters were deserted by his late companions. During six or seven months, he had to encounter no slight opposition at mess, and had hard work, as he said, “to stand his ground.” From this time it became evident that, through whatever process, Hedley was a changed man. His progress in the spiritual life was greatly owing to the faithful preaching of Dr Twining, garrison chaplain at Halifax, and to his personal intercourse with that good man.

It will now be interesting to look at some of Hedley's letters to his mother and sister, into which he poured his whole heart, and of which we shall only say that they breathe the tenderest regrets

for the ill-spent past, and discover a grateful recognition of the merciful character of God's dealings with him, humble trust in the merits of his precious Saviour, and a steadfast purpose of living to Him and for Him. The following is addressed to his sister:—“MY DARLING MARY,—I am going on much in the same manner as usual, with nothing to disturb the even tenor of my way. But no; I must correct myself here, for I trust that I have really turned over a new leaf, and that my heart is gradually, but surely undergoing a purifying process. I have been fighting hard against sin. I mean not only *what the world understands by that term*, but against the power of it in my heart. The conflict has been severe: it is so still; but I trust, by the help of God, that I shall finally obtain the mastery. What I pray for most constantly is, that I may be enabled to see more clearly the wicked state of my heart by nature, and thus to feel my greater need of an Almighty Saviour. You cannot imagine what doubts and torments assail my mind at times, how torn and harassed I am by sinful thoughts and want of faith. You, Mary, can never experience my feelings, for you know not in what a sinful state my life has been passed. Well may I call myself the chief of sinners. I sometimes even add to my sins by doubting the efficacy of Christ's atonement, and the cleansing power of His precious blood to wash away my sins. Oh that I could realise to myself more fully that His blood cleanseth from *all sin!* I was always foremost and daring enough in sin. Would that I could show the same spirit in the cause of religion; would that I felt as little fear of being called and thought to be a Christian as I used to feel of being enlisted against Christianity. . . . Summer has begun to change the face of nature, and everything is looking green and lovely. I took a delightful walk into the country yesterday evening,—the first time I ever enjoyed the blessed sense of communion with God. But when I came home it had all fled, and left me in a disturbed and restless state of mind: my summer heart of

warmth and love had changed back into its natural state of winter cold and dead!"

Our next extract is from a letter addressed to his brother, where we may mark indications of how faithfully he dealt by himself,—how acute were growing his spiritual perceptions—how earnestly he bewailed his lost, never to be recovered, past:—"I have found comparatively little difficulty in giving up external sins, but the innate sin of my heart, oh, how great it is! It is here the real battle must be fought, and the more humbling the sense of our vileness, the more we shall feel the need and the value of a Saviour. We all have our temptations, and in scarcely any profession could they more beset the Christian beginner than in the army. But let us remember that whatever be our calling, God has promised that we shall not be tempted above that we are able to bear. We *must* give up the pleasures of the world, for they unfit us for spiritual meditation; and although they may be hard to part with as a right eye or right hand, there is no alternative if we wish to grow in grace. As Newton says, 'I know what the world can do, and what it cannot do.' It cannot give or take away that peace of God which passeth all understanding. It cannot soothe the wounded conscience, nor enable us to meet death with comfort. *I have tried both services.* For twenty-five years have I lived under the thralldom of sin, led by the Devil. The retrospect of my past life is now miserable to me; yet before I was taught by the Spirit of God, I thought and called it a life of *pleasure!* The very name, when applied to sin, now makes my heart sicken. Bitter experience has taught me that 'there is no peace to the wicked.' Do not think, dear Edward, that because I write thus, I wish you to think me very religious, or that I consider myself better than you. I do not. But I find more pleasure now in writing on these subjects than on any other, and I want to draw out your thoughts about them."

What clearness of Christian sagacity in the above extract! and yet the writer,

as he himself says, only a "Christian beginner." In the last passage, also, how affectionately desirous of his brother's salvation, yet how anxious to guard against misconception. What a true humility,—what a noble ingenuousness,—what exquisite simplicity of character,—what genuine charity, "hoping all things,"—how far, how very far from the spirit of scribe and pharisee—"Stand back! I am holier than thou." Would that we all took the same lowly estimate of self as Hedley Vicars—would that in equal measure we learned to refrain from drawing complacent comparisons between ourselves and our neighbours, and were more given to institute a comparison between what we are and what we should be.

In a letter to his mother he thus announces his determination to live out the true life of a Christian:—"I trust, my Dear Mother, that in the performance of the duties of an adjutant I may never neglect the more important duties of a Christian, and that I may do all to the glory of God. How amply shall I be repaid if ever one of my fellow-soldiers is brought by my example and advice, as a means in the hands of God, to a saving knowledge of His mercies in Christ. I must be prepared to meet with much discouragement, from ignorance and hardness of heart, but I will endeavour to do my duty and leave the issue to God, remembering the words, 'Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God alone that giveth the increase.'"

It may be interesting to learn what impressions Dr. Twining, the chaplain of Halifax, had formed of this young Christian soldier. "When I first knew Captain Vicars," he says, "he was 'walking according to the course of this world.' He had, as he told me, been under strong convictions in the West Indies, and attended religious meetings; but trusting to his own resolutions, and not in the Saviour's strength, he had fallen again under the power of temptation. There was something very attractive in his appearance, and I asked him to meet with a few officers and others at my house, to join in reading the Scriptures, conver-

sation and prayer. He came at once, and never failed to attend regularly. It was soon evident that he took a deep interest in the matter. He became a teacher in my Sunday School, and attended a Bible Class, which I had established on Sunday evening for soldiers, and another during the week for soldiers' wives; this he did to encourage the men and women of his regiment to come. He and Mr. Nash always spent Sunday evening at my house, as they never dined at the regimental mess on that day. He told me of all his trials, and we often knelt down together in my little study, laying them all open before a throne of grace. It was evident, as time passed on, that he was growing in knowledge, in grace, in consistency, in firmness, in Christian experience. I knew him much more intimately afterwards. An officer in the 97th regiment was shot through the knee in moose-hunting, and being very uncomfortable in his quarters, I brought him to my house. Vicars evinced the tenderest regard for the body and soul of his brother officer; he nursed him with the greatest assiduity, and for six weeks was a constant inmate of my house. Then I began most intimately to know him—his high and honourable principles, his tender heart, his sweet disposition, and all sanctified by divine grace. His was a lovely character; it was impossible to know him and not love him; every creature about my house did love him. He had to suffer a fiery persecution from some of the officers of his regiment."

The month of May 1853, saw Hedley once more in England, and amid home associations. And now he had but one object in life, the doing good as he had opportunity. Everywhere he was active in his Master's service. Now amid the cottages of Terling, now in the camp of Chobham, now in the Thieves' Reformatory in London, and now among the navvies at Beckenham. Of his work at the latter place we may give the following sketch. On the evening of his arrival, he addressed upwards of a hundred navvies. He chose for his subject, "Prepare to meet thy God;"—and no man on a dying bed could have spoken with greater

solemnity and earnestness. Yet there he stood a strong man amid strong men—"putting himself along-side of us, as a fellow-sinner," as one of them remarked. "And yet so good now, and *such a man* withal!" "One after another," says an eye-witness of this striking scene; they crowded round him for a shake of his hand, and to wish him safety and success. We heard them saying among themselves,—"What a pity such a fine fellow should go to be shot;" and several of them met at the farther end of the village to make an agreement to pray for him regularly. With two of them he had private conversation and prayer the next morning, at their own request.

Such was Hedley's preparation for the work of the hospital before Sebastopol. And now the time came when he must set forth on his last fatal expedition. With prayers and tears he was attended to the station. There are breaking hearts that remember that bright May morning, when mothers, and wives, and sisters wrung in agony the hands they shall clasp no more. Many a young hero sleeps afar, and the memory of his last look, as he waved farewell, is all that is left to love, till the grand meeting-time of the long severed.

"Farewell! I think we shall not meet again
Till it be in that land where never change
Is known, and those who love can part no more.
Commend me to my mother's prayers, and say
That never man enjoyed a heavenlier peace
Than Rodric at this hour,—O faithful friends,
How dear ye are to me, these tears may tell."

Providence willed that Hedley should be for some time detained in Greece, and he occupied quarters at the Piræus. Some of his most interesting letters are dated from this spot. Like the "tender grace" of departing day, the character of this lovable young man grew more and more attractive. It was mellowing for heaven, and already did it seem baptized in "the light that never shone on sea or shore."

While quartered at the Piræus, the British camp was ravaged by cholera and malignant fever, which carried off in thirty-four days one hundred and twenty of the finest men of his regiment. Throughout this trying period Hedley

laboured like a true evangelist. As an instance of the way in which he created opportunities of usefulness, not waiting for them, we find him relieving his brother-officers of the duty of attending funeral parties, and thus finding occasion to address his men in words of solemn counsel over each new-made grave of a departed comrade. What his own feelings were at this time he tells us in many letters; in one of which he says: "In my own soul I have enjoyed a peaceful, happy time, leaning on Jesus. It is true this is a spiritual desert, but seldom have I had more hungerings and thirstings after Christ and holiness."

It is a work of love to trace out in brief outline the records of such a life; but that work draws to a close. In the month of November he embarked with his regiment to join the army of Lord Raglan. We need not speak of the miseries of the succeeding winter,—they have passed into history. We need not ask how Hedley Vicars laboured and suffered in that dreary trench work. But how passed he the brief intervals allowed by the stern necessities of a soldier's life? Nightly by the watch-fire's fitful gleam he read his Bible. As often as opportunity allowed, he held prayer-meetings in his tent. His spare moments he passed in the hospital wards, with the earnestness of a missionary and the tenderness of a woman, waiting on the helpless sick, and speaking of Jesus to the weary and the dying. "This afternoon," he says in one of his letters, "while speaking to our poor fellows in the cholera hospital, who were lying cold and comfortless on the bare ground, rays of sunshine seemed to illumine that charnel-tent as I brought the crucified Saviour before those men, for tears glistened in many an eye, and the smile of hope and peace was on many a lip. I feel it indeed to be a pleasure and privilege to talk to my sick comrades and fellow-sinners of Jesus; and I am sure that they who never visit the suffering and dying deprive themselves of the deepest happiness this life affords."

It is pleasant to think that Hedley was not alone in this "weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in labours more

abundant." There were many soldiers of Jesus Christ in that camp, good men and true, with whom he held most sweet and loving intercourse.

The month of March 1855 came, and with it the day of national humiliation. It was devoutly spent by Hedley and his Christian friends. Services were held in his tent, in which he himself took part. The evening was passed with his dearest friend Mr. Cay, who says he never can forget it. Even then Hedley was nearing home, and was there by anticipation.

"Jesus in heaven, Jesus in the heart,
Heaven in the heart, the heart in heaven."

We close our extracts with the last words he ever wrote, addressed to one dearer than mother or sister—his own betrothed and now widowed love:—"I have been in many a danger by night and day since I last wrote you, my own beloved, but the Lord has delivered me from them all, and not only so, but He has likewise kept me in perfect peace, and made me glad with the light of His countenance. In Jesus I find all I want of happiness or enjoyment; and as week after week, and month after month roll by, I believe He is becoming more and more lovely in my eyes, and precious to my soul."

The night of March 22d saw Hedley Vicars occupying the post of danger. Far along the British lines the ruddy watch-fires gleamed. Fitful gusts swept the sky, moaning, dirge-like, over the graves of the fallen. The lights of Sebastopol might be seen faintly through the gloom. Ten o'clock came, and the ominous silence was broken suddenly, by Russian guns, in direction of the Victoria Redoubt, opposite the Malakhoff. It was the signal for a sortie. Silent as death 15,000 men moved towards the French advanced parallel. To storm it was the work of an instant. Their next attempt was to surprise the British, and by stealing along the parallel, attack them in flank and rear. The first who marked those dark forms was the keen eye of Hedley Vicars. The word was passed to his men to lie down till the Russians came within twenty paces. On swept that bristling column of two thousand men.

Silently crouched that little band of two hundred, every man of them a hero. The next moment, and Hedley was on his feet, the war-shout on his lips, "Now, 97th, on your pins, and charge,"—himself foremost with the foremost. Then came the desperate hand to hand *melée*, the stragglers shot, the thrusts aimed and parried in the dark. The parapet was leaped,—the enemy were in flight, but Hedley Vicars had given his last cheer—"This way, 97th." He was borne to the

rear,—his work was done,—“his garments were rolled in blood,”—his last words were “Cover my face,”—and, laid down gently at his tent door, his pure spirit soared away.

“Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace;
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll
Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet;
Nothing to thee comes new or strange;
Sleep full of rest, from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.” R. †

PETRA.

PETRA—THE PROBABLE KADESH OF SCRIPTURE.

An oasis of vegetation in the desert hills; scenery only second in grandeur to that where the Law was delivered; a city of which the present ruins are modern, but of which the earlier vestiges reach back to the remotest antiquity—these are some of the points which give Petra a claim to be considered as the original sanctuary of the Idumean wilderness. It is moreover one of the few facts localised by anything like an authentic tradition,—in this case preserved by Josephus, the Talmudists, Eusebius, and Jerome,—that Kadesh was either identical, or closely connected with Petra. With this the existing names (though capable of another origin) remarkably harmonise. The mountain which overhangs the valley of Petra has been known as far back as the knowledge of travellers extends, as the “mountain of Aaron.” The basin of Petra is known to the Arabs by no other name than “the Valley of Moses.” The great ravine through which the torrent is admitted into the valley, is called “the Cleft of Moses”—in distinct reference to the stroke of the rod of Moses.

In accordance with these confirmations are the incidental expressions of the narrative itself. The word always used for “the rock” of Kadesh, in describing the second supply of water, is “*sela*” or “cliff,” in contradistinction to the usual word “*tzur*”—“rock,” which is no less invariably applied to “the rock” of Horeb—the scene of the first supply. It may be difficult to determine the relative meaning of the two words. But it is almost certain that of the two, “*sela*,” like our word “cliff,” is the grander and more abrupt feature; which is of importance as excluding from the claimants to the name of Kadesh, such spots as ‘Ain El-Weibeh, where the rocks are merely stony shelves of three or four feet in height. But the name “*Sela*” is also the same as that by which in later times the place now called “Petra” was designated.

If there be any ground for this conclusion, Petra assumes a new interest. Its rock-hewn caves may have served in part for the dwellings, in part for the graves, of the Israelites; it is dig-

nified as the closing scene of the life both of Miriam and Aaron; its sanctity may account for the elevation and seclusion of some of its edifices, perched high among almost inaccessible rocks, and evidently the resort of ancient pilgrims; its impressive scenery well accords with the language of the ancient hymns of Israel, in which Kadesh with the surrounding rocks of Edom is almost elevated to the rank of a second Sinai: “Lord, when thou wentest out of *Seir*, when thou marchest out of the field of *Edom*”—“God came from *Teman*, and the Holy One from *Mount Paran*. He brought them to *Mount Sinai* and *Kadesh-barnea*.” “The Lord came from *Sinal*, and rose up from *Mount Seir* unto them; He shined forth from *Mount Paran*, and He came with ten thousands of *Saints*,” (if we take the Hebrew as followed in the Authorised Version—but more probably with the Septuagint)—“with the ten thousands of *Kadesh*,” or (perhaps more probably still, with Ewald,) “from *Merbah-Kadesh*.”

And if any point is to be selected in Petra, as especially the seat of this primeval sanctuary, it is that which I have just described, commonly known by the name of the “*Deir*,” or “*Convent*.”

It is too much to suppose that this point and *Mount Hor* were long regarded as the two sacred spots of Petra; that the scene of the death and sepulture of Aaron was designedly fixed in view of this, the innermost sanctuary of the Holy Place of “*Kadesh*”; that this sanctity was retained through the successive changes of Pagan and Christian worship; and that the pilgrims of the Desert mounted these time-worn steps, and traced their inscriptions upon the rock, on their way to the only spot whence they could see the grave of Aaron?

THE APPROACH TO PETRA BY “THE SILENCE.”

It is, indeed, a place worthy of the scene, and one could long to believe it. Follow me, then, down this magnificent gorge—the most magnificent, beyond all doubt, which I have ever beheld. The rocks are almost precipitous, or rather, they would be, if they did not, like their brethren in all this region, overlap, and crumble, and crack, as if they would crash over you. The gorge is

about a mile and a half long, and the opening of the cliffs at the top is throughout almost as narrow as the narrowest part of the defile of Pfeffers, which, in dimensions and form, it more resembles than any other of my acquaintance. At its very first entrance you pass under the arch which, though greatly broken, still spans the chasm—meant apparently to indicate the approach to the city. You pass under this along the bed of the torrent, now rough with stones, but once a regular paved road like the Appian Way, the pavement still remaining at intervals in the bed of the stream—the stream, meanwhile, which now has its own wild way, being then diverted from its course along troughs hewn in the rock above, or conducted through earthenware pipes, still traceable. These and a few niches for statues now gone, are the only traces of human hand. What a sight it must have been, when all these were perfect!

A road, level and smooth, running through these tremendous rocks, and the blue sky just visible above, the green caper plant and wild ivy hanging in festoons over the heads of the travellers as they wind along, the flowering oleander fringing then, as now, this marvellous highway like the border of a garden-walk. You move on; and the ravine, and with it the road,—and with the road in old times the caravans of India,—winds as if it were the most flexible of rivers, instead of being in truth a rent through a mountain wall. After a mile or more through the defile—the cliffs over-arching in their narrowest contraction—when, suddenly through the narrow opening left between the two dark walls of another turn of the gorge, you see a pale pink front of pillars and sculptured figures closing your view from top to bottom. You rush towards it, you find yourself at the end of the defile, and in the presence of an excavated temple, which remains almost entirely perfect between the two flanks of dark rock out of which it is hewn. The Sik, though it opens here, yet contracts once more, and it is in this last stage that those red and purple variegations, which I have before described, appear in their most gorgeous hues; and here also begins, what must have been properly the Street of Tombs, the Appian Way of Petra. Here they are most numerous, the rock is honey-combed with cavities of all shapes and sizes, and through these you advance till the defile once more opens, and you see—strange and unexpected sight!—with tombs above, below, and in front, a Greek Theatre (like that of Tus-

culum) hewn out of the rock, its tiers of seats literally red and purple alternately, in the native rock. Once more the defile closes with its excavations, and once more opens in the area of Petra itself; the torrent-bed passing now through absolute desolation and silence, though strewn with the fragments which show that you once entered on a splendid and busy city gathered along its rocky banks, as along the quays of some great northern river.

THE DEIR.

You turn up a torrent-bed in the western cliffs (for torrent beds from all sides pour down into this area in the heart of the hills), but soon leave it to ascend a staircase hewn out of the rocks, steps not absolutely continuous now, though probably they once were; broad steps glowing with the native colours, which conduct you through magnificent rocks, and along the banks of an almost second Sik, high up into the vast cluster of rocks which face Mount Hor on the north. This staircase is the most striking instance of what you see everywhere. Wherever your eyes turn along the excavated sides of the rocks you see steps, often leading to nothing; or to something which has crumbled away; often with their first steps worn away, so that they are now inaccessible; sometimes as mere ornaments in the façades, but everywhere seen even more than the caves themselves. High up in these rocks, withdrawn like the Khazne between two gigantic walls of cliff, with a green platform before it, is another temple of the same kind, though not of the same singular colour. In fact, it has the appearance of yellow stone, but in form it is more perfect than the Khazne, and its whole effect is so extremely modern, that I cannot better describe its impression on me than by comparing it to a London church of the last century. That is to say, you must imagine a London church, of the most debased style of ornament and taste, transplanted into a mountain nook as wild and solitary as the Spugen. I call it solitary—but it was not always so. The Arabic name, *El-Deir*, — “the Convent,” — implies their belief that it was a Christian church. Crosses are carved within it. The Sinaitic inscriptions are carved on the steps by which it is approached. Ruins lie above, below, and around it. Everything, in short, tends to indicate that this was a specially sacred spot, and that it was regarded so by Christians afterwards.—*Stanley's Sinai and Palestine.*

MERCANTILE MORALITY.*

THIS lecture, which was delivered recently to the Young Men's Christian Association of London, is pre-eminently a lecture for the times. There can be no doubt that our lot is cast in a commercial age. The tendency of all the great

* *Mercantile Morality.* A Lecture by the Rev. William Brock. London: Nisbet and Co.

movements of the past few years has been to give this character to the times we live in. The removal of restrictions from trade, the formation of railways, the development of national resources by mining, by agriculture, by the application of science to all processes in manufacture—these have greatly stimulated

commerce in our own country. And other countries, with various degrees of alacrity, are following in our wake. Even war has been over-ruled for bringing together into close alliance countries which, although neighbours, have been accustomed to look upon each other with suspicion. And the return of peace appears likely to cement the alliance still farther, and to lead to a greater measure of that intercourse and mutual confidence from which commercial dealings are sure to follow. Already, since the proclamation of peace, we have heard of great continental projects for the formation of railways, so that we may look for a time of yet more general going to and fro on the earth, and a gradual extension of international commerce. If our own country has taken the lead in this march, the more necessity is there that we make sure we are not sacrificing to commercial progress higher and better interests. We have need to examine our principles, and inquire whether we are making an idol of merchandise, and taking our law from it instead of bringing it under the one Divine law; or whether we are remembering and recognising in daily practice that *all* transactions between man and man ought to furnish illustrations of the Christian life.

The character of our commercial legislation, and of our transactions as a people in the commerce of nations, must depend upon the character and dealings of individuals. If, as individual buyers and sellers in the articles of daily use, we recognise the eternal principles of righteousness, and adorn the Christian doctrine we profess, then and then only can we hope to exercise, as a nation, a beneficial influence in the wider fields of commerce.

Mr. Brock strikes at the very root of the matter in his admirable lecture on "Mercantile Morality." He takes his illustrations from transactions of every day occurrence, and shews how "mercantile morality" is not a thing having a special interest for one class only in the community, but that it in principle concerns itself most intimately with all dealings between man and man. Its

true meaning is clearly set forth in the following passage:—

"He that doeth exactly what Christ has enjoined will do exactly the right thing. By as much as our doings and our devisings accord with His injunctions shall we be moral persons: moral throughout the several relationships of life.

"The general including the particular, we shall be moral in our mercantile relationships by as much as our mercantile devisings and doings accord with the injunctions of Christ. Mercantile morality is not of a different nature from domestic, or literary, or clerical, or judicial morality. It has no code which is generically its own code, no sanctions which are exclusively its own sanctions, no vocabulary which is prescriptively its own vocabulary. Mercantile morality is nothing more nor less than morality in matters mercantile; the adoption of principles in business which are in harmony with the one general standard, and the pursuit of conduct in business which is in subordination to the one general law.

"Assuming this, let us render earnest heed to Him who has given us that law. Thus He spake: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them.' Of manifold other injunctions is this one the comprehensive and the authoritative summary. An epitome it may be deemed of the statutes of the Lord at large; a handbook of duty, condensed and presented to us for the kindly purpose of available and ready use. To our question, How are we to conduct ourselves towards our neighbours? this law saith in answer—Exactly as you would have your neighbours conduct themselves towards you; provided always that you were occupying their position, and that they were occupying yours; provided, moreover, that your knowledge of all which pertains to the two positions had been unreservedly and candidly interchanged.

"Thus are all questions about duty and obligation simplified and settled; questions about mercantile duty and obligation among the rest."

Some familiar instances are taken for illustration—from the acts of buying and selling, of giving and taking contracts, of letting and hiring, of imposing and paying taxes.

For example, to take the first of these:

"YOU ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE ACTS
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OF BUYING AND SELLING. You have commodities in possession which are ready for transference to those who want them, on their transference to you in return of a specified amount of the current coin of the realm. You are, say, the seller. But suppose now, that you were the buyer of those commodities, would you not desire that they should be truthfully described, as to the kind of them; and equitably charged, as to the value of them; and fully allotted, as to the measure of them; and punctually delivered, as to the destination of them?

"A statement to the effect that they are really of a particular material—the statement being false—would seriously mislead you. An assurance that, according to the present condition of the market, they will certainly get dearer—the assurance being dishonest—would injuriously deceive you. A representation to the effect that *there* you have the given quantity—the representation being untrue—would fraudulently involve you in inevitable loss. An averment to the effect that your purchase was duly on its way—the averment being mendacious—would entail upon you complicated wrong. Not thus—however plausibly it might be accomplished—not thus would you like to be cheated by others; *then*, not thus are others to be cheated by you. In selling them that which they want, you are to be as those who buy.

"Or if you are the buyer, you are to be as the one who sells. In that case, would you not like to have your honest word taken about the worth of a thing? Would you not wish to have your time, which is your property, saved from needless interruption? Would you not desiderate the kindly conclusion of the negotiation exactly on the specified terms? All haggling and fencing about the price would annoy you. All intimations about your being well up in sharp practice would offend you. Why should a purchaser of your commodities either impugn your veracity, or reflect upon your conscientiousness, or deprive you of your due, or threaten, if you will not render your commodities at a lower rate, that he will go elsewhere? You would resent all this as so much wrong done to you. Then, take care not to perpetrate the wrong. The improprieties that would displease you are precisely the improprieties which you are to avoid.

"From the seller mercantile morality demands truthfulness, and from the buyer it demands confidence; from the seller it looks for frankness, and from the buyer it looks for satisfaction; from the seller

it requires integrity, and from the buyer it requires respect; from the seller it insists upon unimpeachable trustworthiness, and from the buyer it insists upon implicit belief."

Several startling instances are given of immoralities in mercantile dealings. Take the following:—

"The man who will alter the marking of the barometer in order to affect the corn-market is an immoral man. The man who will vend as wholesome food what he knows to be unwholesome is an immoral man. The man who, by glaring and delusive advertisements, imposes upon the uninitiated is an immoral man. The man who will give you narrow widths, and short lengths, and deficient measures, and light weights, is an immoral man. The man who will cleverly imitate the title-page of a popular book that he may thereby sell a book of his own is an immoral man. The man who, either to save himself from trouble, or to enlarge his profits, will give all his work to some middle man at barely the remunerating price, knowing that that work must actually be done by other men on the sweating system, at a starvation price, is an immoral man. The man who will steal down stairs slipshod—I use the language with which a first-class periodical has recently described some retail traders—'the man who will steal down stairs slipshod to perform adulterations which he would be ashamed to perform before his shopmen,' is an immoral man. The man who will charge the customers who are on their guard one price, and the customers who are off their guard another price, is an immoral man. The man who will 'salt his invoices' is an immoral man. 'What mean you?' ask a thousand voices all at once—'what mean you by a man's salting his invoices?' One of our judges asked that very question from the bench, not half a year ago, of a witness who was giving evidence about goods which had been sent to Australia. 'I mean, my Lord,' replied the witness, 'I mean by a salted invoice one which does not show what the prices are which are actually charged to the Australian importer, but which shows a higher list of prices that may be handed to his purchasers out there, whereby, under pretence that they are purchasing at a slight advance on the invoice price, they may be deceived.' 'Money under false pretences!' exclaimed the Judge. 'It is the general custom,' rejoined the witness. 'Incredible!' replied his Lordship. 'By no means,' said a juror in

the open court, 'we know it to be the fact.'

The lecturer does not gloss over such mal-practices, nor does he shrink from tracing them to a source. "The characteristic of the age," he says, "is not, I think, hastiness to be rich for the sake of the riches, but for the sake of successful competition in luxury and in the pride of life."

But he expressly guards against the inference that he inculcates the opinion that the present are worse than any former times, or that immorality is the prevailing rule of our mercantile and our social life.

"With all conditions there is danger, with the condition to which our commercial habits have brought us, among the rest; but no necessity is there whatsoever for the apprehension that, if we will have so much commerce, we must have dishonesty; that, if we will do business on so large a scale, we must give up all hope of men's doing unto others as they would have others do unto them. The apprehension is as mischievous as it is unfounded. The smaller mercantile transactions of Edward the First, and the larger mercantile transactions of Victoria the First, are alike compatible with the rigorous and reputable observance of our Saviour's law."

And as to the general character of business transactions in our time, he holds that it is in accordance with all that is just, and true, and honourable. In proof of this he instances the extent to which business is transacted upon merely moral security.

But the fact remains, that by an infamous minority fraudulence is practised. And the lecturer appeals with great force and eloquence to different classes of the community, "to confederate together to put all mercantile immorality down."

To "the ministers of religion, of every name," to "society, conventionally so called, in its higher and its secondary grades," to men of business, to the buyers of the community, and lastly, to the young men of our times, he appeals in succession for their co-operation.

We have room only for one or two quotations.

"Immediately and permanently effective towards the improvement we desiderate, would be the evangelic service of the British pulpit. I say, 'its evangelic service,' for not one sermon would I have which should be wanting in heartiest sympathy with the Gospel of the grace of God. And not one such sermon need we have. Strangely, indeed, should we play into the hands of the enemies of the Gospel, if we intimated that we could not preach the Gospel, and inculcate mercantile morality; that we could not glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, and enforce commercial reciprocity; that we could not expatiate amidst the securities of the everlasting covenant, and insist upon the duties of the Exchange, the warehouse, and the shop. Alas, in that case, for our acquaintance with the Gospel, and the covenant, and the cross! Alas, moreover, for any hope through our instrumentality, of the improvement we so much desire! Given,—a religious ministry which will not tell out plainly in what morality consists, which will not show specifically how morality is to be manifested, which will not demand in the name of God, that morality be practised; given,—furthermore, a religious ministry which avoids all this, avowedly because it is inimical to the Gospel of the grace of God; and you may lay your account absolutely with indefinite dishonesty, and with detestable, because with sanctionious fraud. Given,—on the other hand,—a religious ministry which will proclaim with right certain sound the great doctrinal peculiarities of the Gospel in their divinely-instituted association with the great practical peculiarities of the Gospel; and you may look for 'whatsoever things are just, for whatsoever things are true, for whatsoever things are pure, for whatsoever things are honest, for whatsoever things are lovely, for whatsoever things are of good report.' Importunate, therefore, is my entreaty to the ministers of Jesus Christ throughout the land, that they will declare the whole counsel of God about the honesties of common life, as it is revealed in our sacred books."

No one can deny the truth of the following:—

"Let us confederate to break up the habit of estimating a man according to his money. That habit broken up, one mighty temptation to mercantile immorality would be destroyed. Once let it be known that a man who has gotten riches may indulge in extravagance if he

will, but that his riches will no longer secure admission for him into good society, and many a purse-proud and ambitious one may learn in whatever state he is therewith to be content. The knowledge that unless moral and intellectual excellence be possessed, wealth will be unavailing, will hold his ostentatiousness in check, and thus, peradventure, he may become less devoted to the acquisition of wealth, and thus in acquiring it he may be satisfied with 'whatsoever things are just.' A poor motive for the man himself, I grant you; I am dealing, however, not with his motives, but with our means of bringing such men as he beneath restraint. Law cannot do it. To a large extent society can do it, if it will reserve its welcome for the honourable man alone."

Commending the whole lecture to attentive perusal, we cannot refrain from giving the conclusion, addressed especially to young men in business:—

"Your integrity will be its preservation. Scattered throughout Old England, doing as you would be done by, you will vindicate our mercantile morality from the insults which have undoubtedly been offered to it, and you will accelerate the period when our commercial transactions shall be second in their religiousness only to the most sacred transactions of the church of God.

"Consummation, on all accounts, devoutly to be wished; not on this account the least devoutly to be wished, that it would bring out demonstrably the practical power of our most holy faith. Somehow or other, if the ancient satirists, and historians, and philosophers are worthy of belief, commerce is prone to keep itself defiantly beyond the reach of moral influence and restraint. In vain the reproaches of society: equally in vain the enactments of the law. Mercantile practices never, according to those authorities, conform themselves to propriety. By the mercantile men of those days of yore, integrity was notoriously set at naught. The common fame was, that the man of business was unworthy of respect. Let it be your ambition to give to the common fame of these modern times a different opinion to report. Those men of heathen times had received no revelation from Heaven for their instruction; we have. They had been visited with no incarnation of Divine wisdom for their guidance; we have. They had been assured of no very present help for feeble purposes; we have. They had been plied with no

sanctions of solemn threatening and of rich reward; we have. Yes, indeed, we have! The law, on the strength of which our recommendations are all enforced, is a law which you can neither evade, nor resist, nor defy. True, it is contained in brief and simple words; but its brevity is its glory, and its simplicity is its power. Like the great law of physical gravitation, this great law of moral reciprocity affects alike the minutest rudiments and the mightiest combinations. As the one gives form to the dewdrop, and firmness to the everlasting hills; so the other arranges the multitudinous transactions of the obscurest village shop, and controls the negotiations of your merchant princes of world-wide renown. But one material force is necessary to regulate the universe aright; but one spiritual force is necessary to regulate our morality aright. Let that one force have its way, and from the centre to the circumference it will suffice. The process will be unostentatious, but the result will be sublime.

"With yourselves, however, it rests to let it have its way. Gravitation works mechanically, whether we will or not. Reciprocity works intelligently through the medium of human consciousness and will. It brings, to those who resist its requisitions, threatening. It brings, to those who comply with its requisitions, promise. Dishonesty, in the long run, is disastrous. Integrity, in the long run, is advantageous. Gains, unfairly gotten, are radically tainted with the corruptible; gains, honourably gotten, are essentially surcharged with the vital and the pure. Mercantile fraudulency bears upon its proudest escutcheon the portentous ban of the Lord God Almighty. Mercantile morality becomes more and more resplendent with the manifested approbation of the Lord God Almighty. 'The curse of the Lord is in the house of the wicked; but He blesseth the habitation of the just.' Not in one year may this be demonstrated, nor in many; though sometimes we have known it to come to pass that, 'as the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.' This has literally happened; and may, peradventure, happen to dishonest ones again. But, whether sooner or later, there will infallibly be shown the Divine complacency with the right, and the Divine detestation of the wrong. The sins of fraudulent parents may be visited upon their children unto

the third and the fourth generation; the virtues of honourable parents may be visited upon their children to the third and fourth generation: whilst neither sins nor virtues will be unrecognised or overlooked at the judgment of the great day. 'Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment; and some men they follow after. Likewise also the good works of some are manifest beforehand; and they that are otherwise cannot be hid.' How august your mercantile transactions when thus contemplated! I think of the Exchange, of the bank-parlour, of the warehouse, of the manufactory, of the office, of the shop; and then I think instinctively of their bearing upon your condition in the life to come. Every mercantile activity throbs, and its pulsation is immortality; every mercantile process culminates, and its climax is immortality; every mercantile competition advances, and its goal is immortality; every mercantile arrangement tells, and its consequence is immortality; every mercantile purpose ripens, and its harvest is immortality; and

whether it shall be an immortality for ever in succession to be dreaded, or an immortality for ever in perpetuity to be enjoyed, depends for the purposes of the judgment upon your doings now. Him who confesseth Christ by acceptance of His atonement, and by grateful obedience to His law, before men, him will Christ also confess before His Father and His holy angels. Him who denieth Christ, by rejection of His atonement, and by indifference to His law, before men, him will Christ also deny before His Father and His holy angels. And if you ask me what law will be referred to, that our obedience or our indifference may then be ascertained, I answer—this self-same law of social reciprocity: 'All things whatsoever that ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' And in prospect of a reference to it, for a purpose so sublime, I know no prayer so expressive of my heart's desire on your behalf than one with which most of us are familiar. 'Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.' Amen and amen."

IS THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN NOW WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE ?

OR, IN WHAT RESPECTS SHOULD IT BE DIFFERENT ?

EDUCATION may be considered under two aspects: as the course of instruction and training which generally occupies some ten or twelve years of our life, from early childhood to manhood, and which is supposed to fit us for taking our place in the society in which we are destined to move;—or, as the far more important process, which may be said to begin with the first feeble glance the infant soul casts round it, in the world on which it has just entered, and which is never "finished" until that soul "returns to God who gave it,"—the education which is every moment going on, and which is fitting us for the place we are to occupy, and the society we are to be ranked among, in eternity.

The question before us seems to refer to the first mentioned branch of the subject; education, commonly so called, the training by which youth is prepared for the duties of manhood, or, which is more to our present purpose, of womanhood. It is the fashion to complain grievously of the existing system of educating girls.

We must confess it has always appeared to us a very unnecessary outcry. We think, on the whole, that the *mental* education of this "very important and interesting" part of the community is as little defective as any human system in the present state of matters can be. Women are taught most things that can possibly be expected to be useful to them, and we do not think that so very undue preponderance is given to mere accomplishments as is generally supposed, but that the instances in which this is the case are exceptional. We really must say, we think women *ought* to be accomplished. They were made for ornament as well as use. Doubtless their natural graces, virtues, &c.; &c., render them morally ornamental, but we can't see why they should not add to the external polish. Flowers are no less bright and fragrant in an earthenware jug than in a porcelain vase, but we own to a preference for the china. Another charge is, that they are made to acquire a mere smattering of everything. We do not see any good

reason for its being otherwise. Most men are obliged to devote themselves to the thorough acquisition of some particular branch of art, literature, or science, that they may creditably pursue the profession or trade by which they are to maintain their families. With women the case is different, and as they are not to be lawyers or doctors, &c., &c., (and, in spite of our American friends, long may it be so!) we think it very natural and desirable that every woman should know just enough of all subjects to make her an intelligent member of society, to occupy her mind, and, by enlarging her mental resources, to preserve her from the temptations to idleness and frivolity of pursuit into which she might otherwise be led by the circumstances of her position. Not that we wish to have that position in any way altered. We hear a great deal just now about "woman's mission," and many very well intentioned ladies are setting their wits to work to find "something definite" for women to do. Instead of gratefully acquiescing in the very ancient and desirable arrangement by which the family is woman's place, they want to find a larger sphere of activity and usefulness. There is too much truth in the satire which Dickens throws on such things, when he makes poor Mr. Jellaby, that martyr to Borrioboula-gha, say to his daughter on her marriage day: "Whatever you do, Caddy, don't have a mission." We would not be misunderstood to imply that women should shut their hearts and minds from sympathy with, and quiet co-operation in, any scheme of private or public benevolence, or should be lacking in zeal for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. We only feel that the less they are before the public the better, and there is assuredly some danger of their suffering the love of notoriety and excitement to run away with their judgment, in these bustling, doing days. There are bright examples of women who have distinguished themselves in the cause of humanity; let us speak of them reverently, while the memory of Mrs. Fry is still warm, and while Miss Nightingale has so lately watched by our soldiers' beds;

but these are a few exceptional cases,—women raised by God for a special work,—and it is not generally speaking thus that woman's influence is needed or would be useful;—her true mission is to soften hardship, to soothe suffering, to relieve poverty, to instil piety, to gladden earth, to help to heaven, quietly, unostentatiously, insensibly. A sudden shower refreshes the thirsty ground, but it is the unseen dew, daily falling, that fertilises it; a hurricane often sweeps away a pestilence, but it is the voiceless air that feeds the breath of life. Besides, if all women were Mrs. Frys and Miss Nightingales, what would become of that lovely English word "*Home?*" "*Keepers at Home!*" There is to us great sweetness and repose in the idea of a lady of olden times, with her keys, the symbols of housewifely care at her girdle, seated among her maidens at the wheel, devising the relief of the poor at her gate, in the absence of him whom she called her lord. Doubtless, those were unenlightened days, but the picture seems to us not wholly unlike the very striking and beautiful portrait of a virtuous woman, drawn under the inspiration of God, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of Proverbs.

This naturally leads us to consider what light Scripture throws on this subject, for the *mental* education of women it leaves us to decide for ourselves, assured that this will naturally accommodate itself to the spirit and necessities of the age; but the same silence is not observed regarding their moral and religious training; and here, while we gratefully acknowledge that religion is now recognised to be the chief object of all education, we do think the present system in some respects very defective. There is much said of the necessity of inspiring women with firmness and earnestness, and these are, doubtless, excellent things, to which self-control may be added, as of no less importance, but it is not of these that the Apostles more especially speak. With one voice they give the same great lesson, which might be summed up in the one word "*submission.*" That now seems quite an exploded idea. No

heathen coming among us could possibly imagine that subjection to fathers and husbands was a direct precept of Scripture. We may say that Christianity has raised woman's social position. Of course it has. It has removed from her the curse of the fall; but it has not inverted that order of nature and creation by which, while a fellow-heir with man "of the grace of life," she is ordered to submit to him. But her education does not inculcate this; neither by example nor by precept is she trained to submission, and the consequence is, that every school girl not only insists on the right of "private judgment," but is firmly persuaded that *her* judgment is vastly superior to that of every one else, and, should her views in any way be thwarted, she laments over the darkness or weakness of her father's mind, and, if she have too much sense of what is really right to resist, she obeys with the Christian resignation of a martyr! All this is ridiculous, but it also argues a wrong state of things. We

do not go so far as Mr. Jay of Bath, who said that as pure air is tasteless and colourless, so the perfection of womanhood is to have no character at all; but of this we are convinced, that woman's place, the place appointed for her by God at her creation, and insisted on throughout Scripture, is a *subordinate* place, and that then only does she fulfil her mission when she keeps there, and that, therefore, all education must be defective which fails to teach her this. She has no cause to repine that it is so. The Lord of glory has made the path of submission and humility the most honourable of all paths. The most precious promises here and hereafter are annexed to meekness, and in days when we have so many self-willed, officious mothers, we may do well to remember it was the calm, gentle, humble Mary, who gained the approval of Him at whose feet she sat, and who invites us all to "learn of" Him, for He is "meek and lowly" of heart.

C. M.

THE "WORKING CLASSES" AND THEIR LITERATURE:

WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

No. III.

WE now come to the writers of the periodical press, whose influence with a large portion of the "working classes" of our land is known to be very great. These we would divide into three sections,—*immoral* writers, *infidel* writers, and writers perfectly *indifferent* to all religion. It may be thought that the first two classes should be comprised under one; and while in a certain sense the first class implies the second, yet in reality a distinction must be drawn, for many infidel writers are careful to inculcate "good morals;" of course, on widely different grounds from those on which they are upheld by Christian writers and preachers. Let us glance, then, very briefly, at the *immoral* writers. We have seen somewhere a remark of Foster's, in regard to another but closely allied class of publications: "The thing seems like a moral epidemic

breathed from hell, destined to be permitted for a time to sweep a portion of the people to destruction, in defiance of all remedial interference." Mr Knight, some time ago, stated the circulation in London alone, of unstamped immoral publications, at the price of a half-penny or three half-pence each, to be upwards of 400,000 weekly, which gives the enormous issue of 20,800,000 yearly. Such papers as the *London Journal*, *Family Herald*, and *Reynold's Miscellany* have a circulation put together of nearly *one million* weekly.* The novels, also, which appear regularly in some of these, give an immense impetus to their sale; especially if they bear such enticing titles as, "The Feast of Blood,"

* These figures refer to the last two or three years; we have no very late statistics before us; but there is every reason for believing that it continues much the same.

"Murder at the Old Jury," "Claude Duval," "The Hangman's Daughter," "The Highwayman," "Mysteries of the Court," and Castle this, and Castle that. Mayhew, speaking of the Costermongers, a class numbering nearly 30,000 souls, says, that they are living in a state of almost brutish ignorance, they love best to listen to, and are most eager for, Reynold's periodicals, especially the "Mysteries of the Court." One street-seller assured him that he alone was in the custom of selling 10,000 copies on a Saturday night or Sunday morning—the principal customers were young men. Nor are such publications as these confined to London, they extend over all England and Scotland. By statistics lately published the returns of the number of several of such immoral periodicals alone, show an issue in round numbers of 11,000,000 yearly. Under the head of which we now treat, may be mentioned what are generally known as "execution sheets." The sale of some of which appear as follows:—

Of Rush, - - -	2,500,000
Of the Mannings, -	2,000,000
Of Courvoisier, -	1,666,000
Of Good, - - -	1,650,000
Of Greenacre, - -	1,666,000

One writer, after giving these statistics, adds, if we take such numbers at one penny, the money expended for such trash will amount to upwards of L.48,000 in the case of these six numbers. We think it right to quote very briefly a fact from Mr. Bucknall's evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, in regard to cheap periodical publications: "In the back lanes and different places of London and provincial towns, many shops are open on Sunday morning. These are out of general observation, and unless you go there and watch the sale, you can have no idea of the moral depravity of these things. In many of these publications, robbery is represented as skilful sleight of hand, murder as nothing else but heroism, seduction and prostitution as anything but blamable. A very large sale of these publications takes place on the Sunday morning." In Mayhew's valuable work—"London Labour and the London Poor,"—there is a great deal of in-

formation upon the kind of literature which obtains to so alarming an extent among the dens and lanes of the mighty metropolis. In the *Edinburgh Review* (1850) it is stated "that the total issue of immoral publications has been stated at 29,000,000, being more than the total issues of the Society for Promoting Religious Knowledge, the Religious Tract Society, the British Foreign and Bible Society, the Scottish Bible Society, the Trinitarian Bible Society, and some seventy religious magazines." In confirmation of this view it was stated by the Rev. Mr. Cameron, at a conference held recently at Glasgow in regard to this subject, "that it was true beyond all doubt, that the sale of one single journal, in which religion was caricatured and ridiculed, was greater by ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND copies, than the aggregate sale of all the religious periodicals in the kingdom. Take," he continued, "the *Leisure Hour*, *Christian Treasury*, *Sunday at Home*, *Christian Witness*, *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, and all the fifty or sixty magazines that circulate among Christian people in all parts of the country, their aggregate circulation does not exceed 400,000 copies. But the journal to which he was alluding, circulates HALF-A-MILLION copies a week. If they allowed five readers to each copy, they would find that it was, week by week, influencing for time and eternity, TWO MILLIONS AND A HALF of immortal souls." One fact in regard to Edinburgh and Glasgow, and we leave the practical inference to be drawn. Of infidel, immoral, and latitudinarian periodicals, no less than 10,000 copies are sold every week. Allowing four readers to each—a very small proportion—no less than 40,000 of the citizens of that learned, enlightened, and Christian metropolis are readers and supporters of these atrocious publications. And let us not forget, that most of these are either issued on Sunday, or adapted for Sunday reading, to that large mass of the population which never enters within the door of a church. In Glasgow, the same thing is observed. Of a certain periodical of this class a ton is often sold every week, according to the confes-

sion of one of the chief venders, but never less than 25,000. Concerning another, that same individual said, "we don't sell so many—from 12,000 to 13,000 copies!" and this man supplies with these two HUNDRED shops in Glasgow! You have thus, at least, 38,000 copies of these debasing periodicals sold in one city, and with the proportion already given, passing into the hands, and working evil on the minds of, at the lowest calculation, 150,000 immortal men, women, and children. Nor is this all, we find that in country parishes the *London Journal*, *Reynolds's*, and many others of that class, are sold to a very great extent; and not only in mining and manufacturing localities, but in pastoral and agricultural districts, among farm-servants and out-door workers.

Church of the living God! we care not what be thy distinctive appellation among men; ministers of the Gospel of Christ, elders and people—can such things be? Church of my country, "arise—shine!" A voice from the heights of glory calls thee—"Lift up thy voice with strength—lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah, Thy God reigneth." And another voice, too, from the dark places of the country is heard invoking thee in shrill and solemn accents, like the trumpet's call to battle amid the calmness of the "stilly night"—"Come to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty!" Oh, that each minister and member of the Church of Christ, imbued with the true spirit of his Master, would answer the heavenly summons, buckle on his armour, resolve in the strength of the Lord to do battle for the faith once delivered to the saints; and, gathering together in associations and councils for the invasion of the realms of the prince of darkness, that the language of each might be: "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, till the righteousness thereof shine forth as the noon-day, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." But if this effort be not soon made, the churches of Great Britain may hear a voice saying to them, in accents of thunder, what was said to Thyatira of old: "Notwith-

standing I have a few things against thee: because thou sufferest that woman Jezebel, which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my servants to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed to idols." Would to God that each Christian might remember that he has a duty to do in the world as well as in the family, abroad as well as at home, in the Church as well as in the closet. While Christ no doubt is present at all the exercises of private devotion, and blesses the dwellings of His people Jacob, yet He is elsewhere beside. "Behold the Master is without, and calleth for thee." Even He who once in human form sat upon the hallowed hill of Olivet, and weeping over the devoted city at His feet, burst into that impassioned cry, "Oh! Jerusalem, Jerusalem!" may even now, reader, be standing in spirit, though not in bodily presence, in the Cowgate and Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and the High Street and Saltmarket of Glasgow, grieving over the misery there, and rebuking the Church for negligence and sloth. If sectarians would but remember that their Church is not the Church of Scotland, or the Free Church of Scotland, or the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, but the Church of THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, its great Head and King, what a difference would there be in their exertions! No more wrangling, no more strife, no more intestine broils, but Christendom would behold, and angels would smile on, a firm, united band of brothers, marching on through life's highway, to the music of the songs of Zion, under the unfurled banner of the Captain of their salvation, with one end in view, one heaven before them, one hell behind them, one common humanity to save. Thus combined, what glorious results would ensue! Like the Roman armies of yore, with resistless tread the Church would bear down all opposition;—her motto that of Cæsar, "Veni, vidi, vici," her ensign not the fierce eagle, but the gentle dove; not finding happy homes and smiling fields, then leaving blackened dwellings, desolated lands; but finding dark, dismal, degraded dens, and leaving cheerful, joyful homes; finding perish-

ing mortals, leaving ransomed souls. Such is the mission—such the destiny of the Church. Reader, it is yours and ours to help on that glorious end. Once more, then, oh Church of the great Redeemer, in the name of thy God lift up thy banners! But, alas! each member seems disposed now to say to his fellow, "Lo! I have no need of thee." May that time be near when James Montgomery's description will be manifestly true, that "distinct as the waves, it is one as the sea."

But if we have spoken of immorality, and called the Christian Church to arouse itself to cleanse the country from that blighting curse, we have yet another crying evil against which we needs must struggle: it is *Infidelity*. The infidel press of this country has of late been most active and zealous in the propagation of its pernicious doctrines. In this it contrasts favourably with the zeal of the Church of Christ. That Church has not been one-half as energetic in diffusing pure and undefiled religion as infidelity has been in disseminating its soul-destroying opinions. In these publications, which are circulated to a very enormous extent in our large towns, and mining and manufacturing villages, we are no longer met with the broad name of Infidelity, but the more refined and polite one of Secularism. And whom have we as our great Secularist apostles? There is that old, grey-headed man, ROBERT OWEN; would that his tottering limbs had been climbing the portal steps of heaven! There is that vigorous writer, and in many respects acute thinker, G. J. HOLYOAKE; how much good might he not have done had his pen been used for Christ, and not for Satan? Then there is ROBERT LE BLOND, who now, in shattered health, has left himself no staff on which to lean but the bending, feeble, reed of human reason! What will he not give on a dying bed for that rod and that staff which would have supported him as he went up through the dark valley? There are Newman, De la Menais, and Parker, and, alas! time would fail to enumerate the followers of lesser note. This is neither the place nor the

time to discuss the doctrines of Secularism. Suffice it to say in one word, it is—Atheism. This life, it says, ought always to have precedence over the next, because this is certain, that is conjecture. Reason and science are "the providence of man." And it says, if there was a providence He would do so and so, and because so and so is not done, *therefore* there is no God. Oh splendid logic! Oh omniscient and omnipresent Secularist! Again, apart and independent of Scripture authority, there are in human nature guarantees of morals. It affirms that "the majestic influence of intelligence rules millions of men now whom rage, lust, and rapine would have ruled in a former age." And Christianity, in its direct and indirect influences has no credit thereby. A writer in one of those infidel periodicals which obtain a large circulation both in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and London—the *Reasoner*—thus in a late number characterises Christ's Sermon on the Mount:—"I am not surprised that the Jews held Christ to be mad, for surely never before was uttered so much sense and nonsense combined—much of it the most unmitigated farrago. Even the Sermon on the Mount is not free from it." Under the head of infidel, we may speak of Socialist newspapers, for they are generally of one mind. Of these the *Times* says, they propagate "doctrines as outrageous as the maddest ravings of furious insanity—as wicked as the most devilish spirit could by possibility have devised. Murder is openly advocated, all property declared to be robbery, the bans by which marriage is declared sacred and inviolate as the dreams of dotage; obedience of every description as criminal cowardice; law as at present constituted is asserted to be a mere device for enslaving mankind." As a proof of these just remarks, we intended to have quoted from a certain publication most startling doctrines, similar to those indicated by the *Times*, but we find we sent away the pamphlet. The author of a publication printed some years ago for private circulation, states that a clergyman informed him that in one manufacturing town alone in which he laboured

the weekly circulation of a blasphemous paper was 23,000; the proprietor and editor both denied the existence of a God. Before the repeal of the stamp duty the stamp returns of three London Sunday periodicals alone amounted to 103,000 every Sunday, or 5,356,000 for the fifty-two Sabbaths of the year. "We may view the subject in another light," remarks a writer on this point, "and safely affirm that there are from 600,000 to 700,000 Lord's day issues of these papers." The following specimen is from the paper already quoted, announcing the death of a follower of the school of which Holyoake is the acknowledged leader:—

"Mr. Thomas Hemmingway, of Worthing, late proprietor of the King's Arms, Mile End Road, after a trying illness of four months, died January 30th, 1856, in his seventy-third year. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. He was a loving husband, an affectionate parent, true in his dealings, and sincere in his friendships. He bore his illness with patience and resignation,

fearful to the last of giving trouble. He lived and died a Deist. His life had not been without its sorrows, but it had been passed in faithfulness and love; and those who saw his last moments need never fear death. He cheerfully embraced his family, and bid them farewell within an hour of his decease. Neither doubt nor fear troubled his mind. 'His end was peace.'"

What shall we say? Truly there are no bands in their death. But oh! what must that poor man's spirit have felt when, bursting its casement of clay, it stood naked, shivering, friendless, and alone amid the bright, burning glory of the great I AM? And this is what Secularism would teach—this is the end of these things, and surely that end is death.

But we close, and will return shortly to the subject next number, for it is deeply interesting to thousands of never-dying souls.

A. W.

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

GENERAL INCREASE IN THE FUNDS OF MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

ALMOST all the religious societies exhibit the gratifying result of an important increase in the funds during the past year. To show the extent of the increase, we may refer to the incomes of the three principal missionary societies in England—the Church, the Wesleyan, and the London Missionary Society. The income of the Church Society, from home sources, is reported to have been L.115,208 4s. 8d.; that of the Wesleyan Society, including the sums derived from foreign auxiliaries, L.119,122 4s. 9d.; and that of the London Missionary Society, including also the sums collected at foreign stations, L.82,331 12s. 4d. The increase in the funds of the Church Missionary Society, as compared with the sum collected in the previous year, amounts to L.7865; that in the funds of the Wesleyan to L.3073 10s. 5d.; and that in the collections of the London Society to L.22,646 1s. 11d. In the case of the last of these, an extraordinary effort has been made in order to the liquidation of debt. The aggregate income of these societies amounts to L.316,662 1s. 9d., and the aggregate increase to L.38,584 12s. 4d.

This result is the more gratifying since it has occurred in a year when the nation has been so heavily taxed on account of the war. It is, we hope, only the first fruits of still greater exertions in future years. One of its principal causes has undoubtedly been the greater interest given to missions by the marked successes with which God, in His providence, has been pleased to crown the labours of the missionaries during the past year in some of the most extended and important scenes of operations. In Turkey, India,

and China especially, the effects of the efforts which have been long made, amidst numerous discouragements, in faith and patience, become more apparent; the confidence of the masses in their superstitions begins to be shaken; and the prospect appears to increase of whole nations, as such, becoming leavened with the knowledge of Christian truth.—*News of the Churches.*

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Report, after dwelling on the gratifying fact that the income of the society for this year is L.115,208 4s. 8d., being L.7865 more than last year, and nearly L.2000 more than any previous year, glanced at the state and progress of the work at the different stations under the society's charge. The mission at Abbeokuta continues to tell very powerfully upon the people, and the king, though still a heathen himself, bears testimony to the extraordinary power of Christianity. At Jerusalem, Bishop Gobat says that the war has contributed much to soften down the pride and prejudices of the Moslems, but that the friends of Protestant Christianity are not without apprehensions for the future. In India, the mission at Tinnevely continues as usual to take the lead. The number of converts there is now 27,140, and of communicants, 3821; more than L.70 is contributed by them to the Church Missionary Society; more than L.700 to other pious objects; while there is besides a native missionary society supported and managed by themselves, which maintains six native catechists, and a juvenile missionary association, which pays the stipend of a pilgrim missionary. From New Zealand one of the missionaries has remitted L.100 to the society, the result of a special and very vigorous effort to make the schools of the

society there self-sustaining. The report further mentions that in consequence of the kingdom of Oude being now open to the Gospel, an offer of 10,000 rupees had been made to aid in sending out missionaries there.

It was resolved that a special effort should be made to clear off a debt of a few thousand pounds lying on the society, and that special contributions for this end should be asked in token of gratitude for the blessing of peace. The Rev. Mr Fox of Durham has given the munificent contribution of L.1000 to this object.

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following is a general summary of the whole of the society's labours and agency:—

I—Missions under the direction of the Wesleyan Missionary Committee and British Conference, in Europe, India, China, South and West Africa, and the West Indies	137
Central or Principal stations called Circuits, occupied by the Society in various parts of the world	137
Chapels and other preaching places in connection with the above-mentioned Central or Principal Stations, as far as ascertained	820
Ministers and assistant-missionaries, including two supernumeraries	198
Other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, day-school teachers, &c.	549
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school teachers, &c.	7990
Full and accredited church members	61,999
On trial for church membership	2808
Scholars, deducting for those who attend both the day and Sabbath schools	39,602
Printing establishments	5

II.—Other Missions of the Society having also relation to Conference in Ireland, France, Australasia, Canada, and Eastern British America.

Central or Principal Stations called Circuits	988
Chapels and other preaching places	2463
Ministers and assistant-missionaries, including twenty-four supernumeraries	399
Other paid agents, as catechists, interpreters, day-school teachers, &c.	3-9
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school teachers, &c.	6544
Full and accredited church members	48,471
On trial for church membership	827
Scholars, deducting for those who attend both the day and Sabbath schools	54,304
Printing establishments	3

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The number of ordained missionaries now employed, exclusive of nearly 700 native agents, was reported to be 154. These were distributed as follows:—In Polynesia, 29; in the West Indies 20; in South Africa and Mauritius, 36; in China 17; and in India 52.

In the whole islands of the Pacific there are now upwards of 7000 members of the Christian church in connection with the mission.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

The Rev. S. B. Bergne read the Report of the operations of the last year, which stated that in France 120,614 copies of the Scriptures had been circulated during the year, of which number 45,293 were placed in the hands of the military, and 66,266 were distributed by colporteurs in various parts of the country. Within the last eighteen months, 65,112 copies had been delivered to the French troops, irrespective of the distribution which had taken place in Turkey and

the Crimea. The total issues in France were now 3,342,112 copies. The implacable aversion of the Romish priests in France to the dissemination of the Bible was as manifest as ever. In Heligum, continued the Report, the circulation within the year was 6891 copies, making the total issues 217,150. With respect to Russia, it was observed that the committee, feeling that the prosecution of the war could not supersede the obligations of Christian duty, had anxiously availed themselves of whatever facilities presented themselves for circulating the Scriptures in the Russian Empire; and the operations of the past year had, in fact, far surpassed their expectations. While England and Russia had been engaged in a sanguinary struggle, the Society had been enabled to do something to spread the sacred volume; the last year had proved the most interesting one of all in the history of the Society's operations in the dominions of the Czar. The issues within the year at St Petersburg amounted to 13,276 copies, being an increase of 6458 over those of the preceding year. At Odessa 1884 copies had been issued during the same period. The attention of the committee had been directed to Spain, in the hope that the labours of the Society might be extended to that country. In Switzerland and Northern Italy, there had been an increased appreciation on the part of the people of the value of the Bible. In Switzerland the issues within the year were 15,374, making a total of 100,000; in Savoy, the circulation of the year was 1278; in Sardinia, upwards of 5000. The depot at Nice was confided to the care of Francesco Madiai. The issues from the depot at Malta were rapidly increasing. Those of the past year amounted to 20,129, being 7602 in increase of those of the previous year. At Athens, the distribution of the year was 4572, being an increase of 2453. Under the head of Turkey, the committee dwell on the openings consequent on events connected with the war. Throughout the entire year, they said the utmost activity had prevailed in the Bible depot at Stamboul, and every effort had been made to keep pace with the new requisitions which had poured in from all quarters. The agency of the Society at Constantinople had been most comprehensive, having ministered to the wants of our own countrymen, of the French, of the Sardinians, and of the various races that thronged the capital. Special solicitude had been directed to the Turks themselves; and whereas eighteen months ago it was almost impossible to induce Mohammedans in Turkey to accept the Scriptures, within the past year 1278 copies have been disseminated among them chiefly by sale. Tens of thousands of New Testaments had been distributed among the allied armies, and it was believed that few Sardinians would return to their own country destitute of the inspired oracles. With respect to Abyssinia, the Bishop of Jerusalem stated, that the king of that country was in the habit of reading the Scriptures daily. In India, the issues at Calcutta within the year were 46,000 copies; at Madras, 49,400; at Bombay, 13,416. In Ceylon, the circulation of the year was 1376 copies. In China, satisfactory progress had been made in the carrying out of the million New Testament scheme; 81,949 copies of the Scriptures had been circulated in China during the year. At the Mauritius, the issues of the year were 3674; in South Africa, 4295. The issues of the Society for the year were as follow:—From the depot at home, 952,145; from depots abroad, 522,249; total, 1,474,394 copies; being an increase of 23,518 copies over those of last year. The total issues of the Society now amounted to 30,963,901 copies. The ordinary payments had amounted to L.125, 99 s. 1d., and the payments on account of the Jubilee and Chinese New Testament Funds to L. 9714 0s. 9d., making the total expenditure of the year amount to L.134,813 0s. 10d.

Sermon.

SEEKING TO SEE JESUS—AND HOW TO SEE HIM.

By the REV. THOMAS BUCHANAN, Methven.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—JOHN xii. 21.

WE have reason to think that, in the first instance, this proved a fruitless gratification of curiosity. When we consider the peculiar solemnity and importance of the opportunity, we cannot but reflect with sadness on the carelessness of men to improve their best advantages. How well might these Greeks—these foreign proselytes to the Jewish faith—have profited by a Saviour's willingness, not only to shew himself in answer to their wish, but to open to them the treasures of salvation!

A different result shews the necessity of considering, with what feelings we frame any similar desire to be introduced to Christ, as living men only can be introduced to Him, through the medium of that mirror which represents Him to us—in His covenant, in His sufferings, and in His glory. In all these things, He sets himself forth as the object of faith; but though He is such, in every one's opportunity who sits under a Gospel dispensation, how little is He such in every one's real estimate and experience! It becomes, therefore, a necessary and salutary inquiry—How men, who would see Jesus, or who appear desirous of gratifying such a wish, come so often to be disappointed? And it will be found that, first, their disappointment may be accounted for on the principle that human wishes are apt to melt in a vain show, and to waste themselves in a frivolous and transient curiosity. The living Christ was followed with wondering eyes by great multitudes, and, in this, he was put on the same level with others who had gained themselves a name, of whatever description of celebrity. The Great Witness, who saw into the hearts of men, could not reward such a spirit, and

hence was His face so much oftener seen, than it was seen in mercy. So must it fare with those who approach the mirror of His perfections, in word or ordinances, with the same levity of thought or purpose. They come, they depart, *unrefreshed*—for the excited thought, the itching ear, hath verily each its sole reward in the impulse or emotion wherein it has sought all its pleasure. And it then fares with Christ as it does with meaner objects whom a temporary motive carries us to see.

We account,

Secondly, for disappointments among the professing, by the dangerous prevalence of sense and sight over spiritual impressions. We "seek the living among the dead." We gratify a superstitious expectation of finding ourselves among divine realities, when we are simply dealing with externals that reach not, and, from their nature, cannot reach the hidden man of the heart. How can the immortal spirit be fed with outward shows, or even outward substances? And yet, professing Christianity is apt to form unholy alliances with such things as shock us in pagan worship; and, as the idolater makes him an image because he would see God, so, alas! many of the worst corruptions of the faith have their excuse in the pretext—"We would see Jesus." The glory of the cross can scarcely serve without its fragments—Christ's one sacrifice of himself suffices not, but must be repeated in masses—the saints must be present, not alone in their example, but in their relics,—such is the hunger of human nature after things better suited to its gross perceptions than to a spiritual taste, requiring our constant prayer: "Turn thou, mine eyes away from behold-

ing vanity." For it was not peculiar to those of Athens, nor is it to those whose abuse of holy things we have just exemplified, to be "in all things too superstitious." It is the deep-seated, nearly universal infirmity of professing men. We please the eye and the ear, and, in spite of ourselves, are satisfied, or, at least, indulge self-complacency. And this is of the leaven of superstition; "the seeking of the living among the dead." And as we observe, lastly, under the head of warning—Hence, men's fatal responsibility, even from sinful carelessness, or superstitious abuse. For, it is not alone that Christ, thus sought, is not received; but, it will be visited on us, that opportunities were allowed after whatever fashion we have dealt with them. Christ will treat us as those who sought to see Him, and who have it not to say concerning Him, that *He would not be seen*. If He has not been seen to our profit, it is not because it was any wish of His to hide himself. And He will reckon with us by the self-same measure of responsibility which He uses in His reckoning with His best friends; with those who have received from Him most liberally of His refreshing bounties, and strengthening countenance and help; for why have not we, too, been enriched with His fulness; why have not we, too, seen His face in mercy? Why, but because of our lack of faith?

But, most certainly, Christ meant not, by all these warnings, to hide himself from men. For, under certain conditions, He has no greater desire than that they should seek and behold His face. His language is: "look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." The conversion of nations is foretold in these words: "And they shall look to Him whom they have pierced." And the disciple's model is thus set forth for his inspection and imitation: "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." It becomes, therefore, the most important part of our inquiry on this occasion: "*How we shall behold and live?*"

Christ accounts very simply for men's disappointment, when they failed of their object,—whether they came to Him with inquiries, or for relief, or for some ex-

pected pleasure in His presence, fellowship, and conversation. He charges their disappointment to their "lack of faith." Now, brethren, it may be affirmed confidently, that Christ was never approached with disappointment but from the same cause; because faith has some operations which make Christ desirable on far other grounds than apply to any visible object, which render it impossible for us to be disappointed in Him, to be forgetful of Him, or even to be *satisfied* with Him, as we may be, or are, with any vain show. For, to be even *satisfied* with Him in a way, and to yield Him the fervours of enthusiasm, or the ecstasies of the most rapt emotion, even this may be of the sacrifices of vanity; because such feelings arise and pass away, and are forgotten; as it happens, when the same enthusiast has been feeding on the luxuries of a dream, or the same rapt spirit has been regaling itself with the harmonies of a concert. The sacrifices of righteousness must be carefully discriminated. And, as we have stated, in certain operations of faith must those sentiments and feelings be grounded with which we would see Jesus. To a short outline of these let us now, therefore, direct your attention.

"Would we see Jesus?" Then, first,—distress or humiliation must attend our introduction. The uplifted eye and lofty look may suffice us to look elsewhere, but not to look to Him. Here we have faith in that earliest, or elementary operation, without which never sinner has been enabled to see God. Take the case of any one of Christ's visitors whom your thoughts may at this moment put it in your power to remember. Let him be the publican or the pharisee, let him be the Jew or the Samaritan, let him be the novice or the scribe, let him be the lord or the servant, you will find one ground of distinction in their reception, if you can perceive none other; and that is, a feeling of their sin, or the want of it. The man that returned justified was ever the man that felt most compassionately for himself. He came, indeed, to see Jesus; but it was with no feeling that the sight of any sinful man could

satisfy. He came not to feast his eyes, but he came to disburden his soul; or, if he came with other burdens,—if he came to have an infirmity rebuked, or a plague removed, he came with a wish that he might be debtor to the power of God,—he came with an assurance that his case was no longer within the compass of mere human treatment, and he brought it to the feet of one who,—let others come to see Him with what views they might,—was become more than all the world to him; for apart from Him he had no hope, and could expect no deliverance,—to His feet we say, he brought his helplessness, and his sorrow, and his sin, and was, without one exception, cured of whatever “infirmity he had.”

Does not the example speak unequivocally? What results have we of the gaze with which astonished multitudes attended Christ,—what results have we of the wonders which, as mere spectators, they saw Him work,—what results have we even of the delight with which they feasted with Him, when His power multiplied their provision, and turned the water of the well to wine? They are few or none where these circumstances only are related. But the results are uniform where we find distress introduced by humiliation into Christ's gracious presence. There we find no soul sent away empty, no visitor returning disappointed,—no sneering reports shot forth in the glances of the carnal eye, justifying the complaint of the prophet: “Who hath believed our report?” Would we then see Jesus? Let us take example by those who saw Him in circumstances in which saving power cannot but come strongly recommended. Would we see Him and live, let us see Him as men who feel that we *cannot live without Him*,—that our “iniquity is greater than we can bear,” that we are “altogether born in sins,” and that we are, moreover, without the Good Physician, incurably sinful; and thus we shall be most favourably introduced to His compassion. Nor shall we fail, if we follow up the first step with consistency, to meet with such a reception from Him as will make it impossible to repeat the contrast that we

hinted before between seeing Jesus, so framed, and seeing objects, or even seeing himself, with carnal observation, as will make it impossible, we say, to be disappointed in Him, to be forgetful of Him, or even to be satisfied with Him, as we would with any “vain show.” But, “if we would see Jesus” we must:

Secondly, under this division of our subject, see Him with feelings which not only tend to make Him desirable, but to represent Him as sufficient. The first operation of faith which we have exemplified by these cases of humiliation requires a second. It is indeed, brethren, the great difficulty in the trial of a divine work, to *judge its parts*. It is in their separate character that it is so exceedingly difficult to distinguish them from counterfeit things. A tumult of convictions, or a flash of zeal may have every mark that a single or independent appearance can have of a thing of God, and yet be how fruitless,—in a very brief space how dead, how buried! The Scriptures, therefore, put us very wisely on our guard against things that are alone,—be what may the name or the claim of excellence. “Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being *alone*.” The truth is, that nothing good is alone. The new nature is a very fertile soil; and the Holy Spirit, whose husbandry it is, has many operations. Conviction, then, is not alone in them that “would see Jesus;” but it must be attended with a feeling of His sufficiency; and, indeed, if it be not, it is inconsistent with itself, because the repentance and humiliation that is without its sufficient object, would seem to claim to be sufficient for itself. And it is thus that we detect, in reality, the legal element in so many of the utterances of the professing penitent; as if the flowing tear had merit in it, or the shriek of a sinful soul could rend the heavens like the agonies of a dying Saviour. Brethren, be not deceived. That dying Saviour must make your sorrows *His* plea; and He must adopt them as His own before they will reach the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth. But if ye sorrow because ye have sinned, and if ye sorrow for sin because ye believe

in Christ, then what prevents but that ye may "see Jesus?"

The Greeks who "would see Him" at this time might indeed have seen a Saviour to good purpose. Who were they? Foreigners, who lived or travelled where idols were worshipped;—Jews, however, who so far had seen the vanity of idols, and preferred to worship where God was known, and His law declared, and His ordinances established. They might have seen Jesus to good purpose, they, if any men, might. They had once wandered, it may be, seeking peace and finding none. Where idols alone were gods, they once sought it, and necessarily found it not. Then they came a step nearer to the fountain of life,—they came to the Jewish ritual; alas, why did they tarry there? Another step, but a single step, would have brought them to Christ and His great, His unspeakably great salvation. Mark, brethren, their loss,—but still more remark its cause! Remark it for your own edification; for it is a lesson that men never have but to learn, or to have renewed! These men were now come to the very presence of the Saviour of the world, and yet they were not profited. Why was this? What had driven them to the court of the Gentiles? What but the insufficiency of the law of nature or of heathen worship, or of idol sacrifices to give them peace? Oh, that the law of ordinances had prepared them for that other step in the right direction which kept a remnant of hungering and thirsting souls in anxious expectation of the Hope of Israel! For there He was ready to impart unto them the comfort and the justification which were not found, nor to be found, in the law of Moses. Did they find no deficiency of consolation there? Were they altogether released from those fears which had carried them, and with reason, away from the idol temple to privileged Jerusalem? Had they not yet felt that the restless conscience would like to have somewhat more and better than annual sacrifices and stated repetitions of atonement? If they had hearkened with attention to the wisdom of His lips whom they were so anxious to see, they

would have heard things worthy of everlasting remembrance,—they would have found themselves enriched with boundless treasure. They would have received deliverance, and found cause to bless the Lord God of their salvation for ever. But they were acting from inferior motives. Their souls were not, alone or supremely, alive to the interests of the soul. The oracles of salvation fell on the rock, or were scattered on the wayside, or shed their seed among thorns. One day they would see Jesus,—the court of the Gentiles had all its wonted charms and attractions the next. The lessons of wisdom were forgotten, or rather they never reached their destination in the heart. The yearly sacrifice was witnessed with all the interest that it could have commanded if there had been no tidings of the Son of God. It was too much the exchange, we fear, of one sight for another. At all events, a preparation of solemn spiritual feeling would probably have arrested these witnesses in the hands of Christ. They would have found that which was not in the law, any more than it was in nature,—a discharge in which there would be no remaining conscience of sins. We see what these inquirers after Jesus failed to find. We cannot but think how joyfully Christ would have supplied their necessity,—we cannot but think with what sincere pleasure He would have introduced those whose solemn feelings and conflicts with sin taught them to find every remedy insufficient to the sufficiency that was in Him.

Let, therefore, all "who would see Jesus" look with a purpose to see how all that is deficient elsewhere is supplied in Him. Do we indeed love our souls? Then we cannot have been inattentive to the things that have promised their deliverance. Where have we found that prospect fulfilled? Perhaps, like these Greeks, we would not "dwell in tents of sin," and may have been taught of our reason that no peace is to be found in unrighteousness. But, if we tarry still amid the elements of the law, can the law save us? The law indeed can direct us, and direct us well; but,

alas! it' at the same time rigorously numbers *the steps that we take amiss*, and, in the end, what doth it, or what can it do, but charge us rigorously with their deficiencies? Therefore, the Apostle says well, "By the law is the knowledge of sin;" that is the improved knowledge of its enormity, and the too assured knowledge of its judgment and condemnation. "Would we see Jesus?" Let us see how applicable all that He did and suffered is to the removal of our despair. Why should we return for comfort to our own hearts after all our experience of them?" The Greeks who would see Jesus, even they had tired of repairing for comfort there, knowing that their own hearts had nothing but a long tale to tell of fruitless endeavours, of unfathomable deceits, and of disappointing consolations. Why should we ever demand relief of the law of righteousness? To demand relief there, is the highest excess of human presumption. For what law of righteousness have we not broken, what commandment of God have we not despised? If, sincerely, we look away from the refuge of lies, from every false and deceitful object of trust, and would "see Jesus" with a wish to appreciate His character, and be debtors to His salvation, how can we be disappointed? "For surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted. But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was laid upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned, every one, to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on *Him* the iniquity of us all."

Would we "*see Jesus*," we observe that in Him lastly we must "*see*," and seek "*to see*," the reverse of any object of our desire in time,—even our portion for ever.

Of the operations of faith none is so necessary, none so characteristic, as its preference of what belongs to eternity to all that belongs to time. Would "we see Jesus," why should we resort to Him, for any of the purposes to which the

character of vanity and change belongs? He came that He might save us from the world. Why should we wish to see Him from any worldly motive? A profession to please the world will perish with the world. Let us, therefore, not profess after a manner in which, when our profession disappears, there will be no profit in it. Let us not profess after a manner concerning which Christ will not fail to say, "I never knew you!" A profession of which the sole object and intention is to reconcile us to ourselves and not to God; is also one which is the reverse of a right profession of the Saviour. Alas, we may live on what terms with ourselves we please, but they are nothing to God unless they be the terms on which He has agreed with His Son to be the friend of sinners. Would we see Jesus, let our eye be single! It belongs to Him to comfort us effectually, in every worldly event, for He says, and what He says applies to even the greatest calamity—"Fear not, I have overcome the world." Let us then repair to Jesus not as we would repair to the things that are "seen and temporal," not as we would repair to objects concerning which we feel that however they are relished their savour will be forgotten, or however they are admired, their beauty will fade as the moth, or however they are even despised, their terror will cease with life,—let us repair to Him as He is the "strength of our hearts" as "He is our portion for ever."

Now, "faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." In its operation of transporting us beyond the visible scene, it manifests its peculiar power. It carries us from this fallen world to the world of the resurrection; from this scene of sinful humiliation to the excellent glory of the high and holy place wherein dwelleth righteousness, from the ruinous abode of man to the temple of the living God; from this vale of tears, to the green pastures and living waters of the heavenly border, and Christ makes us welcome to Him, that we may have these fruits and these comforts of faith,—that we may see our assured ground of trust in them,—that we

may behold how their price was paid,—that we may satisfy our hearts, that even for them, high as they are, to be of the prospects of human beings, that price was not paid in vain, for to what can the precious blood of the Lamb of God be inadequate in value? And, brethren, why should any soul prefer the feast of vanity, or why should any eye choose rather to satisfy itself with seeing, when Christ would yield us, with all His heart's desire, this purchase of the travail of His soul, and give us independence of the world, teach us to crucify its appetites, teach us to support its cares, teach us to bear its trials, teach us to hail its departing, teach us to welcome, yea, and to bless, its passing away. To seek to see Jesus with such views is to render justice to His mission,—is to render homage to his sufferings,—is to yield Him fruit, of the travail of His soul. But, oh, how disappointing must it be to Him, as it will prove to the miserable and deceived dupe of the enemy himself, to behold the sinner withdrawing the step with which he seemed to advance to His presence, with his weary burden unslackened, with the same ties to wretchedness which he had before, with his back turned to heaven, with his face directed earthwards, bound in the same league with death, involved in the same covenant with hell. It might be thought that an opportunity with Jesus, would suggest no fainter wish, than a miserable offender would frame, who should find himself at an earthly throne of mercy, or an unsheltered outcast who should have advanced to the threshold of a friendly door, or one long tempest-bound, whom the signal, or the beacon, should at last have brought within the reach of a possible deliverance—that offender's tears, that outcast's petitions, that voyager's efforts, would attest that, in his opportunity, God was not mocked. Why should he be mocked when he gives an opportunity with Christ? Why should the cross be despised, because its mercy is such as no earthly throne could dispute, because its benevolence is such as no earthly friendship could supply—because its deliverance is such as never sea-mark promised,

where gulfs were deepest, and where deaths were most forboded? Must sinners never but be shamed with such rebukes, must sight have such triumphs continually, and faith make but a convert to its blessings here and there? There is indeed no justice done to Christ, when we tarry amid such comparisons; but, to expose human vanity and folly, perhaps if we had selected still inferior similitudes we might have exposed it better. For “we would see” things, and we covet them with our whole hearts also, which, to mention along with spiritual deliverances, were indeed to degrade the last, and to represent man as worse than brutish. Of almost what object that has in its nature to attract any eye has not Christ cause to complain, that it is much, and that He is nothing; and His plea on His own behalf, with all them that pass by, slighted and unheard?

When, brethren, we come to apply these views of our subject, how can we fail to be struck with the necessity, first, of taking warning from the case before us?

If Christ be hidden, it is not because He wishes not to be seen. To be our “desire,” even to the extent of being the desire of “all nations,” was the object of His mission, was the end of His sufferings, and is the result dearest to His heart. From whom, then, is He hidden? From those only whose own vain thoughts, whose own unworthy views, whose own blinding, worldly ends, or whose own ignorant impressions of His character and of His salvation, necessarily interpose between them and a Saviour's knowledge. With characteristic frankness He would be seen of those Greeks who sought Him. Why was He met with disappointment? Was it that He was wanting to them, or they to themselves? Was it not solely because they would see Jesus as they would see any celebrated stranger? For if their hearts had been so much as alive to the desire of salvation, or intent on any thoughts but those of vanity, the words He spake, the signs that happened, would have arrested them, and they would have found themselves introduced to Him who was the Christ. Yes, this would have been the fruit and reward of any serious

purposes, if they had carried such along with them. Something, however, they found out of the line, no doubt, of their expectation or their wish.

He gave them more than a sight of His person, He sent them away with a charge and with a responsibility of which they could not divest themselves to their dying day, nor, indeed, divest themselves till their last account should be rendered. They heard His words, they received His message, they witnessed a sign of His glory, His hand was laid upon them in token of arrest, and, from that hour, He had a right to claim them as disciples, or to deal with them as fugitives from His discipline. Alas! how many, like them, come in an idle mood, to be the eye and ear-witnesses of Christ, to look at His solemnities and to hear His message, who return laden with obligations of which they never think, and never will, perhaps, call to remembrance till they are reminded of them by himself in judgment? Can you see Jesus in any representation, or receive His message in any form, and not be bound for ever? Oh! something less than the fruitless result of the vainest visit that a sinner ever paid to a sanctuary of the Lord or memorial of the Lamb, might serve to condemn a soul for its perishing in sin and condemnation. A character like Christ's character, a visit like His visitation, a ministry like His ever-memorable calling, works like His works, an altar like His Cross, and an oblation like His suffering atonement—but to have received the tidings of these things, with their *credentials*, would be enough to rebuke and to seal down for ever, under just condemnation, the helpless and the conscience-stricken miserable transgressor, who should listen and yet give no farther heed, be laden with the responsible burden of "knowledge so high" and yet take no farther charge. We may rove with a careless eye over surfaces under which deep meanings are hidden, we may walk among the candlesticks less to see by their light than to feast our earthly vision with their splendour, but will our opportunity in these things be forgot-

ten, or will it be sustained as our excuse that we have not profited, that we have spent our time among them idly, or have walked in the midst of them after a vain show.

Let us then, secondly, improve the subject by way of reminding ourselves how we may see Christ so as not to be disappointed in Him, not to be forgetful of Him, and not to see Him after a vain shew.

Let our sins bring us to the Cross, and we shall think fewer vain thoughts as we appear before our Redeemer. When their burden is indeed felt, our situation is too serious to tempt a careless or irreverent approach to the only Saviour. In mocking Him we mock our own calamity; and it is mocking both to perish in our sins when we might be welcome to live. Why should our hearts be heavy, and a moment's time be lost to repair to Christ under that motive? He says, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Here is a persuasive to "see Jesus" quite another from the gratification of a passing wish, or a vain thought, and one that, on His part, will prepare Him to receive us. We shall then see Him at the time when we shall be most in a state to draw His attention and compassion, and where His gracious presence will be surest to fix our interest and to engage our love, and prove, it is more than probable, for it has proved in innumerable cases, a day of mutual visitation, a time in which relief has been in a peculiar degree given and received, and that face has been beheld which is never to be averted until it shine in all its glory and fulgence, where its "sun shall no more go down." Cherish, then, this frame, as one in which ye would see Jesus, and you may expect to see Him, to repeat our former words, so as not to be disappointed in Him, so as not to forget Him, and so as not to see Him after a vain show!

Let, next, the Cross be contemplated in its application to our state. Let the glorious power of the Most High, as there revealed, be beheld with a determination to do it justice. Why should we seek

the Cross? Because it is a refuge with which none other may compare, which puts all our righteousness before God to shame, which casts human pride to the dust, which exhibits justice fully vindicated, and broken laws sufficiently compensated, and Jehovah inviting the sinner's touch with the same sceptre with which He executed judgment. Here we "see Jesus" indeed! for we see Him as the "author and finisher of our faith." Who can see Him as He is that repairs to Him in any other character, or without desiring the blessed experience of one whom the Cross has delivered from a burden that has no other support, from a pursuit that has no other refuge, from terror and from judgment over which no other power can shed a single gleam of peace? Who would not "see Jesus," that is so mighty to save, or who would wish to see Him from vanity that may see Him so effectually unto salvation? And, brethren, what *worldly motive* should bring us to gaze around His sanctuary, or to cast an

idle eye on the shadows that vain thoughts pursue even in His holiest ordinances; what worldly motive should bring us to act thus when heaven might supply a better to improve our time more wisely. For it is that He may give us heaven that Christ asks us to His presence, to His Cross, to His throne. The bye-ends of the worldling should never enter with us here. What should we have to do with *his* dregs of vanity when Christ is seeking with all His heart's desire to bring us into glory, and to make us His Father's friends? Let His face be sought with this view, and He will cast the world at our feet, He will make its events of little moment, its trials of little account, its end, so terrible to others, a joy to us, and we shall see His face again where it will be a sun to chase away all our darkness, and to smile away all our sorrows, and to light up—what can we say more—the whole heaven of our joyful expectation.

BIOGRAPHY—DR. JOHN KITTO.*

THE memoirs of this most eminent and interesting man are now before us; and his admirers have the means of satisfying the curiosity which they must all have felt, to know the circumstances of his wonderful history, and to follow the steps by which he struggled with poverty, infirmity, and the many difficulties of life at home and of travel abroad, till he obtained the victory, and found rest from his labours and wanderings in "that bright city to which," as he was enabled to say in the midst of them, "I trust, notwithstanding my weakness, my sin, my evil, I belong, and to which I hasten, forgetting many things which are behind, and pressing forward to them that are before." The work is from the hand of Mr. Ryland, author of *Foster's Life and Correspondence*, and it is accompanied with

* *Memoirs of John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A.* Compiled chiefly from his Letters and Journals by J. E. Ryland, A.M. With a critical Estimate of Dr. Kitto's Life and Writings, by Professor Eadie, LL.D., D.D., Glasgow.

a valuable critical estimate of Dr. Kitto's mind and works by Dr. Eadie of Glasgow; neither of which we are sure the public will deem too long, although there is a fulness of quotation from the letters and papers of the deceased at certain portions of his life which is almost unnecessary, and is certainly disproportionate. On the whole, however, the work is executed with great talent and taste, and will at once take its place among our most popular biographies, as well as materially contribute to the editor's fame.

The circumstances from which Kitto emerged were quite abject. He derived his being from a dissipated father, and a broken-hearted mother, and he was himself a sickly puny infant, scarcely expected to live. All his more tender recollections in after life were connected with his grandmother, by whom he was brought up, and whose constant associate he was, by reason of the delicacy of con-

stitution which prevented him from being trusted out of her sight. He joined in her needle-work within doors, and in her walks without, and thus were fostered at once his sedentary habits, and his love of nature and of travel, as well as that tender and passionate mutual attachment which death was powerless to weaken.

To her also he very much owed his devotion to literature. She told him stories till he could read to her, which he invariably did in a pulpit constructed out of a chair, and in the tone and manner of the parish vicar. He had soon read all the literature which the street contained, and the first use he knew for a penny was to buy a book. His earliest compositions were petitions to parties for the loan of books, and he was still quite young when he would write a story and illustrate it with coloured embellishments to sell for a penny, which he might spend on the gratification of his ruling passion.

The only school education he ever received was between the ages of seven and eleven, and it was only fragments of this time that he actually was at any school. At the latter age he returned to his father's house, to commence life as a mason's drudge, but even at this period he had his little garret study, where he would refresh his insatiable thirst for knowledge late into the night. He was little more than twelve, when one day carrying a load of slates to the roof of a building, he fell the whole distance to the ground, a length of thirty-five feet, and in the fall met with such severe internal injuries that when he recovered sensibility, at the end of a fortnight, the sense of hearing was totally and irrecoverably lost. With it, also, he lost to a great extent the power of speech, for not being able to hear different sounds, he could only in his future life utter them according to his remembrance of what these sounds were, or to his acquired habits of pronunciation. From his natural modesty besides, he felt a great disinclination to exert a faculty in which he knew he must be so imperfect as to be almost unintelligible, and it was only in after life that the earnest remonstrances

of his friends induced him to practise reading aloud and conversation.

But this calamity had no power to weaken, but rather to increase his natural thirst for knowledge and desire of elevation and usefulness; and he was thus induced to overcome every difficulty, and improve every little advantage which the accident afforded him. He had now more ample time for his favourite avocations, and shut up within himself could more easily command attention, and commune with his own spirit, and with the world of contemplation. And as by a merciful Providence the deadening of one sense often renders another more acute, he appears now to have cultivated the more carefully those habits of observation which proved of such service to him in after life.

Various were the plans to which the ingenious boy resorted, after as well as before his accident, for finding the means of reading. Among these, wading in a fetid black swamp to pick up fragments of rope and iron which he might sell for a trifle, gave place to an expedient more congenial, the selling of little drawings of his own execution, and fanciful tickets for shop windows. But the circumstances and habits of his parents rendered it necessary that he should be provided for by public charity. Accordingly, when he had nearly completed his fifteenth year, he entered the work-house of his native town (Plymouth), and while there, and for years after leaving it, the occupations and means of subsistence provided for him were as varied as had been his own boyish resources. During the four years of his work-house life, and the ten indeterminate years which followed, he was successively engaged as an apprentice to a shoemaker, as an assistant to a barber, as a student and librarian, as an author, as a dentist, as a printer in a missionary institution in London, as the same in Malta, and as a travelling tutor; to say nothing of a still greater variety of plans for his life, suggested by himself or others, and some of which were even entered upon for a short time. From a brutal shoemaker, to whom he was apprenticed, he met with the most

barbarous cruelty; from the missionary society by whom he was employed, he was twice dismissed, because he would not chain his aspirations to a printing press, and discontinue his private studies, and we cannot but charge many of his friends and patrons in Plymouth with the most grievous indiscretion in not more carefully leading him to choose the proper object of his life, and enabling him from the first to pursue it in a steady and systematic form. It was impossible, amid such distracting influences and advices, and with his previous imperfect education, but that his studies should have been most desultory, and that the proper field for his talents should have been repeatedly all but missed, and at last stumbled upon more by accident than by design. Yet he was not without early leanings to the very mode and purposes of life to which he afterwards devoted himself with so much success. He had wonderful dreams foreshadowing his future; but more wonderful are some of the projects for his future entered in his diary at the very commencement of his life in the workhouse, as marking out the exact course of his future struggles and victory.

While in the workhouse, he lost his beloved grandmother, and the reflection in the diary of his feelings on the sad occasion, is an imperishable record of the warmth of his heart and the dutifulness of his gratitude. Early in life, too, he met with a different, and still more afflictive loss. A young person in London, to whom he had promised marriage, and who had well nigh accompanied him to Malta in this relation, proved faithless to him during his absence there, and became the wife of another. Never was he brought so low as now. We question whether the brutality of the shoemaker,—from whose indenture he at one time meditated to escape by suicide, till the idea had become quite familiar to his mind,—drove him so near the verge of despair as this dreadful trial, so well calculated to uproot all confidence in man, and to lead him to think that God had altogether forgotten him. But He had not; and He was near in that dark hour

to give him much needed support. This will appear from the following extracts from a

LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

“Oh, my mother, you cannot imagine what this has made me suffer! I had expected that she would soon come to me, and hoped that we should be very comfortable and happy together in this place, when all my hopes and happiness in this life were at once destroyed by this intelligence. I hardly know how to believe it. But the kindness of man can do little for such a wound as this. I am very unwell, my dear mother, and my spirit is quite broken up. It is a very severe trial to me, and I should quite sink under it, if the Lord were not graciously with me, to support and strengthen me under the heavy burden I have to bear. I hope it will be sanctified to me, as my other trials have been. I wish you were with me now, that I might talk with you; for I am desolate, indeed, and my cup of sorrow is very full. The Lord is with me, however, and puts a little peace into my heart, else I could not live. Indeed, I do not care to live at all. I have had nothing to make me love life. My life has been quite full of disappointment and sorrow, and I shall be very, very glad when my labours are ended, and I am permitted to go to my home in heaven—to that quiet rest from all these troubles which the Lord has prepared there for His people.”

His best friend, and the one to whom he seems really to have owed most, was Mr. Groves, who was originally a dentist in Exeter, where Kitto served with him, and where “his influence appears to have operated very beneficially in promoting the growth of his spiritual life.” Kitto seems to have been much attached to him, and, in a letter to another excellent and still earlier friend, Mr. Burnard of the Plymouth workhouse, thus describes him:

CHARACTER OF MR. GROVES.

“He is not a Methodist,—a Calvinist,—a Lutheran,—or a Papist. What, then, is he? a Deist, a Unitarian, an Antinomian? No! He is one of those rather

singular characters,—a Bible Christian, and a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus—not nominally, but practically and really such. A man so devotedly, so fervently attached to the Scriptures, I never knew before, and this is the best criterion I can furnish you of judging of his character and disposition.”

In the words of the Editor:—

“Mr. Groves had adopted views on Christian devotedness, which he not only advocated from the press, but attested the sincerity of his belief in them by ultimately giving up a lucrative profession, and devoting himself to the propagation of the Gospel. As a preparatory measure he entered himself at Trinity College, Dublin, and kept his terms in order to take a degree prior to ordination, but still continuing to practise at Exeter, as residence was not exacted, but only attendance at the examinations. This step was taken, we believe, soon after Kitto left Exeter. Kitto’s mind was evidently in a susceptible state for being impressed by ardent piety, especially when exhibited in the person of a friend and benefactor. He entered with enthusiasm into Mr. Grove’s plans, and devoted much of his spare time to the distribution of tracts, and religious conversation with the poor.”

By the time that Mr. Groves had qualified himself to go forth on the mission to which he had devoted his life, Kitto had returned from Malta, and was again without employment. At this juncture, the lady died to whom he had been engaged, not without expressions of penitential and kindly feeling toward him she had forsaken. He saw her corpse; and receiving at that very time an offer from Mr. Groves to accompany him, for a very small remuneration, as tutor to his boys, he accepted, and formed one of a pretty large party which travelled to Bagdad by an arduous overland journey through Russia and the other intervening countries. He gives the following brief account of

HIS OVERLAND JOURNEY.

“I cannot, in a letter, tell you all that has happened to us in a journey of between four and five months. . . . We

have had much hardship, and have been exposed to many dangers. But, in all our wandering through sandy deserts, over high mountains, along dangerous precipices, amongst Tartars and Kaban-dian robbers, the Lord has been with us, and preserved us hitherto. Sometimes we have travelled all night and all day, for a fortnight together, and sometimes have not slept in a bed, or taken off our clothes, for three weeks. I have slept sometimes when the coach went on by night, sometimes on benches on the ground, on sand, on hay in carts, in stables, on the tops of slabs, in waggons, and in tents, generally wrapt up in my cloak, and with my boots on. We have been burnt by the sun in the day-time, and nearly frozen at night. Yet we are all safe and sound, and in good spirits for the rest of the journey. I have enjoyed tolerable health, and have suffered little but from headache, and have met with no other personal accident than that of being thrown four times from my horse.”

But their dangers and sufferings were still greater during the four years of their residence at Bagdad. Twice the town was visited with plague, which carried off on the first occasion 50,000 persons, or two-thirds of the whole population of the city. Mrs. Groves fell a victim, and in all five out of the thirteen inmates of their establishment. They had besides to endure the horrors of earthquake, inundation, siege, revolution, and robbery. This was the way by which his Father led him. Here was the school in which his character was purged. These were the means which, as he himself confessed, “the Great Giver used to force upon my heart, truths, lessons, gifts, which, but for its hardness, might have been sent gently down upon it, like rain on the mown grass. The man does not live, who thinks, or can think, so low of me, as I do think myself low in all high things.”

Among many other kind friends whom he made in Persia, were Sir John and Lady M’Neill, now of Edinburgh. The former in an interesting paper has shown how, even then, the future author’s

thoughts were directed to the customs of the East, as illustrative of Scripture.

When he had finished his duties as tutor, he was allowed to return home. "As to missionary work," he afterwards wrote, "I was willing to do all I could, but I did not see what, nor do I now." He therefore made the best of his way home,—though *how* we can hardly tell, as it was the tendency of his deafness, as he said, "to make him a fixture in a chimney corner," instead of a traveller; and almost at once, on his return, fell into the literary work in which he persevered, with so much success, till his death. London, or its neighbourhood, was from this time his residence, and so highly were his services appreciated by Mr. Knight, the enterprising publisher of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that he was soon enabled, on that gentleman's promise of a competent livelihood, to marry a lady who proved a most valuable literary coadjutor, and most tender and Christian wife, for the remainder of his days. She had been engaged to marry a Mr. Shepherd, a missionary who returned in bad health in the ship which brought Kitto from Constantinople, on his way from the East, and whose body was committed to the grave in a quiet island off the coast of England as they lay in quarantine. Great was the domestic happiness which they enjoyed, and although he was often sorely straitened to find bread for his ten children, and was indeed cast into such pecuniary embarrassments that he required the aid of the Christian public to raise him, he maintained to the last a spirit not only of faith, but of cheerfulness, devoting every talent to God, and confident in His providing.

It is impossible to say how much the cheap literature of the day owes to Kitto's pen. He was a constant contributor to the *Penny Magazine*, one of the earliest and most successful publications of its kind, and his papers were among its chief attractions. In its pages the curious inquirer will find the best and fullest continuous account of his travels. In juvenile literature, also, he may be said to have been one of the earliest pro-

moters of a most happy revolution, and we believe that the republication of his juvenile works, few as they are, would give an impulse to the healthiest style of this branch of literature.

But the first work in which he brought out the peculiar wealth and originality of his mind was the Pictorial Bible; both the idea and execution of which were entirely his own, and which was not only the first, but incomparably the best of this kind of commentary. "And now he felt," to borrow the words of Dr. Kadie, "that he had been slowly training for his high vocation, and that what had disabled him for the physical toils under which his soft sinews had first bent, had but sent him to higher and more exhausting labours. Then he learned that no phase of his life had been without its advantage—that his love of lore now enabled him to pay his tribute of veneration to the Book of books, and that his journey to the Tigris yielded fruits to be afterwards reaped on the Thames, and thus he was 'strong in faith, giving glory to God.'"

We refrain from following his life further, or noticing all the fruits of the labours of years with which he has enriched the library of the Biblical student. Of these the Biblical Cyclopædia is the most learned, and the Daily Bible Illustrations, the last, the most characteristic, and may perhaps prove not the least enduring of his publications. He was engaged in it to the end of his life, and the last volume was slowly produced by him under the burden of his last illness, and pangs of acute pain. Beyond all doubt, the accident which destroyed the sense of hearing had wrought other injuries in the region of the head, and after gradually sinking under the pressure of these, and in vain resorting to a German watering-place for change of air, and the benefit of its springs, he died there (at Cannstadt in Würtemberg) on the 25th of November 1854, when he had almost completed his 80th year. It was truly a house of death, that from which he departed to the house of many mansions. The last two months of his life had seen his eldest and his youngest

child carried from the same room, from which he was so soon borne to lie beside them in the same churchyard. Thus was he brought through great tribulation to the inheritance of the promises, a living testimony to the truth of that verse, which he had taken as the motto of his early life: "I am the Lord: they shall not be ashamed that wait for me;" and now he enjoys the benediction of the dead who die in the Lord; "who rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Dr. Kitto had been a member of the Church of England, and greatly loved her communion; but so catholic was he in spirit, that few of his admirers were aware, and none certainly learned from his works, to what branch of the Church he belonged. He died full of honours, which are now cheerfully paid to his memory by men of all names and professions. He had received the degree of D.D., though a layman, from the University of Giessen, in Germany; and his labours were at length acknowledged by a pension from the government of his country.

In concluding this rapid sketch, we beg to express a hope that it may incline many to resort to the memoir itself for fuller information on the character and career of this truly wonderful man; and that the record of his life now given to the world may impel many a youthful aspirant to follow in his footsteps. For they are in an eminent degree, to use the words of a hymn which was a favourite with himself,

Footsteps that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's troubled main,

Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

G. C.

A VOICE FROM HEAVEN.

"I shine in the light of God,
His likeness stamps my brow,
Thro' the shadows of death my feet have trod,
But I reign in glory now.

No fainting heart is here,
No keen and throbbing pain,
No wasted cheek, where the frequent tear
Has rolled and left the stain.

I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath set free,
And the glorious hills of heaven resound
With my new-born melody!

No sin—no grief—no pain,
Safe in my heavenly home,
My fears all fled—my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come!

Oh! friends of mortal years,
The trusted and the true,
Ye are walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh! no,
For memory's golden chain
Still binds my heart to yours below,
Till we meet and touch again.

Each link is strong and bright,
And love's electric flame
Flows freely down like a river of light
To the home from whence I came.

Do ye mourn when another star
Shines out from the glittering sky?
Do ye weep when the raging voice of war
And the storm of conflict die?

Then why should your tears run down?
And your hearts be sorely riven?
For another gem in our Saviour's crown,
And another star in heaven?

A.ox.

EUTAXIA; OR, THE PRESBYTERIAN LITURGIES.*

SUCH is the title of a work recently published in America, and a copy of which we have just read with the greatest interest. It is the work of a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church of the United

States,—a church founded in the new world by ministers who went forth ordained from the Church of Scotland, and which has never forgotten its origin, but which boasts of its descent, and in its synods and assemblies refers constantly to our practice,—a church which in extent now far exceeds ours, which is one

* Eutaxia; or, The Presbyterian Liturgies: Historical Sketches by a Minister of the Presbyterian Church, New-York.

of the great spiritual forces in the western hemisphere, and whose missionaries are among the most successful labourers in the mission fields of the East.

Not the least pleasing feature in the book before us, is that it reminds us of our extensive affiliations, that it brings to light the broad platform of Presbyterianism, the Church of Geneva, the Church of France, the Church of Hungary, the Church of the Alpine valleys, the reformed communions of Germany, the Church of Holland, the Church of Scotland, and their branches in the new world and the mission field—a Christian society which one may well be proud to be connected with, the noblest Christian society upon earth, the richest in stirring associations, the most catholic, the most scriptural. We have thought too little of our extensive affiliations. There has been far too little intercourse among the Presbyterian Churches of the Reformation, which by the way included all that was most valuable at the Reformation. The early Scots Reformers had close intercourse with the sister churches of Holland, France, and Geneva; and may we not hope, now that the facilities of travelling are so great, and communication rendered so easy, that the old bonds will be re-united, the intercourse renewed, and the church of America welcomed to the alliance. When the church of England, two years ago, sent over an honourable deputation to the convention of the Episcopal Church in America, we could not help regretting that the Church of Scotland had not the public spirit and Christian enlargement of views to go and do likewise.

But let us turn to the book. It is a work upon the Presbyterian Liturgies by one who loves the subject, and who has devoted to it the spare moments of years. That our readers may form some idea of the field over which he travels on a subject which we daresay is almost entirely unknown to many of them, we give the table of contents.

CONTENTS.

1. Calvin and the Church of Geneva.
2. Calvin's last Communion.
3. Calvin's Daily Offices.
4. The Genevan Liturgy in France.
5. John Knox and the Church of Scotland.
6. The First Sacrament in Scotland.
7. Traces of the Scottish Liturgy.
8. Worship of the Early Puritans.
9. Baxter's Reformed Liturgy.
10. The Calvinistic Forms in the Book of Common Prayer
11. Liturgy of the Reformed Dutch Church.
12. Liturgy of the Palatinate.
13. The Directory of Worship revised.
14. Conclusion.

Under these headings we have the chief liturgies of the reformed communions, interesting historical sketches, much curious information and some suggestions for the future. The book is not at all controversial; it is simply exhibitiv; still it is quite obvious that the author is dissatisfied with the present naked un-equipped state of Presbyterianism, and desires a return to what it was in the time of the glory of the first house, when it had discretionary liturgies for public worship, and prescribed forms for the celebration of marriage and the sacraments.

It has been too long overlooked, and is not now very widely known, that the genius of Presbyterianism, as we gather it from the views of the Reformers, and the early usages of all the Reformed Churches, is in favour of the partial use of liturgies, and that the naked state of our church and her descendants is not aboriginal, but arose from her intercourse with the English Puritans. This book brings out most plainly the fact that our present state is quite contrary to that which was looked upon as desirable at the age of the Reformation, and which was defended by Calvin, and all whom we delight to honour. It brings out, also, most clearly, that Presbyterianism has no need of new forms, but is already supplied with rich and venerable liturgies, consecrated by time, and many hallowed memories. Calvin's own liturgy, in particular, which he framed for the use of the Church in Geneva, and which became the basis of the French, Dutch, and Scotch liturgies, is wonderfully choice and beautiful, rich and comprehensive, and contrasts strikingly with the prayers that are offered up in the pulpits of many who call themselves by his name. But as our readers are no doubt anxious for specimens, we give the prayers ordinarily used in public worship, with which we feel assured they will be much gratified.

THE FORM OF CHURCH PRAYERS.

After the reading of the appointed chapters of Holy Scripture, the Ten Commandments are read. Then the minister begins thus:—

INVOCATION.

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. Amen.

EXHORTATION.

Brethren, let each of you present himself before the Lord with confession of his sins and offences, following in heart my words.

CONFESSION.

Lord God! Eternal and Almighty Father, we acknowledge and confess before Thy holy Majesty that we are poor sinners; conceived and born in guilt and in corruption, prone to do evil, unable of ourselves to do any good; who, by reason of our depravity, transgress without end Thy holy commandments. Therefore, we have drawn upon ourselves, by Thy just sentence, condemnation and death. But, oh, Lord! with heart-felt sorrow we repent and deplore our offences! we condemn ourselves and our evil ways, with true penitence beseeching that Thy grace may relieve our distress.

Be pleased, then, to have compassion upon us, O most gracious God! Father of all mercies, for the sake of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord. And in removing our guilt and our pollution, grant us the daily increase of the grace of Thine Holy Spirit, that, acknowledging from our inmost hearts our own unrighteousness, we may be touched with sorrow that shall work true repentance, and that Thy Spirit, mortifying all sin within us, may produce the fruits of holiness and of righteousness well pleasing in Thy sight, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

This done, shall be sung a psalm.

PRAYER FOR ILLUMINATION.

Most gracious God, our heavenly Father! in whom alone dwelleth all fullness of light and wisdom, illuminate our minds, we beseech Thee, by Thine Holy Spirit, in the true understanding of Thy Word. Give us grace, that we may receive it with reverence and humility unfeigned. May it lead us to put our whole trust in Thee alone, and so to serve and honour Thee, that we may glorify Thy holy name, and edify our neighbours by a good example. And since it hath pleased Thee to number us among Thy people, O help us to pay Thee the love and homage that we owe, as children to our Father, and as servants to our Lord. We ask this for the sake of our Master and Saviour, who hath taught us to pray, saying, Our Father, &c.

At the end of the sermon, the minister having made exhortation to prayer, beginneth thus:—

INTERCESSION.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father! who hast promised to grant our requests in the name of Thy well beloved Son, Thou hast taught us, in His name also, to assemble ourselves together, assured that He shall be present in our midst to intercede for us with Thee, and obtain for

us all things that we may agree on earth to ask Thee.

Wherefore, having met in Thy presence, dependent on Thy promise, we earnestly beseech Thee, O gracious God and Father! for His sake who is our only Saviour and Mediator, that of Thy boundless mercy Thou wilt freely pardon our offences, and so lift up our thoughts, and draw forth our desires toward Thyself, that we may seek Thee according to Thy holy and reasonable will.

FOR RULERS.

Heavenly Father! who hast bidden us pray for those in authority over us, we entreat Thee to bless all princes and governors, Thy servants, to whom Thou hast committed the administration of justice, and especially * * * May it please Thee to grant them the daily increase of Thy good Spirit, that with true faith, acknowledging Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Saviour, to be King of kings and Lord of lords, unto whom Thou hast given all power in heaven and on earth, they may seek to serve Thee, and exalt Thy rule in their dominions. May they govern their subjects, the creatures of Thy hand, and the sheep of Thy pasture, in a manner well pleasing in Thy sight, so that as well here as throughout all the earth, Thy people, being kept in peace and quiet, may serve Thee in all godliness and honesty; and we, being delivered from the fear of our enemies, may pass the time of our life in Thy praise.

FOR PASTORS.

Almighty Saviour! we pray for all whom Thou hast appointed pastors of Thy believing people, who are intrusted with the care of souls, and the dispensing of Thy holy Gospel. Guide them by Thy Spirit, and make them faithful and loyal ministers of Thy glory. May they ever hold this end before them, that by them all poor wandering sheep may be gathered in, and made subject to the Lord Jesus Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, and in Him daily grow up and increase in all righteousness and truth. Deliver Thy churches from the mouth of ravenous wolves and hirelings, who seek only their own ambition or profit, and not the exaltation of Thy holy name, and the safety of Thy flock.

FOR ALL CONDITIONS OF MEN.

Most gracious God, Father of all mercies: we beseech Thee for every class and condition of our fellowmen. Thou who wouldst be acknowledged as the Saviour of all mankind, in the

redemption made by Thy Son Jesus Christ, grant that such as are yet strangers to Thy knowledge, in darkness and captivity to ignorance and error, may, by the enlightening of Thy Spirit, and the preaching of Thy Word, be led into the right way of salvation, which is to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent. May those whom Thou hast already visited with Thy grace, and enlightened with the knowledge of Thy Word, grow daily in all godliness, and be enriched with Thy spiritual gifts, so that we all, with one heart and one voice, may ever praise Thee, giving honour and worship to Thy Christ, our Lord, Lawgiver, and King.

FOR AFFLICTED PERSONS.

God of all comfort! we commend to Thee those whom Thou art pleased to visit and chasten with any cross or tribulation; the nations whom Thou dost afflict with pestilence, war, or famine; all persons oppressed with poverty, imprisonment, sickness, banishment, or any other distress of body, or sorrow of mind, that it may please Thee to show them Thy fatherly kindness, chastening them for their profit; to the end that in their hearts they may turn unto Thee, and, being converted, may receive perfect consolation and deliverance from all their woes.

FOR PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS.

* * * * *

FOR THE CONGREGATION.

Finally, O God, our Father! grant also unto us who are here gathered in the name of Thy holy Child Jesus, to hear His Word, that we may rightly and unfeignedly perceive our lost estate by nature, and the condemnation we have deserved and heaped up to ourselves by disobedient lives, so that conscious that in ourselves there dwelleth no good thing, and that our flesh and blood cannot inherit Thy kingdom, with our whole affections we may give ourselves up in firm trust to Thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, our only Saviour and Redeemer. And that He, dwelling in us, may mortify within us the old Adam, renewing us for that better life wherein we shall exalt and glorify Thy blessed and worthy name, ever world without end. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

THE CREED.

Lord, increase our faith. I believe, &c.

THE BLESSING,

Which is pronounced at the departure of the people, according as our Lord hath commanded in the law.—NUMB. vi. 23.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

This subject of forms of prayer is beginning to attract attention in many quarters. Indeed, it is difficult to meet with a clergyman who is satisfied with the present devotional equipment of the Presbyterian Church. What the result may be we cannot tell, although we are strongly inclined to agree with the author of *Eutaxia*. "The experiment," he says, "of that mode of dealing with the subject of public worship by which every thing is left to the unaided individuality of the minister has been fully tried. For nearly two centuries, in the face of all historic precedent, at variance with all other denominations of Christians, and in conflict with their own earlier principles and practice, the Calvinistic Churches of Great Britain and the United States have faithfully adhered to this method, unknown in ecclesiastical experience before the sittings of the Westminster Assembly. We believe that the times are drawing near, when by general attestation that method will be pronounced defective."

We have little hesitation for our own part in saying, that we agree with Calvin, Knox, and the other Presbyterian Reformers in holding that a partial liturgy, not rigidly imposed, is most desirable and indeed essential to the full equipment of the Church. There are very few of our people, indeed, who would not come to prize such a devotional provision as a great boon, and to love their Church the better for it. There are very few ministers who would not thankfully welcome it. And as for those who would fight against it, they are probably the persons who stand most in need of such a help. The prayers of those ministers who conduct devotional exercises best, are very much made up of the same materials differently mingled together. This will be readily acknowledged by both minister and hearer. The chief peculiarities arise out of the subject of discourse, or any special emergency that may have occurred. Any minister feels it to be difficult to obtain variety in his general prayer. Some seek to get it by varying the adoration, which, we may observe in passing, usually occupies far too large a space in pulpit prayers, and which is far less impressive than the shorter forms which we find in scriptural examples. The scriptural way of addressing God is such as Calvin employs in his liturgy, wherein the special attribute corresponding to the

mercy to be asked is called to mind. Thus, "Heavenly Father, in whom alone dwell-est all fulness of light and wisdom, illuminate our minds." "God of all comfort! We commend to Thee those whom Thou art pleased to chasten," &c. Some seek variety in their general prayer by breaking up the proper order, or leaving out suitable topics, or giving undue prominence to others of less moment. Others again, seek and obtain a certain variety by substituting teaching for prayer and wander off accordingly into devious labyrinths no one knows where, a class of ministers one of whom we suppose Coleridge must have heard in the highlands, when he remarked, that "he had never appreciated the beauty of the English Liturgy before."

But without remarking at greater length on the general subject, which probably will not be entertained for a long time to come, we proceed to make a few suggestions as to the devotional equipment of the Church, which we think may speedily be adopted. Our suggestions agree in part with those indicated at the conclusion of the work before us, as the same defects are now beginning to be generally felt and to attract general notice.

1st. Our Church should make some devotional provision for her adherents who are without a ministry. No one has travelled far out of Scotland, without feeling sensibly the great want of an authorized form of public prayers for the large class thus situated. There are thousands of the baptized of the Scotch Church in the Hudson's Bay Territory, in Canada, in Australia, in South America, in ships upon the sea, on the Continent of Europe, &c., who, when Sabbath-day comes round are perfectly helpless for want of such an authorized book of prayer, and who either do altogether without, or have recourse to the Episcopal Service. We believe, that every Sabbath that service is used by hundreds of little congregations on many lands, and on many waters, of whom but a tithe are Episcopalians.

The Englishman with his Bible and his Prayer-Book, is enabled to conduct public worship without a ministry, while the Scotsman is left without guide or help. It is not to be expected in the present state of the world, that an ordinary captain of a vessel will be prepared to conduct public worship on board his ship without assistance. Indeed, Presbyterian clergymen at sea, find it difficult enough to go through their service as on land, and would, for the most part, be very glad to seek the aid of a form of prayer if their

Church had such an equipment. It is a thing to be insisted on, that we are not a fully equipped Church so long as we are without a devotional guide for our adherents, who are without a ministry. We make bold to say, that the Church is guilty of great sin in thus neglecting her spiritually destitute children, and no one who has seen how on the Sabbath the most Anti-Episcopal congregations have recourse to the English Liturgy for want of any other guide, can doubt that she has lost much both in moral influence and in numbers from this cause. Already, thousands of Scottish Churchmen have been for ever alienated for want of a Church Prayer-Book. The outer edge of Presbyterianism, like the outer edge of an unhemmed piece of cloth, is, for want of such a hem, being constantly unravelled. The Church has already taken a step in the right direction by appointing a committee to prepare a Manual of Devotion for colonists and seamen, but so far as we can learn, they have not made much headway. We think that their task may be a very easy one. The Church has no need of new liturgies, unconsecrated by time, lacking the rime of age. Let this committee recommend the prayers of Calvin, with some slight modifications, such as changing the cumulative order of the service, and putting the long prayer before the sermon, agreeably to modern usage, and we feel confident that their report will meet with general approbation. We believe, that such a form of prayer as this would make our people love their church better and prevent many from straying from it. We confess that we love Presbyterianism the better for the rich store of devotional literature which the book before us brings to light. We need something to save our people from being alienated, as the more refined and civilized, and nearly all who sojourn in foreign countries, or spend their lives in the army and navy are continually being draughted into the Episcopal communion. And it cannot be doubted, that the English Prayer-Book given to him by the hands of affection when setting out in life, and which is his companion wherever he wanders, has far more influence in keeping an Englishman true to his Church than the whole bench of Bishops. What Scotchman even does not own the power over the heart of set forms and services as he listens to the singing of the 108d Psalm at the table of the Lord?

* We learn from Eutaxia, that it was the invariable practice of the Reformed Churches to close the communion service by singing the song of Simeon, "Now let thy servant, Lord," &c.

Another most important advantage arising from our having such an authorized form for the use of colonists and seamen would be, that it would serve as a guide to ministers at home.

Oh, what a contrast between these prayers of Calvin, and the ungrammatical, unprayerful exhibitions which are sometimes heard in the pulpit! It would be a shame to many ministers to rush into the presence of their earthly superiors, as they rush into the presence of their God. The prayers of many betray an utter want of preparation, and even of active thought at the time of their utterance, as is evident from the fact of the almost absurd phrases which have become stereotyped forms, and which are poured forth every Sabbath in our pulpits. We give one instance, which we have no doubt all

will recognise.—“ We come before thee with our hands on our mouths, and our mouths in the dust, crying out,” &c. while if one's hand is either on his mouth, or his mouth in the dust, crying out is out of the question, and much more so if both happen at once. We recollect hearing of a worthy who was in the habit of devoutly praying “ that the time might soon come when Satan would be sent far hence even unto the Gentiles,” and this is a type of too many of the stock phrases that are repeated in the sanctuary.—S.

(To be Continued)

Note.—Since the foregoing article has been in the hands of the printer, we are happy to be able to state that “ Eutaxia ” has been reprinted in London, with a very interesting preface and appendix from the pen of the Rev. Thomas Binney, and in this form we heartily commend it to our readers.

NOTES FROM MY CRIMEAN JOURNAL.

April.—The Review of the Allied Army in honour of the Russian Generalissimo will long remain engraved on the minds of the spectators. The French part of the display, though very striking, wanted that extraordinary effect which resulted from the disposition assumed by the English army. The French were reviewed on the heights, from which the eye could rest on their columns, stretched away over hill and valley for miles. More than a hundred thousand of their troops passed before the Generals. As they advanced to the point occupied by the staff, they became enveloped in a red dust, which added greatly to the effect, as it looked exactly like that battle-cloud which painters so much admire. From the hill on which we stood, we could see on one side these ponderous masses sweep on in succession along the heights of St. George, while on the great plateau on the other side the English army could be seen getting into position; so that the combined effect was that which might be supposed to be produced by the converging of two great hosts on the eve of a battle.

The splendour of the effect produced by the Highlanders, as they were drawn up in front of our Head-quarters, forming a sort of avenue of approach for the staff, surpassed any military spectacle I ever witnessed. General Codrington was in advance of a staff in which Lüders, Pellissier, De la Marmora and a great many other general officers rode. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy of

this great staff, which numbered several hundreds, and included uniforms of every colour. English, French, Sardinian, Russian, Turkish, Cossack and Spanish officers were present in the many coloured hues of their several national uniforms. As the many corps of the great armies sent representatives to form this staff, it may be believed that the effect produced by the combination was varied and brilliant in the extreme. The Highlanders looked magnificent, and well merited the eulogium of the Russian General, when he said they were the finest infantry in the world. They were drawn up in a double line, facing inwards towards the open space by which the staff passed. Their white gaiters, kilts, feathered head-dress, and the glittering bayonet above, made four lines along their ranks on which the eye rested, so that that most pleasing of all effects in military arrangements, perfect symmetry, was complete. As the staff rode between the lines, an electric flash passed from end to end as arms were presented, and at this moment I must say I experienced a sensation such as no spectacle I ever before saw was able to call up. That long line, of the finest soldiers of any country, stretching on straight, steady, and unbroken, was indeed the embodiment of war in its strength and glory. When the music struck up, and that great staff, composed of so many nations, and of people who had so lately been enemies, swept down the ranks, I confess that a feeling of pride and admiration, so

intense as almost to be painful, crept over me. It was impossible not to think at such a time of many things which had occurred during the period of storm and death and misery which had swept like a whirlwind over the very plain, the end of which this display was intended to inaugurate. Amidst that clear sunshine, and all that pomp, the history of the siege seemed like a feverish and dis-tempered dream!

The marching of our troops contrasted most favourably with that of the French, who are always loose on parade. Each regiment came on like a wall of variegated marble, so steady and close was their array. The flash of their advancing feet passed along the line like the stroke of a shuttle, and their masses moved up and down like the breathing of a giant. Horse Artillery, Sappers, Foot Artillery, Guards and Line went glittering on for hours. It is impossible to conceive anything more superb.

It is easy to understand how much we were interested in our visits to the north side of Sebastopol after the declaration of peace. The Russians seem to have wished to deceive us as to their means of defence, by accumulating works which it is now well known they had not troops to man, even supposing they had been all armed, which they were not. However, the energy and talent displayed in their construction, piled as they were one on the other in every form and shape, and of the most elaborate finish, was truly admirable. Every point and knoll was covered with a complexity of works, so numerous and so perfect that they looked as if constructed in wanton sport. Many of these batteries could be worked either towards the land or the sea side, according as the enemy approached. The great stone forts mount guns of the heaviest calibre, many of them of the formidable Paixham description, and so placed with regard to the entrance of the harbour, that it is utterly impossible for any ship to pass. Landwards for miles, and all round their extensive lines of defence by Mackenzie's plateau, or by Tchourgoun to Baidar, the same elaborate defences were found. When riding up some lonely ravine you suddenly come on most formidable batteries, and the road would be covered with earth-works, showing how completely the Russian Engineers had grasped "the whole" of their position, and how perfectly they were prepared for every contingency. The very construction of these works must have cost their armies.

The Inkermann caves, at which we

used to steal such wondering peeps during the siege, was one of our first expeditions. For miles these little habitations are seen excavated in the face of the rock, which rises perpendicularly for some hundred feet. These chambers often communicate by stairs, and are found tier above tier like the floors of a house. There is an old Genoese fortress on the top of the cliffs at Inkermann, and below it, about half-way up the face of the rock, the largest excavation has been converted into a chapel. These residences of the ancient Scythian inhabitants of the Crimea are very curious, and exist in groups throughout the country. I afterwards visited several others of them.

May.—It was at least considerable of the Plenepotentiaries to have delayed the declaration of peace till the season was so far advanced that the country could be seen in all its beauty. Every little valley is clothed in the richest green, and over the landscape all the charmed drapery of summer is beginning to spread. Flowers of many colours variegated the hill sides with their brilliant hues. Crocus, hyacinth, and primrose carpet the fields, and the large and highly scented violets, which occur in such countless numbers, load the air with their perfume.

The celebrated Fortress of Mangoup Kaleh, which lies about ten miles from our lines, we soon found out after we were allowed to cross to the other side. This is the largest and most celebrated of several similar rock formations which occur in the Crimea, and which present such a conformation that they are totally inaccessible except at one narrow point. Mangoup is a very elevated plateau, of several miles in extent, the rock being perpendicular at every point except one on its north side, which is strongly defended by walls thrown up by the Genoese, whose great stronghold it was. This rock was defended by a handful of men against the conquering army of the Turkomans, and since then it has made several memorable defences. It is said that the Russians intended to have made a last stand here in the event of their being driven from their present position. The turf on the top is as soft and velvety as if it had been undisturbed for ages. Large ruins exist on the summit, and staircases lead down from the plateau to chambers cut in the rock, on the perpendicular face of which windows were cut. Many of the villages in the valleys round this rock are most beautiful rural scenes. The inhabitants had mostly been driven into the interior by the Cossacks, but at

the time of our visit they were returning, carrying their poor household goods on their backs, and looking in vain for the happy homes they had left.

I, like many others, made "the grand tour" in the interior, passing through Baktcheseraï, and Simpheropol, and then down to the sea at Alouchta and along the south coast. In this way the best part of the Crimea was visited in a distance of about 200 miles. The road into the interior is a very broad unfenced track over which there is an immense traffic. An enormous quantity of hay was being brought in for the Russian army, and in every case their horses appeared in most excellent condition. All that was said about the want of forage and provisions in the interior we had ample reason to see was utterly false. The inhabitants of Southern Russia had spontaneously contributed a waggon full of corn, and three horses for the use of the army, and long strings of these covered the country for miles. I never saw more beautiful ponies. This transit over these inhospitable steppes must have been a fearful affair in winter. A whole army of 40,000 men perished in one of the great snow-storms between Perecop and Simpheropol.

The camps on the lines of the Alma and the Belbec were being broken up as we passed, and the troops marched to Mosow, as they often told us in their joy. Their encampments were very dirty, but their under-ground huts were most extremely warm and comfortable. The troops were most splendid men, shown to great disadvantage in their dirty uniforms. They sing every evening in groups in their camps, and also along their line of march. One man gives the burden and the rest join in the chorus. The airs they sing are very wild, but pretty, and bear a very great resemblance to the songs of Spain and Calabria as well as to those of Turkey and Greece.

Baktcheseraï is the old Tartar capital of the Crimea, and, till the beginning of this war, could only be inhabited by Tartars. At the time of our visit it was one of the great hospital depots of the army of the South. This town is built in a narrow valley sunk as it were in the steppe and surrounded on all sides by butting rocks. There is little that is peculiar now in the town itself, though it still bears traces of former taste and beauty, but the old Palace of the Khan is very curious, as the Russians scrupulously keep it in its former condition. Its architecture partakes a good deal of the Moorish, only much less elaborate or finished. There are the same broad

overshadowing caves and doorways, and the same Arabesques which are so admirable in the Alhambra, only very much coarser and less tasteful. The very irregularity of the building constitutes a beauty—the many roofs, stairs and open galleries, the Hall of Judgment, the Seraglio, the gardens, and kiosks bare evident indications of much beauty, but with the departed princes they have lost their meaning. Near by, in a garden, are shown the tombs of the Khans, dating back to the tenth century. Of this palace it has been truly observed by a French writer, "one must be somewhat of a poet to appreciate it, as its charms must be sought not in what one sees, but in what one feels." In a gorge beyond the town is a Greek Convent, many of whose apartments are excavated in the rock, and some coarse but well executed frescoes exist on the living rock. Beyond this again, is a most interesting natural fortress, similar to Mangoup, but not nearly so large. It is walled, and the approach is cut in the rock. Its iron gate is carefully closed every night. The town built on the top has been inhabited for many centuries by a tribe of Kairim Jews, who, according to their traditions, do not labour under the self-imposed curse which has fallen on the other Jews, as they left the Holy Land before the death of our Saviour. They deny the Talmud "in toto," and hold to the letter of the law as given in the Scriptures. We were hospitably entertained by the Rabbi, who sent a guide to show us over the place. No one but one of the tribe can live in the town, though I hardly think any one would voluntarily choose it for a residence, as it is a mass of ruins lonely and silent, the figure of one of their gaudily dressed females alone being seen as they at times glide through the ruins. The Genoese had large prisons cut in the body of the rock, and I was much astonished when, after much trouble, I got hold of the rusty keys and descended into these chambers, to find indubitable traces of my far-searching countrymen, in the remains of sundry bottles of Bass's beer, and the usual literary scraps on the walls. The synagogue is a curious little place on the edge of the cliff. These Jews have shops in the town below and return to their rock nest at night. It is not a little interesting to think of this little tribe living thus in this old ruined eyrie for long ages quite distinct and peculiar in their habits and laws, having their own history and their own peculiar faith. A shady valley near by is called the valley of Jehoshaphat, and is filled with the tombs of this ancient tribe.

Simpferopol is rather a handsome Russian town. It was at the time of our visit full of soldiers, and the rabble which follows a great army. This town is quite on the Steppe, which at this time of year was very pretty, as it stretched away to the horizon in endless green. The road to the coast from here winds round the base of Tchatyr Dag, the highest mountain in the Crimea. The pass by which the road gains the coast is exceedingly pretty and mostly well-cultivated. Little Tartar villages, quiet and peaceful, with their clean houses, pretty children, and veiled females, lay nestling in the deep meadowed valleys, or clung to the dark hill sides. The rounded summits of woody hillocks presented themselves in the gorges and scattered on every side were trees and rocks which might have served as studies. At night, the woods were vocal with innumerable nightingales. The shoulder of Tchatyr Dag is the summit of the water-shed. On the north side, the Salghir rises of considerable size from a cavern in the rock, and goes roaring and splashing down the dark gorge on its way to the Putrid Sea, while very little beyond it another mountain torrent springs into existence, and flows sparkling on to the Southern Sea. Every road and mountain pass was filled with Englishmen. The indefatigable subaltern was seen sprawling over every hillock and coming to grief at every tarn. The love of adventure, which is so characteristic of Englishmen, was never more developed than in the Crimea. Not a Frenchman did you ever meet except in the towns; but the Britisher was everywhere. On the hill top looking into ancient craters, and in their case finding much in them that was interesting—down among the sea rocks—in the palaces and Tartar villages—in every wood and valley, there he was making himself at home. The Russian officers were always most courteous, and in truth their kindness was sometimes “de trop”—three Cossack officers kept our party very unwillingly round our bivouac fire, far in the night, after a very fatiguing day’s march. During this time they discussed enough of wine to exhaust our store, and render themselves hopelessly drunk; while for conversation the only word in common was the familiar “bono” in new connexions, with the unailing resource of shaking hands, and, later in the evening, kissing; which, however, we were fortunate in getting performed by proxy, our friends being too short-sighted to observe the substitution of our servant. One of these fellows had been wounded at Inkermann, and to the mark of the

bayonet wound he drew our attention, with many hiccups, every ten minutes during the entertainment.

The southern littoral is the Baia of Russia. The rich Russian nobles have here their summer residences, and come to recruit after their winter’s gaiety. Completely protected from the north winds by the high and perpendicular cliffs of Mount Yaila it enjoys a climate not inferior to Italy. The vine grows in great luxuriance, and in the woods many of our most cherished shrubs flourish wild. The oleander thrives without protection, and plantations of arbor-vitæ skirt the highway. Some of the palaces are very magnificent, particularly those of Prince Woronzow, the Empress mother, Prince Czernski and Potowzkim, &c. The grounds around these chateaux resemble exactly those of an English park, and many of the proprietors have shown much taste in taking advantage of the natural deformities of the ground. Prince Woronzow has converted the detritus of the rocks into beautiful rockeries, and around his palace he has placed many of the finest sculptures of Italy. The architecture of these palaces is, however, very mongrel, and in bad taste. The cruet-stand style predominates to a disagreeable extent. I suppose the square domes and high pinnacles are intended to be Tartar, and consequently “correct” in the Crimea; but, without being so classic as fully to understand the intention, I must dissent from the supposed beauty of a style which consists of an engrafting of the architecture of the East on that of the West. The Pagoda does not certainly look well in a fine open mountain and ocean scene. All these palaces are built close to the sea, and have extensive gardens, the evident desire of their owners being to surround themselves with flowers and command a good sea view. The residence of General Maltow is constructed entirely of glass and iron, and presents the curious effect of a high conservatory full of flowers converted into a family residence.

Yalta is a most lovely spot. It is situated on one of the only sandy bays which exist along this iron-bound coast. Behind it the mountains recede so as to form a little basin which is superbly cultivated. The hills rise to a great height behind till they are lost in clouds. On their dark sides feathery trees cling in the most picturesque groupings, and clear cascades come splashing down with a silvery note. The road along the south coast is very dangerous, being little more than a ledge scarped on the mountain

side. From the numerous land slips it is often impassable. The quantity of fruit trees which exist all along the south coast is very great. The inhabitants of the Crimea appear to gain their living chiefly by growing fruit and rearing flocks. We seldom saw any cultivation except that of fruit. At the time of our visit these trees were in full blossom, and added a most enchanting charm to the landscape. Far up on the mountain sides pear and apple trees stood covered with a mass of flowers, and in the more shady nooks the brilliant almond blossom gave a gay and lovely tint to the woods. Vines are very extensively cultivated in the south, and a very good wine is plentifully made. The road, after winding along below the overhanging cliffs, climbs laboriously up to the pass of Phoros, where there is a marble arch erected by Prince Woronzow—the constructor of the road. From hence it descends into the beautiful valley of Baidar, along whose woody dells we could hear the bugles of the French outposts sounding, as we took up our position on a grassy glade for the night. The view from the pass of Phoros was superb. Far below the sea rolled its long blue waves, while above us the wild rocks towered up to an immense height in fantastic shapes, and along the serrated coast we had passed, huge masses of the mountains, which had fallen into the sea, broke the waves into sparkling foam, and far off the immense bulk of Aiow Dagh, or the Bear Mountain, lay like a huge animal asleep in the sea. The narrow stripe of luxuriant cultivation which borders the shore with its silvery edge of foaming tide, was like a rich fringe to the dark grey cliffs which frowned above.

The Tartars appear a most solemn and civil set of people. Their villages are odd places, in which large groups of the men are constantly found sitting, as if in solemn conclave, evidently not given to over work. The houses are built of wattling and mud, and have flat earthen roofs. The men wear wide clothes, and in place of turbans they use sheep-skin caps, which being often very large and white, make their owners look, for all the world, like moving mops. They are anything but good-looking, having the broad, square, flat features, far separated eyes, and high cheek-bones, of the peculiar human family to which they belong. In the towns their females veil themselves, but not in the country. All who lived within our lines have left for the Danubian provinces, so great is their fear of the Russians.

Every six miles along the road there is

a Cossack post to supply relays in the carrying of despatches. Their videttes crown every hill. They are certainly most wonderful horsemen. I have seen them when at full speed lean so far to one side as to touch the ground, and yet recover themselves in a moment; and they can lie so completely along one side of their horse, as to be invisible to a person standing a little way on the other. They seem the perfection of irregular cavalry.

As we slept at night in any convenient spot we could find, it was customary to set one of the servants to watch in case any of these gentry should take a fancy to our horses. This duty fell the first night on a big Yorkshire soldier, who was loud in his protestations as to what he was to do if any interlopers were to appear. In the middle of the night we were awoken by a stir in our little encampment and a volley of oaths from the sentry. It turned out that our friend the Yorkshireman having fallen asleep, "just for a moment," had been awoken by a Cossack, who shook his head nearly off his neck, and when he had succeeded in recalling him to consciousness, he gave a loud laugh, and exclaiming—"bono Johnny," was off before our trusty guard had recovered from his astonishment.

There was something inexpressibly charming in our free woodland life during these days. After the arid plateau of Sebastopol, how pleasant it was thus to journey on through green glades and leafy woods, and by babbling merry streams; and then at night to settle where the sunset found us, and by our cheerful bivouac fire to talk over the journey of the day! Nature seemed at these times endowed with a new and indescribable beauty, and one felt that undefinable feeling of *life* "along the veins and in the heart," which is in itself the most delightful of all sensations.

G. H. B. M.

Can the finite ever look up to the Infinite, and not feel that it is environed—lost in mystery? Is it for man to look out on the acts of God, and to wonder at finding that there are thoughts there which are not his thoughts, and ways there which are not his ways? The condition of creatures must be for ever the condition of natures encircled by mystery—by infinite mystery. The only difference between the highest and the lowest must ever be, that the higher the ascent gained in regard to the known, the wider must be the range upon which the shadow and cloud of the unknown will be seen to rest.—*Vaughan*.

PSALMODY.

No. IV.

In the preface to Wynton's Chronicle, a Scottish metrical version of the Psalms in manuscript of the fifteenth century is said to be in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge: but I am unable to offer any specimen of this version. It is certain, however, that about 1540 a metrical version of many of the Psalms was extensively known in Scotland, and was sung by the peasantry to the tunes of popular songs. In addition to these psalms, many religious odes were circulated, which were adapted to the airs of well-known ballads, and often grotesquely retained the chorus and other parts of the original song. These compositions seem to us very incongruous, and it is with difficulty that we realise their intrinsic worth and seriousness. But we must bear in mind that very few of the people could read, and that the only knowledge of Divine truth which they possessed was chiefly gathered from such lyrics, which were easily learned and remembered. The public services of religion were conducted in *Latia*, if the meaningless jargon, which the priest mumbled, deserve that appellation. The Church had for ages ceased in Scotland to be an instructor. The ignorance of the clergy was scarcely more deplorable than that of the laity. The Bishop of Dunkeld in 1539, asserted openly and "stoutlie" to Thomas Forret, the learned and good vicar of Dollar,— "I thanke God that I never knew what the Old and the New Testament was."⁶ This fully shows that the charges brought by Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, against the clergy of that period were too well founded. In "ane pleasant satyre of the Thrie Estaitis," he represents spirituality, or the clergy, making this acknowledgment:—

"I read never the New Testament nor Auld,
Nor ever thinks to do, Sir, be the Rude.
I heir friars say that reiding dois na gude."

In such circumstances it was a work of no common difficulty and danger, to

disseminate religious knowledge, and it would be now unjust to pass any severe sentence on the methods which were employed; and which, for aught that we know, may have been the only methods available. The song of the milkmaid or the reaper, and the ballad that cheered the cottager's wintry night would escape the notice of jealous ecclesiastics, and yet effect greater revolutions in religious sentiment than the most formal discourses. This peculiar influence was observed also in other countries. Cardinal Chastillon suggested to the Papal ambassador at Paris, as the best means of preventing the spread of the Protestant doctrines, that he should authorise good and godly songs of papal orthodoxy to be sung by the French. Similar songs were common in Italy,⁶ and the same practice was adopted at the Reformation in Holland. A Romish version of the Psalms, in Flemish, published at Antwerp in 1540 has actually at the beginning of each psalm the first line of a ballad in the same metre. I may, therefore, hope that, with these facts before us, my readers may peruse with less prejudice, one or two extracts from the "Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs collectit out of sundrie partes of the Scripture, with sundrie of other ballates changed out of prophaine sanges for avoyding of sinne, &c," printed about the middle of the sixteenth century.

There is perhaps no melody so universally popular in Scotland at the present day, as the air of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Tradition alleges that it was Bruce's March at the battle of Bannockburn. About the beginning of last century it was commonly known by the title, "Hey, Tuttie, Tattie," from these words occurring in the last stanza of a song which was sung to the air. But the old name of the melody was "Hey now the day dawis." This is shown in *Sibbald's*

⁶ *Fure's Acts*, &c.

⁶ Roscoe's *Lorenzo de Medici*.

Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, where a set of the tune is printed under the old title. This title also is quoted by Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in the prologue to his translation of the thirteenth Æneid, which was made about 1513. At that date, "Hey now the day dawis," was a well known and popular song; and there is no reason to doubt that it was invested, like the modern words by Burns, with all the associations of Bannockburn. Observe then, how, in the sixteenth century, all these elements of power were appropriated by the advocates of the Reformation.

"Hay now the day dallis
Now Christ on us callis
Now welth on our wallis
Appeiris anone:
Now the word of God rings
Whilk is King of all kings
Now Christis flock sings
The night is neere gone.

• • • • •
We be to you Paip and Cardinall
I traist to God, ye sall get ane fall
With monkis, priests, and friers all
That traists nocht in God alone:
For all your greit pompe and pride
The word of God ye sall not hide
Nor yet na mair till us be guide
The night is neere gone." &c.

The first line of the old song to which Gawin Douglas had referred was thus retained by a Protestant minstrel, and connected with new words of a religious character; and in this way all the charms and associations of the popular melody were brought to aid the new doctrine. It is possible that this first line, which came to be employed as the very name of the melody, may have suggested to Burns one of the most stirring verses in his lyric. The following is another specimen of the appropriation of a popular song at the time of the Reformation. The melody to which it was sung was what is now known as, "My love is like a red, red rose."*

"My love murnis for me, for me,
My love that murnis for me,
I am not kinde, hee not in minde,
My love that murnis for me.

* *Sibbald's Chronicle*, III. 274.

Quha is my love but God above,
Quhilk all the world hes wrought?
The King of blisse my love He is,
Full deir he hes me boocht.

His precious blude He shed on rude,
That was to make us free.
This shall I prove, by Godis leve,
That sair my love murnis for me."

Every one will see at once that these verses are a devoutly-intended parody of an old song, and that several lines are retained without alteration. The same thing is equally obvious in the following "gude and godly ballad," which is more dramatical in its structure.

"Quho is at my windo? who? who?
Goe from my windo: goe! goe!
Quha calles there so like ane stranger?
Goe from my window, goe!

Lord, I am heir, ane wratched mortall,
That for thy mercie dois crie and call,
Unto thee my Lord celestiall.
See who is at my window, who?

How dare thou for mercie cris,
Sa lang in sinne as thou dois lye?
Mercie to have, thou art not worthie;
Goe from my window, goe!

* * * * *
O Lord, I have offended thee,
Excuse thereof there can nane be.
I have followed them that sa teiched me.
See quho is at my window, quho?

Nay, I call thee nocht fra my doore, I wis
Like a stranger that unkuawin is;
Thou art my brother and my will it is,
In at my doore that thou go.

With right humble hert, Lord, I thee pray,
Thy comfort and grace obtaine I may;
Shaw me the path and ready way
In at thy doore for to go." &c., &c.

In some instances the chorus of the original song which has been retained is almost fatal to the serious burden of the composition. Are not the advantages of a popular melody as a medium for communicating knowledge, rather dearly bought when such empty and meaningless sounds as the following are associated with it?

"The paip, that pagane full of pryde,
Hee hes us blinded lang,
For where the blind the blind doe gyde,
No wonder both gae wrang.
Of all inquitlie,
Like prince and king hee led the ring.

Hay trin, trim goe trin, under the gr. one. wood-tree.

But his abomination
The Lord hes brocht to light,
His popiah pride and three-fald crowne
Almaist hes lost their Hoht.
His plake pardones are bot lurdons
Of new found vanitie.

Haytris, trim, gae tris, under the greene-wod-tree.

The popular Scottish melody, "I'll never leave thee," was, three hundred years ago, the tune of a "gude and godly ballad."*

"All my Love, leif me not,
Leif me not, leif me not,
All my Love, leif me not,
Thus mine alone.
With ane burden on my backe,
I may not beir it, I am so weak,
Love, this burding from me take
Or else I am gone!

With sinnes I am laden sair,
Leif me not, leif me not,
With sinnes I am laden sair,
Leif me not alone.
I pray thee, Lord, therefore,
Keepe not my sinnes in store;
Loose mee or I be forlore,
And heir my mone." &c., &c.

These specimens are amply sufficient for my present purpose. They are by no means the most remarkable or peculiar compositions of their kind which I could give, but they satisfactorily show one of the chief methods adopted in the early part of the sixteenth century, for the instruction of the people. In passing, I cannot refrain from mentioning that these sacred ballads also vindicate the antiquity of some of those Scottish melodies which have been ascribed to modern composers. The songs were mingled with the Psalms, and were at first brought by stealth into Scotland. With the advancing light and intelligence of the Reformation the songs were laid aside. But the influence which the Psalms and ballads exercised in this country can only be properly told in the very words of the historian. "As for the *more particulare means* whereby many in Scotland got some knowledge of God's truth, in the time of great darkness, there were some books sett out, such as Sir David Lindesay his poesie upon the Foure Monarchies,

wherein many other treatises are contained, opening up the abuses among the Clergie at that tyme; Wedderburn's Psalmes and Godlie Ballada, changing many of the old Popiah Songs unto Godlie purposes, &c."* These compositions were greedily committed to memory. Travelling merchants carried copies of the Psalms and Ballads as part of their wares, and sold them in every vilhage. About 1570, James Melville states that a travelling chapman had been in use to bring copies of these compositions to Montrose. "He showed me first Wedderburn's Songs, whereof I learned diverse *par-cueir* (by heart) with great diversitie of tunes." This was "the Booke of Godly and Spiritual Songs," from which I have made the preceding quotations, and which also contains a considerable number of the Psalms in metre. It is time however, to learn something of the authors of the rare volume.

Under the year 1541, Calderwood records that John Wedderburn, a priest in Dundee, professed the Reformed religion, and was obliged consequently to take refuge in "Almaine, where he heard Luther and Melancthon, and became very fervent and zealous. He translated manie of Luther's dytements into Scottish meeter, and the Psalmes of David." This man and his brothers James and Robert were all distinguished for their poetical gifts. James, the eldest brother, had been educated at St. Leonard's College, and was well instructed in Latin and Philosophy. For several years he resided in France, where he was successful as a merchant, and on his return to Scotland was much enlightened on the religious controversies of the age by James Hewat, a Dominican friar of Dundee, who seems to have secretly held the doctrines of the Reformation. James Wedderburn, we are told, "had a good gift of poesie, and made diverse comedeis and tragedies in the Scottish tongue, wherein he nipped the abuses and superstition of the time. He composed, in forme of tragedie, the beheading of John the Bap-

* Sibbald and Stenhouse.

* Row's *Historie*.

† Calderwood, 1540.

tist, which was acted at the West Port of Dundie, wherin he carped roughlie the abusses and corruptions of the Papists.* We are, therefore, not surprised that he had again to leave Scotland. Robert, the youngest brother, was the most learned and accomplished of the family. He was vicar of Dundee, but went to Paris and associated chiefly with the Reformers of his own nation, who had taken refuge there. It was not till the death of Cardinal Beaton, that he returned to Scotland. "He turned the tunes and tenour of many profane ballads into godlie songs and hymns, which were called the Psalmes of Dundie; whereby he stirred up the affections of many."† It is known, however, that the psalms which are ascribed to John were equally the work of Robert; but the version was never completed, and consisted only of part of the Book of Psalms in metre.

We have evidence that these Psalmes, usually styled Wedderburns' Songs, were known and sung at family devotions in Scotland as early as 1546. In that year George Wishart suffered martyrdom. Knox tells us in his history, that Wishart was a guest at Ormiston House when he was apprehended, and foully betrayed by Bothwell. "After supper, he, (Wishart) held comfortable purpose of God's chosen children, and merrily said, 'Methinks that I desire earnestly to sleep,' and therewith he said, 'Shall we sing a Psalm?' and so he appointed the fifty-first Psalm, which was in Scottish metre, and began thus:—

Have ^{mercy} on me now good Lord,
After thy great mercy, &c.

which being ended, he passed to his chamber, and sooner than his common diet was, to pass to bed with these words, 'and grant quiet rest.' Before midnight the place was beset about, that none could escape to make advertisement."†

The quotation is from Wedderburns' version, but, as will appear, Wishart began singing at the second verse. It is proper to state that this Psalm is one of

* Calderwood † Calderwood's MS. Historie.

‡ Knox Book I.

the very few in that version which have the same concluding line for each stanza, and that the Psalm itself is more paraphrased than is usual.

PSALM LI.

Miserere mei Deus.

"Have mercy on me, God of might,
Of mercy Lord and King;
For thy mercy is set full right,
Above all eirdly thing.
Therefore I cry baith day and night,
And with my hert sall sing,
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Have mercy on me, O gude Lord,
Efter thy greit mercy;
My sinfull life does me remord,
Quhilk sair hes grevit thee.
Bot thy greit grace hes mee restored
Throw grace to libertie.
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

Et secundum multitudinem.

Gude Lord, I know my wickedness
Contraire to thy command,
Rebelland ay with cruelnes,
And led me in ane band
To Sathan, quha is merciless;
Zit Lord heir me cry and
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

* * * * *

Thou wyshe me, Lord, when I was borne
From all my wickedness,
Bet zet I did, throw sin, forlorne
Of hevyn the righteousness.
Wash me again, and from thy horne
Deliver me in stres.
To thy mercy with thee will I go.

* * * * *

Only to thee I did offend,
And mekill evill hes done,
Throw quhilk appeairandly defence
To me is nane abone;
Thus meen will judge, thy just vengeance
Hes put me from thy throne.
Zit to thy mercy with thee will I go." &c.

The version of Psalm cxxxvii. is a more favourable specimen.

At the rivers of Babylon
Where we dwelt in captivity,
When we remembered on Syon
We weeped all full sorrowfully.
On the saugh trees our harpes we hang
When they required us ane sang.
They held us in sic thraldome,
They bade us sing some psalmes or hymne
That wee sometime sang syon in.
To whom we answered full sune:

How may wee outhr play or sing
The psalmes of our Lord so sweet,
Intill ane uncouth land or reigne?
My right hand first sail that forsett
Or Jerusalem forsettin bee;

Fast to my chafes my toung sall be
Claspit or that I it forzet.
In my maist gladness and my game
I sall remember Jerusalem,
And all my hert upon it set." &c., &c.

My readers will observe that this version is decidedly preferable to its cotemporary by Myles Coverdale.

PSALM XIII.

"O Lord how long for ever wilt thou forget
And hyde thy face fra me, or set how lang
Sall I reheirs thy counsell in my hert?
When sall my hert ceis of this sorie sang?
O Lord, behald, help me and light my eise,
That sudden sleep of death do me na teine,
Or else when my enemies sees my fall,
We did prevail, some will they say on mee,
And gif they see me by them brought in thrall
They will rejoyce into their tyrannie.
Bot I in God hes hope, and trust to see
His godly helpe: then sall I love the Lord
Whilk did me save from them that had me
schord."

PSALM XCI.

"Quha on the Hiest will depend
And in his secret help sall traist
Almighty God sall him defend
And guide him with His Haly Galst.
Therefore with mind ripe and digest
Thou say to God My trew relve
My hope, my God of mightis maist
Only in him I will beleve.

He sall deliver thee at need
And save thy life from pestilence
His wings are thy weerely weed
His pens are thy strang defence
And thou sall have experience
That his trew promeis is thy shield
His word of great magnificence
Sall be thy bucklar and thy beild.

• • • • •
His angels he sall give ane charge
That they on thee sall take the cure
In all thy wayes to be ane targe
To keep thee from misaventure.
And with their hands they sall thee sure
That thou hurt not agains ane craige
Thy fute, but sall preserve thee sure
From perils, pains, and from the plague.

Quhen thou sall call I sall thee heir
And in distres sall be with thee;
I sall restoir thee hail and feir,
And als I sall thee magnifie.
With lang life doted sall thou be,
And at thy last I sall thee bring
Quhair thou eternall gloir sall see
Or evermoir with me to ring."

The Wedderburns' version of Psalm xxxiii. has also its own peculiar excellence.

"Yee righteous rejoyce and love the Lord,
Just men to thank their God does well accord;
Play on your lute, and sweetly to it sing,
Take harpe in hand with many lustie string;
Tytle on the ten stringit instrument,
And praise your God with hert and hand
intent;
Sing na auld thing, the whilk is abrogate,
Bot sing some new pleasant perfyt ballate.
Blaw up organs with glad and heavenly sound,
Joyfull in heart, whilk all the akyes resound:
For God's word is true and veritie,
And dois all his dedis faithfully;
The Lord loves justice and righteousnesse;
And all the earth is full of his gudnesse.

* * * * *
The eyes of the Lord they doe advert
Till them that dreids him with all their heart,
Trusting his godly helpe with patience
To saife their life in time of pestilence,
And in the time of dearth them for to feid,
And bee their only help in all their need.
Therefore, my saull, in God put thy beliefe,
Our strenth and targe to saif us from mis-
chiefe.
Our heart sall be into the Lord joyous
Sen we trust in his name most glorious.
Assist to us, O Lord, for thy goodness,
Even as wee trust in thy great gentilnesse."

The version of the Wedderburns, which as I have already said, was never completed, gave place to "THE WHOLE BOKE OF PSALMES, collected into English metre by Thomas Starnhold, J. Hopkins and others,"—a version which is now known in Scotland and England as "the old psalms."

(To be Continued.)

BENGEL'S ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

JOHN ALBERT BENGEL was born in Wurtemberg in 1687. He attended school in Stuttgart, and the university in Tubingen, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, and became a minister in the national church. After a short residence in a country parish, he was ap-

pointed junior divinity-tutor at Tubingen; and afterwards head tutor of the theological seminary at Denckendorf. He entered on his arduous duties at Denckendorf in 1713, and laboriously fulfilled them, without seeking for change or preferment, till 1741, when, without any

solicitation on his part, he was appointed prelate of Herbrechtingen. In 1741 he was chosen a member of the General States' Assembly; and in 1749 he was made Councillor of Consistory and Prelate of Alpirsbach. He died in 1752, beloved by very many, respected by all, and by the pious among his countrymen revered almost to excess. His life was a laborious and useful one. His "Gnomon" remains to this day one of the most valuable commentaries ever written on the New Testament; a splendid monument of his diligence, learning, genius and piety. But while laborious, his life, from childhood to the grave, was pre-eminently marked by quiet, uniform Christian beauty. The son of pious parents, and blessed with early religious training, he was by grace enabled to give up his young heart to the holy influences with which he was surrounded, and to follow Christ all his days.

Shortly before his death he wrote the following short account of his own religious experience. It is inserted by his biographer in the original German, in a short life written in Latin, and prefixed to the "Gnomon." It breathes, perhaps, a spirit of too great self-complacency. But the almost excessive veneration in which he was held by his countrymen would have made anything like self-depreciation appear affected: nor must the important circumstance be forgotten, that he was then putting off his harness, not girding it on. That part of Bengel's experience, which relates to inward mental trials, will probably find a response in many a thoughtful, quiet, Christian heart. His account of his early religious impressions is full of encouragement to Christian parents—and it is hoped that it may serve, too, as an example to the dear children and young persons, for whom many articles have been written in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*. They have Bengel's privileges. May they pray as Bengel is recorded, even when a child, to have prayed. So "shall the power of the Divine Word, penetrating their hearts, produce a child-like confidence in God," and Bengel's blessed spiritual history shall be theirs.

"I am anxious to save any future biographer the pains of treating of my personal Christianity, lest he should give that praise to unworthy me which should be given to God alone. I wish no man to cherish a single thought of me beyond the truth; and all praise to be ascribed to God's mercy, of which I have been made a partaker.

"My whole Christianity consists in this,

—that I belong to my Lord Jesus Christ, and that I count this to be all my glory and all my blessedness. From my childhood up, God so ordered matters that I should have opportunity of hearing, reading, and learning His Word: and the power of that Word did unobservedly so penetrate my heart as to produce a child-like confidence in God, an earnestness in prayer, a longing after that better life, a delight in the sayings of Holy Scripture, a relish for the hymns and children's prayers in common use; a conscientiousness, an aversion to evil, and a love for good.

"From time to time, such books fell into my hands as afforded me spiritual nourishment; and most of all was I, in many ways, led diligently to read Holy Scripture. Troublesome, sudden, inconsiderate outbursts of youthful folly and levity were not wanting: and temptations from without, though not frequent, came upon me at times all the more unexpectedly on that account. They were unfrequent, because in addition to any regular lessons, I had in various ways something always to do, and so was kept from idleness.

"While my will was tractable, many a doubt arose in my understanding, which I was too shy to mention and have removed. I thus endured much suffering, which needlessly depressed me, and not only gave me outwardly a constant appearance of shrinking timidity, but also at times deprived me of command over my countenance. Hence, however, it often happened that strangers, distressed in mind, conceived at first sight a hope of finding sympathy, and so spoke to me with confidence. At other times, however, I had very profound and peaceful views of the Divine gentleness, especially in my first approaches to the Lord's Supper.

"Such was my state of mind when I left school, and entered the University, and afterwards the Theological Seminary, at Tubingen. There, both before and after taking my degree of Master of Arts, God's grace increasingly worked in my heart, and blessed my intercourse with older and zealous students. As assistant college-tutor, God enabled me to commend myself to the consciences of those who listened to me, as I learned accidentally, many years afterwards. In my office of preacher, I strove to be of real spiritual benefit to the congregation, and especially to the students; and also enjoyed many other opportunities, in various ways, of contributing something to the common good. What passed be-

tween God and my soul the first night after I went to Denkendorf, served as a ground of confidence during my whole residence there. I aimed especially at accustoming the theological students to reverence holy things, and to guard against falsehood and impurity; and strove to impart to them early, according to their capacity, a seed of those things which might afterwards be most useful to them in the service of the Church.

"I never concerned myself to secure quiet pleasant days and hours,—to amass property,—or obtain places of distinction. It was my aim to perform faithfully, according to the ability God gave, what ever had to be done, whether important or unimportant, conspicuous or unnoticed; looking only to the good goal, and leaving to God to choose either a rough or a smooth way.

"In secret meditation I was much given to dwell upon two particular moments;—the first, when I became a sinner in Adam,—the second, when Jesus Christ gave over His spirit into His Father's hands, and so brought me, too, back to God. An equability of spirit made me pass for sad among the gay, and for gay among the sad. In circumstances of danger I rather contemplated the worst; and wherein the event fell short of that,—counted it for gain. I rather turned my thoughts to those who were worse off, than to those who were better off than myself, and thus found contentment not difficult of attainment.

"When I went to Herbrechtingen, and had more quiet time than before or since, I tried to put it to a good use for myself and others by the publication of edifying works and by other voluntary labours. Afterwards, when I became a member of the General States' Assembly and a Councillor of Consistory, I first fully understood what it is to watch for the common good of a country and a church, and to lend a helping hand not only in a general way but in numerous and various special cases. The renunciation of one's own will makes easy all changes of employment, however otherwise difficult; and my constant aim was to further and defend the cause of God. Towards the supreme power in the state I cherished the feelings which become a grateful subject, a faithful councillor, a conscientious and diligent representative. Towards my superiors I conducted myself as an inferior,—towards equals as an equal;—and inferiors I looked upon as those for whose sake superiors are exalted. In all relations I considered myself bound not only to further a good

cause, but also, as far as possible, to put a stop to abuses; and I counted it indifferent whether the end were attained by myself personally or by means of others.

"Some rather out-of-the-way topics are discussed in my works. And perhaps even those who may prize my labours in this direction, will not altogether absolve me from the charge of over-curiousness. My rule has been, faithfully to impart to others whatever truth I have gained possession of. But I have always sought my own spiritual nourishment, as my friends know, in the commonest catechetical ground-truths, with all simplicity, and without curious speculation. Faith, hope, love, gentleness, humility were the chief things.

"I can imagine one saying, that if God has loved me I cannot have been without afflictions. Nor have I. Yet I cannot properly count sickness among these. For, while my constitution has always been weak, I have had few painful illnesses or such as kept me from my work. Nor do I count bereavements—as when, for example, between the years 1715 and 1726, six of my children died in tender infancy: for even amid these visitations God richly supplied the most animating consolation. Nor do I count among such afflictions the unmerited reproach which some of my opponents heaped upon me; for this is nothing uncommon in the mere learned world. I always forgave them at the time; and moreover such reproach was far outweighed by the acceptance I met with in other quarters. My suffering has been mostly spiritual and hidden, gentle and constant; and in particular that eternity which lies before man, gave me at times a sudden thrust. For, without tormenting fear of its woe, or actual joy in the prospect of its weal, Eternity, in itself,—with its great importance, penetrated my inmost soul, and more sharply purged me than any outward calamity could have done.

"As with advancing years my duties increased and my powers decreased, I made it my chief care that nothing should damp, but that everything should cherish my longing for that eternal rest. And this desire is now fulfilled. Henceforth I have done with care. Henceforth remain peace and joy. To our God give the glory! The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you all!"

To learn the value of the Bible, we have only to look largely at the history of minds which have affected to dispense with its aid, or which have never known it.

EXTRACTS FROM GAMBOLD'S LETTERS.

"The blessed Redeemer is really nigh those hearts who pant after Him, who have no refuge nor life but in His merits and atoning blood, and will surely comfort and substantially feed them from degree to degree, after they have once begun to relish the doctrine of His dying love: this kindles a fire in the heart that will no more go out, but will burn up and wither whatever is contrary to it: and, in a manner, melt us into happy creatures; who living always in His peace, are endued also with His mind and likeness. However, I can say nothing equal to what a heart feels in the enjoyment of His redeeming grace and dying love as the Bridegroom of the soul; and this being our fortune through His free mercy, what can we do but be glad at our happy lot, ruminate over it in secret, and be very tender-hearted and everlastingly attached to Him who purchased it at so dear a rate?"

"The doctrine of faith is not an abject doctrine, but one that gives room for all the greatness of the human soul. It does indeed remove from religion all the little prospects and complacencies of ascetic pride; but it does not therefore let the soul sink for want of principle. That taste, those sentiments of holiness, and that vigorous pursuit of it which before was inspired by glittering ideas and a desire of excelling is still kept up by a reflection, that may seem, to those that have not tried it, little connected with magnanimity or diligence, consciousness of mercy received. God has some deep and mighty spring of our nature to move by those means.

"He awakens some affection within us, that never had sufficient occasion to exert itself before; but when it does exert itself, is fit to correspond to the Author of our being, by having all moral dignity, and all the beauty of sentiment and actions attending it. This affection is *Gratitude*, so lovely where it is seen in human affairs, that it meets with general commendation."

"They, in whom there is the most unfeigned, affectionate, and entire cleaving of the heart to the person of our dear Saviour, in consequence of His having forgiven every one of them his own sins, know and acknowledge, that they are sinful men, who have been saved by pure mercy, and still daily stand in need of it, that they are appointed servants to every human soul for their promotion to all grace and glory; and that, therefore, the

old Jewish haughtiness towards all out of their circle is necessarily exceeding far from being the principle of these disciples of Christ. They have one great, plain, and unalterable rule of faith and practice, which is, to take the Lord Jesus for their only righteousness and ground of salvation: to love Him tenderly, and value him above all things, who hath bought them with the price of His own blood: to draw out of His meritorious death alone, all the strength and succour they can need for all parts of their Christian race: to be dead to this present world, and renounce all its various sins and corruptions: to continue always meek and lowly in heart: and to be just, compassionate, and charitable towards all mankind, and useful in their generation, in that particular station of life wherein Providence may have wisely placed them."

"By way of superstructure upon these fundamentals," he adds, "with respect to well-disposed persons in general, the best advice I can give you consists in the following points:—

"1. Daily meditate upon, put your whole trust in, and direct your sighs to your once wounded and bleeding Saviour, the general and faithful High Priest, Advocate, and Second Adam: who, even after His resurrection, showed His scars as the righteous warrior, and whose merits are gloriously powerful in behalf of poor sinful men.

"2. Keep an open ear to His blessed teachings in your heart, and never at any time, by any indifference, double-mindedness, checking of convictions, &c. hinder Him from forming you anew in your inner man, and leading you continually forward into the whole and utmost happiness that can possibly be designed for you: Surely you neither can nor ought wilfully to set up your rest, short of enjoying, according to your circumstances, every personal grace, or part of spiritual health, which you hear spoken of.

"3. Never admit any prejudices or misapprehensions in your mind, against those, who testify what they have experienced of the death and sufferings of an incarnate God, of the greatness of His love, His perfect propitiation, and the free mercy shown by Him to sinners (truths, which neither can be suppressed by nor need be suppressed among Christians) but, if they are happier than yourselves, reap what benefit you can from their light.

JUDAS' TESTIMONY TO CHRIST.

THE declaration made by Iscariot must be viewed with all the accompanying details, if we would judge of it aright, and assign to it its proper value. It is neither that of an open enemy, nor is it that of an erring friend. It is neither the sentiment of the Jews, nor is it that which might have been expected from John, had it been possible for him to have betrayed his Lord. It is neither what the chief priests and Pharisees would have said, nor is it what Peter would have simply confessed. But it combines the qualities of both. The aspect of Judas is very equivocal,—that of half-friend and half foe. An open, decided enemy would have scorned to be so penitent; a faithless but weak-minded friend would have made apology for his apparent treachery, that would partly cancel the crime, or abate something from its heinousness in the eyes of mercy. But it is precisely this shifting irresolute conduct that renders the character of Judas detestable. Its atrocity is manifest in his Janus-like smile, and his Janus-like duplicity. His hypocrisy thus constitutes his impeachment and his infamy. Had he been more of a stern, unyielding adversary, his conduct must still have been reprehensible, yet not more so than that of the Jews, who consistently persisted to the last to oppose Christ, through unbelief. But, like the young serpent that we read of in the fable, he stung the Benefactor who had hugged him to his bosom. He stabbed with concealed dagger the Friend who had walked with him, during the twelve hours of the day! If the light that was in him was darkness, how great must that darkness have been! Judas walked indeed in the night, and stumbled, because there was no light in him. Had he been less a self-seeker, his treachery had been sooner discovered and suppressed; his condemnation, perhaps in human judgment at least, less severe, and the execration of his name less terrible. But the stain which will continue to rest on his memory, is all the deeper that he chose a false position; and his guilt culminated exactly at a crisis when to have retraced his steps was impossible for him, and would have been pregnant only with ignominy and defeat.

After his treachery had been unveiled to him in all its horrors, Judas would gladly have revealed whatever he could relate prejudicial to Christ; but his memory could not recall a single instance of error or iniquity. Even the ordinary weaknesses and infirmities of men are not charged against him. No folly is urged, not a shadow of sin is pled. He would have justified his own conduct under the misadventures or imperfections of so sacred a name. He would have extenuated his own vices under the example and sanction of his Master. He would have pointed to a precedent for sin in the life of Jesus, which others had failed to observe. There would have been excuses for his going astray after the devious ways of his Lord. Had there been any fading recollections derogatory to the cause which he once upheld, and injurious to the pretensions of the new religion introduced into the world, the extremity of his situation would have revived them. And the Jews would have cordially caught them up, and circulated them to Christ's dishonour and lasting shame. Not content with crucifying him, they would have hailed with joy any reports given under such striking circumstances, (which they would have considered of unquestionable truth,) calculated to undermine that "Rock of offence," and make them triumph with unbounded satisfaction and delight over the false claims of the fallen Messiah.

Judas was, so to speak, a privileged person. He was continually brought into the closest connection with Christ; not only witnessing the miraculous displays of beneficence before all the people, but hearing lessons of heavenly wisdom from His mouth in public and private. He was also privy to our Lord's most secret

doings. A peculiar and sacred trust was reposed in him. He had frequent opportunities of communing with Christ, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with His character. Though Jesus assumed publicity, as He often did, He was never excluded from His presence. As a disciple, he had full access to Christ at all times, and he had the greatest means of judging of the Saviour's true behaviour. The Jews might wonder if Christ's private walk comported at all with His conduct in the streets of their villages and cities, in the highways and in the synagogues. There had been,—they were compelled to admit,—no lack of extraordinary, nay superhuman, power, wisdom, benevolence, humility, and self-denial in His public actions. But what guarantee was there that among the twelve He might not be an arbitrary, and even a cruel Master, whose caprices they feared, whose anger they dreaded? Where was the security of the consistency of His example with His precept? It was admitted by all that none ever spoke like this man; but a pledge of His life in solitude was not afforded them. And, at the best, His disciples, devoted to His service, and endeared to His person, were not in a position favourable to give an impartial testimony, or a testimony that would be regarded by the world without, with favour or respect, even for a moment.

But Jesus had an unblemished reputation. His enemies themselves being judges; and Judas adds his unqualified approval of Christ's matchless and unsullied holiness. His testimony is the more striking that it appears to have been almost unconsciously emitted,—wrong as it were from him,—as if it had been indispensable and necessary for him before he died to ratify the faultlessness of Christ's life. It seemed as if his spirit was pressed down with a burden which must be removed; as if Christ needed His confession, more than others, to certify the purity of His life, and confirm the rectitude of His private walk and conversation. In short, Christ was subjected to the most rigid scrutiny, as he was exposed to the most watchful jealousy and suspicion, of the Jews from without; probably His retired scenes might be supposed to furnish a not unimportant test from within. But neither the bitter malice of the Jews, nor the hollow-hearted deceit of Judas could, even after the keenest observation and closest inspection, detect a flaw in that life on earth, which yet drew its strength and inspiration from above. He was the HOLY ONS of Israel.

JUDAS AND SAUL.

WE might trace some analogy between Saul and Judas. There is a strong likeness between them—between their misconceptions regarding the two kingdoms with which both were connected. Both had low and carnal ideas of their respective sovereigns and their work. If there was an essential connection between David and Christ—which is universally represented in Scripture—it might be expected that what befell the one, in the setting up of his temporal kingdom, should, in its principal features, befall the other in establishing His everlasting dominion. In either case, the kingdom was the Lord's; in both, the principles of government were one and the same—the principles of righteousness and of truth. As both directly bore on the affairs of men, similar feelings of dislike and enmity were by both equally provoked. What David was to Christ, Saul was to Judas. The spiritual element that shone out prominently in the administration of David bore a strong contrast to the carnal principles and policy of Saul. David's enemies were the enemies of God. His cause was the cause of righteousness; and the highest interests, both human and divine, were bound up in its success and triumph. In making known to Israel his appointment to be their king, and the character he himself would maintain, David roused the malice of his countrymen, just as Christ endured the contradiction of sin-

ners' David felt and acknowledged. In a spirit of becoming humility, that his kingdom was erected on a lower stage and was adjusted to a less stable framework of society, than the kingdom which Christ should set up in the latter day. As a ruler, he was a type of Christ. And the Philistines, the enemies of Israel, were but the Jews themselves in their hatred of the Messiah when He appeared in the flesh.

It was amidst sore trials and persecutions that David reigned. Saul tracked his fugitive steps in quest of his life. In proportion as the son of Jesse reared his throne above or beyond the hopes which his countrymen entertained, in that same proportion did he meet with hostility against himself in the conduct of Saul. That which exceeded, and, in fact, disappointed Saul's sanguine expectations, was calculated in the same degree to incur his strongest displeasure. And the deadly enmity which was arrayed against the Saviour was by so much the greater than that experienced by David—by how much Christ's everlasting and spiritual kingdom towered above all preceding dispensations of men—in the immutability and perfect purity of its

truth, the grandeur of its principles, and the glory and perpetuity it was destined to inherit. If the merely human head of the kingdom, in its comparatively earthly form, had to endure sorrow and trouble, much more than this had the Divine Head to undergo, when the kingdom of heaven was being set up among sinful men. Gradually as the good rose to its highest manifestation of perfection, precisely did the antagonistic evil put forth its keenest and most malignant opposition. The part which Saul acted against the claims of David was repeated by Judas against the Messiah,—but in the latter case with more concealed wickedness and for a more paltry bribe; for Saul, if a blood-thirsty and revengeful foe, was from the first open and unwavering at least, in his violent persecution of the king of Israel. But both were characters that were to be witnessed in the coming ages of the Church. Saul, the pattern in the lower kingdom, must have Judas as his counterpart in the higher.—*The Scripture must be fulfilled.*

D. M.

Notices of Books.

A Treatise on Justification by Faith. By Rev. PATON J. GLOG, Assistant Minister of Dunning, Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie.

THIS Treatise is systematically divided into ten chapters, treating of "the necessity"—"importance and nature of justification"—"the imputation of Christ's righteousness"—the "difference between justification and sanctification"—"the nature of justifying faith"—"faith the instrument of justification"—"harmony between the views of Paul and James"—"the connection between justification and holiness"—"on good works after justification"—and, finally, "grace the source of justification." There has been judiciously separated and attached, an Appendix on the more abstruse portions of the subject, so that the more unlearned reader may not be interrupted in his plain course of reading by any subject above the summit level of ordinary understandings.

We agree with the learned author, that the subject treated by him "is not a mere dispute about words, for the Romish Church regard their sanctification or inherent righteousness in the room of the perfect righteousness of Christ." And it is evident, that this error is by no means confined to the Church of Rome. It is extremely prevalent among all professing Christians. It is the offspring of the natural heart. Man is naturally self-righteous, and he tries every expedient rather than renounce his own holiness and submit himself entirely to the right-

eousness of Christ. He would fain share the glory of his salvation with Christ, and thus he endeavours to mix up his own works in some way or other with Christ's merits, as the ground of acceptance with God.

'No one can read Mr. Glog's Treatise without discovering that the author is conversant with the best theological writers. He avails himself of time-worn and massive volumes, and has compressed, with an able hand, their lengthened argumentation, and skilfully stripping their works of the scholastic and, to the uneducated, obscure if not unintelligible language, he presents the whole points and principles connected with this vital foundation of protestant, because scriptural, faith in clear and well considered language.

Concordance to the Metrical Psalms and Paraphrases. Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie, 1856.

THIS ingenious publication is designed to supply a want felt much by ministers and others in conducting public and private worship. It is of great importance to find psalms or paraphrases suitable to the discourse preached, or the chapter read, and this is often a matter of difficulty. We believe, that all who are annoyed by the want referred to will here find it supplied. We commend the book to all, more especially to young ministers, and also, we may add, to Sabbath School Teachers.

S E R M O N .

By the REV. JOHN COLVIN, Minister of Maryhill.

"And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers: so they prepared timber and stones to build the house. . . . And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron, heard in the house while it was in building."—1 Kings v. 17, 18; vi. 7.

"THEREFORE," saith John, "are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple." There is, then, a temple in heaven. But the disclosures of the Word of God are not limited to this fact. Amongst the many brilliant revelations vouchsafed therein, one—like the moon amidst the planets—stands conspicuous. It is this, that in some mystic, perhaps at present only partially appreciable sense, earth may be regarded as the *type of heaven*, and the *divine procedure towards men the shadow at once of the spiritual life and the future state*. This principle of interpretation, intensely interesting in general, is vitally involved in the lessons suggested by the text.

It appears to be perspicuously declared in diverse parts of the Word of God, that just as the Tabernacle was the shadow of the Temple of Solomon, so the latter was designed to form a type of the Church militant and the Church triumphant. The Epistle to the Hebrews, for example, is an elaborate Divinely authorised illustration and exposition of the typical principle. It demonstrates that the singular system of discipline and worship promulgated from Sinai and established throughout Palestine, and the sacred places, things, and persons which appear and figure in the course of its exercise and development, were designed to constitute a foreshadowing typical picture, in whose light and shade the supernaturally enlightened eye of faith might discover the features and lineaments of the future both of earth and heaven. It clearly establishes the principle, that if in the heaven and the earth the

ear of a David could discriminate and detect the accents of a voice of praise—if to the ear of faith there arise from "battle-fields sounds as if the multitudes of armed dead stirred in their heavy slumber"—so in like manner to the same ear—the ear of faith—the dispensations of God towards the Old Testament Church, when viewed in their typical aspect, utter strange and otherwise unthought of things pertaining to Grace and Glory. For the time then present they were adequate; with the Future they were pregnant. Of such a typical character was the Hebrew Temple.

From the many typical and symbolic characteristics associated with the Temple, let one now be selected as the subject of present meditation, viz., the Hebrew Temple the type of the Christian Church, and, through the latter medium, of the Church triumphant.

I. The first point of analogy suggested by the text consists in the preparation made for the laying of the foundation stone. It is related here that Solomon "commanded and they brought great, costly, and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house." They were prepared ere they were brought to the site of the future temple; and, by a reference to the sacred history, it is manifest that for a long period anterior David and Solomon had, as it were, been gathering their strength and accumulating their resources to realise the truly noble aspiration of building a structure whose magnificence might, even to the carnal eye, speak forth the majesty of Him whose name it bore. Nothing was overlooked that wealth or art could achieve. The cedars of Leban-

on, the quarries and mines of Palestine and the East, the gold of Ophir, the royal treasury and the skill of Tyre, were lavished upon it. Hence the affirmation of the text, that the materials were costly and precious—prepared ere they were brought to the summit of Moriah.

And who is the foundation of the spiritual temple—the Church? The Lord Jesus Christ. Isaiah places this beyond the pale of doubt, when he says: "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation." Nor was the preparation made for the laying of the foundation of the temple which crowned Moriah an unworthy representation and type of that which ushered in, prepared the way for, and heralded the placing of the first and foundation stone of the temple of the Church. Without presuming to allude to the transactions of that eternity which preceded the creation of man, it was necessary that, ere the advent of Christ, Philosophy, Heathendom, and Judaism should be taught the necessity of looking away from themselves to God; and this was accomplished by the experience of four thousand years. The prophecies uttered over Babylon, Tyre, Egypt, and other monarchies, had to be fulfilled, and this was done during the era preparatory to the advent of Christ. The diadem and the crown had to be removed from the brow of royal Judah, and the very glory of that Temple, the laying of whose foundations excited so profound and thrilling an interest amongst the Jews, was doomed to wax old and vanish away. Man, from the refined Grecian, the stern Roman, the sumptuous Chaldean, the luxurious Persian, and the haughty Hebrew, to the poor unwitting worshipper of a sun or a stone, had to be convinced experimentally of the impossibility of finding for themselves a fit temple in which they might, with tranquillity of conscience and full satiety of heart, worship the God of heaven and earth. This preparatory work was achieved ere the Redeemer came; and at length, when the prophetic days and years had elapsed, and the tumults of the nations seemed hushed and soothed by the influences of the approach-

ing presence of the Prince of Peace, as the stormy winds and the billowy waves afterwards were by His voice, then were the solitudes of the wilderness startled by the repentance watch-cry of the Baptist, summoning mankind to prepare to meet their God, and to behold the placing of the Foundation Stone of that all-glorious temple, beneath whose gorgeous roof Jew and Greek, Barbarian and Scythian, bond and free, shall yet on earth serve and laud Him that liveth for evermore.

II. The second point of analogy is this, that as Solomon presided at the placing of the foundation stone of his temple, so God when that of the Church was laid. The pomp and circumstance usually attendant upon such transactions warrant the assumption that the resources of Palestine would be exhausted to grace the ceremony. That which Nebuchadnezzar offered to his golden image would not be refused by Solomon to the temple of his God. To the Jews, with their deep religious sentiments, there cannot be conceived to have been an event fraught with greater interest than the placing of the foundation of their sacred temple. With what intensity, therefore, does it shadow forth that dread presence which, with all its invisible yet manifested glory, consecrated the laying of the foundation stone of the spiritual temple of the Church! If we regard the *entire life* of the Redeemer as included in this, then is it requisite only to point to the nocturnal scene on Bethlehem's plains, when "such music sweet" greeted the ears of the awe-subdued shepherds "as never was by mortal fingers struck;" for the angels were the ambassadors, or, as it were, the voice of God. We might guide you onwards to the omens, and sights, and words which signalized the Baptism, to the ministry of angels in the wilderness and in the Garden of Agony, or to the Voice which imparted yet loftier grandeur to the Transfiguration mount. But if *His death* be regarded as the act typified in the text, then how vivid *there* were the revelations of the Presence and the Presidency of God. That supernatural darkness excluded not the viewless light of

the essence of Deity. The foundation stones of the temple on Moriah were "great, costly, and hewn." In the presence of the majesty of the greatest and wisest of earth's princes, and amid the affectionate benedictions of the chosen race, they were laid in their place of honour; but, like earth when beheld by the spiritual light or from the altitudes of heaven, or like an immense orb, the centre of the system, but when seen from earth seeming as a spark of fire, or a rent in the cloudy abyss, well-nigh imperceptible, but yet enough to permit the egress of one ray of the burning light beyond, the pageantry narrated in the text melts away into airy nothing when beheld from the base of Calvary's cross. It seemed as if all nature had become momentarily vocal—the sun from amid his darkness, the earth from amid the quivering of her elements, and the grave from its sepulchral charnel halls. And if to the acute sensitive ear of devotion, as it listens to the sounds—unheard by the profane—that arise from the ruins of a once happy hamlet that stood by the sea-shore, it seems as if

" Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voic'd
neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest."

what were the phenomena that signalled the last moments of the Saviour and the Friend of man, save the voice of God uttered in the dread harmonies of a moved and awe-struck universe? Harmonies they were, and the most fearful to which earth ere hearkened; for one and all they were the annunciations of heaven from a scene of woe of which the dying Saviour was the central theme—the many-voiced prophets of the living God to man. In that fear-moving eclipse of the sun, in the severance of the veil, in the quaking of the earth, in the rending of the rocks, in the bursting of the bands of the grave, and the resurrection of departed saints, the voice of the Omnipotent was not less audible and distinct than when it made known to the leader of the Hebrew hosts the ever-incommunicable name, "I AM," or startled and laid prostrate the chosen three on the isolated transfiguration

mount, as it thundered forth the words, "This is my well-beloved Son, hear Him." He who controls nature, and by whose resistless command its elements kindle into war, or sink into slumber, condescended to employ these phenomena as the expression of His will, so that whatever truths they unveil—truths magnified by the unparalleled majesty and state of their annunciation—they appeal to all with a directness immediate as that of the words inscribed by the finger of God upon the tablets of stone, or as the audible thunderings of the voice of heaven. If the presence of Solomon graced the laying of the foundation stone of the temple on Moriah—that of the King of kings presided over the like ceremonial in the erection of the temple not made with hands.

III. We mention as the third and last point of analogy, *the circumstances of the erection of the temple itself*. "And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither." The materials were prepared ere they were brought to the mount, and were put together in solemn silence. Day after day the exquisite structure proceeded, until at length the Temple, with its spire-crowned Porch, supporting pillars profusely ornamented with carved representations—its Sanctuary, and, separated from it by a veil, its Holy of Holies, emerged into view, with its walls of cedar-wood and hewn stones, or marble overlaid with gold. No discordant sound of human instrument destroyed the music of the work. Amid that silence with which God's established laws operate, His house was erected, and Moriah crowned with its glory. Does not this strikingly typify the erection of the Church spiritually, and of the temple in heaven? It had, indeed, an *immediate* purpose; for therein, during many centuries, there was found a resting-place for the Ark of God, and the bright Shechinah-cloud, the glory of the temple; and therein, age after age, the sacrifice was offered, the hymn of praise sung to the music of psaltery and harp, and the prayer incense-like ascended upwards—earth's counterpart to the Temple-service of Heaven.

But it also had a typical aspect. Nothing could disclose with deeper truth the process by which the Church spiritually is upbuilt, and the celestial temple erected. Observe the accuracy with which the type reveals the antitype. (1.) The materials of the terrestrial temple were prepared at a distance upon the mountains, and at the proper period were transferred to Moriah. Thus it is especially with the celestial temple. Earth is to heaven what the mountains were to Moriah—the scene of preparation for the future; and no one, be his position amongst men what it may, can ever become a part of that glorious superstructure now being raised in heaven, upon Christ the foundation-stone, chosen and precious, unless his nature be formed and modelled by Divine power in this the probation-period of existence. It is one of the fixed and determinate laws of God, which not even Omnipotence can alter or amend, that unless “a man be born again, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.” Nothing impure shall participate in heaven’s blessedness; and, therefore, unless these natures of ours, which have lost their pristine forms of beauty and holiness, and become rude and unsightly in the eye of heaven, as stones newly taken from the quarry to that of the sculptor, are regenerated and made new, never can we by any possibility become an integral part of the living temple beyond the stars; but, on the contrary, a dark and repulsive element in the rude, misshapen structure, built on the foundation of the author of sin.

(2.) Look at the typical character of the artists employed in the work. These were the true Hebrews, the workmen of Tyre, and the slaves, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water. Is not this a faithful outline of the method by which the Almighty Architect accomplishes his purposes on earth? It is the will of God that many shall become stones, polished and perfect, in the living temple. How is this realised? So far at least by human instrumentality. The professed ambassadors of the Cross—the office-bearers in the Church, are represented by the Hebrew workmen. Men of liter-

ary, philosophical and scientific pursuits, who, by their disquisitions and investigations illustrate the procedure, the laws and attributes of God have their counterpart in the skilful Tyrian artists. And to complete the picture: the bond-slaves—the hewers of wood and drawers of water—indicate the universal class of unbelievers—the enemies of God, and aliens from the commonwealth of Israel; men toiling against their inclination and intention for purposes which in their hearts they despise; for it is one of the matchless perfections of God to overrule the wrath and hostility of men for His own glory—a fact which shall be triumphantly demonstrated at the judgment day. Is not this a solemn thought? The influence of every one is now operating in some way, either for good or evil; nor is it in our power to restrain or imprison this influence. Either for or against God we are now working; and if,—not less than unconcealed, unblushing animosity,—our indolence, coldness, or indifference shall be overruled for the promotion of the glory of God, as they assuredly shall, this cannot add ought to our eternal woe. Christian brethren! ponder with deliberation upon this. Think not that the office-bearers in the Church are alone the ambassadors of Christ. Imagine not that their labours shall excuse your indolence. Oh, no! There is no salvation by proxy. The command is universal: it is addressed to the Church,—ministers, elders, and people: “Go ye and teach all nations: bear the cross.” If opportunities for furthering the holy cause of God are presented to you, shrink not from embracing them. It is a glorious work; for what is it, save the preparation of immortal souls for a position in the living temple above?

(3.) The *axe* is used in Scripture as the symbol of human instrumentality, and therefore the speciality of emphasis with which it is related that no such instrument of art was employed in the erection, strictly speaking, of the temple of Solomon—in other words, that no human instrument whatever was brought into requisition—suggests the thought, that, in the work of Regeneration

and Sanctification, or in the still higher work of placing each living stone in its position in the upper temple, man has nothing to do. In the *preparatory* procedure, as we have seen, he has much to do; but in the direct, immediate, and effectual application of the truth to the soul, his agency is absolutely excluded. As no instrument of human art was requisite in the erection, strictly speaking, of the material temple of God, so His Spirit alone can effect that result which the means of grace are designed instrumentally to produce.

The Temple arose amid a silence truly sublime. In the preparatory cutting and hewing, the reverse of silence must have prevailed. Amid a very Babel of noises had this work progressed; but now that the materials are prepared, at the command of the king they are brought to the mountain, and assume their places in silence. To give this its highest symbolic application, how vivid and well-defined is the analogy! Who knows not the contentions, the animosities, and disgraceful strifes amid which the Gospel is made known,—a note of peace scarce audible among the jarring sounds of ecclesiastical battle; but no sooner has it accomplished its mission within the soul, and, like the Fire coming down from heaven, kindled an indestructible flame of Holiness and Love upon its altar-place, than,—to take the highest application,—that soul awaits only the command of a greater potentate than Solomon to be removed to that mountain of the Lord, where there is nothing to hurt or destroy,—to be inserted in its place of honour in the living temple of heaven. Who that has stood by the deathbed of a Christian, and watched the last ebblings of life until the spirit has fled, has ever heard sounds such as those shadowed forth by the progress of terrestrial architecture? No. The very spirit of silence pervades that chamber of death. It is a slight quiver of the pale features,—a long, last sigh, and all is over. Silence ensues,—a silence which can be likened to nought else of earth, and indicates by its *still placid* type form, the like silent process by which that departed spirit has as-

sumed its sphere in the Temple not made with hands. It is gone from earth, although not a rustle of its pinions betrayed its flight. It has entered into glory amid the lofty decorous eloquence and music of silence.

No confusion or discord can ever prevail *there* whither it has gone. In that ever blessed state we read that there exist gradations of rank, from the inconceivable elevations of the Seraph that “burns and adores” before the throne, to the humblest of the beatified Adorers of the living God. The sphere which each and all shall occupy was determined long ere earth began its courses, or soul its career of thought; and no sooner does death emancipate the Christian’s imprisoned spirit, than forthwith, amid silence,—the silence of angelic and redeemed wonder and rapture,—it becomes a living stone in its destined place in the temple not made with hands. When this sublime structure shall have been completed in every part, how exquisitely glorious and magnificent shall be its aspect! Endeavour to rise from the conception of human architecture to that of the temple of the world, and from the latter to the temple above,—endeavour to ascend from the melodies and harmonies of wind, and wave, and forest, to those of man, and from the latter to the hymns and hallelujahs, “loud as from numbers without number,—sweet as from blest voices uttering joy;” and if even now the majesty of the thoughts and conceptions thus suggested,—partial and inadequate though they be,—move and thrill the soul to its lowest depths, what shall the *reality* be? If the temple of Solomon evoked the profoundest emotions of a Hebrew, what shall those of the Redeemed be as they behold the Temple not made with hands—perfect, beautiful, sublime—themselves a part? Heart cannot conceive, nor earth’s cold language express them. Only this may we say, that the Shechinah cloud-glory shall be superceded by the unveiled majesty of God,—that the materials of costly splendour with which the temple of Moriah was crowned shall be eclipsed by the nameless magnificence of which the Revelation

tells,—that the services of earth shall be obscured by the swell of harmonies such as Heaven can alone produce,—and that amid the music of golden harps, and the anthems and doxologies of pure, happy Immortals, ecstasies of devotion shall be attained such as the Redeemed of God and the Pure alone can bear. What save the rapturous memories of what he had seen and heard in the prophetic dreams of Patmos inspired John,—so gentle and placid,—to rise in his descriptions of the Temple to heights of eloquence, perhaps never before, never since, reached? What save the echoes of the harmonies of the celestial choirs still haunting his ear gave him strength to write as perhaps none else ever did; for Paul himself does not speak of harpers harping on their harps, or of the song of Moses and the Lamb?

And *this* thought intensifies all,—that this Temple is imperishable as eternity

itself. Terrestrial temples may be dismantled and demolished. We may accelerate the footsteps of Time, “snatch the scythe from its hand, and hasten the approach of destiny.” Fire may consume the sculptured column, and scorch and deface the massive wall. Towers and battlements, madly destined to exist for ages, by a seeming chance may be laid prostrate in the dust; yea, the great “globe itself, and all which it inherit,”—the temple of the world,—shall erstwhile disappear amid flame and tempest, but that Living Temple, whose gorgeous structure is now rising into greater and more exquisite glory beyond the firmament of star and cloud, no hostile power can injure or destroy. The sun smiteth it not by day, nor the moon by night. God is its Shield, and Omnipotence and Eternity its defence. Amen.

THOUGHTS ON THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

WILL those whose faith is weak, or wanting altogether, in the fact of the divinity of Christ, kindly read and candidly consider the following thoughts upon this subject? Let me first remind my readers that the *disposition* with which we investigate truth is itself right or wrong. The unrighteous servant was justly censured, not merely on the ground of positive disobedience, but also because he did not “prepare himself,” to obey. Whatever, therefore, is true or false, fact or fiction, regarding the person of Jesus Christ, it is unquestionably *right* that the truth regarding it should be inquired into with all the thoughtful seriousness and attention which are demanded by a question of such vast importance.

I say of such vast importance; but it would not be so if it were a mere speculative question, which could be received or rejected by us without affecting our characters, or in any way endangering our religious life, in the fullest sense of these terms. Yet this idea, I fear, hinders many from seeing its importance, and from sympathising with those to whom it is the most precious fact of all which

they possess, or rather are possessed by. Maybe my reader thinks, that so far from its being the centre, it lies rather outside of that circle of truth within which a man may, as a Christian, live, move, and have his being. Or it is associated, perhaps, in his mind with an undefined number of vague and impalpable “mysteries” which it is charitably admitted may probably be true;—which are, at all events, declared by “the Church,” or “the Priesthood,” to be true;—which many good people, who wish to be orthodox, and tremble at the name of infidelity, accept of “as a matter of course;” but “mysteries,” nevertheless, which he thinks have no more connection with “a good life,” or with “practical Christianity,” than some distant fountain, that may or may not exist in another country, has with his own bodily health. I trust I do not appear unkind or unjust in this interpretation of thought.

Now such a state of mind, or any other characterised by *indifference*, and which would prompt the question, “what is it to me whether Christ was divine or not?” arises, I think, from a misappre-

hension or forgetfulness of what Christianity is. I address myself specially, let me notice, to those who profess faith in the Christian religion, though Christ's divinity does not in their opinion form a part of that religion. I address those, moreover, who believe that the Christian religion is that which Jesus Christ taught, and the apostles after Him, as recorded in the Gospels and Epistles. I do not even insist, as essential to my argument, upon faith in the inspiration of Scripture, according to any theory whatever of that doctrine; but assume only that we have in the New Testament a true account of the teaching of Jesus Christ and his apostles, and that we are able, therefore, to ascertain from that source what are the facts and principles of the "religion" which they taught, or to learn from its pages what Christianity is as a historical fact, with as much certainty, surely, as we can learn from the Koran what Mohammedanism is as taught by Mahomet, or from any work of philosophy what were the opinions of its author.

Now if we read the New Testament with ordinary attention, we must, I think, be struck by one fact which is repeated in almost every page, and is manifestly the all-pervading spirit and life of its teaching, and that is the peculiar place which Christ occupies in relation to all other persons mentioned there. This person, Jesus Christ, whoever he is, stands out for instance prominently before every other teacher of Christian truth. The apostles speak of *Him*, point to Him, plead for Him, labour for Him, live for Him, die for Him;—and recognise themselves as nothing except as related to Him. He is not the greatest teacher among themselves, but the *only* teacher, they being but His scholars, who glory in having nothing of their own to impart, and in being ministers, stewards only of what they have received from Him their Lord. The subject of all their preaching is this Person—not morality, or doctrines, or truths, as these are ordinarily understood, but this as the Truth and the Life,—Jesus Christ. The motto of their lives is, "God forbid that we should

know any thing among you save Jesus Christ." To realise this, take up any epistle—glance your eye, for example, over the first chapter of first Corinthians, or any other—and mark how often the *name* of Jesus Christ appears as the ever present thought, the centre of every idea.

Again, consider how this Person is inseparably connected with every motive, every duty, every joy and hope of the Christian as he is described in the New Testament. Christian love is there, not love merely in the abstract, (if such is in any case possible,) but love to Jesus Christ, and to all men because "in Christ." The grand question proposed is, "Lovest thou Me?" Christian obedience is not obedience merely to a code of moral precepts, but to Jesus Christ and "His commandments." Christian faith is not faith in "mysteries" or things unseen, or truths revealed, though such faith may be Christian, but its essence is faith in Jesus Christ the living Person: not in what He has said merely, but in *Himself*; the supreme command being, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." Christian hope is hope in Christ; Christian joy, joy in Christ; Christian peace, peace in Christ; Christian labour, labour in Christ; Christian strength, strength in Christ; Christian growth, growth in Christ; Christian life, life in Christ; Christian death, death in Christ; Christian immortality, rising in Christ; Christian salvation, salvation through Christ; and the Christian heaven, is "to be with Christ!" On the other hand, all that is evil and disastrous to the soul is summed up in being "without Christ;" To reject Christ, not to believe in Christ, to be enemies of Christ, to despise Christ, to be ignorant of Christ, to lose Christ, to be commanded at the last to depart from Christ—these are the characteristics of those described in Scripture as beyond the pale of salvation, for "there is no other name given among men whereby man can be saved than the name of Jesus Christ." It would be easy to cover pages with proofs of this fact, which I wish the reader to examine more fully for himself, and which I can hardly conceive it possible for any candid man to doubt, viz., that whether Christianity is true or false,

worthy of all acceptation or deserving of being rejected as another system of idolatry, its sum and substance is unquestionably the *supreme* love of a living person, Jesus Christ. Now if this, or any thing even approaching to this, is true, my reader will, I am sure, be disposed to acknowledge that it is not possible to separate Christ from the Christianity of the New Testament. The person and the "religion" become, in fact, identical—so far at least that both must be received or rejected. That a code of morals may be extracted from the New Testament and Jesus himself, as its centre, be put aside, is quite possible; or that the character of Jesus may be recognised as a perfect example of what He taught, a living embodiment of His "beautiful precepts," is also possible, without any faith in His divinity, although greater difficulties than many suspect attend even this process;—but the question still remains to be answered, is this "philosophic" or "rational" system—*this* Christianity, really the Christianity taught by Christ, and by Peter, Paul, and John? I do not argue as to which "religion," "system," or "Christianity" is the best, but ask only a question of *fact*, which,—I shall not say on your oath nor even on your honour,—but which do you candidly believe to be the Christianity of the New Testament? If you hesitate ere you reply to this question of *historical fact*, open again the New Testament, with a manly resolution to examine it, and obtain information, and ask its pages *what is Christianity?* Read even such chapters as the following:—John x., xiv., and xv.; Acts, first four chapters; the Epistles to the Ephesians and Philippians; portions of Scripture which may be read almost in an hour or two. I do not bid you at present to attempt to master or believe the whole world of truth which is there revealed, but only to notice the *Sum* of that world, and say is it not a person, Jesus Christ, the all in all?

And if so, I again anxiously inquire whether the question does not become of equal importance with the truth of the Christian religion itself—*who is this Jesus Christ?*

I cannot close these first thoughts on this great theme without breathing the earnest prayer that they may lead the reader to better and truer thoughts of Him who is our Lord and brother, and whose thoughts of us since we were born, and in spite of all our unbelief, have been more in number and more in love than we can comprehend until we see His face!
N.

(To be Continued).

EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS BY ARCHER BUTLER.

THE TRINITY.

"I will not condescend to argue this great doctrine from debated text and isolated passage! I find it in every page of the New Testament. It is omnipresent in revelation like the God it declares. Wherever it is not asserted it is assumed; it is not one thread in the web but the whole ground of the texture. It is like the clouded sun at noonday, you cannot always see the very orb, but you know it is there by the light it sheds."

PRINCIPLE AND PRACTICE.

"There are two aspects in which the religion of Christ may be viewed, and we should never magnify the one at the expense of the other—as a principle of life and happiness and as a principle of subjection and obedience—life that quickens obedience—obedience that manifests life—life that makes obedience delightful—obedience that makes life visible and practical."

PRUDENCE IN THE WORLD AND IN RELIGION.

"Man values himself upon the long-sighted prudence whose calculations are bounded by the grave; but is ashamed of that which comprehends immortality. He glories in pursuing a wealth that withers in his hand, and blushes to be known as a speculator in the treasures of heaven. He exults in doubling that income which, after all, no accountant would assure to some for five years, or four years, or a single year. But when the calculation swells until it embraces the territories of God's coming Kingdom—an inheritance that cannot fade, a crown of glory immortal in the heavens—when the bidding is for the fee of a celestial estate, it is no longer *Prudence* to pursue the speculation, it is *Enthusiasm* and *Fanaticism* and *Hypocrisy* and the rest, and man is ashamed to avow it."

HENRY AND FRANK MACKENZIE.*

A BEAUTIFUL memoir has been published of these Christian brothers, sons of the late Lord Mackenzie. Although it has nothing of the stirring interest of the Memorials of Hedley Vicars, nor relates to names of wide renown like that of Dr. Kitto, yet it possesses an interest of its own, as a faithful and most pleasing picture of Christian family life, and a record of two characters of singular purity and promise.

In the case of the Mackenzies was strikingly illustrated the blessing of early Christian training. Like Timothy, they reaped the advantage of a grandmother's and a mother's "unfeigned faith." Of their grandmother's prayers for her grandchildren, two beautiful specimens are given in the memoir. These supplications were followed up by the affectionate and faithful instructions of a Christian mother. Lady Mackenzie taught her children from their earliest years to look to God as their reconciled and loving Father in Christ Jesus. She did not deem, as, alas! too many mothers appear to do, that any stage of intelligence could be too early for the reception of holy impressions. The reward of the prayers and pains of this excellent lady was, that her children grew up, as she had trained them, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The years of childhood and boyhood were spent by the brothers in unbroken serenity. From private tuition at home, they passed to the Edinburgh Academy, and thence to Glasgow College. It would be difficult to picture a happier family-circle than that of Belmont, at this time. School lessons, and afterwards College studies, were attended to with ardour and interest; all useful knowledge was eagerly prosecuted, not as a task, but as a pleasure; and, with an earnest Christ-

ian spirit pervading all, there was a cheerful, free and perfect sympathy between parents and children, in all that interested the latter. When the holidays enabled the whole family to assemble together, their happiness was complete. There was as yet no cloud darkening the horizon.

When eighteen years of age, Henry, the elder brother, entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He pursued his studies with great ardour, and attained distinction. He looked forward to the English Bar as his profession. His views of duty, however, were not confined to merely earning success in any secular employment. His principles were thus expressed,—“I would wish and pray that if God is pleased to spare me, I may be enabled, in whatever sphere I am, to be of some real use to my fellow-creatures in my generation; and to promote, as far as in me lies, the glory of God. Such a result as this, while it forms the noblest, and, indeed, the only true end of all secular ambition, may be accomplished, in some way or other, by every one; though we are slow and unwilling enough to discover how it may be done.”

While he remained at home, he had sought in some measure to give expression to his Christian benevolence, by teaching in a Sabbath School at Coltbridge, near Edinburgh. Nor did he lose interest in this school, by his removal to Cambridge. On his return home for the long vacation, he resumed his former post, and frequently during the summer he had the entire management of the school. On this subject, we must make an extract from the Memoir. “In reverting to these days, Henry frequently lamented that he had found among the children of the poor, and even in quarters where better things might have been expected, extreme ignorance of the Old Testament, as if it were forgotten that, in reference to these Scriptures, our Lord has said—‘They are they which testify of me.’ In his own teaching in the Sunday-school, he had always kept before

* “Early Death not Premature;” being a Memoir of Francis L. Mackenzie, late of Trinity College, Cambridge With Notices of Henry Mackenzie, B.A., Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. By Rev. Charles Popham Miles, M.A., M.D., F.L.S., Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

the minds of his pupils that the truths of the Gospel are shadowed forth in the Old Testament,—that all parts of the Holy Scriptures are intimately and indissolubly connected together, so as to form one perfect and harmonious whole,—and that, as the New Testament is the complement of the Old, each of these Books ought to be reverently and diligently studied. In proportion to the development of his own mental powers, he embraced a more and more decided opinion as to the supreme authority of God's Word and the vital importance of the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and often he expressed his belief that many a noble mind had made miserable shipwreck by striking on the shoal of intellectual pride,—‘the temptation to which’ he has himself described as ‘the greatest of all dangers.’”

The serious illness of Lord Mackenzie, in 1849, first broke the serenity of the family scene. The attack was overcome for the time, and immediate anxiety was relieved—but the disease was not removed. Another attack, in the beginning of 1851, revived the alarm of the family. Henry was summoned from Cambridge to see his father. On this occasion he marked the following passage in Jeremy Taylor's "Life of Christ"—“That is not peace from above to have everything according to our human and natural wishes; but to be in favour with God, *that* is peace. Whoever seeks to avoid all this world's adversity can never find peace; but he only who hath resolved all his affections, and placed them in the hand of God.”

Although the symptoms of the illness became less alarming, Henry remained in constant attendance upon his father. On the close of the session at Glasgow, he was joined by his brother, who now shared with him the duties of the sick-room.

“Lord Mackenzie had sufficiently rallied at this time to take great delight in hearing his sons read aloud, especially during the evening hours; and, day by day, for several consecutive weeks, either Frank or Henry was engaged in this most pleasing occupation. Besides the Bible, many books of deep and improving interest were chosen on these occasions.

Sometimes, indeed, Lord Mackenzie would himself read to his sons, or he and Frank alternately to each other, while Henry took his mid-day rest, after having watched over his father during the latter half of the previous night. At other times they might be seen wheeling their beloved parent in his merlin-chair along the corridor, and from room to room to admire the view; or, taking him to the terrace in front of the house, they would gather flowers for him, and, while hanging about his chair, seek to amuse and interest him in every way that affectionate ingenuity could devise.”

A few months afterwards, Henry was himself seized with illness, of such a nature as to awaken the gravest anxiety in his friends. He was recommended to seek change of air, and accordingly went, accompanied by his eldest sister, to the Bridge of Allan. While he was there, his father died—in November 1851. On account of his state of health Henry could not return home for the funeral.

“On the day of the funeral, when he and his sister were sorrowing together, he referred especially to the Epistle to the Hebrews, (ii. 9-18; v. 8, 9,) remarking how he ‘loved to think over these words, as showing an important point of union between Christ and believers,—that, as He suffered in order to become the “Captain of their salvation,” so also suffering is often necessary for the perfecting of His people. Training, he observed, is imperfect until sorrows have been experienced; and as for himself, he added, the education he had received was liberal and careful,—he had enjoyed great and many advantages,—nothing had been spared,—yet it was only now he was beginning to understand “God's own education” in the school of discipline.’ Another of his favourite chapters was Deut. viii., where he specially pointed out the connexion between the 5th and 6th verses,—‘Thou shalt consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the LORD thy God chasteneth thee. *Therefore* thou shalt keep the commandments of the LORD thy God, to walk in His ways, and to fear Him.’”

Henry spoke freely of his departed

parent, "deprecating at once the habit which so often creeps even into Christian families, of considering those whom the Lord has taken to Himself a forbidden subject, and the unfortunate use of the word 'poor,' as if those for whose sake one can only rejoice and give thanks, were objects of pity because removed from this earthly scene. If we walked more by faith and not by sight, and realized more the nearness of departed saints, their names and associations would rather be cherished as familiar household words. He liked, he said, the German custom of using the word *selig*; thus, instead of saying, 'my poor father,' we should say, *mein seliger Vater*,—my blessed father."

He survived his father only two years. "The living picture of Henry, during the last year of his life, is still present to the mind's eye, as he sat by the fireside in his own room, his figure now wasted and emaciated with every appearance of bodily weakness and suffering, yet his countenance as expressive as ever of deep and earnest and well-sustained thought, his large English Bible and his two Greek Testaments open before him, and, spread on the table, the volumes of Olshausen's 'Commentary,' and other books of scriptural research and spiritual edification. One small Greek Testament, the present of his eldest sister, he was accustomed to carry in his pocket as his companion to the house of God, along with his English Bible and Prayer Book, and as his chosen friend at home, where he delighted to refer to it, when, in conversation with his family, any difficult passage occurred—ever desiring to draw light from the original text. When confined to bed, he kept this testament under his pillow, and with it, latterly, a small Latin copy of 'St. Augustine's Confessions.' The works of Augustine—for whom he shared the veneration felt by Luther—with those of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, and Chalmers, especially his 'Evidences of Christianity,' may be mentioned as among his favourite authors—also, Vinet's 'Gospel Studies;' but for no uninspired work did he cherish more admiration than for Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of which he spoke dur-

ing the last months of his life as 'next to the Bible.'"

On October 13th, 1853, Henry died—aged twenty-five years. Two days before his death, "in the afternoon, Dr. Bird announced to the family that nothing more could be done—that his hours were numbered. There was no longer any suffering, but a calm and gentle sinking: the hand of death was on him. His mother, from time to time, read to him a verse or two, selecting some of our Lord's own gracious words as recorded in St. John's Gospel, and, as these words fell upon his ears, they never failed to draw forth a gleam that indubitably lighted up his peaceful countenance. On this day she spoke of the comfort of having a tender and devoted brother to minister to his wants,—Frank being at the time engaged in performing various little services for him,—and then of the far greater love of the Lord Jesus, the Elder Brother, who was ever present with him, and ever ministering with still deeper tenderness. 'Oh, how I like to hear of that!' he exclaimed, throwing himself almost into his mother's arms, giving utterance to his thoughts with intense emotion. Overhearing some remarks that passed between his mother and Dr. Bird, on the freeness and fulness of the love of God in Christ, he faintly murmured,—'Even for such an unworthy wretch as I.' His articulation, which since Monday night had been extremely difficult, now only just served to convey the assurance,—'No pain nor uneasiness,' and, 'in perfect peace, leaning upon Jesus.'"

In his volume of St. Augustine's Confessions' the following passages, among others, were found marked:—

"Oh, Thou good Lord God Almighty, Thou dost in such wise take charge of each one of us as if he were the only object of Thy care, and dost in like manner care for all as Thou dost for each singly.

"I found no place except in Thee, O Lord! who causest grief for our instruction,—who woundest that Thou mayest heal, and killest us lest we die from Thee, O Thou fairest of all, Thou good God, God the greatest good, and my true good.

"Peace there is with Thee indeed, and

a life which nothing can annoy. He who enters into Thee, enters into the joy of his Lord; he shall not be afraid, and shall hold himself high in the strength of the Highest."

It might have seemed then, as if Frank, Henry's junior by six years, was left to be a support and protector for life to his mother and sisters,—but the Lord's thoughts are not as ours. He, too, was to be summoned to his rest, in the midst of a successful career at College, and amid all the promise of a life of usefulness and distinction.

The Memoir gives a most attractive picture of this young man. His simplicity, gentleness, and kindness of disposition, endeared him to all who knew him. He was a diligent and successful student. But it is his religious character which confers on his memory the truest distinction. One of his intimate friends writes, "If I were asked what was Mackenzie's especial characteristic, I should say it was the spirit of prayer which always accompanied him. He appeared throughout the day to carry into practice, more fully than perhaps any of my acquaintance, that precept and privilege of the Gospel, 'Pray without ceasing.'" In the words of the biographer,—“The love of Christ constrained him. Much as all Scripture was valued, it was the living Saviour himself—not the mere doctrines of Christianity—that his heart clung to; and hence the healthful and happy consistency which was the chief characteristic of this young disciple.”

Like his brother Henry, he was a devoted Sabbath School teacher. He was connected with Jesus Lane Sunday School, Cambridge. The poor families of the district, and the families of his Sunday scholars, knew him and loved him as the visitor and comforter of the sick, and the instructor of the ignorant.

We must make one extract from his journal. "In my walk to Milton I was much struck with the thought, among others, that men often fail, not so much from not acting up to what they believe to be duty, as from not taking a large enough view of what duty is: not, in fact remembering that one of our chief duties

is to discover accurately what our duties are. So it is that our spheres remain narrow; and we each of us practically say to God, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'"

While in the full heat of his college course, he was attacked suddenly, in February, 1855, with a severe illness, which proved to be rheumatic fever. It was not at first pronounced dangerous. The patient saw, however, at once, that it broke up all his plans for the session. Yet he could comfort himself in God,—“*this must be best for him, or God would not have sent it in the midst of everything*: so he hoped he would be enabled to be very patient and resigned, and to get good from it all.” On his illness becoming very alarming, one of his sisters was telegraphed for. She found Frank in great suffering, but with his mind clear, and his faith steadfast. For two weeks he continued in life, testifying, amidst much bodily suffering, to the peace and joy that are in believing in Jesus. On being asked whether he had any message for his mother, his reply was, “Tell her I am quite happy.” His last words were,—“Jesus, my Redeemer.” He died on March 15th, 1855, aged 21 years.

A few weeks before he was seized with his fatal illness, he wrote to a friend in the following terms:—

“I do not know how you may feel about early death, but I like to dwell more on the thought of its being at the right time than of its being premature; for we may feel sure that each lives to do exactly the work that he is intended for, and that it is not length of days, but rather earnestness of purpose in whatever he has do, that makes a man's life complete. I like this better than to say, that a man dies because he is ripe for heaven. for that, I think, savours of want of charity to those who remain.”

Truly the lives of these brothers, although brief, were in this highest sense complete! From the above passage, the Memoir, which relates principally to the younger brother Frank, takes its appropriate title of “Early death not premature.”

Mr. Miles has executed the part of

biographer with much ability, and with a true affection for the amiable subjects of the Memoir. Perhaps if some details, extracts from journals, and poetical compositions, had been omitted, the biography would have lost none of its interest; and we presume it is an accepted axiom, that the shorter a Memoir is made, consistently with faithfulness, so much the better. The book, however, is too good to be seriously objected to on this account, and we have pleasure in warmly commending it as a beautiful record of Christian life and experience. C.

"TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN."—PHIL. I. 21.

Load, it belongs not to my care,
Whether I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this Thy grace must give.
If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by His door.
Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What will Thy glory be?

Then shall I end my sad complaints
And weary sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small,—
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.—R. BAXTER.

EUTAXIA; OR, THE PRESBYTERIAN LITURGIES.*

(Continued from page 146.)

2. We would like to see the Holy Scriptures read at every diet of worship, and according to some understood order. The Directory recommends, that one chapter of each Testament be read at each meeting, and requires that all the canonical books be read over in order. How infinitely better is this than the present practice, according to which, seldom or never is there more than one chapter read, while reading of the Scriptures is, we regret to say, sometimes omitted altogether. Nothing is better in public worship than the reading of God's Word without note or comment, and the omission of it is to many a painful deprivation. We would sometimes even willingly exchange the sermon for a chapter. As to the order of reading we have never known an instance of a minister obeying the Directory. We believe it to be the usual practice to read over and over again a limited number of favourite chapters, but we cannot think that this is so agreeable to the will of God, whose word it is, or so beneficial to the soul of man as the consecutive reading required by the Directory. And while speaking of this subject, we may mention that it has more than once occurred to us that it would be a guide and a spur both in the private and family reading of the Scrip-

tures, if editions were printed in which each Testament would be divided into fifty-two equal divisions, corresponding to the weeks of the year. It would be sufficient to indicate this at the foot of each page by first week, second week, &c.

3. We would like to see the Lord's Prayer used in every public service of religion. Our Directory recommends its regular use, and though some may call this Popish, and others may call it *Moderate*, as the custom was some time ago, yet it is the Lord's prayer, appointed by Him to be said by His disciples, and the most beautiful, significant and comprehensive prayer ever used, and we therefore hold it to be a duty to use it at all times when God's people meet together for prayer and praise, and we are thankful to say that it is now generally heard in our sanctuaries.

4. We would like to hear the congregations uttering an audible Amen at the conclusion of each prayer and benediction. We cannot imagine how this beautiful and scriptural practice has fallen into such utter desuetude. The Amen, or, so may it be, is not for the minister at all; it is the assent of the people to the confessions and petitions which he as their mouthpiece has made unto God. In the old Testament Church, the audible use of Amen on the part of the people was a regulation of divine authority,—“And all the people shall say, Amen.” In the

* Eutaxia; or, The Presbyterian Liturgies: Historical Sketches by a Minister of the Presbyterian Church, New York.

New Testament Church we find the practice still continued, and spoken of with approbation, if not even as an incumbent duty by the chief of the Apostles. "How," says St. Paul, speaking of the unknown tongues, "shall he that occupieth the room of the unlearned say amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he understandeth not what thou sayest."

5. We would like to see a prescribed form for baptism, marriage, the Lord's Supper, and for the burial of the dead.

Take first *baptism*. We have never been able to see the use of any variety in the administration of this ordinance. On the contrary, it has always appeared to us reasonable that the united wisdom of the Church should determine the explanation to be used, the confession to be asked, and the vows to be imposed. As it is, our clergymen are substantially left to themselves, and each one thinks his own way the best. Young men often take unwarrantable liberties, and parents are confused at the different creeds and different vows that are forced upon them by different ministers, while, as for the private administration of the sacrament, which is quite contrary to the rules of the church, we have more than once seen it hurried through with indecent haste, and thus deprived of all solemnity.

Good common sense is just as rare in the pulpit as in the world, and it is painful to see the liberties which self-conceited ministers sometimes take, such as leaving out the name, and informing the parents that it has nothing to do with baptism; or, what is quite a favourite plan among a certain class, separating it as much as possible, by first baptising, and then turning to the audience and politely informing them, as a piece of secular information, that the child's name is M or N. How can it be that such ministers overlook the scriptural and divine origin of this beautiful custom, the giving of a new name upon such remarkable epochs as our being converted to God, or admitted to the Christian Church, a name by which we are known in the Church for ever? As for the prayers connected with baptism, we are sorry to say that those most appropriate guides furnished by the Directory are so little made use of. And speaking of this subject we may mention an incident, though barely apropos, of which we were once witnesses in a large city parish church. The minister, who had just baptised a child by the name of Mary or Jane, in the prayer which followed, in alluding to the mother fervently besought "that she might have

joy that she had brought forth a man child."

So also we are strongly of opinion that the Church should have a prescribed form for *marriage* to be rigidly imposed. We cannot see the slightest use of variety in this service, and yet there are as many varieties as there are ministers. Occasionally one hears a clergyman of taste performing the ceremony beautifully and solemnly, but as all clergymen are not men of talent, and still fewer men of taste, in many cases it is a sorry exhibition. Sometimes a minister dives into all the minutiae with scrupulous particularity. At another time he gives a sort of tag-rag and bob-tail address, which, being finished, one can hardly tell whether a marriage has been celebrated at all or not. We know one minister who quotes Martin Tupper largely in his marriage service, and who, no doubt, thinks that in so doing he does a very fine thing. We recollect once hearing a young minister, whose abilities were far above the average, evidently extemporising his service, and the result was very painful to one who loved the Scotch Church. Most of the company were unfortunately English and Episcopalians, and one of them turned round to us as soon as it was over and said, "ah, indeed, that's the Scotch marriage service is it? ah, indeed," evidently glorying in his Episcopalianism as he had never done before. For the benefit of the ladies we may mention that we know another clergyman who is polite enough in his charge to their sex to leave out "obedient."

Young ministers, even when of ordinary ability and possessed of common sense, which, as every body knows is an uncommon quality, are at great loss to draw up a proper service. When they turn to guide books, published under the title of forms of the Church of Scotland, they find a puzzling variety. In one there are two prayers, in another only one. In one the vows are particularly imposed on each person, in another they are only asked in a general sort of way if they are going to be man and wife. This unsatisfactory state of our marriage service is no doubt one of the reasons why so many of the better class go to the Episcopal minister to be married; thus dishonouring the parish minister and the national Church. If the Directory was only closely followed there would be little to complain of, as the prayers and instructions are most appropriate, the charges most solemn, and, to crown all, as is most fitting and proper, it requires the parties being married to repeat the vows and obligations

after the minister. Moreover, it requires marriage to be celebrated in the church, which we cannot but regard as the most solemn and the most suitable place for it. We understand that in certain parts of the country the practice of marrying in the church has only gone out within the last forty or fifty years, and, indeed, we have been informed of several parishes where the good old way is still kept up. Out of Scotland we believe that marriage is usually performed by Scotch clergymen in their place of worship, agreeably to the Directory, and that whether there or in private, they are in the habit of performing this and all other official acts in their official costume.

We would like also to see a *burial service* authorised and sanctioned by the Church. There are very few unprejudiced Presbyterians who do not think it a great mistake that our Church has banished all religious services from the burial of the dead. Our system of interment is scarcely decent; it is opposed to all the instincts of the human heart; and is unworthy of those who believe and hope in Him who "is the resurrection and the life."

The theory of the Church is against any religious service whatever at funerals. The Directory, which is all the guide we have on such matters, is especially hostile to any *prayers* being offered upon the occasion. It seems rather to take it for granted, that a minister will not be present, which we are sorry is very generally the case with the funerals of the poor in our large towns. If present, it allows him then, as at other times, to improve the occasion by an *address* which may be either at the grave or anywhere else. The present prayers which are offered, are quite contrary to the most specific injunctions of the Directory. They came in in a sort of underhand way, as a grace and thanksgiving for "the refreshments." And now that these refreshments are very properly being abolished, they should in consistency follow. We suspect that the rudest are not prepared for this; but that on the contrary, all feel the propriety of some religious service.

Has not the time come when the Church should take up the question, and devise some suitable form as a guide to ministers, and a form to laymen when a minister is not present? A prayer to be used, a number of passages of scripture to be read bearing upon the resurrection, and a brief exhortation to the living would supply the defect. At sea, and often on land, the want of such a provision by the Church

leads to the use of the English service. We met but the other day, a most patriotic Scotchman, and rigid Presbyterian, who had spent a recent winter in Florida. Upon our asking him if he met in with any Scotchmen there? "Yes," said he, "one poor fellow died when I was there, and as it was known that I was one of his countrymen, I was sent for to take some charge of his funeral. There was no clergyman within many miles, and as I did not like to commit him to the dust without any Christian rites, without any evidence that we Scotchmen believed in immortality and the resurrection, I read the English burial service." The writer of this article once did likewise at a funeral at sea, on a stormy Sabbath-day, at the request of the captain, also a Scotchman, who strongly urged it as likely, more than any thing else, to impress the minds of the crew. Indeed, this use of the English Burial Service among Presbyterians is of every day occurrence at sea, in the colonies, and all round the world, and he knows very little of the working of different religious systems who is not aware that the want of a Scotch burial form on these constantly occurring occasions, for the guidance of clergymen when they are present, and especially for the use of laymen when they are not, has greatly weakened our Church. Again and again, we repeat it, that the Church of Scotland is not a fully equipped Church. Scotchmen themselves, even of the most prejudiced class, as soon as they go out of Scotland, soon come to feel the impropriety of there being no burial service, and we believe, that it is very common for clergymen of our Church in England and the colonies to give an address at the grave's mouth touching the resurrection of the dead. We have more than once been present at such a funeral, and have seen the clergyman, a venerable Scotchman, true to the faith of his country, after offering up a prayer in the house, taking his place at the front of the hearse, and robed in his gown and bands, leading the way to the last resting-place of the dead, and when the coffin was lowered into the grave, addressing the mourners, (who with heads uncovered, gathered round the narrow opening,) in words of comfort taken from the Holy Scripture respecting the Lord of life, the rising again, and the world beyond the tomb, and in words of solemn warning as to the doom of all. Upon making some inquiries, we found that the people all wished it, and indeed that they would not have submitted to have parted from

their dead without some such service at the sepulchre. In expressing our approbation of the practice, we no doubt ran counter to the invincible prejudices of a large class, but we believe that we have the sympathy also of a large class, less prejudiced, less rude, more reverent, and more enlightened than the other.

"Let all things be done decently and in order," says the Apostle; "Let every one do what is right in his own eyes," says the Church to all intents and purposes, for our clergymen are really without any guide in discharging the duties of their office. Leaving the University, where they have not even had the opportunity of listening to the prelections of a Professor of Pastoral Theology, they are quite at sea. Tied up most rigidly in respect to doctrine, they have compensation of a very doubtful character, in unbounded license as to order. The present Directory is a dead letter, and any minister would be sure to raise a popular clamour against himself as an arch-innovator who would walk by it. Imperfect though we cannot but regard it, it is infinitely better than the usual practice. Though considered by many as an extreme at the time it was drawn up, and most likely by the Scotch commissioners who had previously been accustomed to a liturgy, we are now far beyond it. It is singular to notice the departures from it, and how decidedly they all are in the direction of disorder. It prescribes prayer as the first exercise in public worship, the reading of two chapters of the Scriptures at every diet, the use of the Lord's prayer. It enjoins literal fasting, the celebration of marriage in church, and the causing of the parties to repeat the vows after the minister, &c., &c.

As we have already said, the attempt is frequently made by Scotch ministers in England and elsewhere, to carry out partially these provisions, because the presence of other religious bodies makes it necessary to do things with something of decorum and good taste, but at home it is a dead letter. There can be no doubt, that it is very unsatisfactory for a church to be in this state. The Directory ought, certainly, to be revised, and the Church can do this at any time, as it forms no part of the compact with the State. It was once approved by the Scottish Estates, but at the revolution they had not patience to listen to all the documents, so the Church had to be contented with having the Confession of Faith and the Catechisms sanctioned by civil authority.

We shall conclude this article with two advices to young clergymen.

1. Identify yourselves thoroughly with Presbyterianism, adhere firmly to its principles, and glory in your connection with what we have no hesitation in pronouncing the most scriptural and noblest Christian Society upon earth. Not the church of one nation, but the church of many nations—the great Protestant Platform. Identify yourselves with it, versus priestcraft and all semi-popish usages and superstitions. Some of our readers may have imagined, because of our love of order and desire for some prescriptive forms—that we are favourable to anglicanism, but we can assure them that they were never more mistaken in their lives. Episcopacy as we see it in Scotland, and as it now manifests itself largely in England, is neither more nor less than Laudism; and we would like to see a little of the old Scotch aversion to it revived. We have been in the habit of speaking of the Church of England as a sister Church, but as this feeling is only reciprocated by a small part of that communion, as the tone is now so prelate, and as our orders even are denied by many, we should be very chary lest we demean ourselves. In spite of their own canons, in which the Church of Scotland is recognised as a true branch of Christ's Catholic Church, in spite of the fact that their bishops sat at the feet of the continental Reformers, many of them are anxious to make a difference, and we should heartily assent to it.

We heard the other day of an English minister having got the loan of a French Protestant Pastor's Church in France, and, having established himself in the pulpit, he took occasion to tell the French Protestants, that his was a very different religion from theirs; that, in fact, he was much nearer the Roman Catholics than them. While we rejoice to recognise as brethren the *Protestants* of the Church of England, let us heartily consent to a difference wherever a Romanistic spirit is manifested. If their Rock is not our Rock, equally true is it that our Rock is not their Rock. And taking our stand upon heart-regeneration versus the sacramental system, upon the religion of character versus the religion of forms, upon protestantism versus popery, whether full-blown or in its undeveloped form, we have no reason to fear.

2. Make every effort to improve the taste and order of the public services of religion. If we look at nature around us we see that order and beauty characterise all the works of God. "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." He loves the beautiful, and it is therefore

agreeable to Him that the services of His house be all gone through in a comely and reverent manner. Oh that Scotland would learn wisdom from the words of her greatest living poet, and one too who loves both her and her church, as we wish they were loved by all her sons.

"Scotland, with all thy wretched thron—
In solemn things irreverent; reverent less
Of beauty, loving not the beautiful!
Yes, tell it to her shame, no statue fair
For admiration placed in open view,
No monumental work, but her rude sons
Deface it forthwith: France or Italy
Knows no such savagery, nor any land.
What can it mean? Is it our soul of sect
Which looks on all such beauties of man's art
As vanities, not unalied to sin?
Did not God make the rainbow, coarse-grained
soul?"

His hands did they not, bending, fashion it?
Is that a vanity, is that a sin?
I, Beauty, dwell with Him who made green
earth,
The pictured seasons, and the hosts of heaven."

THOMAS AIRD.

Rudeness, vulgarity, coarseness, grossness of taste in the pulpit, are offensive not only to the refined among men, but to God above. There is a great call for attention to aesthetics in the public services of religion, as we are entering upon an age of widely diffused culture and refinement, and while we dislike nothing more in our pulpits than an affected fineness or fashionableness, we would by all means have them free from a disorderliness offensive to propriety and good taste. In youth a thousand things act upon the mind besides sterling principle, and there are always numbers who are largely influenced by the manner of conducting public worship. What is more disgusting than to go into a church when the pews are filled with people of refinement, who are accustomed everywhere else to order and decency, and to see in the pulpit, the centre of attraction, the cynosure of eyes, the minister of God a coarse vulgarian who should have remained in the sphere in which he was converted? Piety and earnestness make up for great defects; still, a clergyman, whether his parishioners be coalheavers or the elite of a cultivated city should always be a gentleman and a man of taste. We know of nothing that would tend more to improve the cast of the devotional exercises of young clergymen than a careful study of these Presbyterian liturgies. As for quotations from the English Liturgy, which we sometimes hear mingled with Presbyterian prayers, we cannot say that we are partial to them; the mixture seems incongruous, and the dignity and independence of the Church of this ancient kingdom seem thereby to be more or less compromised. S.

PLEASEING GOD.

"I do always those things that please Him."
JOHN viii. 29.

"WHAT a glorious motto for a man,—'I live for God!' It is religion's truest definition; it is the essence of angelic bliss—the motive-principle of angelic action: 'Ye ministers of His, that do His pleasure.' The Lord of angels knew no higher, no other motive. It was, during His incarnation, the regulator and directory of His daily being; it supported Him amid the depressing sorrows of His woe-worn path; it upheld Him in their awful termination in the garden and on the cross. For a moment, sinking human nature faltered under the load His godhead sustained; but the thought of 'pleasing God,' nerved and revived him: 'Not my will, but *Thine* be done.'

It is only when the love of God is shed abroad in the heart that this animating desire to 'please Him' can exist. In the holy bosom of Jesus, that love reigned paramount, admitting no rival, no competing affection. Though infinitely inferior in degree, it is the same impelling principle which leads His people still to link enjoyment with His service, and which makes consecration to Him of heart and life its own best recompense and reward. 'There is a gravitation,' says one, whose life was the holy echo of his words, 'in the moral, as in the physical world. When love to God is habitually in the ascendant, or occupying the place of will, it gathers round it all the other desires of the soul as satellites, and whirls them along with it in its orbit round the centre of attraction.' (*Hewitson's Life*.) Till the heart, then, be changed, the believer cannot have 'this testimony that he *pleases* God.' The world, self, sin—these be the gods of the unregenerate soul. And even *when* changed, alas, that there should be so many ebbings and flowings in our tide of devotedness! Jesus could say,—'I do *always* those things that please the Father.' Glory to God burned within His bosom like a living fire. 'Many waters could not quench it.' His were no fitful and inconstant frames and feelings, but the persistent habit of a holy life, which had the one end in view, from which it never diverged or deviated. Let it be so, in some lowly measure, with us. Let God's service be not the mere livery of high days—of set times and seasons; but, like the alabaster box of ointment, let us ever be giving forth the fragrant perfume of lowliness. Even when the shadows of trial are falling around us, let us 'pass

through the cloud,' with the sustaining motive,—'All my wish, O God, is to please and glorify Thee!' By giving or taking, by smiting or healing, by the sweet cup or the bitter,—'Father, glorify Thy name!' 'I don't want to be weary of God's dealings with me,' said Bickersteth, on his deathbed; 'I want to glorify Jesus in them, and to find Him more precious.' Do I shrink from trials, duties, crosses, because involving hardship and self-denial, or because frowned on by the world? Let the thought of God's approving countenance be enough. Let me dread no censure, if conscious of acting in accordance with *His* will. Let the apostle's monitory word determine many a perplexing path: 'If I please men, I am not the servant of Christ.'

Arm yourselves likewise with the same mind,—'The mind of Jesus.'

"THE RETURN OF PRAYERS."

"The first thing that hinders the prayer of a good man from obtaining its effect is a violent anger,—a violent storm in the spirit of him that prays. For anger sets the house on fire, and all the spirits are busy upon trouble, and intend propulsion, defence, displeasure, or revenge; it is a short madness, and an eternal enemy to discourse, and sober counsels, and fair conversation; it intends its own object with all the earnestness of perception, or activity of design, and a quicker motion of a too warm and dis-tempered blood; it is a fever in the heart, and a culerure in the head, and a fire in the face, and a sword in the hand, and a fury all over; and therefore can never suffer a man to be in a disposition to pray. For prayer is an action, and a state of intercourse and desire exactly contrary to this character of anger. Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose Spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God whose anger is always just, and marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy; prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed

spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayers of a good man, when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument, and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man, and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed and his spirit is calmed, made even as the brow of *Jesus*, and smooth like the heart of God, and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God till it returns like the useful bee, laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

PARTIAL VIEWS.

"Every visionary notion in religion boasts its text or two and can boast no more, but its supporters hold the text or two so near their eyes that they hide the rest of the Bible."—*Bulter*.

PERPLEXITY.

"Perplexity in the Scriptural student's mind is often derived less from St. Paul than from St. Paul's expositors, whose conflict of illustrations produces obscurity, as opticians tell us that *interfering waves of light produce darkness*."—*Ibid*.

THE LITERATURE OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

No. IV.

We have already given some specimens of the opinions which are propagated, and the doctrines which are enforced by the secularist apostles of our own days. We may say of these, in the language of Christopher North,—“They write and they speak with fluency and glibness; and the filthy and fetid stream flows widely over poor men’s dwellings, especially those who are given to reading, and deposits in workshop, kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, a slime whose exhalation is poison and death.” From the same journal which we quoted last number, we now add a few extracts, in order that our readers may have a more definite idea of the mighty evil against which they are invited to contend, and the urgent necessity there exists for providing a strong and a speedy remedy to cure the manifold disasters such literature is bringing on the land. To the first quotation special attention is invited, as in it the means are plainly stated on which the reliance of the infidel party is placed. “*Our literature, if we can get it supported, is a source of power transcending all others at our command.*” He who aids the circulation of the *Reasoner*, and gets new subscribers for it, adds influence to the cause represented. If it occurred to half the free-thinkers of England to take a copy—to make a point of taking one regularly—it would save us from many anxious and arduous labours. The *Westminster Review* maintains, in the highest rank of literature, a voice on behalf of free thought. *Other serials, though not specially intended to aid free thought, nevertheless do serve it.*” The last words, which we have italicised, are matter for the serious consideration of the Christian public of Britain.

As specimens of the gross ignorance, the unblushing misrepresentation, and the blustering blasphemy which characterise their miserable productions, but which, nevertheless, are believed and acted on by too many of the “working-classes” of our country, we subjoin the following:—

“Pythagoras and Jesus were teaching one and the same principle, being, in its realisation, communism.”

“The Pharisees were the learned of that country in those times, and the historian Josephus gives a very high character of them; but having scouted Christ and his pretensions, the New Testament of course is very bitter against them. Christ himself is represented to have been as bitter against them as any. Indeed, he scarcely ever spoke of them but in terms of abuse, to which he was much given on all occasions, and of this there is abundant evidence throughout the evangelists.”

“In what way Judas at this time gave cause to Jesus to suspect him we know not. The Bible gives us no hint; and the books from which we might have learnt the other side of the question are lost, having been sedulously searched out and destroyed: those, for instance, of Celsus, Porphyry, and the Emperor Julian; so that now we have no means of learning aught of those matters save such as the authors and advocates of Christianity choose to give us. Elsewhere Christ tells the same persons ‘that ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes.’ Pleasant visions those, and yet Christians pretend that Christ held out no physical enjoyments to his followers! Vide also Matt. xix. 29, in which all sorts of ‘creature comforts’ are held out as an inducement, including a Mormon allowance of wives and children.”

To answer the historical ignorance, the puerile absurdities, and the intentional perversion of facts, all exhibited in these few remarks, would be magnifying trivialities to an importance to disgust any person of common sense, and make the affair appear as if in reality there were the veriest tittle of truth in it. We only give the verse of Matthew, from which, it appears, that Mormonism in another world is not alone a dream of the Moslem, but a hope of the Christian:—“And every one who hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hun-

dred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Reader, did not St. Paul speak truly, when he affirmed, "they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh;" and that "these things the natural man cannot know: they are foolishness unto him, for they are spiritually discerned?"

Thus, then, is it, that, going forth into the lanes and cabins of an urban and a rural population, secularism sweeps from the humble workman his Bible and his Bible faith—dashes from his trembling grasp the lamp that would have lit his path upward through this dark world, till at last its light would have merged into the full blaze that burneth ever round the city of God—Jerusalem, and left the pilgrim amid angel-bands conducting him into the glorious presence of the King in His beauty! A fable and a lie are the news of the God-Man of Bethlehem and Calvary to the blind disciples of a would-be philosophic school; and, not contented themselves to rest in their belief, they must need go and cast the gloomy shadow of their midnight faith upon the heart that may be wasgently responding to a dawning glint from the rising Sun of Righteousness. Oh, not more surely does untimely frost nip the little bud that, slowly and hesitatingly, is opening its petals to the vernal sun, than does the shivering blight of this icy creed crumple up the tender human heart, wither and shrivel up its affections, its aspirations, and its joys; so that the "blackness of ashes" marks the site of the living, manly, throbbing human heart. If secularism had all its own way, let us ask, would "Science, the providence of Man," make our globe a Paradise or Pandemonium? Mr G. J. Holyoake tells us, that "the history of all ages, and the bitter experience of mankind, prove the pernicious influence of piety." In refutation of his assertion, we will not search history; we will not read the rise and fall of empires; we will not speak of barbaric tyranny transformed to civilised clemency—of countries plunged in crime and ignorance bursting forth in industry and peace; we will not go and ask the statesman, the philanthropist, the merchant, or the judge;

but we will unostentatiously go into yonder house, and, standing by that bed from which an aged saint is "going out," we will put to him the question—Have you felt the "pernicious influence of piety?" And as his dimming eye flashes up with more than earthly lustre, and his withered hand is raised in more than wonted energy, with expiring effort his faltering voice repeats once more his creed,—“I know in whom I have believed!” “So come, Lord Jesus!” and his exhausted frame falls back on his pillow, and faith is lost in sight—grace below in glory there! We turn from that sight, and defy the logic of all the philosophers and metaphysicians of the world—Mr. Holyoake himself included—to create even the probability of no hereafter!

But as we are not discussing the Secularist's dogmas, we shall not enter into any examination of the positions which are taken up by Mr. Holyoake and his followers. This is very well done in a popular form by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan in his *Modern Atheism*; and we will now turn to the last division which we made of the periodical press—the *indifferent*. Under this head may be classed a very considerable number of our popular newspapers and magazines. From all these we select only one as a specimen—the *Family Herald*. Its circulation, if we are not misinformed, is considerably upwards of 200,000 weekly. Wherever we go we find it. At all our railway stations where "Readings for the Rail" are sold, there it is, and on all our steamboat quays, there it is hawked, and from every low-shop window there it stares the passers-by; and in many a highly respectable drawing-room, if you are so rude and inquisitive as to lift one of the pillows on the couch, you most probably will find it lying there. In the "Answers to Correspondents," its religious opinions are given. While professing "liberal and enlightened" views about Christianity, it must needs talk of our Scottish Sabbaths to be hated, of our "conventicles to be shunned;" and in one number the following startling theological doctrine is propounded: "Ro-

mans xi. 32 expressly speaks of the salvation of infidels, and in the Bible the passages which speak of the salvation of all men are very numerous." "The salvation of the Scriptures is a bodily salvation on earth, in which men will eat bread, and drink wine, and enjoy the pleasures of corporal existence. Proof: Is not Christ called the Saviour of the body."!! We need not enumerate other journals, which certainly do not seek to promote what they sneeringly call "orthodoxy." Within the last few months a weekly newspaper has been started in this city, one of its distinguishing characteristics being "clerical portraits," in which are described all the leading clergymen of the metropolis,—Established, Free, United Presbyterian, and every other denomination,—in a style sneering and unjust in the extreme; more especially if the individual has taken a leading or active part in promoting Sabbath observance, and any other "Puritanical crochets." Some articles in the paper are able and clever. So far as these portraits have gone, they are silly; and it requires no prophet to predict, that such a journal, conducted on such principles, however ably edited, will never live in the city of Edinburgh; and although pharisaical our belief may appear to some, we rejoice to believe it. Many of these publications have been increased since the repeal of the stamp. Considerable apprehension was entertained in many quarters previous to the passing of the present law, that a deluge of immoral periodicals would sweep over the land. To a small extent these publications have increased. But viewing the penny papers as a whole, so far as they have come under our own observation, we will say, although differing in political principles from most of the journals, that the high character of the press of Great Britain for honesty, fearlessness, and ability has not degenerated one iota. There are exceptions, no doubt, but it is of the general character we speak. The Christian public ought to lay hold on the penny press, and it would become a mighty engine for good in their hands. If they do not it may yet

surprise them with its evil success. "If they have run with the footmen and been wearied, how shall they contend with horses; and if in the land of peace, wherein they trusted, they had no rest, what shall they do among the swellings of Jordan?"

But it is not by the press alone that the Secularists work. In all the large cities there are regular lecture rooms, in which, on certain nights, lectures are delivered on such subjects as "Death," "Immortality of the Soul," and "The Existence of God." In London the arrangements seem to be admirable. In one paper are advertised lectures for every day in the week, at different halls, institutions, and coffee-rooms, with the names of the different speakers. They hold regular soirees, and musical entertainments, and balls. The memories of their departed chiefs are celebrated in annual festive meetings. In February the Blackburn Society commemorated the birth-day of—Thomas Paine! Advertisements also may be noticed for apprentices or servants, with the addition: "The son of a Secularist preferred." They have, moreover, a Propagandist Fund, and several powerful centre clubs, connected with other provincial ones. Occasionally, also, infidel book hawkers are met with on country roads, plying their pernicious traffic among the country people and farm-servants; and, reviewing all their machinery, we must exclaim: "Would that the Christians of Britain served their God with half the zeal these infidels serve Satan!"

We do not intend at present to suggest any remedies, or enter on the consideration of any in operation, with the exception of one—the establishment of libraries. Every city and country congregation ought to be possessed of one. On what principles these are to be conducted must, to a great extent, depend on circumstances. We believe that most of the churches in Edinburgh and Glasgow are possessed of them; and those which have them not, should want them no longer. The question of colportage we must reserve till another op-

portunity, but we must have other remedies beside. Club must be met by club; combination by combination; infidel apostles by Christian apostles. Tracts must be counteracted by tracts, books by books, papers by papers, soirees by soirees, lectures by lectures. "The signs of the times" may not be encouraging, but let us *hope* and *work*, and the means employed will be blessed to preserve our country and her glorious institutions for generations yet to come. In conclusion, let it not be thought that in what we have said of the "working classes," in regard to their infidelity and immorality, we speak of them all. By no means. We know there are many, even in the humblest circumstances, and in conditions of great temptation, in the darkest dens of misery, who can say with Paul: "I have fought a good fight." If asked to find a hero, we would go not to the battlefield, amid its thunder, and shrieks, and wounds of death, but to the cabin or the hut, where, amid poverty, disease, and neglect, a brother immortal maintained his hold of the Lord Christ. And we can say this for the "working classes" of Scotland, that in the rural districts they are greatly free from the political and moral evils to which the inhabitants of towns are subject. Even in these degenerate days they still "fear God and honour the king,"—deep-seated loyalty beats within

each Scottish bosom; and we believe that where there is no religion, there is no true loyalty. Search their scanty libraries, and you will find, not the novels of Reynolds, or the pamphlets of Holyoake, but you will find among others the works of Richard Baxter and John Bunyan. Oh, it was no imaginative picture drawn by Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" for sitting beside the humble ingle-neuk of the lowly peasant, we have united our voice in the evening song of praise, and kneeling on the bare hearth-stone, have joined the simple earnest prayer that rose from the old man's lips, and was laid on a golden censer before Jehovah's throne. But once more, let us not forget what has been already urged concerning the great majority of "the working classes."

"Except the Lord do build the house,
The builders lose their pain;
Except the Lord the city keep,
The watchmen watch in vain,"

so prayer must be added to effort in behalf of this great home mission. Let us ask: Shall the Church of Scotland, that venerated church in which our fathers worshipped, be behind in this mighty scheme? It is her high privilege to labour in the field, and if she does so earnestly, she will yet demonstrate against all cavillers, that she is by right what she is by law—the NATIONAL CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. A. W.

PROPOSED "CHRISTIAN UNION" OF OFFICE-BEARERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

(MALACHI III. 16-18.)

THERE is little union at this moment among brethren in the Church of Scotland. Whether we have more or less than what is enjoyed by the members of other churches, is a question which does not at present demand a reply, or excite, in us at least, the slightest interest. Our own duty in the matter appears to be so important as wholly to occupy our thoughts.

Let it be understood that what we complain of is not positive *disunion*—

never was the Church less a party church than now—we do not ask the reason *why*, but simply notice a fact which cannot be denied. Our "peace" may be a sign of death or of life, of satisfaction or indifference;—of nothing great to rouse or of nothing evil to alarm. But so it is, that while we share with all public bodies that measure of social disease which may occasionally break out here and there in personal antipathies or jealousies, there is not in the Church as a whole

any division of opinion on great questions—any stirring controversies or high debates—any problems to nerve the intellect, or projects to awaken our dormant energies into action—wherefore, for weal or woe, from good or evil—

“Romans fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.”

But better than this, and as a sign of real and unmistakable good, we rejoice to know that much is doing in many parishes, without noise or ostentation, by men of thorough principle, and in many cases of high scholarship and learning, for the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the minds and hearts of old and young. Here again we cannot overlook the sad fact of parishes which have not recovered, and will not probably in this generation recover, the storm-blast of '43, which swept many a noble vessel (with some low and shallow flats also!) out to sea, and many a miserable wreck into harbour. But that storm has greatly calmed. To drop all metaphor, we believe that everywhere throughout the country there will be found earnest-minded pastors, whose work is done in God's sight and enriched by His blessing,—and that the vast majority of new appointments are, where bad existed, improvements on the old. We are persuaded that if our people who carry the burthen of our Church, and sometimes despond as to her spiritual state, only knew how much quiet, faithful labour is expended on many a hidden nook and broad field in Scotland, in city lanes as well as in country villages, of which the world knows nothing, *this* aspect of our Church would make them thank God and take courage!

But what we complain of is a want of union, or rather communion and Christian intercourse among the office-bearers of the Church, and those members who take a deep interest in her welfare as a church of Christ. We have *individual* Christian life, but we long and thirst for more *social* Christian life. We want, as brethren, whether “lay” or “clerical,” to meet face to face;—to meet in peace and freedom;—to “rest awhile” occasionally in the midst of our labour;—to open our hearts and minds to each other and before

the throne of God as Christian brothers with arduous duties to perform—noble labours to engage in—great difficulties to encounter;—as ministers, elders and members, of a national church; and as citizens of a mighty kingdom, which is set in the very front of the battle for the world's restoration to God. We want mutual sympathy, encouragement, and counsel. We want, in short, to obtain those special blessings which God has designed should come through assembling of ourselves together, and provoking one another to love and to good works.

If ever such brotherly conferences were wanted, it is at this moment. We have no wish, God knoweth, to exaggerate, or misrepresent the state of feeling among the best and most devoted friends of our church, when we say that there exists a wide-spread despondency, or at least anxiety, as to our present position in the country and the world. This is found almost universally among our thinking young men. Many who began with enthusiasm have become apathetic, and many who once looked for brighter days have become sadly contented with gloomy ones. If their work as Pastors has become more pleasing and soul-satisfying, their work as members of a great social body has become more cheerless and hopeless. What is the reason of this? It is not, as far as we can judge, from any anticipation of the downfall of the Establishment; nor any local or vulgar fears about the success of “Frees” or “U. P's.”—but rather from a painful sense of the church which they love and honour not developing the energies, putting forth the power, or exercising the freedom which she possesses in fulfilling her glorious calling as a Christian body consecrated for the high and sacred purpose of taking a worthy share in advancing the kingdom of God at home and abroad.

Right-minded men are asking with wonder why we are not occupying a more honourable place in this world-battle—and why this day of our visitation is such a day of small things? There is a deep conviction that it might be otherwise, and many a secret prayer that it may soon be otherwise, with

many a secret resolution that it shall, by God's help, be otherwise;—but few are so ignorant of the times, or so wofully blind to facts, as to assert, with any feeling of truth, that “the Church is as strong, as effective, &c. &c., as ever—that the church of our fathers;” but our readers know the usual phraseology of the blind who will not see, or the lazy who will not move. But if we were required to specify any sufficient causes for this alleged despondency, these would not be difficult to find.

One only we may take the liberty in this article of pointing out, and that is our position as a Missionary Church. Is there any reason why the Church of Scotland should not be able to take her place beside, or in advance of, any branch of Christ's Church on earth as a Missionary Church at home and abroad? None whatever, that we can discover! And yet her Mission Schemes at this moment can hardly excite any other feeling in our bosoms than that of regret. We blame no one in particular; “for from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot” of the whole body, there seems to be, at present, mysterious—though not incurable, but, we believe, only temporary—weakness. We have, therefore, no wish to ransack the past history and doings of Committees and Conveners, or to criticise Church Courts and their deliberations. Be it so, if you will, that there has been no want of zeal, wisdom, or faith on the part of those who have hitherto managed our public affairs,—that all has been done which can be effected by motions and minutes, by overtures and acts, and all the routine of Church courts regularly constituted; the grand result remains patent to all, that our Schemes are unworthy of the Church. In what state, for instance, are our foreign missions, as reported at last Assembly? Look at our Mission to the Jews! We do not attempt a *resumé* of abortive yet expensive attempts made, during the last thirteen years, for Israel, or anticipate with confidence from what is now intended what may yet be accomplished; but at this moment, though our hopes for the future are in some respects

sanguine, we have but four ordained missionaries, viz., two Germans labouring in Germany and two beginning in the East, Such is our effective mission staff, since Cochin, as we understand, is to be abandoned. *We have not one preacher from our Church labouring in any part of the globe for the conversion of Israel.* Is that a satisfactory state of things at this period of our history? Look again at our missions to the heathen. We have not one missionary in Africa, not one in China, not one in the South Seas. We alone, of all the great sections of the Protestant Church, are unrepresented among the millions of heathen in these benighted regions. The few we have are confined to British India, and how many have we among the tens of millions there? One only in the Bombay Presidency, three in Madras, and three in Bengal! Seven missionaries to the heathen of the world, is the result of all our missionary zeal since 1843! And how little have we done to supply the wants of our countrymen abroad! If we come to our Home Missions, including Education, the most we can say of them with truth is that they are not getting worse, and that is something; but there is *no advance*, far less such an advance as would in some degree meet the rapid progress of population, and of ignorance among old and young in our manufacturing towns and villages. One man alone towers above all his fellows, occupying with his Endowment Scheme a place by himself, and manifesting a living faith and an indomitable energy,—and that man is Professor Robertson! All honour be to this Christian patriot! Now we ask our readers candidly, have we exaggerated the weakness of our missionary cause? have we not spoken the truth, however painful and humbling it must be to utter it or to hear it? But what most alarms us is that we are not alarmed; what most pains us is that we are so little pained. If so, where are the evidences? What efforts are made to stir us out of this sleep? What loud and clear voice from man or book, from public meeting or private conference, from Presbyteries,

Synods, or Assemblies, has one heard from year telling us of our sins, rousing us from our apathy, and summoning us in God's name to do our duty? Students form missionary associations, write essays, collect a few pounds, but furnish few missionaries, not even for the colonies, where only three years' service is asked. We publish a "Record," but it is a record of little done, and little given. Long reports are read in the Assembly,—but by how many out of it are these perused, and with what interest in the families of our people? There is no mincing the matter; no concealing it, or banishing the pain which it occasions, by any method, however plausible, of accounting for it. The fact stares us in the face, that the National Church of Scotland occupies one of the lowest places, as a Missionary Church, among all the churches on earth!* For the last few years, the prospect, instead of becoming brighter, has been getting darker, until now it has reached such a point that it can bear little reduction without destruction. God grant that the darkest hour may be nearest dawn!

What is to be done? Are we to be silent, and conceal our danger—fold our hands, and fear to meet it? Or inculcate the never-failing remedies of "caution" and "prudence," as if these were the noblest virtues on earth? Shall we go on repeating stereotyped phrases about our "admirable schemes," and act as if they were to flourish by some superhuman agency, which freed us from the exercise of all practical wisdom to arrange, or of all manly efforts, earnest zeal, and self-denial to accomplish our purposes? Has the Church of Scotland obtained a prescriptive right from heaven to be preserved and delivered from the destruction to which every institution is doomed, which, either through want of thought, or of love, fails to fulfil its "mission?" Yet we believe that the great majority of our clergy sincerely wish to know what can be done in the present crisis to awake the dormant energies of the Church, and to

concentrate them with wisdom, courage, and perseverance, on her work as a national church and missionary institute.

It appears to us, then, that one great want at present is more brotherly union. We want means of personal communication on these and very many other matters which concern our Zion, and which cannot be discussed in our Church courts; we want to "assemble ourselves together and provoke one another to love and to good works;" we want to speak our hearts out on those questions which lie near our hearts, because they affect the well-being of our church; and, above all, we want, in humility, sincerity, and love, to come together before a throne of grace, in obedience to that blessed command, and encouraged by the blessed promise,—“If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him.” And if we did this, God would doubtless help us, and that right early, and light would arise out of the darkness! We ask our Christian readers to say, candidly, whether if, at this time, even a few met together to pray to God with sincere hearts to help us by His grace to know our sins and to forsake them—to know our duties and to do them; if we met telling *Him* our anxieties and cares about the Church, and praying for aid to Him who loves what is right and true, and desires to see the right and the true prevail upon the earth,—whether such an answer would not be given as would be to our hearts life from the dead? Could we thus meet in vain? Impossible! unless our faith is vain, and Christ is not risen from the dead. Why, then, should not *this* means be tried of obtaining light, strength, and comfort, as members of the Church, and with special reference to our public callings and social duties?

But our space is exhausted. We may, however, return to this subject. We have written as we felt and believed: and shall only further say, that it will greatly encourage us to go on until our project is matured and accomplished if any reader, whoever he be, will communicate his thoughts on the matter to the writer through the publishers.—A UNIONIST.

* The Moravian Church has 1 communicant, 3 converts, 1 mission station, and 15 missionaries among the heathen, for each communicant in the church at home!

PSALMODY.

No. V.

THE famous metrical version which bears the names of Sternhold and Hopkins was completed by slow degrees, and at considerable intervals. There is, however, much inaccuracy in the accounts which have been published of this most interesting work. It has been generally asserted * that the first form in which the version appeared, was a small volume published at London in 1549, containing fifty-one psalms by Thomas Sternhold. This is certainly erroneous. The title of this volume was, "All such Psalmes of David as Thomas Sternholde, late grome of the Kynges's Maiestyes robes, did in his lyfe time drawe into Englysshe metre." It actually contained fifty-one psalms, and was published shortly after Sternhold's death, which had taken place in the same year. But there had been an earlier publication, without date, during Sternhold's life, containing only nineteen psalms, and this was truly the first germ of the old Psalter. The edition of 1549 contained many translations which were not by Sternhold, for he was the author of thirty-seven only. This is sufficiently proved by a publication in 1551, edited by Hopkins, who, in addition to thirty-seven Psalms by Sternhold, inserted seven rendered by himself. Had Sternhold left any others, Hopkins would undoubtedly have preserved and published them; for in speaking of his own seven, he modestly says that he did not consider them "in any parte to bee compared with his (Sternholde's) most exquisite dooynges. But for that they are fruitful, although they bee not fine, and comfortable unto a Chrystian minde, although not so pleasaunt in the mouth or eare." There is also in the Bodleian Library an edition of the Psalms published at Geneva in 1556, which, though a reprint of the English edition of 1549, which was wholly ascribed to Sternhold, is entitled "Fifty-one Psalmes in metre: whereof xxxvii. were made by T. Stern-

hold, and the rest by others, &c." Accordingly, in the early editions, the initials of Sternhold are prefixed to only thirty-seven Psalms.

The history of this version is associated with those persecutions which, during the reign of Mary of England, drove the most learned and godly men of Britain to seek peace and safety on the continent of Europe. Many of these illustrious exiles gathered in the city of Geneva, and there encouraged each other in desiring a better country, that is, an heavenly. They laboured abundantly in sacred literature, and in all their labour had respect to their kindred and their fathers' houses. In their very exile, they regarded themselves as preserved in an ark from the many waters which were sweeping over their heritage, and in their seclusion they gave the greater diligence, that, when the calamity should be overpast, they should go forth strong and skilful to their glorious work. Exiles like the Hebrews, they yet, in the nobler spirit of the Gospel, sung the Lord's song in a strange land. And Britain was thus indebted to their untiring labours for that most valuable version of the Scriptures in English, still known as the Geneva Bible, and for the whole book of Psalms in English verse. In 1561 the Scottish and English exiles made a considerable addition to their metrical psalter, so that the edition of "the Forme of Prayer," published in that year, contained "four score and seven Psalmes." But in 1562, under the editorial care of Hopkins, the work was completed, and "THE WHOLE BOOKE OF PSALMES, collected into English metre, by Thomas Starnhold, J. Hopkins, and others, &c.," was published in London. The same version was received and adopted in Scotland. The General Assembly which met in December 1562, "lent Robert Lepreuk, printer, twa hundredth pounds, Scottish money, to help to buy irons, ink, and paper, and to fee craftsmen for printing of the Psalmes."

* Dibdin.

These Psalms had been already introduced, for in the same year the Assembly "ordained that an uniforme order be kept in the ministration of the sacraments, according to the Book of Geneva, that is, the Book of Common Order, prefixed before the Psalms, which was the order observed in the English Church of Geneva." And in the following year, the Assembly specially enjoined, "that every Minister, Exhorter, and Reader shall have one of the Psalme Books lately printed in Edinburgh, and use the order contained therein in prayers, &c." This metrical version, used alike in England and Scotland, was the composition of not less than seven distinct authors. The early editions differ from each other in the versions of several entire Psalms. The Scotch editions frequently substitute, in forty-one cases, a version different from that used in England, and preferred rather on account of the translator, than any intrinsic superiority. This accounts for the discrepancies which appear in many copies in the initials prefixed to the Psalms to indicate their author. In two editions now before me, the one printed with the Geneva Bible in 1599, and the other at London in 1658, there are fifteen discrepancies in the initials denoting the authorship,

though the two versions are precisely the same in every Psalm. It is observable that whenever the earlier edition gives no initials, the later publication invariably inserts those of Hopkins. I may also mention, that this later edition is printed, with a copy of the Scriptures referred to, in a remarkable tract, published in 1660, entitled, "The London Printer, his Lamentation: or, the Press oppressed, or overpressed," which makes fearful charges of inaccuracy in the editions printed after the 6th March 1655.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, who projected and began the version, had been greatly distinguished for poetical talent, and, on this account, was appointed to an office in the household of Henry VIII. He retained the same office, groom of the robes, in the court of Edward VI. I have already shown that he translated thirty-seven Psalms, but his version of these was materially altered by subsequent editors. As an illustration of the freedom with which editors amended what Hopkins pronounced to be "the most exquisite dooynges" of Sternhold, I may offer the versions of Psalm xix. from the editions of 1551 and 1556. If Hopkins did not himself make the alterations, he at all events retained and preserved them when he edited the Psalter.

PSALM XIX. Edition of 1551.

- 1 The heavens and the firmament
doe wonderously declare
The glorie of God omnipotent,
his workes, and what they are.
- 2 Eche daye declareth by his course
an other daye to come,
And by the night we knowe likewyse,
a nightly course to runne.
- 3 There is no language, tong, or speche
where their sound is not heard:
In all the earth and coastes thereof,
their knowledge is conferde.
- 4 In them the Lord made royally
a settle for the sunne,
Where, lyke a giant joyfully,
he might his journey runne.
- 5 And all the skye from ende to ende
he compast round about,
No man can hide him from his heate,
but he will finde him out.

PSALM XIX. Edition of 1556.

- 1 The heavens and the firmament
do wonderously declare
The glory of God omnipotent
his workes, and what they are.
- 2 The wonderous workes of God appeare
by every day's successe
The nyghtes which likewise their race runn,
the self-same thinges expresse.
- 3 There is no language, tong, or speche,
where their sound is not hearde:
In al the earth and coastes thereof,
theyr knowledge is confered.
- 4 In them the Lorde made for the sunne
a place of great renome.
Who, like a bridegrome ready trimmed
doth from his chamber come.
And as a vallant champion,
who for to get a prize,
With joye doth haste to take in hande
some noble enterprisse.
- 5 And al the skye from ende to ende,
he compaseth about,
Nothinge can hyde it from his heate,
but he will find it out.

The earlier version is greatly superior, and has fewer of those peculiar blemishes which deteriorate the volume generally. But in judging of these compositions, which are now the mere memorials of ancient piety, is it not necessary that we remember that they are the productions of an age very different from our own, with different customs, different standards of excellence, and that, from our being habituated to another version, we are apt to regard them with prejudice? This consideration is the more imperative, as certain rude and grotesque verses are generally quoted as a fair specimen of Sternhold's Psalms. Dr. Beattie of Aberdeen, in his letter on the Psalmody to Dr. Blair in 1778, stated that the rudeness of the old version had become even proverbial. This was too true, but the condemnation was scarcely deserved. So also was Dr. Beattie's own sentence, that "the verse is very incorrect, the sense not always clear, and the expression sometimes exceedingly vulgar." It is too much forgotten that changes in the pronunciation of words, and in the quantity of syllables, lead men of a different generation to condemn verse as incorrect, which was perfectly accurate according to the standard of the age in which it was written—the only standard which is admissible. The poems of Gawin Douglas, of Sir David Lindsay, of Sir Richard Maitland, or of Alexander Montgomerie, seem to us very lawless and incorrect in rhyme, for the simple reason that we cannot read them properly. With regard to the other charges against the old version, it is enough to say, that were a few exceptional lines to decide the fate of any version, the modern Scottish Psalms, of which more hereafter, would be speedily consigned to oblivion or ridicule. And were superiority in isolated passages, which any one might quote, to establish the superiority of the whole version, the same modern Scottish Psalms, and many others, would at once give place to the old version by Sternhold and Hopkins. I may give a single illustration of this.

In our modern version of Psalm xviii., we have the following antique stanza:—

25 Thou gracious to the gracious art ;
to upright men upright :
26 Pure to the pure. froward thou kyth'et
unto the froward wight.

Surely there is internal evidence in this stanza that it is in style at least a century older than Sternhold's translations, and more uncouth than any of the verses by the "late groome of the Kynges maiestyes robes." Yet, let us also see Sternhold's version of the same passage, which has all the aspect of being the modern one.

For, Lord, with him that holy is,
thou wilt be holy too,
And with the good and virtuous man
right virtuously wilt do.
And to the loving and elect
thy love thou wilt reserve ;
And thou wilt use the wicked men
as wicked men deserve.

It is by no means an easy matter to discriminate the faults and excellences of the several authors of the old version, for the same hand seems to have revised with freedom the majority of the translations, and invested each with a common characteristic. Yet Sternhold, revised and interpolated as his psalms undoubtedly are, retains some traces of his own individuality, and is not chargeable, to the same extent as Hopkins, with indulging in expletives and paraphrases. He generally appreciates the sublimity of the original, and renders it with befitting simplicity; and though sometimes less happy in his diction, he never is betrayed into the rougher style of Hopkins. Indeed, in some obscure passages of the Hebrew, Sternhold proposes an interpretation which is always worthy of attention. For example, he thus renders a difficult phrase in Psalm xvi. :—

Lord, keep me, for I trust in thee,
and do confess, indeed,
Thou art my God, and of my goods,
O Lord, thou hast no need.

I give my goods unto the saints
that in the world do dwell,
And namely to the faithful flock,
in virtue that excel.

He also in Psalm xix. is guilty of an error into which most of the versions, metrical and otherwise, have fallen. For example, Tate and Brady render the passage thus:—

Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
dominion have o'er me :
That by thy grace preserved, I may
the great transgression flee.

Sternhold's translation is more faithful
and correct :—

And keep me, that presumptuous sins
Prevail not over me :
And then shall I be innocent
And great offences flee.

The power and sublimity of part of his
version of Psalm xviii. have been always
acknowledged. We cannot but regret,
however, that in such a passage the word
cherubs is most awkwardly repeated.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens his,
And underneath His feet He cast
The darkness of the skies.

On cherubs and on cherubine
Full royalty He rode.
And on the wings of all the windes
Came flying all abroad.

The merits and defects of Sternhold's
translations are fairly represented in his
version of Psalm xxv. It is simple, dig-
nified, and musical, but introduces several
ideas not warranted in a translation :—

10 Now for thy holy name,
O Lord, I thee entreat
To grant me pardon for my sinne,
For it is wondrous great.

Whoso doth feare the Lord,
The Lord doth him direct
To leade his life in such a way
As He doth best accept.

His soul shall evermore
In goodness dwell and stand,
His seede and his posterity
Inherit shall the land.

All those that feare the Lord
Know His secret intent,
And unto them He doth declare
His Will and Testament.

As a specimen of the exceptional and
unhappy style of Sternhold, I may give
the following lines from Psalm xxii. I
have no doubt that they did not appear
uncouth to our great grandsires ; but on
the contrary gave a satisfactory explana-
tion :—

So many buls doe compass me
That be full strong of head,
Yea, buls so fat as though they had
In Bashan field been fed.

Of JOHN HOPKINS, the principal con-
tributor to the version, and the first
editor of the entire work, little is known,
except that he was a clergyman and
schoolmaster in Suffolk, and had been
"perhaps a graduate at Oxford" about
1544. His translations are by no means
equal to those of Sternhold, and are dis-
tinguished by an exaggeration of the same
faults. Any one who has read the fore-
going specimens of Sternhold's transla-
tions will observe their superiority over
the following translation by Hopkins :—

PSALM LXXII.

6 Lord, make the king unto the just
Like rains to fields new mowne,
And like to drops that lay the dust
And fresh the land new sowne.

The just shall flourish in his time
And all shall be at peace
Untill the moone shall leave to prime,
Waste, change, and to increase.

He shall be Lord of sea and land
From shore to shore throughout,
And from the floods within the land
Through all the earth about.

The people that in desert dwell
Shall kneele to Him full thicke,
And all His enemies that rebel
The earth and dust shall lick.

Hopkins also repeats the same exple-
tive in successive stanzas, and thus
greatly injures the effect of the composi-
tion :—

PSALM LXXX.

8 O take us, Lord, unto thy grace,
Convert our mindes to thee,
Show forth to us thy joyfull face,
And we full safe shall be.

From Egypt, where it grew not well,
Thou brought'st a vine full deare,
The heathen folke thou didst expell,
And thou didst plant it here.

Thou didst prepare for it a place
And set her roots full fast,
That it did grow and spring apace,
And filled the land at last.

In some instances Hopkins gives a
correct translation of the original, when
the prose version in his possession had
failed to do so. An example of this is
singularly brought out in his version of
Psalm lxxvii. The Geneva Bible did not
render the passage properly ; neither does
our authorised version. Tate and Brady,

however, thus enjoy and amplify the error :—

All night my festering wound did run,
No medicine gave relief :
My soul no comfort would admit ;
My soul indulged her grief.

Now let us relieve ourselves from these ideas, and attend to the true meaning of the passage, which Hopkins gives :—

In time of griefe I sought to God,
By night no rest I tooke,
But stretcht my hands to him abroad,
My soul comfort forsooke.

But while giving all due credit to Hopkins, as the zealous editor of the first complete version, and the contributor of fifty-eight translations, many of which are of great excellence, I cannot forget that he is peculiarly chargeable with any rudeness which has been ascribed generally to the volume. We have already observed that extraordinary and sovereign liberties were taken with the compositions of Sternhold after his death, and we may well be suspicious that the editorial supervision of Hopkins might give to the best contributions some inferior attributes. My notes would scarcely be fair, and my meaning would scarcely be obvious, were I not to quote a stanza by Hopkins, which alone has done much to bring the whole version into disrepute :—

PSALM LXXIV.

10 When wilt thou Lord once end this shame
and cease thine enemies strong ?
Shall they alway blasphemethy name
and rail on thee so long ?

Why dost withdraw thy hand abacke
and hide it in thy lap ?
O plucke it out, and be not slacke
to give thy foes a rap.

WILLIAM WHITTINGHAM, born in the county of Chester, and educated at Oxford, translated twelve of the Psalms, which generally appeared in the old version. He was reputed a man of great learning in England, but was an exile, first at Frankfort, and afterwards at Geneva, during the reign of Mary. He was ordained successor to John Knox, as

minister of the English congregation in Geneva, and was one of the translators of the Geneva Bible. In 1563 he was appointed Dean of Durham, but as he had received Presbyterial ordination, some zealous churchmen insisted that he should be re-ordained. This he sternly refused; and it was on this occasion that the Dean of York said to Archbishop Sandys, that "Whittingham had been ordained in a better manner than even the archbishop himself." His versions of the Psalms are generally in peculiar metre, and are not so smooth as those of Sternhold or Hopkins :—

PSALM XXXVII.

34 Waite thou on God and keep his way
he shall preserve thee then
The earth to rale, and thou shalt see
destroy'd these wicked men.

The wicked have I seene most strong
and placed in his degree
Flourishing in all wealth and store
as doth the lawrell tree

But suddenly he passed away
and loe he was quite gone
Then I him sought, but could scarce finde,
the place where dwelt such one.

Marke and behold the perfect man
how God doth him increase
For the just man shall have at length
great joy with rest and sace.

WILLIAM KNITH, another of the translators of the Geneva Bible, was, according to Warton and Strype, a native of Scotland. He had, however, been residing in England for some time before Mary's accession, and was then compelled to seek refuge on the continent. He translated at least eight Psalms, but there is reason to know that he was the author of others to which no initials were prefixed. After Elizabeth succeeded to the throne, he returned to England, and was a clergyman in Dorsetshire. I have to bespeak special attention to the specimen which I give of his translations; and my readers will at once see that it has been preserved almost word for word in the modern Scottish version,—and well worthy it was of being preserved, for it is the noblest translation that has yet appeared :—

PSALM C.

All people that on earth doe dwell
Sing to the Lord with chearfull voyce
Him serve with feare, his praise forth tell
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flocke, he doth us feede,
And for his sheepe he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise
Approach with joy his courts unto
Praise, laud and blesse his name alwayes
For it is seemely so to doe.

For why? The Lord our God is good
His mercy is for ever sure
His trueth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.

ROBERT PONT, commissioner of Moray, and afterwards one of the ministers of St. Cuthbert's Church in Edinburgh, translated six Psalms. He was one of the most notable men of his age, and held in the highest regard, alike by the Church and the Crown, at a period when allegiance to the one was generally accounted hostility to the other. With permission of the General Assembly he accepted the place of a Senator of the College of Justice,* but still retained and exercised the office of the ministry. James VI. proposed also to appoint him Bishop of Caithness, but he declined to accept the office without the consent of the Assembly.† To show the estimation in which he was held, as a man of learning and accomplishment, he alone was, in 1601, instructed by the Assembly to revise the Psalms in metre; ‡ but there is no notice of anything being done by him. He died in 1606, and was buried in St. Cuthbert's churchyard, where his tomb and epitaph may yet be seen:—

PSALM LVIII.

Be mercifull to me O God
be mercifull to me
For why? my soule in all assautes
shall ever trust in thee,
And till these wicked stormes be past
which ryse on everie syde,
Under the shaddowe of thy wings
my hope shall always byde.

I will therefore call to the Lord
who is moste high alone :

* Booke of the Universall Kirk, 1572.

† Keith's Catalogue.

‡ Calderwood, 1601.

To God who will his worke in me
bring to perfection
He will sende down from heaven above
to save me and restore
From the rebukes of wicked men
that fayne wolde me devour. &c., &c.

JOHN CRAIG also translated a considerable number of the Psalms. He was of a respectable family in Scotland, and lost his father in early life on the fatal field of Flodden. The young man, after his father's death, pursued his studies at St. Andrews, and when his education there was finished went to England, and was tutor in the family of Lord Dacres. After a few years' absence he returned to Scotland, and was admitted into the order of Dominican Friars; but he was suspected of heresy and cast into prison. The charge was found to be groundless, but on regaining his liberty he left Scotland, and after wandering from place to place reached Italy. Cardinal Pole took an interest in him, and promoted him to a position of dignity in the Dominican monastery, at Bologna. Here he became convinced of the truth of the Protestant creed, and by advice of an old monk, to whom he confided his views, he left the monastery with the intention of taking refuge in a Protestant country. Alas! they knew not the snares with which he was surrounded. He was seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and confined for nine weary months in a dungeon. Then he was brought to trial, found guilty, and condemned to be burned as a heretic. But on the day preceding that which had been fixed for his death, Pope Paul IV. died, and, according to custom, all the prisoners in Rome were set at liberty. Those, however, who were charged with heresy were only formally liberated, and were always seized at the gate of the prison and led back to their dungeons;—for heresy is the greatest of all crimes at Rome. But, in a tumult which was raised in the city, Craig contrived to make his escape at the very door of the prison, and after many singular adventures he came to Vienna. There, in 1560, he heard of the success of the reformed religion in his native country, and hastened home. He was appointed minister of the Canongate, was after-

wards colleague of Knox, and eventually minister of Holyrood house. The following may not be an uninteresting specimen of the translations of one who had been long a prisoner for the Word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ:—

PSALM CII.

19 For He from His high sanctuarie
Hath looked downe below,
And out of heaven hath the Lord
Beheld the earth also ;

That of the mourning captive He
Might heare the wofull cry,
And that He might deliver those
That damned are to dye.

That they in Sion might declare
The Lord's most holy name,
And in Jerusalem set forth
The praises of the same,

Then, when the people of the land
And kingdomes with accord
Shall be assembled for to doe
Their service to the Lord, &c. &c.

We know so little of the other contributors to the old version that nothing very satisfactory or definite can be said regarding them. Thomas Norton, an English barrister, was the author of several translations, but, strange to say, his initials were confounded with those of John Mardley, who also translated some of the Psalms, so that now we cannot discriminate them.

This old version was used in Scotland for nearly a hundred years, and we cannot look on it without the most interesting and solemn associations. It gave utterance to the intrepid and stern piety of the great men of the Scottish Reformation,—it educated the Scottish peasantry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,—it fostered everything intelligent, devoted, and chivalrous, which we revere in our Protestant annals.

(To be Continued.)

Notices of Books.

The Rational Creation: An Inquiry into the Nature and Classification of Rational Creatures, and the Government which God exercises over them. By the Rev. J. BRODIE, Monimail. Edinburgh: Thomas Constable and Co.

THIS volume, though rather ponderous in style and stale in facts, is yet a very creditable performance. It exhibits a fair amount of reading on scientific subjects, and is perfectly orthodox throughout. When we opened the book we were prepared for much ingenious speculation, as we noticed such headings: "The nature of angels—their numbers, their characters, their employment,"—"Devils—their character and employment." The author has, however, wisely kept clear of all dangerous ground, and has given us the long familiar notions on these subjects. The part which treats of the mental constitution of man is somewhat confused, shewing that the author is not familiar with the discussion

of such subjects. The subject of man's bodily constitution is handled in a more satisfactory manner, though the treatment is hardly up to the science of the present day. The principal part of the volume is on God's government of His rational creatures—and a fair statement of the doctrines of revealed religion is given. The form and style are such that we may suppose the various chapters to have been delivered as pulpit discourses, and as such they are good average specimens of sermons suited to a country congregation. If there is no brilliancy, there is at the same time no questionable or novel doctrine. Every point is stated in a homely and unambitious way, and there is nothing to be met with to provoke criticism. It would not be fair to judge of the work as a philosophical performance, as it is chiefly occupied with good practical unpretending matter, such as occupies the attention of most country ministers every Sunday. The volume will repay perusal.

A Sabbath School Sermon.

By the REV. J. ELDER CUMMING, Minister of the East Kirk, Perth.

"It is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."—MARK IV. 31, 32.

We can hardly fail to notice the frequency with which Jesus Christ speaks of the natural world. His parables are of two kinds, one drawn from the homes and hearts of men, the other from the scenes and objects of nature. In the one he tells us of the husbandman and the householder, the master and the servant, the king and the subject, the rich man in his hall of feasting, and the poor beggar shivering at the gate. In the other he speaks of the lilies of the field, the birds of the air, the sheep wandering into the wilderness, the seed choked by thorns, the fields white unto the harvest. There is always a certain sadness in the one kind of parables—sin, disorder, grief, shade the picture—a low undertone of melancholy breathes in every accent of the Redeemer as he speaks of the homes of men. But when he turns to nature, and portrays so simply, so vividly, the commonest object that we see around, it is almost with a voice of gladness—almost with a lingering admiration that he tells of them. I think no one can meditate on the way in which Jesus turns so often to the scenes of this world without feeling assured that to him they were objects of joy. It was not only that they taught so admirably the lessons of his Divine wisdom. It was not only that they were the pages of the universally read and universally understood book,—pages, whose prose is the farmer's richly laden field, whose poetry is now the music of the stream, and now the burst of the thunder on high—poetry and prose both read and loved, both comprehended and remembered, by the child and by the aged, by the barbarian and by the sage. It was not only that the natural and the

material are but the rough engraving of the spiritual, embodying divine truths, and only waiting an interpreter to speak of heaven and of God. There was more than this. I cannot but feel that Jesus spoke from his pure love of nature too, and that he yearned for it with more than a poet's heart. Yes, common as they are to us, forgotten, unthought of, unimpressive, yet in the dewdrop there was a mystery, in the leaf there was an endless beauty, in the cloud, in the midnight sky, there was a lasting sublimity for Jesus Christ. The artisan from amid the crowded city, from its din, its smoke, its bustle, rejoices to be among the mountains, breathing the air that is perfumed only by the heather-bell. The sick man, leaving his weary bed and emerging from the chamber into which are crowded so many associations of gloom, of weakness, of apprehension, of the world fading, and of death drawing near, is glad—ah, how glad!—once more to feel the fresh breeze on his cheek, and to tread on the verdure of the field. But how much more must the weary soul of Jesus, that had looked into men's hearts all around, and seen nothing but dejection and enmity—that had striven with the souls of men only to find his love baffled and refused—that had seen in every human being near him a godlike spirit sunk in debasement to the ground—that had seen his gifts slighted, his servants rejected, his Father dishonoured, his own blood despised,—oh, how must that weary soul have turned away from the haunts of men, for a little to gaze on the serene face of nature, so little changed, still so lovely, still so eloquent a witness for God!

The text forms one of those parables

taken from the objects of the world without. It is exceedingly simple. It is full of truth; and we can well fancy the force of it on the minds of the disciples, as Jesus might stop in his journey with them beside a mustard tree, and pointing to it, tell them, "The kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than the least of all seeds; but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches,"—and adding, as a bird flew from one of them, "and the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."

I believe that our Lord meant by this parable to lead his disciples to meditate on at least three things,—the smallness of the seed or agency which God often employs,—the influences which He brings to bear upon that seed or agency,—and the great results which issue from it. I shall endeavour, trusting to His blessing, to help your meditations on these truths.

I. First of all, then, let me illustrate the truth, that the seed or agency employed by God in his works is often small. The kingdom of Heaven in its beginning is a grain of mustard seed.

This is indeed the ordinary method of God's working. A gradual and progressive advance may be called the great law, according to which Nature and Providence shape their course. Life advances by the minutest changes, but these changes are incessant. The moment that a seed is placed in the ground, or even in water, it begins to germinate, and by the aid of a powerful instrument you can see it evidently shooting forth the beginning of its roots. You have watched this, suppose, in the case of a certain seed. You have thereafter planted it in the earth. Then I can tell you that generations afterwards, when there is a grave in your churchyard, on whose head-stone the illegible name can no longer be deciphered to tell that it is *yours*, an oak-tree may wave its hundred branches near some patriarch's dwelling, and the cattle of the field may gather beneath it from the sun;—the tree whose tiny seed you saw first germinate upon your table. The parable of the mustard-seed is the

divine symbol of Nature itself! Or look again at history. Who has not read of the great religious change on the continent of Europe—the change that broke the fetters and opened the prison doors of the Papacy, and by means of the glorious Reformation, established first a civil freedom which lasted for generations, and also, which was better far, religious truth and religious freedom, in many countries in Europe. Great was the change; and when the annals of Europe are read with care it is seen that there is not a single nation which does not owe to it some of its chief peculiarities,—that there is not a page in which the influence of it may not be traced. And what then was the source whence sprung the Reformation? With all seriousness, and with all truth, I affirm that the placing by a librarian of a book upon a certain shelf,—and that in a convent library,—was the occasion of it all. That book was the Bible. It was found on that shelf by a young and earnest monk. He read it, hung over it, was converted by it. That monk was Martin Luther, and his biography thereafter is written in the history of the world. But had that book been placed upon another shelf, or been cast aside into a corner, Luther might not have found it at that eventful crisis, and Germany have been still in willing bondage unto Rome. Or we may go still farther back in the long march of providence, to see fully the force of this striking truth. Look abroad upon the world,—its sin,—its misery,—its death, in every age and every country, on every home with its shadows falling over it, and every eye with its tears gathering in it, and every heart with its sorrows and its wounds. Look without at the disorder and the crime of men. Look within at untold sins and griefs. Think of the world's ambitions and its bloody wars; of its fevers and its plagues; of its drunkenness and its vice; of its murders and its crimes. Think of its lonely sick-beds, and its cold ocean-covered graves. A spectacle of woe, over which, we may suppose, the Guardian Angel's eye is hardly ever free from a tear. Yet, speaking reverently, all this has been the fruit of a moment,—

of the putting forth of a woman's hand to an apple-tree in defiance of the command of God. One solitary hour in the history of the world,—one single action of our parent Eve,—one bitter seed sown in that olden time. 'The fruit of that forbidden tree, whose taste brought death into the world and all our woe.' The parable of the mustard seed is history embodied—is the symbol of Providence itself!

This truth is especially manifest in religion,—in the Gospel system of redemption, and that whether we look at the Church or at her individual members. I pass by that very sublime subject for meditation, that it was once upon an infant cradled in Mary's arms that the destinies of mankind were concentrated,—that the poor weak helpless child of Bethlehem was the world's Saviour,—his manger the source, his first cry the hope of perishing humanity! Think of the condition of the Church when the empty sepulchre at Jerusalem told of Jesus having risen and the disciples met in an upper room after He had ascended up on high! An army was equipped to go forth against the heathenism and the sin of men. It was said to them: "The field is the world." Their work was to attack superstition wherever it lurked,—on the throne, the bench of justice, the seat of authority, in the palace of pride, the hovel of poverty, and the dungeon of guilt. Millions were arrayed against them, cherishing their ancient faith, and clinging to it with the strength of their souls. They were to convert the world, and to make all men, in every nation,—nations then never heard of, barbarous and unenlightened, nations educated and refined, to make them all bow down before the Nazarene, and worship the Crucified as God. Was ever task so mighty committed to a legion of angels? Yet the army so sent forth contained but *eleven* feeble illiterate men. It was the grain of mustard seed. Or think of the great instrument of the Church's work,—the instrument which is at once her armoury and her statute-book. It is the store-house from which all her weapons must be taken,—her swords and her shields. It

is the book of her history from the earliest dawn of time,—from the hour when the foundation-stone of the world was laid, down to her great operations at Rome and at Patmos. It is the book of her constitution, on which she is founded,—the book of her laws, where is found every statute that is to govern the kingdom of God in the world. It is the book of her devotion, where every praying heart from China to the Indies is to gather fervency, and where every weeping eye is to turn for the drying of its tears. This precious book, so manifold in its relations and in its services, is so simple that a child may read it, and so small that a child may carry it in his hand. And the statutes of the whole Gospel world to the end of time, are contained in two commandments. Is not the history of the Church an exposition of the truth that God often employs the smallest agencies in working out His objects? Is it not just an illustration of the parable of the grain of mustard-seed?

I might show you the operation of the same truth in the case of each individual Christian. His conversion to the truth,—be it gradual or be it sudden,—be it such as he can give account of or no, has taken its rise from some very small circumstance or event in his life. It was the doing of one hour perhaps,—often-times of a moment. Some sermon that arrested his thoughts, some death that happened in his family, some verse that lingered in his memory, some one word, perhaps, that took hold of his conscience. It is generally by such means that the great change takes place,—a change that begins feebly here, but becomes mighty hereafter,—that begins a little streamlet here, but rolls on an ocean in eternity. Let the Christian trace back his inner life to its first throbbings. He will remember that it had a birth, and an infancy, far feebler than that of the body,—that it began with one pulsation within, and often from a word without. And looking far in the future to the life of the soul in glory,—to the seraph-spirit which is at once higher than an archangel and humbler than a child,—and contrasting

this with its source and origin on earth, we see in man himself, in the Christian soul, this parable embodied, the mustard-seed sown.

II. But I must pass on to another truth, which, I believe, Jesus meant his disciples to meditate upon, from the parable which is our text,—*The influences which God brings to bear upon the mustard-seed.*”

Nothing of this indeed is specified in the parable; but you do not need to be told how sometimes truth is far more solemn when suggested than when stated, and how a teacher often aims to secure that a lesson shall be reached by the mind itself. Well, then, let us seek to understand the true teaching of the parable. Some persons think that the beauty of it lies in this, that from very small agencies there spring great results, that the contrast between the seed and the fruit is all or nearly all that the Saviour meant to impress upon us. And no doubt this contrast is made very prominent in the parable, and is found to be very prominent in reality when we look as we have been doing at the various works of God. But it seems to me that this contrast is meant to teach us something farther of the greatest value. It is a paradox to say that small agencies are the cause of great results. It is more than a paradox—it is an inaccuracy, an untruth. One of the first principles of human thought is this, that there can be nothing in the effect that has not been in the cause, that every result must have a sufficient agency to account for it. And if the apparent source of any change fails to show us why that change is so important, then there must be other sources and other influences which are unseen. Take the case of the mustard seed cast into the ground, as instanced by our Lord. It is the smallest of all seeds. It is dropped perhaps by a bird in its passage through the air. Small and unnoticed circumstance to give birth to the bourgeoning tree, which stands a monument to future ages! Yet say not that the influences which bear upon it are few or small. To nourish that tiny seed the elements of nature exert their utmost powers. The juices of the earth are gathered in from

every side to enrich it. A hundred clouds sail over the heaven laden with their precious burden to water it. The breeze that has just left the couch of sickness where it has been invigorating the dying, hastens to breathe upon the leaf of this mustard seed. The light that visits it and cheers it, travels with unspeakable velocity through millions of miles that it may reach it. Speak not of the agency being small. *Nature* is the agency. And it needs all her powers—it needs light from the distant sun—and clouds from the blue heavens—and winds from the far pole—and juices from the fertile soil, ere that mustard tree can arise in its strength! And so with history. The plucking of an apple seems a very little thing to be the parent of all our sin and all our woe. But there were other things behind. It needed the law of God to have been announced to man—to have been broken and despised by man: it needed God's threatening to have been held forth, it needed God to be a Being of perfect Justice, perfect Holiness, perfect Truth,—in fine, to be an Infinite Being as He is, ere that action of Eve could have produced such dire results as it has done on earth. The monk of Erfurth found a book upon a certain shelf of the convent library,—that seems a petty thing to have convulsed nations, and spread far and wide the truth of God. Yes, but how many an influence unseen was at work. That book must be the Bible. The inspiration of ages must have penned it—the voice of very God must have spoken it—Sinai must have burned for it—Jesus Christ must have died for it—the monk's soul must have been wrought upon as God only can work—the Spirit of Jehovah must have been struggling there, ere Luther could be converted and religion reformed. So is it specially with gospel truth in the church and in the soul of man. If eleven fishermen and publicans were sent forth to convert and to baptize all nations, the Spirit of the living God was sent with them. Christ was with them alway even to the end of the world. If the small Bible that a child can carry be at once the Armoury and the Statute-book of the Kingdom of Grace—yet that

book is Omniscience Incarnate—and is applied by the Omnipotent Spirit. If one sentence or even one word can overthrow the dominion of sin in a hardened soul, and awaken up remorse and shame for deeds long since done, and often remembered without effect—can seize hold on a slumbering conscience and lead it captive like a child—can cast out the life-long dwellers in an evil heart, and make love spring up within it to the Divine author of its being—it is God himself working in that verse or in that word—it is a word more awful than the fiat of creation! The outward agency is little—it is but a mustard seed; but the influences within are countless and irresistible, they are Omnipotence itself! And thus it is, that when it falls to our duty to sow the seed of the word in the hearts of the children of men, when a minister, or a parent, or a teacher in a Sabbath school speaks for God, the smallness of the effort, the feebleness of the agency, his apparent impotence, may depress his heart. But there comes following thereon—there ought to come—it is our high privilege that there should come—a feeling of a mighty influence along with us. The simple words that are spoken, sometimes in the homely dialect of the poor, are “winged words,” borne upon the breath of the Spirit of the Lord. The church—the school—the room at home—may become the birthplaces of immortal souls. Yon cottage by the hill-side, where the only teacher is the grey-haired father, and the only school a few young children with their gleaming eyes gazing up to his face—that home of the poor and the unknown—but consecrated by a hundred prayers, and by a life of daily patience, may be registered in heaven as a holy place, and angels may be saying of it now, “This man and that man was born there.” It was in yon other dwelling, some Sabbath evening long ago—before death had visited that home, and the graves of the churchyard had been dug—that a story from God’s Word was told to an assembled family. That story was blessed—and now the venerable missionary in a foreign land, who has spiritual children both in heaven and earth—speaks of that

night as the birth-hour of his soul, and of his labours for God. The mustard-seed had been scattered there; the influences of divine grace had visited and breathed upon it and now behold that mustard-tree!

These influences are unseen, and often overlooked; to realise them is a special province of a Christian’s faith. To work without a sense of them, is vain—it may begin in ardour, and may be prosecuted for a time with energy;—but it will end in despair. To work without vividly realising them, is to go on in our labour uncheered and listless, as so many do—to be faint-hearted in disappointments, and impatient at delays. To work under the power of those unseen influences, is to live by faith, to follow those who have inherited the promises, to persevere against all opposition, to save men, and to honour God.

These influences are the result of prayer, and may be obtained by those who are in earnest with God. Many congregations, many Sabbath schools, many homes are without them—the seed is sown, perhaps, in abundance, but there it lies in the ground, without a shower to visit it, dry, withered, forgotten, dead. But only let the earnest prayers of those who sow ascend to the divine Father—only let each seed cast into the ground be accompanied with a petition raised on high—only let there be an hour in the closet, ere there is an hour given to the congregation, the school, or the home—only let Moses pray in the mountain, lifting venerable hands to Heaven, while the Joshuas wrestle on the plain with the enemies of God—and then hardly a seed will perish, then every leaf will glisten with its precious pearly dew. Oh, as we wish for the influences of divine grace to help and bless our work—without which it must be all in vain—let us labour just as earnestly with God as we do with man.

III. I fear I must not attempt at any length to explain the last truth in this parable, that *great results are to be expected from God’s operations on the soul.* This is the less necessary that it has been already illustrated by implication.

I might shew you that this parable represents religion to be a *life*. It is not a thing of doctrines, not a thing to be learned and understood, and measured, and written down in a book. It is not a confession of faith. It is not a system of emotions and of feelings, kindled like flames within the soul for an hour, then to go out into darkness, and then to be relit again. Religion is a life, if it is anything at all. The life of the mustard tree, the life of the soul. This is its great result—a living thing, instead of a carcase of death!

I might shew you that the parable represents religion to be a thing of *unceasing progress* within the soul. Just as the mustard tree grows on, ever silently on—under the tranquil stars, in the darkness, in the summer's smile, and in the winter's cold. The storm may break a branch, but it makes the tree only cling closer to its soil. The winter may wither it for the time, but it makes it hardy, enduring, strong. So does piety ever progress, forwards and upwards! Like the tree, beautifying and blessing earth,—but always making for Heaven. Advancing in the warmth of prosperity,—strengthening in cold adversity. Backsliding sometimes, but receding like the wave, only to advance farther than before!

I might speak to you of a subject that none of us comprehend fully—the greatness of saving a soul. Conscious life has an unspeakable value. The viewless being that can grasp immensity in its thought, is mysteriously great. A soul that is capable of *love* is thereby immortal, for it has one chief characteristic of God. But the being who was made in God's image—who has something of God's image still—in whom the incarnate God could dwell, and who could manifest His attributes and His perfections;—this is a being too awful for me to measure. Yet such is the soul of every man! Of what depths of woe that soul is capable—what misery, what degradation, what ruin may be his—let the tears and the blood of the Redeemer tell. Of what grandeur, and light, and holiness, and glory a soul is capable, let the sight of man upon the throne of

Jehovah testify! Yes, to lose *one* soul—to lose the soul of *one* child in a Sabbath school, might make the world wear sack-cloth for ever. To save one soul of a pauper shivering on the highway—is to partake of the glory and the joy of Jesus Christ himself!

But you will observe that the parable suggests another kind of result from the sowing of the seed, than the mere growth of the mustard-tree. We are told that “the fowls of the air do lodge under the shadow of it.” Good done to *others*, is a result of the Christian life. We might learn this from another point implied in the parable. When the mustard-tree has grown it must put forth *new seeds*. This is the law of its being. No tree can be developed without these. Seeds fall to the ground—are carried on the wind—and they produce other trees of the same kind. Is it not so with the Christian? These two aspects of beneficence are realised in him. Behold him open as day to the calls of charity! Who needs his help and fails to receive it? What district is not blessed by his presence? What distress is not relieved by His sympathy and by His smile? Again, this Christian tree produces seeds of other trees. Was there ever yet a Christian, think you, (save the few, converted near their death, and perhaps not even they,) who did not, by God's grace, save at least *one* soul to be a rejoicing to him in glory? Shall there be one believer who shall enter heaven alone? I hardly believe there is one. This blessed confidence I will not let go!

May the Holy Spirit then grant His influences on the seed which is scattered in this congregation, in our Sabbath schools, and in our homes—and may each one of you do at least *something* to sow such seed in the hearts of others!

“It is in the soil of this small planet that God is sowing His seed, and raising as in a nursery those plants which are yet to clothe a glad universe with their everlasting verdure. Reader, has this good seed been sown in thy heart?—let, then, the fruit-making influences of the love of God in Christ shine in upon thee, that there may appear first the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear.”

WOMAN'S WORK.

It appears that, more than a year ago, a project originated with some benevolent individuals in London, to institute a college for women of the working classes, with somewhat different objects from those of similar institutions previously existing, either in the metropolis or in the provinces, and keeping in view the propriety of instructing them in such arts of their every-day life as the care of the health,—the management of children,—the economy of the house,—the keeping of accounts,—singing,—domestic or practical ethics,—and reading of the Bible. On the necessity or practicability of such an Institution, we mean not now to pronounce an opinion, having had our attention directed to the subject not so much on the point of its ultimate purpose, as of its immediate means. It had been resolved that all the instruction should be given by females; but those best qualified for the task were the freest to confess their unfitness and need of preparation. It was therefore felt that, notwithstanding woman's natural aptitude for teaching, "the proper foundation of a college for working women would be a college in which ladies should learn to teach," inasmuch as no divine endowment in man or woman is perfect without human cultivation; and in this feeling originated an introductory course of lectures, which have since been published,* and from which we propose in this paper to glean such passages as may be useful for those of our readers who are willing to engage in good works if they knew the way. Fields are opening on every side in the present day for woman's work, and the conviction is forcing itself upon each more earnest heart, that every human sympathy must be employed if we would hope to raise the masses from their present degradation; and a little reflection will show that rightly to employ these, there must be both careful preparation, and laborious work. In one word, that "all ought to learn, and all ought to teach."

The present work has the peculiar benefit and charm of bringing together the views entertained by a number of the most stirring minds of the day on some of its most puzzling problems; and the admirers of Maurice, in particular, will read in one of his lectures a history of his early life, and the growth of many of his opinions, introduced incidentally, it is true, but which will prove both curious and interesting. The other lecturers possess a scarcely less reputation and authority, viz.: the Rev. Charles Kingsley, Dr. George Johnson, of King's College Hospital, Dr. Sieveking, the Rev. J. L. Davies, Dr. Chambers, Fitzjames Stephen, LL.B., Archdeacon Allen, Rev. R. C. Trench, Tom Taylor, and the Rev. J. S. Brewer. The subjects are naturally as varied as are the intellects of the lecturers; and the result is a volume almost invaluable, regarded either from a literary or a practical point of view.

We begin with an extract from Mr. Maurice's lecture on "the College and the Hospital," on

THE SPIRIT AND PURPOSE OF ALL
BENEVOLENT EXERTIONS.

"That which I admire in the medical man is this: though he is continually looking upon disease, he *believes* in health. He never for a moment allows himself to regard disease as the ordinary natural condition of man, though no one has so many temptations to do so. He never fancies that he is to enter into terms with it, to acknowledge its supremacy. He has to fight with it; and if he falls half-a-dozen times, he is to rise up and begin the fight again. We smile at the old alchemist who was always searching for an elixir. Doubtless he was often deceived; doubtless he often became a deceiver and impostor. There were quacks in those days as there are in ours. But his desperate zeal had its ground in a faith that death is an intruder into God's world; that life is a man's true condition. This faith has borne fruit in science, and may bear fruit in modern practice. It is altogether a different thing to believe that physical evil may subserve high moral ends, and to believe that we are not to labour incessantly for

* "Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects." Cambridge: MacMillan & Co. 1855.

the extirpation of it. What I want is, that your kindly feelings for your fellow-creatures should be braced by the recollections upon which the whole work of the physician depends; that you should never suppose acquiescence in the divine purpose, which is a high and wonderful gift, means acquiescence in confusion and disorder, which is no gift of God at all, but the effect of cowardice, fatalism, and superstition. . . . I ought to have remembered every time I went into a ward of the Hospital, 'Though there are all kinds and forms of moral disease among the people who are lying on these beds, still they are intended for health. No man or woman here, into whatever habits of evil he or she may have sunk, has made or can make those habits into a law; there is a true state for all and each of us. God would bring every one to that state.' If I had kept this conviction as steadily and firmly before me as the corresponding conviction is before the mind of the physician, when he considers the nature of each complaint, and the remedies which are fittest for it, I should have been hopeful when I was desponding, and have done good when I was utterly inefficient. I am certain that I am right. I know that just so far as I ever had this conviction, my whole mind was raised. I could speak right and true words. And I know also that the loss of this conviction brings after it listlessness, indifference, and that hardness of heart of which the spiritual teacher must accuse himself, before he can ever dare to impute it to any other person whatsoever.

. . . . We must believe that there is that which we can speak to in all these people. We must recognise a man in whatever abyss he may be sunk—a man still capable of health and resurrection. We must get the doctor's faith before we take upon ourselves to cure him of what we call his unbelief. We must act upon the conviction that the Lord of the universe is a healer, and that we are to be healers under Him, and that the acts of His earthly life show who it is that is healing sufferers still of any of their diseases; whose servants the physicians and surgeons are. . . . And it is not less necessary to remember in the streets and alleys of London, than in the wards of Bartholomew's or the Middlesex, that health—physical health, and moral health,—is God's law; that all the forms of physical as well as of moral disease are the effects of man's transgression. It is necessary to remind ourselves, in the case of every man with whom we converse, that we are not to speak to his evil and his corruption, but to that in him

which is struggling against evil and corruption. You will find it, I believe, everywhere desirable to use the New Testament and the Psalms as your great guide in speaking to the hearts of people, and to use them simply and naturally, following the words, and not the commentaries upon them, which are so much harder to understand. You will find it well everywhere to abstain from torturing the poor by questions, and not to despair of any for their ignorance, because you believe there is a light which lighteneth every one."

Equally precious are the experiences and counsels which Kingsley brings from another field,—

"THE COUNTRY PARISH,"

He begins with condemning that spurious benevolence which seeks objects of charity out of doors, to the neglect of "those of our own house."

"A lady can go into a poor cottage, lay down the law to the inhabitants, reprove them for sins to which she has never been tempted; tell them how to set things right, which, if she had the doing of them, I fear she would do even more confusedly and slovenly than they. She can give them a tract, as she might a pill, and then a shilling as something sweet after the medicine; and she can go out again and see no more of them till her benevolent mood recurs; but with the servants it is not so. She knows their characters, and, what is more, they know hers,—they know her private history, her little weaknesses. . . . And so she is tempted, when she wishes to do good, to fall back on the poor people in the cottages outside, who, as she fancies, know nothing about her, and will never find out whether or not she acts up to the rules she lays down for them. Be not deceived. Fancy not that they know nothing about you. There is nothing secret which shall not be made manifest; and what you do in the closet is surely proclaimed (and often with exaggerations enough and to spare) on the housetop. These poor folks at your gate know well enough, through servants and tradesmen, what you are, how you treat your servants, how you pay your bills, what sort of temper you have; and they form a shrewd, hard estimate of your character, in the light of which they view all that you do and say to them; and, believe me, if you wish to do any real good to them, you must begin by doing good to those who lie still nearer to you than them. And

believe me, too, that if you shrink from a hearty patriarchal sympathy with your own servants, because it would require too much personal human sympathy with them, you are like a man who, finding that he had not powder enough to fire off a pocket-pistol, should try to better matters by using the same quantity of ammunition in an eighty-four pound gun.

"Your next duties are to your husband's or father's servants and workmen. A large proportion of your parish work will be to influence the men of your family to do their duty by their dependents. You wish to cure the evils under which they labour. The greater proportion of these are in the hands of your men relatives. It is a mockery, for instance, in you to visit the fever-stricken cottage, while your husband leaves it in a state which breeds that fever. Your business is to go to him and say: 'Here is a wrong; right it.' This, as many a beautiful middle-age legend tells us, has been woman's function in all uncivilised times; not merely to melt man's heart to pity, but to awaken it to duty. But the man must see that the woman is in earnest; that if he will not repair the wrong by justice, she will, if possible, (as in those old legends,) by self-sacrifice. Be sure this method will conquer. Do but say: 'If you will not new-roof that cottage,—if you will not make that drain, I will. I will not buy a new dress till it is done; I will sell the horse you gave me, pawn the bracelet you gave me, but the thing shall be done.' Let him see, I say, that you are in earnest, and he will feel that your message is a divine one, which he must obey for very shame and weariness, if for nothing else. Without this all efforts for the bettering of the masses are in my eyes not only useless, but hypocritical."

He thus speaks of

CLUBS AND WORK SOCIETIES.

"Do not fancy that they are the greater part of your parish work. Rather watch and fear lest they become substitutes for your real parish work,—lest the bustle and amusement of playing at shopkeeper, or penny-collector, once a-week, should blind you to your real power,—your real treasure, by spending which you become all the richer. What you have to do is to ennoble and purify the *womanhood* of these poor women,—to make them better daughters, sisters, wives, mothers: and all the clubs in the world will not do that: they are but palliatives of a great evil, which they do

not touch,—cloaks for almsgiving, clumsy means of eking out insufficient wages; at best, kindly contrivances for tricking into temporary thriftiness a degraded and reckless peasantry."

VISITING THE POOR.

"Visit whom, when, and where you will, but let your visits be those of woman to woman. Consider to whom you go,—to poor souls, whose life, compared with yours, is one long *malaise* of body, and soul, and spirit,—and do as you would be done by; instead of reproving and fault-finding, encourage. In God's name, encourage. . . . I entreat you to bear in mind, that you must regulate your conduct to the poor, and in their houses, even to the most minute particulars, by the very same rules which apply to persons of your own class. Never let any woman say of you (thought fatal to all confidence, all influence): 'Yes, it is all very kind; but she does not behave to me as she would to one of her own quality.' Piety, earnestness, affectionateness, eloquence,—all may be nullified and stultified by simply keeping a poor woman standing in her own cottage while you sit, or entering her house, even at her own request, while she is at meals. She may decline to sit; she may beg you to come in,—all the more reason for refusing utterly to obey her, because it shows you that that very inward gulf between you and her still exists in her mind, which it is the object of your visit to bridge over. If you know her to be in trouble, touch on that trouble as you would with a lady. Woman's heart is alike in all ranks, and the deepest sorrow is the one of which she speaks the last and the least. We should not like any one,—no, not an angel from heaven, to come into our houses without knocking at the door, and say: "I hear you are very ill off, I will lend you a hundred pounds. I think you are very careless of money, I will take your accounts into my own hands.' And still less: 'Your son is a very bad, profligate, disgraceful fellow, who is not fit to be mentioned; I intend to take him out of your hands and reform him myself.' Neither do the poor like such unceremonious mercy, such untender tenderness, benevolence at horse-play, mistaking kicks for caresses. They do not like it, they will not respond to it, save in parishes which have been demoralised by officious and indiscriminate benevolence. Approach, then, these poor women as sisters. Learn, lovingly and patiently,—(ay, and reverently, for there is that in every human being

which demands reverence, and must be revered if we wish to understand it),—learn, I say, to understand their troubles, and by that time they will have learned to understand your remedies, and they will appreciate them. For you *have* remedies. I do not undervalue your position. No man on earth is less inclined to undervalue the real power of wealth, rank, accomplishments, manners,—even physical beauty. All are talents from God, and I give God thanks when I see them possessed by any human being; for I know that they too can be used in His service, and brought to bear on the true emancipation of woman."

Mr. Davies devotes a whole lecture to the subject of District Visiting, speaking to much the same purport on the spirit in which the poor are to be addressed.

He is not the only lecturer of the series who recommends ladies in visiting to guard against the sense of intrusion, by going among the poor as carrying a commission, holding by the Great Head, and serving under them whom He has set in His church, instead of setting themselves above the ministry, or spies upon them, or recommending one minister above another. Here is an extract from his remarks on the subject.

"The mention of your office or commission will be admitted as a passport, and as the warrant for your visit . . . If you use language which sounds like this, but is very different, about being urged by a love of souls, there is a danger, not only of falling into very confused notions about souls, but also of putting forward a certain pretension to peculiar religious zeal. But if you say, in one form of expression or another, 'I am sent by those who are over you in the Lord,' you will find that that is enough, and that you will be clear of all blame or suspicion of intrusion."

He sees a risk of the district visitor degenerating into a mere dispenser of relief, or of tracts.

CHARITY.

"Now as it is made a main part of a visitor's business, in London especially, to relieve distress by tickets for bread and groceries and other necessaries, it happens too often that the visitor subsides into this office alone. With reference to this danger, it is especially needful to cherish that reverence for the poor as

fellow-creatures and spiritual beings, which is implied in the act of obtaining fellowship with them. Nothing is more revolting and insulting than the tone of language which may sometimes be heard from professed philanthropists about feeding and clothing the poor. If we *put ourselves* in the place of the needy, we shall feel what a shock it would give to our self-respect, to our sense of honour, to receive a dole of relief. Surely all almsgiving should be done with the greatest delicacy, and, if possible, secrecy. We must not help to turn any poor persons into hungry animals."

TRACTS.

"The other character in which the true function of a lady visitor is apt to disappear, is that of a Tract Distributor. The system of tracts and tract-distribution has grown up in our time to a great artificial magnitude; and in most parts of London the "Tract-Lady" is well-known. This tract-lending is apt to become a very perfunctory and barren affair, even if the tracts are good. But we must remember that tract-literature has peculiar temptations to become unwholesome. It is almost a merit in a publication of that class to be smart, violent, and exaggerated; and though it is possible that a startling address may in some instances be useful, it can hardly be supposed that a regular course of such reading can be good, even for the hardened sinner. Narrative tracts, too, are the most in favour; so that the quantity of small and poor religious fiction which issues from the press in this guise is almost inconceivable. It seems to me, therefore, very important to subordinate to the general office this particular act of lending religious pamphlets. Usually it would be possible, instead, to urge the poor to subscribe to some cheap library, and to read books instead of tracts, just as it is better for them to frequent a cheap reading-room, where they may see the higher class of newspapers, than to take in at a greater expense, one party journal. Sometimes books might be lent; and there need be no rule against giving tracts. But I think all visitors of any experience will sympathise with the want of faith I have expressed in the virtues of wholesale tract-distributing."

Mr. Brewer, a workhouse chaplain, makes out a strong claim for the workhouse receiving a share of ladies' visits. We must forbear from giving further extracts, with the exception of a single paragraph, which we subjoin in a note,

as bearing on another important question of the day.*

Archdeacon Allen brings the experience of an inspector of schools to the enriching of his subject, which is on the every-day work of ladies,—1, in school; 2, in the family; 3, in society. But the lecture is too valuable to be mutilated by extracts.

Trench is scarcely equal to himself, and his lecture, however valuable as an appendage to his interesting researches on words, is not altogether in the spirit of the other contributions to the volume.

Of the remaining lectures, three by medical men on the causes of disease among the poor, and on Hospitals as means of cure, all conclude with earnest appeals to ladies to mitigate the sufferings of their sisters of the lower orders

* I must express a wish that the Poor-law Commissioners would require that the children of all workhouses in large towns should, to the age of ten, be brought up in rural schools. Every consideration of humanity, and even of sound economy, requires this. "The poor you have always with you, and always must." When will parishes see that it is their best wisdom to have a healthy, cheerful, and educated poor, and not familiarise the children entrusted to them with the sad and demoralising effects of a workhouse life? It is astonishing how many able girls and lads are thrown upon the parish, spending their lives alternately in the Workhouse and the Prison, from the penny wise management of many vestries.

by kindly inquiry, gentle sympathy, and by the diffusion of wholesome information; and two other lectures on law as it affects the poor, and on sanitary law, are given with the same purpose, of making lady visitors more competent to advise and take other steps for enlightening those with whom they are brought in contact, on the subject of their temporal interests. On the whole we never before met with such high views of the objects and principles of ladies' work; nor such lofty and tender and considerate reflections upon the feelings and dispositions of the poor. It breathes throughout one spirit, that spirit which, in imitation of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost, has led Florence Nightingale, and her brave associates, to condescend to the humble and dangerous task which they have both undertaken and completed, adhering to their work and principles till the very last soldier has left the scene of his sufferings, and proving that whoever else may, they have not become weary in well-doing, nor slackened their labour till the whole harvest was reaped. May God by His Spirit raise up many such to be imitators of them as they are of Christ, and to show by their self-sacrifice that the Spirit of the Cross is living and working in the Christians of the day. G. C.

PROPOSED UNION AMONG THE OFFICE-BEARERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

WE return to this subject, encouraged by the communications which we have received, in answer to the appeal made in the concluding part of our last article.*

* We hope our esteemed correspondents will pardon us if, without consulting them, we take the liberty of publishing extracts from their letters, which we know were not intended for the public eye, but which, for this very reason, our readers will peruse with, if possible, greater confidence in the sincerity of the sentiments which they express.

I.—From a Minister in the South of Scotland.

"I have read with very great pleasure 'Unionist's' pithy and pregnant remarks in the last number of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*. He has 'hit the nail on the head.' I hope he will hit hard, again and again, till he hits it home. What is proposed I have long desiderated as the only thing that, humanly speaking, is likely to put fresh life

It is a hackneyed but true saying, that this age is a practical one; for while the period immediately succeeding the Reformation, down to the beginning of the

into our old Church. The fact is, our Presbyterian constitutional machinery has long been, and is at present, in all its parts, so badly worked, that it serves only to restrain any energy, and quench any life, that there may be in individual ministers. It receives its impulses, not, as it ought to do, from the free and honest opinions of the majority, but from mere traditional echoes reverberating from one head to another. We must meet—we must consult—we must seek to bring our united counsels to bear upon all the movements of the Church, whether in Presbyteries, Synods, Commissions, General Assembly, or its Committees, and thus infuse some life, spirit, and coherency alike into her national influence and her missionary undertakings. Let the sign be given, and I am quite sure the 'Unionist' will rally at once at least one hundred good, leal, and true men round his banner.

present century, was characterised by discoveries in science, the present century itself is characterised chiefly by discoveries in art. We are expending the wealth of thought which has been transmitted to us by our more immediate ancestors. This is true even of our "church principles." Whether these are good or bad, right or wrong, they are at least for a time settled. They have been discussed and re-discussed for the last two

II.—From a Minister in the West of Scotland.

"I hasten to express the interest and pleasure which the perusal of the remarks on the state of our Church has given me. For years I have entertained the opinions, and cherished the longings, which you so well express. From time to time, too, in my intercourse with my brethren, I have given earnest utterance to what I believed and felt. Nothing, therefore, would rejoice me more than to see your suggestions put into practical shape.

"There is a great amount of valuable material in our Church. Perhaps there never was more. In every district some are to be found zealously, earnestly, perseveringly doing their great Master's work.

"Sympathy, communion, and co-operation are the things needed. It is painful to feel alone even in the noblest work. One loves to have some kindred hearts to lean on when fits of discouragements come on, as come they sometimes will. To know others' methods, too, is very important.

"I would humbly suggest that in the first place a conference should be held of persons whose zeal in this work makes them worthy of initiating a movement so important, and whose discretion appears to qualify them for the business of consultation. Caution is necessary. The movement will be denounced by many as a party trick. It will be feared by others,—as endangering the Church's peace. For the present dead calm has more admirers than many conceive.

"I wish to see the pious energy of our Church working as part of a system. Better certainly have noble isolated efforts than none. But better still have these isolated efforts wrought into a wisely and well organised system.

May God give you, and all like-minded, the wisdom which the present occasion needs."

III.—From a Minister in the Highlands.

"I quite concur with "Unionist" that as a Church we are not occupying the position nor filling that place in the public eye necessary for our prosperity and the extension of our influence. That is attributable to four causes: To our useless men, who are incapable of doing any good; to our lax men, who won't exert themselves; to our sanguine men, who rely far too much on our prestige as an Established Church; and to the fear on the part of many of displeasing their people by an urgency of which they are impatient, and which, if they have to submit to, they would as soon join some dissenting body as remain attached to the Establishment! Now much may be done to remove three of the four sources of weakness enumerated. And the question is, is your proposal a proper remedy. We will be told that our organisation as a Church into our four courts, ascending from the Kirk Session to the General Assembly, affords all the co-operation, correction, and encouragement to each other that is necessary or attainable. Now I do not see that it is so. As matter of fact, there is greatly more requisite in all these respects than we have hitherto done. It is certain that we are very far from improving the opportunities at

centuries. They have been the subjects of overtures and petitions, of motions and counter-motions, of disputes and complaints, since our church polity was established. They have been an inexhaustible source of debate in Presbyteries, Synods, and Assemblies, and the result has been the breaking up of Presbyterianism, in its oldest and best stronghold, into several bodies, more united in principle, yet, we fear, more alienated in

our disposal to the extent, not of our neighbours of other denominations, but of what our people would readily support us in striving after if they saw us more in earnest. Would a conference of the nature you propose supply the necessary stimulus, and aid in making more of our position and advantages? Now it is not to be doubted that it would if to any considerable extent concurred in. We might lay before each other our difficulties, our experiences of different kinds, and the possibility of bettering the position of our Church in our several spheres, and both seek and impart counsel and encouragement in all these respects. None of our Church courts afford the opportunity of doing this to the requisite extent, or in the proper way. Our Presbyteries are too limited for the purpose; our Synods are in general very badly attended. Our General Assembly is a public court, where things that most need to be spoken and discussed cannot be even hinted at. Hence the conference or union (convocation is a word of evil omen) you propose would do great good, if well attended.

"But there is one measure which I wonder has not been ere now resorted to,—Why are not deputations of our most intelligent and enterprising clergy sent to the different provinces where our Church is labouring under the sorest discouragements, to strengthen the hands of ministers, and to reassure the fainting hearts of our people? They are bullied and brow-beaten by Free Churchism; our Church's strength and influence are greatly underrated by friends and foes; and the ministrations of able preachers would do much to correct the chilling influence of services which contrast most lamentably with those of others. Such missions, I am persuaded, would do great good in every way.

"I see that objections may be taken to this, and in fact to any proposal that may be made. It will be said that it is unconstitutional, an improper interference with the jurisdiction of our recognised courts, &c. &c. But the times, in my opinion, do not admit of our standing on technical formalities. Something must be done, and the sooner the better, and I hope you will receive such an amount of concurrence as will induce you to mature a plan of operations that may lead to good. In truth, one of the worst symptoms of our Church's present condition is the readiness of many who do nothing themselves to carp at every proposal made by others. We have no lack of critics and censors, however ill off we may be for originators of useful measures. But if your hint be duly supported, and you are encouraged to persevere until you mature what occurs to you into a workable scheme you need not much mind the class of persons I have in view."

IV.—From a Minister in the East of Scotland.

"The Article in this month's Number of the Magazine, subscribed 'A Unionist,' expresses the very thought of my heart. I have often spoken the same sentiments to brother ministers, and have found in several of them a simi-

feeling, than perhaps any other sections of the Protestant Church on earth! Well, then, we are sick of controversy about "church principles," and desire to concentrate our whole strength upon church practice. We are wearied of this endless tinkering of the boiler, and perpetual changing and shifting of the machinery, and desire rather with such machinery as we possess, whether screw or paddle, sails or steam, to pursue our voyage, and improve our time to the best of our ability. We have no wish to attack or to interfere with other bodies of Christians. These may deny our orders, reject our sacraments, scorn our ministrations, and without exception openly declare war against us, whether on the ground of our being an Establishment, or of our being a corrupt branch, or even no branch at all of the Church catholic. We cannot help this. Let those who thus speak answer to God for what they say! He sees all, and hears all, and is not the God of any party, or of any church, but of those who in every place, and in every church, seek to do His will. We are responsible for ourselves, and for ourselves only, and to God we must answer how we use this great talent of the Established Church, which he has committed to

our keeping for the advancement of His glory upon earth. If we but sought that glory with a single eye! if, putting every other consideration, and all possible consequences aside, we could, as in the presence of Him who cannot be deceived, seek with true and loyal hearts to make our church an instrument for advancing the good and the happiness of our fellow-men, is it not certain that He would bless us, and that all who saw our good works would glorify Him, and say amen to His blessing except those who, to use the words of a late eminent writer, "love their party more than the church, their church more than Christ, and themselves more than all!"

But before it is possible to make the church, as a body, more alive and efficient, it is absolutely necessary that her office-bearers and members should have settled intelligent *convictions* as to their specific calling and duties in the times and circumstances in which we are now placed—such convictions as cannot possibly be arrived at without mutual consultation, full interchange of thought, patient, truthful, and, above all, *prayerful* deliberation. There are questions at this moment of the most pressing nature, and of the utmost practical

lar longing; so that I doubt not your remarks will find an echo with others besides myself.

"It seems that the end we desire can scarce be attained in our formal meetings in Church Courts. To effect real good, to communicate and receive mutual counsel regarding our Gospel work, to carry out a Missionary spirit in our Missionary Schemes, we must have meetings and associations *extra presbyterial* altogether.

"I had, indeed, been already planning for my own neighbourhood occasional gatherings of brethren like-minded, not restricted within ecclesiastical limits. Such might be local branches of one National Church Society, like the Church Missionary Society in England.

"We might hope to draw forth and preserve in voluntary and popular associations of Ministers, Elders, and other Members of our Church, somewhat of the right spirit and like-mindedness of Christian enterprise, which does not always distinguish our formal and formally elected Assemblies. And many common interests there are, dear to those earnest about the kingdom of God, which can live and prosper only in the mutual converse and the united prayers of brethren who meet in the freeness and fulness of 'one heart and one soul.'

"Go on, therefore, in the proposal and advocacy of this desirable object, and howsoever it shall be deemed wisest to order it in detail, you may rely on the humble but zealous support of
A BROTHER."

V.—From Anonymous Correspondents.

"The concluding request in your excellent paper makes me wish to write you a few lines, to

tell you that some members of the Church of Scotland here have read your article with great pleasure, and agree entirely with you in your remarks. We hope that you will write again upon the subject, and we earnestly trust that the Lord may enable you to suggest some plan, which may enable us to claim the fulfilment of the promise, in Matthew xviii. 19-20, to those who 'shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask.'

"In the meantime, I trust that we shall be stirred up to pray more, by knowing that others sympathise with us; and while we seek for the pouring out of the Spirit upon our Zion, which alone can make us a truly living Missionary Church, I hope we shall remember that we seek this not for the glory of the Church, but entirely for the glory and praise of our God; and may his kingdom come in us and by us!

"Like you, we deplore our want of Missionaries, and we long earnestly to see the love of Christ so shed abroad as to induce men gladly to offer themselves for so holy and honourable a work. With the assurance of Christian sympathy, I remain, yours truly,
M. A."

To the foregoing was added the following P.S. in a different hand.

"I concur, with all my heart, in the above observations and sentiments, and most earnestly wish it success; and my poor prayers shall not be wanting, that we may all be stirred up to seek to promote the great end in the spread of the glorious Gospel of Christ."

A. J. F.

importance, which we cannot here enumerate, far less dwell upon,—but which, we fear, are never even considered by many of our clergy, or, if considered and solved, their solution is necessarily confined to their own bosoms, for at present those like-minded have really no means whatever of communicating freely and fully with each other. It will be said, of course, that our Church courts are the legitimate places for the discussion and diffusion of opinion. But who believes this possible? It is a mere theory, not a fact, and never was else. Opinions may be expressed in Church courts, and these may be embodied in action, but never are opinions calmly formed there. We again repeat it, the friends of the Church, including her office-bearers and members, must have opportunities afforded them such as do not at present exist within our Church,—although common in other churches, both in this country and on the continent,—of meeting together in private, in order to hold frank, free, earnest, yet methodical discussion upon every question which is connected with the well-being and practical usefulness of the Church of Scotland. The necessity for this is paramount, and can be delayed no longer, if we are to save the Church from becoming, if not a mere sect in the country, at least utterly unworthy of her place as a national establishment. Whether we are the Church of the past, and “the true representative in our principles of the second Reformation,” or any other reformation, is to us a question of comparatively little importance; but it is of infinite moment that we shall be *the Church of the present*, and thereby become *the Church of the future*. Let the dead bury their dead, but let us follow Christ, and be fellow-workers with Him in the world! It may be that we “date our existence as a Church from 1843.” Be it so! Let us then manifest the vigour of youth, and not the testiness of old age. Let us only act worthy of one who is thus the

“Heir of all the ages—
In the foremost ranks of time!”

We have every hope that this year will not end without a preliminary meeting

being held, in order to determine the best manner of carrying out the project we have so much at heart. In the meantime, we cordially invite our friends to communicate to us their views, whether for or against our plan, and these shall be considered private or public as the writers may desire. May God send forth His light and His truth!

A UNIONIST.

THE CHANGED CROSS.

It was a time of sadness—and my heart,
Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these—as given to me
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting to His might
Who says, “we walk by faith and not by sight,”
Doubting—and almost yielding to despair,
The thought arose—*My cross I cannot bear!*

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see,
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E’en Nature’s voices uttered not a sound,
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment’s pause,—and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering raptur’d sight,
Angels on silver wings seemed everywhere,
And angels’ music thrill’d the balmy air.

Then One, more fair than all the rest to see,
One—to whom all the others bow’d the knee,
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
And—“Follow me,” He said, “I am the Way.”

Then speaking thus—He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beauteous to behold,
A little one, with jewels set in gold—
Ah, this, methought I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook,
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried—and looked again
To see if any there could ease my pain,
But one by one I pass’d them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptur'd form entwinn'd,
And grace and beauty seem'd in it combin'd;
Wondering I gar'd—and still I wonder'd more
To think so many should have pass'd it o'er.

But oh, that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;—
Thomas lay beneath those flowers and colours
fair,
Sorrowing I said—This cross I may not bear.

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping—I laid each heavy burden down,
As my guide gently said, "No cross—no crown"

At length to Him I raised my saddened heart;
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart,—
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in Me,"
"My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then with lighten'd eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there in the prepar'd appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best,

The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confess'd,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent my burden to sustain,
I recognised my own old cross again!

But oh, how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see,
No longer could I unbelieving say—
Perhaps another is a better way.

Ah, no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for
me;
And so, what'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best—because He knows the end. .

"FOR MY THOUGHTS ARE NOT YOUR THOUGHTS,
NEITHER ARE YOUR WAYS MY WAYS, SAITH THE
LORD—ISA. LV. 8.

"FOR I KNOW THE THOUGHTS THAT I THINK
TOWARDS YOU, THOUGHTS OF PEACE AND NOT OF
EVIL, TO GIVE YOU AN EXPECTED END."—JER. XXII.
11.

And when that happy time shall come of endless
peace and rest,
We shall look back upon our path and say—*It
was the best.*

L. P. W.

OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

No. I.

Is the Church at large realizing that our India Mission is still in a crisis of unspeakable importance; or are the bulk of those who agree with the decision of the last General Assembly resting in the belief that the whole question mooted has been finally settled, that there is no more difficulty, and no more for them to do? Apathy is the too common reaction from such an excitement as pervaded the Church for some months previous to May last. The battle fought for has been won. The views brought forward in our Church courts have been successful; the convener of the Assembly's committee has been changed. But the difficulty is now at its height. Never, since the days when Dr. Inglis constructed the India Mission of our Church, has a task so grave, so complicated, so delicate, so much needing the most comprehensive views and the most minute information, been devolved upon the convener of that Mission, as has

now fallen into the worthy hands of Dr. Craik of Glasgow.

It is necessary that the history of the late movement in the Church should be shortly reviewed. In July 1854, a long and carefully prepared despatch on education was addressed by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, to the Governor-general of India in Council. The objects of that despatch were chiefly to consolidate and to extend the present system of education in India. That is all we need say of it in passing. A copy of this despatch was received by the India Mission Committee, in the autumn of the same year, 1854. It was circulated for a considerable time among the members. A motion was then brought before the Acting Committee, and on its failure, before the General Committee, to accept of "grants in aid" offered by the government of India, under the terms of this despatch. The General Committee re-af-

firmed the previous adverse decision. The report presented to the General Assembly of 1855 contained an account of these facts, and gave the motions submitted, and the amendments carried in committee. Not one word was added, explaining the despatch. When the Assembly, feeling its unfitness, from ignorance, to deal with the question, requested the Convener of the Committee to make some additional statement, he declined saying more, as the entire despatch had been laid on the table; and on the powerful, but *ex parte* logic of Dr. Grant, the General Assembly of 1855 refused the delay craved by a leading member of the house, and determined, almost unanimously, that the "grants in aid" offered by the government of India should be refused; and this though it was well known that our Missionaries in India were unanimous that they should be accepted.

After the Assembly, Dr. Bryce published the speech he had delivered, in moving that the grants should be accepted, a motion, by the way, which did not then find a seconder! The *Christian Magazine* was the first voice heard in support of the cause which had then failed, but has been since triumphant. Presbytery after presbytery, and synod after synod, were moved to overture the next Assembly to reconsider the vote of the previous year, and in most cases, with success. The subject received a full and thorough discussion in the debates in these courts: a discussion exceedingly creditable to the ability of the Church, and calculated to be not a little useful to those who have the practical management of the future education in India. The editor of the *Missionary Record* printed the despatch in the months of November and December 1855; and thus, for the first time, did the clergy and members of the Church become acquainted with that document.

It was in this position that the Church waited with much anxiety for the meeting and the decision of the General Assembly of 1856. On the day devoted to India, when the report of the committee was laid on the table of the house, it was found to be a most important and inter-

esting document, that importance and that interest being derived from the light it threw on the question of the despatch and the future proceedings of the Church. There was given at length in it a communication from the Corresponding Board at Calcutta, advising strongly and urgently the acceptance of the "grants in aid," and also the extension of the platform of the Mission to include direct preaching of the Gospel. These recommendations of the Corresponding Board were unanimous, and bore to have been seconded by the Rev. W. White, while the report itself was signed by the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, as convener of the committee appointed to consider the subject. It was dated the 11th of March 1856, and the meeting of the Board was held on the 17th of March 1856; and yet, in an appendix to the report of the India Mission Committee, there appeared two letters, one from Mr. Ogilvie and one from Mr. White, both of which had for their object to induce the Church to refuse those very grants which, a short fortnight before, they had publicly and formally been so urgent that the Church should accept. These letters were dated the 8th and the 9th of April 1856. Such was the bearing of this report to the Assembly on the despatch of the Court of Directors. But a still more important part of the report was the course which it submitted for the future operations of our India Mission. That course was sketched in a report of a sub-committee, consisting of Professor Robertson, Dr. Muir, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Macfarlane, than whom four abler men are hardly to be found in the Church, and whose cautious and deliberate advice was therefore worthy of the gravest attention from all. The committee were "at one in the opinion that the time has now come when a change in the mode of conducting the Mission is not only advisable, but necessary." They were "of opinion that, to meet the demands of the future, care should be taken that *all the agencies* of the committee are turned into the channel of *proclaiming the Gospel to the heathen*. . . . *Relieved from their task in the school*, your Missionaries will now be enabled to devote their time to the public

preaching of the Word. . . . *As this new arrangement contemplates the discontinuance of the schools in the various presidencies within a period more or less remote, your sub-committee have reason to believe that the buildings connected with them might be disposed of without any loss to the committee of the original outlay.*"

Such were the proposals of the India Mission Committee, which took, as well they might, the General Assembly by surprise. They seemed to involve, especially when read in the light of Dr. Robertson's eloquent speech, a complete renunciation of the views of Dr. Inglis, and the fundamental principles on which the India Mission had heretofore been conducted. When these questions came on for decision, Dr. Bell, the ex-Moderator, moved that "the General Assembly are now, on farther and mature consideration, fully satisfied that the terms and conditions, as set forth in the 'Despatch,' on which grants in aid are offered, are such as, in perfect consistency with sound principle, and in accordance with the duty of the Church in this matter, may be taken advantage of in connection with the General Assembly's Mission in India. The General Assembly accordingly resolve to sanction and authorise the acceptance of said grants." To this motion an amendment was moved by Dr. Hill, to the following effect:—"The General Assembly having maturely considered the Overtures respecting the grants in aid, adhere to the decision of last Assembly to decline said grants; and resolve that the time has now come, when, by the employment of preaching through ordained missionaries, European and native, a larger sphere of usefulness may be opened up for the accomplishment of the great object of their Mission to India, namely the bringing the heathen within the knowledge of the truth." On these motions being put to the vote, the former was carried by the very large majority of 195 to 65.

Next day a letter was read from Dr. Macfarlane to the moderator, resigning the convenership of the Assembly's Committee, and in a day or two Dr. Craik, of St. George's, Glasgow, was appointed to this honourable and onerous post. While

differing from Dr. Macfarlane on the question which brought about his resignation, and while expressing strong convictions in the early part of this article, we cannot refrain here from adding, in the name of many of our brethren, our humble tribute to the ability, the unwearied zeal, and the evidently increasing interest with which, for six years, he held the helm of this most important Mission Scheme.*

It will hardly be necessary to recapitulate the leading points of the despatch to the readers of this Magazine. We may say simply that it contemplates *two* great branches of operation. The Government schools throughout India, conducted on one system, form one branch. "Affiliated" schools, conducted by other parties, on widely different systems, and under different management, inspected and partly paid by Government, form the other branch. In almost every respect there is a strong line of demarcation between these classes of schools. The former are founded by government alone. No one else can have any share in their formation. They are entirely secular schools. No religion is taught in them. In their libraries, the Bible, the Shasters, the Koran, lie side by side. The other class of schools are in no case founded by government, in no case managed by go-

* It is curious to compare the treatment received by "the despatch" in the Free Church, with the above review of facts. If possible, rather less information was given concerning it by Dr. Tweedie than by Dr. Macfarlane. The Report to the Free Church Assembly of 1855 contained simply the following passage,— "It is well known to the Church that the British Government have sent out to the authorities in India a despatch on the subject of education, which is in many respects of an admirable kind. There may be some difficulties felt in working out some of the details; but as a whole the document will mark an era in the history of India. Your Committee are corresponding with your missionaries in India, and will lose no time in employing means for effectually carrying out the measures in so far as circumstances will permit." The deliverance on this by the Assembly was,— "The General Assembly authorise the committee to make the arrangements which they deem best regarding Mrs. Anderson, and also in reference to the despatch on Education, and to report what has been done to next Assembly" (!) Not one church court moved in the matter; and in the Report to the Free Assembly of 1856, we can find no reference to it. Dr. Macfarlane was not so fortunate as his brother Convener!

vernment. Many of them are Mission schools, formed for the very purpose of teaching Christianity in the most effective way. Some of them are Seminaries instituted by the natives themselves, where the superstitions of Brahminism are taught. This class may include all schools in India, independent of government, that at present exist or may be called into being. What the Court of Directors says to school managers is this—"Teach your schools on any system and for any object you please—only let us be satisfied by inspection that you give a good general education, and we shall give you grants in aid and other privileges." It is almost incredible how much confusion has existed in the Church as to the functions of the two classes of schools. The distinction above insisted on, so vital and so evident, has in many cases been quite lost sight of. We have known an eminent member of the Church, who had read the despatch carefully, actually supposing that the Government proposed that in the mission schools accepting grants the Bible was not to be taught at all, and was only to find a place in the library. One clergyman found it necessary to write the Court of Directors to ascertain whether the "affiliated schools" were to be regarded as "government institutions," and whether their teaching was forthwith to become merely secular. Many thought it at the time a most useless query, the reply to which could not for a moment be doubted. The reply was, indeed, such as they expected; but only too many needed it, and many seemed to pay no attention to it. One of the most respected clergymen in Scotland prints an address to his people, quoting largely from the despatch of the Directors, intermingling passages referring to the one class of schools with those referring to the other, and arguing from the regulations applied to one as if they were applicable to both. Logicians will recognise the old fallacy *à dicto secundum quid, &c.* The fact is, that no public document was ever more misunderstood than this despatch. It does not propose to alter one iota of the teaching in our schools, when the grants are given. Suppose a school in this country

—a ragged school—visited by a benevolent gentleman—he intimates that he cannot give his sanction directly to the religious teaching, but he is so much convinced of the admirable effects of a good general education for destitute children, that he will subscribe a large sum yearly for the maintenance of the school. His only condition is, that by coming occasionally (once or twice a year) he shall be satisfied that the general education is good. Is there *one* school in this country, whose managers would refuse the gift on these terms, because the benevolent gentleman did the same for a Roman Catholic school in a neighbouring town?

We pass now from the despatch itself to mention *two* points of importance, which have been ascertained since the subject was last mooted in this Magazine. One of the most general objections to the "grants in aid" was that the inspectors who were to examine the schools might be unfriendly to the church,—nay, might be Mohammedans or Hindoos. It is gratifying, then, to find in the communication from the Board at Calcutta, quoted in the report to last Assembly, (p. 17,) that "government will always be ready to make it a condition with Mission Schools that may accept grants, and at the same time object to inspection by Hindoos, that *they shall be inspected only by Christians.*" This seems to be a great point gained.

Another point of not less importance we gather from a report by Dr. Duff since his return to India, laid before the last Assembly of the Free Church. Speaking of the Directorship of Education in the Presidency of Bombay, instituted under "the Despatch," he says: "the gentleman selected for this new and onerous office has been Mr. Erakine (a grandson of the late Sir J. Mackintosh), a gentleman, I am happy to say, so friendly towards the cause of Missions that all have good reason to repose every confidence in him. The present governor, also, Lord Elphinstone, is a man who is intensely desirous of carrying out native improvement in every direction; and the rules proposed by his government (if only sanctioned by the supreme authorities in

Calcutta) for carrying out the recent Educational Despatch from home, are conceived in a spirit of preeminent fairness and liberality towards non-government schools and institutions."

Such, then, is the present position of the Church of Scotland with reference to the great questions mooted concerning her Mission in India. These questions are twofold;—one concerning education, another concerning the direct proclamation of the Gospel by means of preaching. The proposal of the India Mission Committee to last Assembly was, as we have seen, a very sweeping one; but the proposal arose out of the strong conviction that circumstances have so much changed that the question of *the reconstruction of our India Mission must be considered by the Church*. There are hardly two parties as to this point. It is evident, however, even at first sight, that Dr. Bell's motion by no means met the question fully, and hardly dealt fairly with the proposal of the Committee. It pledged the Assembly simply to accept the grants in aid; it took no notice of the proposed introduction of *preaching* as an element in an India Mission. With reference to this point, Dr. Pirie of Aberdeen is represented to have said: "Those who supported Dr. Bell's motion were as desirous to employ the preaching of the Gospel as those on the other side, and he proposed an addition to the motion to the effect that they should not only continue but increase strictly missionary operations, continuing at the same time the operation of the schools as the means of training the young to be missionaries." "Some discussion," the newspaper report adds, "took place as to introducing this addition to the motion. Dr. Bell proposed an explanatory clause additional. Dr. Bryce said he could not support the motion with the addition proposed by Dr. Pirie. Dr. R. Lee objected in point of order to introducing additions to motions. The additions were then withdrawn." Such was the feeling in the Assembly,—a feeling extending to both sides of the House, to both parties in the Indian Education question,—that the reconstruction of our India Mission is

imminent. Parties differ as to the extent of that reconstruction; all seem agreed (or nearly all) that some such measure must be adopted.

We proceed, then, to bring under consideration a few of the great principles of the India Mission, and we do so with a view to engage the interest and attention of the Church at large. The able and indefatigable Convener, placed in the midst of difficulties, must not be allowed to stand alone; he must not have the whole task devolved upon himself without assistance. It is for the Church to take part in the work, to afford some indications of opinion that may guide and may help him in his future labours.

Our remarks will fall to be treated under the two heads of *education* and *preaching*, or as Dr. Bryce phrases it, "the *Schoolmaster* and the *Missionary* in India." We must ask the attention of the Church to several principles on which these branches are conducted; and on these it is for the Church to decide.

Our Mission to India was rested by Dr. Inglis on a fundamental principle, which distinguished it from all Missions of a similar kind, and remains to this day the ripest proof of the mature and sanctified wisdom of that great man. Long after his writings have been forgotten shall his work in India follow him; and though the first great Missionary whom he sent forth may forget the services of the master in Israel, yet a grateful people abroad, and a grateful church at home, will long remember and long cherish his name. Dr. Inglis's conviction was, that a Mission in India must begin, not with the adult, but with the child. He was convinced that before you could expose the errors of the Hindoo and prove to him the truth of the Gospel, you must have some common ground with him, some recognised principles, some fulcrum on which to rest the lever of divine truth. He was convinced that the wisest course for a missionary to take was one which would not only convert his hearers, but would also, and by the same means, train up natives who might themselves, in after life and in their own

language, proclaim the Gospel to their countrymen. For these reasons, Dr. Inglis proposed that our India Mission should proceed in the first instance not by means of *preaching*, but by means of *education*. And hence it is that the work of our missionaries in India is so peculiar, and has so little of the romantic connected with it, and is more adapted to succeed after a long series of patient years than by great and fitful results at first. When our missionaries arrive in India, they find, sometimes to their great disappointment, that their duties consist simply in *teaching*. For five or six hours a day they are expected to labour in the school, precisely as a parish teacher does in this country, teaching all the branches of a general education just as is done at home. Religion is indeed a prominent theme, and pervades all the instruction; but so it is, or so it ought to be, at home. This is the principle of Dr. Inglis; this has been for thirty years the business of Dr. Duff.

Now, it is no doubt true, that some of these grounds for making education the *organ* or instrument of our missions in India, are of a temporary kind. The necessity for a fulcrum, on which, in his "Exposition" of 1835, Dr. Duff so eloquently and elaborately insists, is, for instance, one which does not now exist. A general education in European science and English literature is already spread widely through the more influential portions of Hindostan, and by means of the Government system of education, will be still more prevalent in a few years. A considerable number of native converts (the Report to the Assembly says fifteen*) are prepared to go forth as preachers to their countrymen. And is there need for a large institution at each Presidency to serve as Divinity Halls for India? Such were some of the reasons which induced the late Convener and his friends in the committee to recommend that our missionaries in India should begin anew, should discard the school, and should labour in the church, the lanes, and the highways. They expected that Government was to

do much of what they laboured to do for the young, and thought it would be wiser for the Church, and more successful in results, to give our whole time, our whole energy to the work of preaching directly the cross of Christ.

To many, it seems, on the other hand, that the Government measure should only quicken and extend our efforts to spread Christian education far and wide in India. Our Mission Board at Calcutta, for instance, are most earnest that Christian churches should "pre-occupy the field, whenever this is practicable, and take advantage of every opening to propagate a sound Christian instruction among the masses," (Assembly's Report, 1856, p. 16.) Sir George Clerk, at the last General Assembly, is reported to have spoken in debate as follows:—"Now, because Government are about to establish secular schools, they were invited to give up their schools altogether, and abandon their pupils to seminaries where they would not have even the chance of receiving any Christian education at all." These are opinions well worth weighing by every friend of the Church, both from the high authority of the quarters whence they emanate, and from their own intrinsic character. There can be little question among those acquainted with the subject, that the immediate tendency of mere secular education in Hindostan is simply destructive—in other words, simply atheistic. It must, indeed, destroy the old systems, in which a science altogether absurd is bound up in one with superstitions unspeakably gross and fatal. But if it stand alone, it must operate either in reconstructing a new and philosophical Brahminism, as to some extent it has already done, or it must leave those who have been educated under this system simply atheists. And already, as the fruits of the Government system, there are to be found swarming in the streets and bazaars of Calcutta, hundreds of the "young Bengal," educated, clever, polished, and polite, who sneer at all religion as equally untenable, whose shadows never darken, whose feet never enter, the threshold of temple or of church. To

* We warn the Committee to be very wary and circumspect.

leave the natives of India under the power of a system of education which shall either be secular, or else shall teach the Hindoo superstitions, or the Mohammedan delusions, and to trust to reconvert them from their new-found infidelity to the Christian faith, is a course at which a church of Christ might well tremble. Is it not better far to seek to obtain command of many of the seminaries, and of the youthful minds there under tuition; and there at once to destroy and to construct, to supply, without a day's delay, the place of a dying superstition by a living and a pure religion?

And while we cannot but regret that the government system does not include the Christian religion, according to Protestant views,—while regretting (shall we say?) the impracticability of this in the present state of India, and the excessive nervousness, on such points, of the home authorities, we ought not to be blinded to the great advantages, even of the present government system, to the missionary enterprise. While doing the very same work, it will enable the Church to do it with half our present funds; and will thus set the other half free for doubling our educational institutions; or, better still, for sending out so many preachers of the truth. It will certainly undermine and destroy the Hindoo superstitions. That prospect seems abundantly clear. It will provide an incredible number of enlightened hearers of missionary sermons,—hearers whose prejudices have fallen to the ground,—hearers yearning for something to fill the great chasm within, where superstition once had been but now is not,—and hearers calculated to understand and feel the force of evidence in favour of the truth. These are no inconsiderable blessings for a heathen population and for a missionary enterprise; and though, no doubt, the immediate effects of the system must be a wide spread atheism, (at the thought of which one shudders) yet one cannot but rejoice to remember that in all past history, a nation of atheists for any length of time has been unknown, and that though a few may cling to metaphysical pantheism

as their all, yet the great yearning of man's soul for some being to adore, the broken altar in the ruined temple of the human soul, must in the end lead to a new faith and a new worship, in accordance both with the science and the learning of the west.

Such, then, must be the ultimate results even of mere secular education throughout India. It becomes, therefore, a question of the utmost importance,—how are the natives at large disposed towards this education now? Are they taking an interest in it? Is it beginning to spread widely throughout the extent of Hindostan? Now to this question a most satisfactory reply can be given. All parties unite in bearing testimony. For a long period the government have been educating India after their own fashion. Since 1823 earnest efforts have been made (for the earlier attempts are scarcely worth noticing). Since 1835 they have met with much success, and the new scheme of education already promises to establish a network of schools over every district in India. Already, even before July 1854, there were native seminaries, supported, taught, and attended by natives. Even so early as 1837, Dr. Duff testified in the General Assembly, "The difficulty is to provide masters enough for the numbers who are anxious to receive instruction." And Dr. Wise, who was formerly secretary to the Council of Education of Bengal writes in 1854 as follows,—"Even already (before the education despatch) the natives feel the necessity of a certain amount of elementary instruction to their children. *In most villages schools are to be found, which afford the poorer classes the means of attaining the knowledge of reading, writing, and accounts, in their own language. Thus there is presented a system which has grown up spontaneously out of the native feeling of want.*" ('Thoughts on Education in India,' p. 6.) And once more our corresponding Board at Calcutta thus writes to the Church at home,—“Having put ourselves in communication with the director of public instruction in Bengal, we ascertained from him, that it is not the intention of the government to extend

to any of the institutions in Calcutta grants in aid, *as it is thought that the inhabitants of this city are fully aware of the value of education, and are quite able to pay for it themselves.*" These testimonies conclusively establish that there is now

in India a most eager desire for English education among the natives themselves; and we have already seen that this is an all but certain step to the downfall of every heathen temple throughout the land.

A CITY MINISTER.

A VISIT TO DALMELLINGTON IRON WORKS.

It is our intention, occasionally, to devote a few pages to such centres of manufacturing and industrial activity as present aspects of interest both of a scientific and religious character. When we contemplate the bearings of science on the progress of the human race, and the development of the kingdom of God in the world, we are apt to look merely to the finished products of science, without taking into account the antecedent processes and their moral influences on mankind. We point with triumph to the achievements of practical science in our day. We paint in glowing colours the destiny of our race. We boast of the wondrous manner in which our steam engines and spinning jennies, our railroads and electric telegraphs, are helping forward the great work. But it is right that we should, in forming our estimate of what science is doing for us, look too at the darker side of things. To have a true and complete picture we must have the shadows as well as the lights. We must calculate the evils which the practical developments of the arts and sciences are inflicting on mankind. When we contemplate the spectacle which the state of our manufacturing population presents we cannot but admit that, whatever good is done by the advancement of science, there are great attendant evils. But granting that many of our manufacturing districts present a mass of festering vice and depravity, are we to conclude that this is an inherent, or only an accidental evil. Dark, indeed, is the view of God's providence we would be forced to take, were we driven to the conclusion that all our advances in science, all our material greatness, necessarily inflicted on great

masses of the industrial community a state of degradation and vice. It is our firm conviction that, when our population is fully adjusted to a state of manufacturing industry, and our social and ecclesiastical machinery made fully to bear on the altered conditions of society, it will be found that the progress of science implies a corresponding moral and religious elevation. It is indeed opposed to all our pious associations to imagine that the factory and the mine should be so conducive to the religious development of our race, as the peaceful occupations of the peasant in his sequestered valley far remote from the din and bustle of the world; but still, it would be opposed to a just view of the benevolence of God, to imagine that there could be any real antagonism between the material and religious progress of mankind. It is for this reason that the study of our various manufactures, with their bearings on the classes immediately engaged in them, is one of deep interest.

Besides the general type of character impressed on a manufacturing population, as contrasted with an agricultural one, each industrial pursuit has its own moulding character. One of the most curious inquiries relates to the moral and intellectual character impressed on different races and natures by external physical circumstances. We do not refer merely to difference of climate, but to other geographical causes, which, at first sight, may appear to have only a slender effect, but which, when carefully examined, are found to produce the most marked individualities of character. Take, for example, the character of the Scottish population. To what is their

indomitable spirit of liberty and independence, which has so strongly characterised their past history, owing? No doubt many moral causes may be adduced, but in all probability the very configuration of the country has had much to do with it. When we look upon the map, and see how parallel ranges of mountains, one behind the other, run across the country, forming so many lines of protection against the invasions of despotism, we see how admirably the country has been planned to be the cradle of liberty, and of the noble deeds of patriotism. But if the character of Scotland, in ancient times, has been influenced by the outward configuration of the country, the character of various districts, in modern times, is more likely to be influenced by the internal strata and the mineral wealth they contain. When a seam of black band ironstone is found in any locality, how rapid is the transformation wrought in the population of that district! The slow and peaceful peasantry soon yield to the invasion of a people totally alien in their feelings and habits.

We commence our sketches with the Dalmellington iron-works, which are situated on the banks of the Don, about eleven miles from Ayr, and belong to a company of which the chief partners are the Messrs. Houldsworth, whose names will always be associated with the manufacturing enterprise of Glasgow. As we drove along the banks of the Don from Ayr, we came repeatedly in view of the railway, then in the process of construction, but now completed and open for traffic. This railway was not allowed to have the sanction of the Legislature without keen opposition from the advocates of another line. It was, however, tided over all difficulties by the subtle genius of the counsel, Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford. In alluding to this gentleman, we cannot resist the digression of remarking, that he presents one of the most inexplicable perversions to Popery in our day. We cannot wonder that a dreamy and visionary ecclesiastic, or an enthusiastic and sentimental lady, should be seduced by the attractions of Rome,

but in this case the pervert is a man of a keen, sharp intellect and business habits, and, at the time of his perversion, was plunged in the midst of the railway mania, drawing in fees of fabulous amount, while so many were involving themselves in irretrievable ruin. Yet it was this shrewd man of the world that Rome involved in her meshes, and won to her cause. How many-sided are the fascinations of popery, and how inexplicable are the workings of the mystery of iniquity!

The Don, from Ayr to Dalmellington, by no means bears out the reputation it enjoys in Scottish song. It is tame and uninteresting; and we were glad to come in sight of the iron-works, which broke the monotony of the landscape. We were kindly afforded every facility for inspecting the works, and ascertaining the social and moral statistics of the community which the works had drawn around them. We were conducted to the top of one of the furnaces, and witnessed the process of charging it. At regular intervals, and in due proportions, barrow-loads of iron-ore, lime, and coal, are cast in through arched openings near the top. There is an iron gallery at this elevation round the furnace to facilitate the process of charging. We walked round this gallery, and endeavoured to face the apertures, through which the furnace might be seen vomiting forth its flames like a volcano, but the heat was so fierce that we were constrained to turn our back when performing the revolution. What with the wheezing of the hotblast, the suction of the draught into the apertures, the giddy height, and the intense heat, our position was far from comfortable, and we were glad to escape from the gallery.

We next went to the engine-house. Here a gigantic engine is constantly at work, driving a blowing apparatus, which consists of a bellows in the form of cylinder and piston. The stream of air from the bellows enters a large iron receptacle, the object of which is to make the blast continuous instead of intermittent. Our attention was here arrested by the curious circumstance that this receptacle was

quite dry, while every thing else around was wet from the effects of a recent shower. The engine-keeper had observed the same thing, but could not account for it, as he knew of no source of heat that would produce this effect, and, that the heat was considerable, was obvious by placing the hand on the sides of the vessel. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to explain the phenomenon. In this receptacle, the air was subjected to a considerable pressure, and consequently the latent heat was expelled, just as water is squeezed out from a sponge. The iron sides of the vessel absorbed this expressed heat, and hence the rapid drying.

An ingenious mode of economising fuel was tried, and the apparatus was still standing. The plan was to feed the fire of the steam engine by the combustible gases that issue from the top of the hot blast furnace, and which are usually lost. It was tried for some time, but it was found so inconvenient to make the engine fire depend on the blast furnace that it was abandoned.

We were next conducted to where the nozzle or tuyere of the bellows enters the blast furnace. In order to shew us the power and heat of the air entering the furnace, a small plug was removed from the bellows pipe, and the air rushed forth with great vehemence, producing a shrill note. A piece of lead was applied to the hot air, and it was immediately melted. This is the famous hot blast principle which has revolutionised the iron trade, and has been the secret of a great part of the prosperity of the west of Scotland. How many princely fortunes can be traced to the simple expedient of heating the air in the bellows pipe before it enters the furnace. A saving of three-fourths of the coals has been in this way effected, and Scotland has been able to utilise her inferior coal, which in the former plan could not compete with the coals of Wales. When a fire is blown up by a bellows there are two processes going on—a cooling and a heating one; and it is on the balance of the two that the success in kindling the fire depends. The air is of a lower

temperature than the fire, and it therefore tends to cool it; but it supplies oxygen to feed the fire, and in this way tends to make it hotter. The cooling effect may be so much in excess as actually to extinguish the fire. By simply heating the air, there is no antagonism, and the result is a much intenser heat than could otherwise be obtained. Nothing could be more simple than this expedient of Mr. Neilson, but yet, simple as it is, there is no single invention on which the prosperity of Scotland more depends.

We next viewed the running out of the metal. No sight can be finer, especially if seen in the darkness of the night. At a given time the attendant taps the hearth by removing a plug of clay, and instantly, a white molten stream of metal flows down to the innumerable channels prepared for it in the sand. When it is run out, you see the whole surface of the ground glowing with alternate ridges, the metal being ribbed with bars of sand. The scene is exciting in the extreme, as the furnace-men, half naked, and streaming with perspiration, hasten from point to point to direct or stop the current as the case may be. I questioned some of the furnace-men as to the power of plunging the hand unscathed into a stream of metal as has been done by M. Boutigny and others. None professed to be able to do this, but they all spoke of some who, they knew, could do it. They believed that there was some secret, by which the hand was rendered proof against fire. M. Boutigny, however, used nothing—the natural moisture of the hand being sufficient to develop the spheroidal state of water on which the immunity from injury depends. While the metal is gathering in the bottom of the furnace, there is also a light scum forming on the surface, which, when run off, is called slag. This slag is frequently run off, and while it has a dark deceptive surface on the ground, it may contain in its core a mass of liquid fire. We were once on the point of putting our foot on one of these disguised fiery streams, when fortunately arrested in our progress by one of the furnace-men. Some times

such accidents do occur, and nothing can be more frightful than a limb thus scorched by being plunged into the lava stream.

Under the guidance of the overseer of the underground works, we proceeded to a coal pit which we meant to examine. It was about a mile distant, and having mounted a locomotive, beside the driver, we soon reached our destination. Having descended the pit in the usual way, we found ourselves in the midst of a busy scene. We could walk nearly upright, so that we were able to move about with considerable comfort. We were attracted by an active little fellow who appeared to be assisting his father in digging out the coal. When we addressed him he at once gave signs of recognition. As he saw the recognition was not mutual, he told us that he was that forenoon examined by us in one of the schools. We at once remembered the smart chubby-cheeked boy who, in his class, attracted our attention by his intelligent answers to our questions. The fine features we were so much taken with, an hour or two ago, were now obliterated by the coal-dust that completely begrimed his face. His clean white moleskin was now exchanged for a coarse dirty suit of woollen cloth. His quick intelligent eye was the only feature that recalled the school-boy of the forenoon. We talked to him of fire-damp and explosions, and to gratify our curiosity, he eagerly said, "come here, and I will shew you an explosion." Before we had time to say that we would rather be excused, he applied his lamp to several jets of gas issuing from the fresh surface of the coal recently laid bare. The effect was miniature explosions, which were quite harmless. By the ventilation of the mine the gas is so diluted, except in the immediate vicinity of the jets, that there is no danger of explosion. When, however, the ventilation is in any way impeded, the gas accumulates to a dangerous extent, and it then requires only a light to explode and to carry death and destruction on every side.

I remarked, in passing through the mine, that there were mud walls on either hand, instead of coal. This was accounted

for, by a catastrophe that befel the mine some time before. In the course of their underground labours, the colliers unexpectedly came upon the sand forming the bed of the river Don. To their great dismay, they saw the sand and water burst into the mine with irresistible violence. It was in vain for them to attempt to stem the flood. They immediately fled for safety, giving warning to the others in the pit. They were in time to be all brought up in safety, except one who was overtaken by the deluge. The whole of the pit was soon filled with mud and water. The mud soon insinuated itself into all the passages; and when the pit was again pumped dry, at great expense, it consolidated so as to form a wall capable of supporting the roof of the mine. This advantage was derived from the inundation, that the coal could be all worked without leaving pillars, as the consolidated mud served this purpose.

We next visited an iron-stone mine, but did not venture down as the roof was inconveniently low. We here saw a safety cage, which, however, is not generally used in the mines of Scotland. The object of it is to prevent danger in case the rope should break. When the rope breaks in an ordinary cage the workmen who happen to be in it are instantly precipitated to the bottom of the shaft, and, most frequently, the accident is fatal to all. In the safety cage, the moment the rope breaks the descent of the stage on which the men stand, is arrested. This is effected by a very simple contrivance. There are two projecting arms, which are kept close to the side of the cage by the tension of the rope; but, the moment the rope breaks, these arms spring out and grasp the sides of the shaft, preventing any further descent. Notwithstanding the apparent security thus afforded the contrivance is adopted in only a few works—the plea urged being that it induces carelessness, and, as no plan is absolutely secure, the want of due caution counterbalances any good that might be obtained from it. We fear, however, that this argument, pushed to its legitimate extent, would proscribe any new contrivance for the security of life.

Hearing that some boring operations were going on in the moor, behind the works, we proceeded thither to witness the process. We had but an imperfect conception of the method of boring down hundreds of fathoms through the solid rock. A moment's inspection of the apparatus dispelled all doubt as to the practicability. The strong iron rod used for boring is jointed, and when the bore is deepened the length of one joint, another length is added. But how is such a ponderous rod, hundreds of fathoms long to be worked? The difficulty is met in a very simple way. The rod is suspended from the end of a felled tree, one end of which is fixed in the ground, and the other elevated by supports to a height convenient for working. The tree supports the whole weight of the suspended rod, and by its elasticity allows of a slight motion up and down, while the men handle the rod just as a quarryman works his jumper. We felt the vibration of every blow, though the rock struck was so many fathoms below our feet. Boring is slow work at best, but it becomes tedious in the extreme, when it is necessary, frequently, to withdraw the rod from the bore, in order to discover the nature of the stratum through which the bore is driven. This is done by letting down a pump-like apparatus, which brings up the triturated rock. Were this not frequently done, a thin rich stratum of mineral might be bored through without detection. The men who undertake borings are a very peculiar class, and represent the Douster swivels of former days.

Having examined the works above and under ground, we next proceed to inquire into the social and moral machinery. We were much gratified to find abundant proof of the enlightened benevolence of the proprietors. The plans in operation for the physical and moral welfare of the population, were not, however, dictated merely by benevolence, but also by business interests. We were told that all the expensive arrangements for the good of the workers were entered into with an eye to ultimate profit—the principle being, that a moral and

religious class of workers were the most profitable, however expensive the requisite machinery might be. It is to the enlightened wisdom which can recognise the profit of godliness in the masses of our population that we are to look for a social progress, commensurate with the material progress of a nation.

The population around the works have sprung up within these few years, and have been gathered from all parts of the kingdom. In the course of the parliamentary inquiry, previous to the passing of the act for the formation of the railway, it turned out that, among the many competitors for the honour of the discovery of the black band ironstone in the neighbourhood, some sheep, belonging to a small farmer, were entitled to the palm. By the frequent rubbing of their fleeces against the outcrop of the stratum on the sides of a hill, they had so polished it as to attract the attention of interested eyes. This simple polishing process of the sheep proved the means of making a model village, with a happy population, start up in the midst of a wilderness. At the time of our visit, the number of workers living in houses belonging to the company was about 800, and the whole population, including women and children, amounted to 2000. This was irrespective of workers living in the neighbouring villages of Dalmellington and Patna. The houses, 300 in number, are models of neatness, comfort, and convenience. Each house is self-contained, and yet has conveniences which could not be secured except by combination. There is a main sewer behind each row of houses, into which the sewer from each house empties itself. These sewers are formed of tile pipes, and there is abundance of water to flush them frequently. Each house has its own supply of water through leaden pipes. The only complaint we heard was from an Irish family, that thought the ventilation was rather much; but a little observation was sufficient to shew that they needed it all. We were kindly favoured with plans of the houses, and we are glad to say that they have furnished

valuable hints, elsewhere, for agricultural cottages.

There are two schools maintained by the company, one for the colliers, and the other for those engaged at the iron works. We had much pleasure in examining the children, and witnessing their proofs of intelligence. In general, they appeared healthy and well fed, and by no means inferior to the ordinary run of country schools. About a third of the children were Irish Roman Catholics, yet there was no obstacle put in the way of their attendance. The schools derive no aid from Government, but we think there should be no scruple as to accepting Privy Council grants. It is indeed, only to be regretted that our adventure and parish schools have taken advantage of these grants to so limited an extent. Our parish schools have been seriously imperiled by obstinately resisting such aids, though offering the most unobjectionable method of raising the salaries of the teachers.

The principle of the benevolent efforts of the company is not the doing of every thing for the people, and leaving nothing for themselves to do. The greatest triumph of benevolence is to get the people, as far as possible, to help themselves. Each worker, therefore, pays a small sum for the support of the schools, and also twopence a-week for medical attendance. There is also a benefit society to which the men pay, and which they manage themselves. The men used to be paid their wages once a-month, now they are paid every Saturday, and this has

been found to lessen drinking very considerably. It is worthy of consideration whether some other day than Saturday would not be preferable, as the temptation of making Sunday a day of indulgence must be very strong with their pockets full of money.

The direct religious machinery consists of a missionary, and one or two of the neighbouring clergy, employed to preach at certain stated periods. The missionary visits from house to house, besides giving occasional addresses. While much good is undoubtedly done by this means, it appears to us that, with the same or less expense, a much more efficient plan might be adopted. There is nothing to hinder the formation of a distinct congregation and parish, with a regularly ordained minister. It is the very case that the recent act for the erection of new parishes contemplates; and, with the aid of the Endowment Scheme, and the zealous services of Dr. Robertson, the convener, there could be little difficulty in the case. Instead of the services of a raw student or preacher, who is glad to get away as soon as possible, the services of an ordained minister would be obtained, who, by permanent residence among the people, would naturally fix their affections, and produce that unity of spirit necessary to form a distinct church organisation. Were this object gained, we could confidently point to Dalmellington iron works as affording one of the happiest illustrations in our country, of the Christian organisation of labour.—B. B.

FINAL REPORT OF THE GLASGOW MISSION TO SCUTARI.

A MISSIONARY prayer meeting was held in Glasgow, on the evening of Sunday the 24th of August, in the Barony Church, when the Mission to the hospitals in the East was brought to a close, and public thanksgivings were offered up to God for the success which had attended this effort to instruct and comfort our suffering countrymen. The secretary of the society, the Rev. Norman Macleod,

presided, and gave a brief history of the mission and its operations. The returned missionaries, Messrs. Fergusson and Macnair, then addressed the meeting, and narrated shortly what they had done, and the good which they believed had, under God, been accomplished through their instrumentality. The Rev. Mr. Watson of St. Matthews concluded the interesting services by expressing, in

the name of the committee and subscribers, his hearty thanks to the missionaries for the admirable manner in which they had performed the very trying and important duties assigned to them, and wishing them God speed wherever they were henceforth called to labour. Thanks were also given to Mr. Macleod, the convener and secretary, for his management of the mission, and to Mr. Aitken its treasurer.

Our readers who have taken an interest in this mission will be glad perhaps to have on record a few facts regarding its origin and success.

The mission was first suggested by the following paragraph in a letter written by the *Times*' correspondent (Mr. M'Donald) from Scutari, of date 21st November 1854:

"In great hospitals, containing at the present moment upwards of 3000 patients, there are an immense number of wants to supply, unobjectionable in themselves, and which tend to assuage suffering, though it is impossible for any Government establishment, however well organised, to anticipate them. Such, for example have been the objects of Lady Stratford de Redcliffe's benevolent visits to the sick and wounded both at Scutari and Therapia. In the same spirit, for the last few days, Mr. Stafford, M.P., might be seen *busily engaged in writing letters to the dictation of poor exhausted soldiers, too prostrate to do so themselves, yet anxious to communicate with their friends at home.* The Hon. and Rev. Sidney Godolphin Osborne, accompanied by his son, has come out here, with a noble philanthropy, to tender his services, not only as a minister of religion, but as having a knowledge of surgery, to help in curing the body also. In both capacities, but especially in that which is more strictly his calling, he has already made himself very useful. Until his arrival, there were only two chaplains (the Rev. Mr. Sabine and the Rev. Mr. Lewis) to administer spiritual comfort amid more than 2000 suffering invalids. *The small proportion of Roman Catholics in hospital have two priests to attend upon them, and are, consequently, much better off in this respect than their Protestant comrades.*"

At that time, chaplains, both from the Church of Scotland and the Free Church, had been appointed to the army, but not one Presbyterian chaplain had been

specially assigned to the hospitals. The Scotch soldiers were not insensible of this want. An extract of a letter which was published in this Magazine (March 1855) from colour-serjeant Tennent to his father in Glasgow expressed their feelings on this point. "You tell me," writes the serjeant, "that a missionary has been sent to Scutari. So far good. You might be kind enough to tell Mr. Gillan, that, since I landed in Turkey, I have not heard the word of God preached, with the exception of hearing the Church of England prayers read twice. You may tell him our division has more than 200 Scotsmen. Can Scotland give her suffering, fighting sons no aid? I have seen in our hospital the Church of England minister come to comfort the sick or wounded. I have seen the Roman Catholic priest kneel by the side of the dying, and breathe peace and comfort. Scotland has her missionaries in far heathen lands. Yes; but does she think there are not some wanted here? True, the Highland brigade has one minister. But let me ask my country,—let me ask the religious men and women of Scotland,—is this enough? How many of Scotland's sons have gone down to the narrow grave, and no minister to read a verse, or utter a word of prayer, though possessed of the same spirit that animated their fathers when fighting on the hill side? Let Scotland think of this."

Two clergymen in Glasgow, conversing upon the destitute state of our Presbyterian soldiers, resolved to do something immediately for them. They first called upon one or two merchants, and asked them the question whether, in the event of a missionary being found, who would proceed to the hospitals, he was likely to be supported by Glasgow? The reply was too cordial to admit of any doubt on that point. It is unnecessary to detail at any length the steps which were promptly taken; how a small committee was immediately formed—how Mr. Fergusson, then returned from India, owing to domestic affliction, was applied to—how heartily he accepted of the work—how Government also agreed to the proposal of the committee, guaranteeing £100,

—until, in a few weeks, before almost a single subscription was raised, Mr. Fergusson was on his way out to the scene of pain and suffering; for “the Committee,” so declared they in their first circular, “to save all unnecessary delay, and rather than abridge the comforts of one of the sick and wounded by a single hour, guaranteed Mr. Fergusson his salary, and authorized his immediate departure.” Our readers may like to know the instructions given by the Committee to their Missionaries. Here they are, in a letter written to them by the convener and secretary:—

“I am requested by the acting committee of the Mission to Scutari, to convey to you the following general instructions for your guidance in the discharge of your duties. The Committee, by their selection of you as their Missionary, have afforded the strongest evidence of their confidence in your character, and they willingly acknowledge that whatever instructions are given, they must ultimately rely upon that character—on your own good sense and Christian principle—as the best guarantee for the successful accomplishment of the objects of the Mission. At the same time, they think it due to themselves, to the government, and to all interested in this undertaking, to express, though in very general terms, the manner in which they wish the Mission to be conducted:—

“(1.) In your conduct towards the constituted military and medical authorities in the hospital, you will not only exhibit the most scrupulous attention to their regulations, and thus afford to the soldiers and sailors an example of strict obedience to their superior officers, but on every possible occasion you will support and strengthen their authority.

“(2.) You will carefully avoid all interference with the agents of other churches or Missionary bodies in the hospital, while in the discharge of their respective duties; never entering into controversy with them, but commending the Gospel to all by a meek and quiet spirit, and a holy example of love and patience. We bid you remember the apostolic commands—‘If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.’ ‘Let every one please his neighbour, for his good to edification, for even Christ pleased not himself.’

“(3.) While as chaplain under government, as well as missionary from us, you are bound to accept of whatever ministerial work is assigned to you among the sick and wounded, and to ‘do good unto all as you have an opportunity;’ yet it is our desire that your special attention should be directed to the Presbyterian soldiers and sailors, who, it may be presumed, are those most likely to demand your services and to be benefited by them.

“(4.) You are expected to keep an accurate daily journal of the names of each soldier and sailor to whom you minister, with the number of his regiment or name of his ship, the address of his nearest relations at home, with any other facts which, without trenching upon the sacred confidences of a sickbed, might be interesting to the friends of the invalid or the deceased and to the Committee. and, when reported by the secretary with due regard to propriety, to the supporters of the Mission.

“Lastly, you will earnestly and prayerfully seek to be a blessing to the sufferers, and a source of good and comfort to all, by zeal, tempered by calmness and prudence—by faithfulness, guided by love, and by untiring persever-

ance and self-denial, upheld by a sense of the good work in which you are engaged, and by faith in Him who has said, ‘Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me.’

“Such are the instructions of the Committee, which I convey to you with perfect confidence in your disposition to carry them out, and with the sincere prayer, in which many join, that you may be spared to labour in this spirit; to return home with health unimpaired, and to receive from us every expression of that deep gratitude which we cannot but experience should your Mission be accomplished according to our hopes.”

Mr. Fergusson sailed in December 1854, returned home invalided, having been on the brink of the grave from fever, and again resumed his labours, first at Scutari, and latterly at Balaclava, till the termination of the war. The Committee, finding that without almost any effort on their part, they were so liberally and cordially supported by contributions from all ranks, and from every district in the country, and hearing also of the still inadequate supply of Presbyterian chaplains to the hospitals, resolved, if possible, to obtain another ordained missionary. They were again fortunate in securing the services of one who had also been proved in the foreign mission field, the Rev. Mr. Macnair, then minister of Gourrock chapel; and Government having again acquiesced in the proposal of the Committee, Mr. Macnair sailed for Scutari in April 1855, where he remained until the closing of the hospital.

The Presbyterian and Scotch soldiers gave our missionaries the welcome which was anticipated. Mr. Fergusson, in his second letter, wrote, saying:—

“I wish you saw the welcome we receive from the Scotch soldiers. I have, I think, seen the whole that are in the General, the Stable, and the Palace hospitals. I have ministered to 115, of whom there are professedly, 11 Free Church; 4 United Presbyterian; 6 Irish Presbyterian; 4 English Presbyterian; 3 Wesleyan; 1 Baptist; and 1 Independent, and the remaining 95 Established Church. Of the whole, so far as I have ascertained, only 16 have been communicants—9 Established; 1 Free; 1 Irish Presbyterian; 1 English Presbyterian; 1 Baptist; 3 Wesleyan. Of the 115, 19 have left the hospital since the 10th instant, 12 by death, and 7 by recovery.”

A few statistics which may be given here will afford additional information respecting the Mission. The following was the treasurer's final report:—

311 individuals have subscribed	L.184 11 2
60 anonymous,	23 5 0
22 have collected subscriptions without giving names,	68 13 8
Carry forward,	L.276 9 10
	221

Brought forward, . . .	L.276	9	10
4 schools, . . .	9	3	6
17 church-door collections, . . .	165	4	8½
Interest on bank account, . . .	9	1	6
	<hr/>		
	L.459	19	6½
Paid to Missionaries, . . .	L.424	10	2
... Books and Tracts, . . .	11	19	6
... Printing Circulars, L.4	19	0	
... Expense of Meetings, 8	1	0	
... Small accounts, 0	11	10	
	<hr/>		
	8	11	10
* Cash in bank, . . .	14	11	6
Cash in Treasurer's hands, . . .	0	6	6½
	<hr/>		
	L.459	19	6½

There are one or two points in those items which demand notice.

It is interesting to observe the *number of persons* whose sympathies have been called forth by this mission. When we reckon up the contributors in congregations, schools, households, including servants and children, and in the families in a neighbourhood, whose subscriptions were transmitted through one name only, and in one sum, how many thousands must have been thus reminded of their suffering countrymen, and have given expression to their sympathies! and if so, then the mercy has been largely blessed, blessed to those who gave, as well as to those who received.

Nor can we omit to observe how much good has been accomplished by small means, in so far as mere money is concerned. The sum paid to the missionaries, whose joint services extended over thirty-two months, and filled up, except when sickness interrupted their labours, every day of that period, was only L.424, including sums paid for their life insurance, and extra expenses incurred in travelling and by sickness. What a small item is such a sum in the annual expenses of one rich man! Oh, what a talent is money in the hands of those who are "ready to distribute, willing to communicate!"

It must also be satisfactory to the subscribers to see that every farthing subscribed went directly to the object of the mission, and that no expense was incurred in management, and that all other expenses were less than L.9.

Not the least interesting feature of the Mission, was the number of Bibles, Re-

* The Committee have agreed to divide this small balance between their missionaries.

ligious Tracts, and useful books which were circulated through its agency. A list of these was given in a previous number of the Magazine. The West of Scotland Bible Society alone, through its indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Watson, contributed about 600 Bibles and Testaments with the Scotch Psalms. Seven large boxes of books were sent out, and these contained many valuable donations from private parties, in addition to the volumes purchased by the Committee.

Finally, a few lessons may be drawn from the success which has attended this enterprise, and which may be an encouragement to others willing to do good. Let us always do *what* we can to-day, and God will bless us and enable us to do more to-morrow. Let us begin a good work, though we cannot see how it is either to be carried on or to end. Never let us in despondency refuse to move because we know not who shall roll away the stone, but obey the law of love, and when we come to the stone we shall find it rolled away! Whenever we have a work to do God will remove all difficulties in the way of our doing it, and provide all the means necessary for its accomplishment. Let us believe only and "go forward!"

The Scutari Mission is now ended, but not the results of its labours,—these are eternal! Who but the all-seeing Father of our spirits can tell what effects have been produced on human character, or how the awful interests of immortal beings have been influenced by those ministrations of our missionaries, as they paced it for months, both by day and night, from one suffering couch to another, along the weary wards of the crowded hospitals. The words of truth spoken to hundreds,—the warnings given,—the encouragements afforded in circumstances the most trying and solemnizing, must for ever survive in some form or other, whether in the hearts or lives of those who heard them, and either as a savour of life or of death, for weal or for woe. The very grave has not buried them. Whatever truth is spoken must judge men at the last day. That great day will alone reveal the work in Christ's

kingdom which has been accomplished by our mission! Let all who have engaged in this work, join us by lifting up their heart to God, and thanking him for having been able to do this measure of good. It is surely something to be thankful for, to know that there was not one Presbyterian soldier in the hospital of

Scutari, who did not hear, from the lips of our missionaries, the glad tidings of a Saviour who had come to seek and to save the lost—not one who, whether he returned home to meet his friends, or departed by death to meet his God, but heard that blessed message of peace on earth and good will towards man!—N.

SABBATH SCHOOLS IN FRANCE.

THREE years ago, we noticed the formation of the Sabbath School Society of Paris. Its Fourth Annual Report is now before us. The object of the Society, as stated in its first regulation, is "to propagate evangelical truth by the means of Sabbath Schools." The society "encourages the formation of such schools, assists in establishing them, and addresses itself to perfect them;" but "without seeking to interfere in their management." It embraces all Protestant denominations, and extends its care to the provinces as well as to the metropolis, so that it is in fact the Sabbath School Union of France.

While there is, in the present circumstances of the Protestants of France, a sufficient reason for the Sabbath schools being few in number—even compared with the number of congregations—there is, on the other hand, something in the nature of the schools themselves which inclines us to make more account of them than we should of an equal number in our own country. We do not allude at present to the peculiar value of evangelical schools in relation to the general population of France, among whom popery and infidelity so widely prevail, and who make so worldly a use of the Lord's day—although this is, indeed, a very important view of the subject. But we allude to them at present only in relation to the Protestants themselves. The pastor, as has been remarked, is generally the presiding teacher—and in France, where there is no public opinion to bear strongly in favour of such labours, we think it is a good guarantee for the Christian zeal of a pastor, that he volunteers to take the charge of a Sabbath school in addition to his other duties.

We think, then, we have more than common reason to presume of French Sabbath schools, that when they exist at all they are well taught. Being, moreover, congregational schools, they may be presumed to be pretty numerously attended,

We had an opportunity, some time ago, of being present at the Sabbath school of the Ovation, in Paris, and we shall not soon forget our gratification with the scene. The preceptor's desk was occupied by the teacher,—Pastor Montandon, President of the Sabbath School Society. Before him were seated from 200 to 250 children, with monitors. About 150 grown-up persons were present also, most attentive and interested listeners. The pastor gave the lesson to the whole school at once, the children being called upon occasionally to read passages in illustration or proof of the lesson. Nothing could have been more admirable than the teaching, both as to matter, and as to manner. The children shewed how thoroughly they followed the lesson, by their ready and intelligent answers, and their quick reference to any passages of Scripture that were named.

We do not assert that all Sabbath schools in France are so numerously attended or so well taught, as that of Pastor Montandon; but we still think that from the considerations we have mentioned, any certain number of schools in France is conclusive, apart from any other information, of fully a greater amount of evangelic action than would necessarily be implied by the same number of schools in our own country.

We have been led into this train of remark by the fact, that the Sabbath School Society of Paris gives only the

number of schools. It does not specify either the number of teachers or the attendance of scholars. In Paris, the number of schools is 25, being 7 more than in the previous year. In the Departments the number is 393, the increase during the year being no less than 131. The Report acknowledges that many of these schools may have been in existence previously, although not formerly reported to the Society; but it adds, that a great number are entirely new schools, established recently, and for which the example and assistance of the Sabbath School Society have not been without value. It continues,—“What is not less important than the progress in the number of schools, is the progress in the interest which they excite, and in the good which they already begin to do.” Several pleasing instances are given of the extension and success of schools, and the Report remarks,—“If anything might really cause surprise, it is that the Church has remained so long indifferent, it is that the power of this simple means of religious education has not been sooner acknowledged, the access which it gives to families, the support which it lends to all works of Christian usefulness.”

The Society holds quarterly meetings in Paris for friendly conference upon its work. Two of these last year were on the subjects—“Infant Classes, and the mode of conducting them,” and “Teachers’ Prayer Meetings.”

The Report says,—“A numerous and attentive meeting, for the preparation of lessons, has been presided over by M.M. Montandon and Paumier alternately; two portions of the Old and New Testament, previously advertised, have been studied; and this attempt, although not yet perfect, has so far succeeded, that we have been asked to renew it.”

The Society contemplates, as one of its objects, the publishing and circulating, at a low price, of works useful either for the scholars or those engaged in teaching. It has already published, besides a variety of tickets with texts, school registers, hymns, &c., several tracts on important subjects, such as,—“To the Friends of Christian Education, an appeal;” “Ob-

ject of Sabbath Schools, the conversion of children;” “The place which the Sabbath School ought to occupy in the Church;” “The Studies necessary for Teachers;” “Visiting-Scholars, as a means of following up the influence of the Sabbath School.” The Report of the Society gives a full list of works recommended as useful,—1. for teachers; 2. as class-books and materials; and, 3. for children.

Lamenting the want of a good Sabbath School manual in French, such as that of Todd or Inglis, the Society has offered a prize of £20 for the best essay upon the whole subject.

We have given extracts sufficient from this Report to prove that the Society of Paris is truly active. May God speed it in its important labours!

We cannot conclude this notice without quoting the following beautiful remarks of the president, Pastor Montandon,—from his address at the annual meeting of the Society:—

“Voices, venerated by the Church, and which she laments she can hear no more, have told you on many occasions that there is nothing more important than the good which we may be privileged to do by Sabbath-schools; nothing more worthy of our efforts and our sympathies than to carry the Gospel to little children. On this subject I will cite two noble testimonies, and two memorable examples. In the last days of Vinet, when his friends were praying around him and for him, he was asked what particular object he wished they should pray for. He replied: ‘Ask for me the most elementary graces.’ Again, Adolphe Monod said that what gave him peace and Christian joy in the presence of his approaching death, was believing in the Lord Jesus Christ *with the faith of a little child.*’

“These venerated brethren have addressed with power minds of the largest intelligence, they have dealt with the loftiest questions, they have left their footprints in the world. But that is not so much what is to be looked to; what was of more value to them than all the rest?—the faith of a little child.

“Let us then labour, friends, more and more, and with all our heart, to seek that ourselves may receive, and that there may be communicated to those around us, *the most elementary graces, and the faith of a little child!*”

Sermon.

HEBREWS xii. 1.

"Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

THE Apostle here likens the believer to one who runs a race. He uses a similitude taken from the great national games of Greece. In reading these verses, our thoughts, perhaps, recur to modern races—to public games in our own land. We could hardly think of anything less like the reality. The age of great national games is past. They perished with the liberties of Greece. I do not say they were a loss. I do not say whether they were a better thing, or a worse thing, than an English horse race; but they were a greater thing. They were not merely the talk of a week, the amusement of an hour—they were a great national institution; the pride of a nation, at least intellectually without a par,—the first thought of the greatest of her sons. Along with her sculpture and her language, they stand alone. St. Paul tells us, that "they which run, run all, but one receiveth the prize." And what was that prize? a palm branch, a garland of wild olive. How different from the thousands received nowadays by the owner of the winner! But to the Greek there was but one nation in the world, and that nation was around him. Rich and poor had alike entered the contest with him, and the acclamations of thousands, when, standing on a pedestal of ivory and gold, his brow was encircled with the simple coronet, proclaimed him, for the time being, the foremost man of all the people. Nor did his honours end with the day of his victory. His return home was celebrated by his fellow-citizens as a day of triumph and rejoicing. He entered the town in a public procession, not by the gates, but through an opening in the city walls made to receive him. Privileges and immunities were granted to him and his heirs. Statues

were frequently erected in the streets in his honour—his praises formed the theme of poets' song—the sublimest uninspired lyric strains the world ever listened to celebrated the triumphs of the victors at the public games. These things may seem strange to us; that a nation which, though small in numbers, and though the history of its freedom stretches over but a few years, has imprinted deeper the mark of its power on human thought than all the world beside, should be thus wholly devoted to childish trifles—that a people so learned and so great should give themselves up to such vanities—we may wonder at their folly, or may speak contemptuously of their infatuation; but let us remember that all things are vanities but one—the wealth, the pride, the learning, the inventions of man,—when this one thing is wanting, are but as a childish bauble in the hands of a dying man. For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? and yet how few are there who seek this one thing needful.

Such was the scene which the words of our text would call up before the imaginations of the early Christians. Such was the all-engrossing interest excited by the public games—such was the ardour of the competitors,—such the crown for which they strove. Let us now consider the exhortation. "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." In this passage five subjects are set before us. 1. The cloud of witnesses—"Seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." 2. The

preparation—"Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us." 3. The work—"Let us run the race that is set before us." 4. The manner of the running—"With patience." 5. The course we have to follow, our guide in running—"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." 1. The cloud of witnesses. 2. The preparation we have to make. 3. The work we have to do. 4. The manner of our doing it. 5. The course.

L—We have to consider the cloud of witnesses: "Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." These are evidently the worthies mentioned in the 11th chapter, the mighty ancestors of those Hebrews the apostle was addressing; men who had fought the good fight of faith, and were now inheritors of the promises. What is implied in calling them a cloud of witnesses? The words, "cloud" and "witnesses," have suggested to many the idea of the spirits of saints now in glory floating over us,—a company of invisible spectators looking down upon us from the heavens. Thus the Douay Bible,—you are aware that the Roman Catholic Church, while keeping out of view the great truth of the presence of God manifested to believers, and communion with Him through the Spirit, has taught in its stead the dogma of an immediate and personal communion with the world of spirits, substituting for the mediation of Christ the intercession of saints and angels,—thus their version, the Douay Bible, reads: "We, also, having so great a cloud of witnesses over our heads." Now, I have no intention of entering into any argument about the authority of different translations. I merely remark, that our version expresses with sufficient fulness and accuracy the meaning of the original. It might have been more literally rendered,—“having so great a cloud of witnesses seated or reclining around us." What, then, is the meaning of these words? In the first place, the word "cloud" has nothing to do with the position of the witnesses. It is not used because they are in heaven. It does not express the idea that they are above us.

It simply means a multitude. It may be a multitude above us, a multitude beneath us, a multitude around us. Its use in this sense in Greek authors is quite common. In the next place, the word rendered "witness" does not mean spectator; it means one who bears witness. The English word is indefinite; it bears both meanings. The Greek is definite; it bears only one. It is simply our word "martyr;" and a Christian martyr, you are aware, is one who bears witness to the truth by a holy life, by patient endurance of suffering, or who even seals his faith by his blood. The meaning of the passage, therefore, is this:—"Seeing we have around us so great a multitude of martyrs, of witnesses to the truth." But what bearing has this fact upon the exhortation? What are these martyrs to him who is to run? The runner in the Olympic games saw around him the thousands of his fellow-countrymen; the noblest, the wisest, the greatest were there. The runner in the Christian course looked to the lives, the sufferings, and death of holy men of old. The one was excited by the multitude of spectators, the other by the constancy of martyrs. The former ran because he was seen of others, the latter because he saw others. And why? because both were thus reminded of the value of the prize for which they struggled. The former—what was it he hoped to gain? an olive crown? It was the presence of Greece that stamped it with its value; it was the acclamation of millions that made an olive garland a crown of glory. And was it not so with the Christian? Were not the lives of the martyrs a testimony to him of the value of the prize for which he contended? Surely it could not be anything of little moment, or of doubtful security, that could sustain these men in the trials they encountered. How great must that hope be, which could cause the sufferings of this present time to seem, in their eyes, as nothing in comparison. What but the certainty of at last enjoying that inheritance, "which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;" yea, of obtaining that heavenly crown which endureth for ever; could enable them, amidst all their varied sufferings, in prison, in exile, under

torture, and in the agonies of a shameful death, to keep steadfast their faith in the love of their Redeemer, and even to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Thus, looking to their labours and sufferings, the Christian was reminded of the value of the prize which had been set before him. If ever his heart was weary—if at any time he felt discouraged by reason of the journey—if the difficulties of the course, the opposition of the world, the trials he met with, ever caused him to shrink from the combat he had undertaken, or tempted him to swerve from the way, would not his ardour be strengthened—would he not feel his heart, as it were, lifted up within him, while he looked upon the constancy of those who went before? Would not their memories hang around him like the eager eyes of those who watched the struggle on the Olympic plain? Would not their words of courage continually sound in his ears, stirring his heart and brain, calling upon him to press onward to the goal for that glorious prize to which he had been called by God through Christ Jesus?

Such is the meaning of the first clause of our text. He who runs the Christian race is exhorted to look unto the holy army of martyrs—not as if courting their applause—the apostle does not appeal to our vanity, our love of distinction. We are to call to mind their faith and patience, that, being thus reminded of the glory that shall follow, we may be induced to “run with patience the race that is set before us.”

II.—The preparation for the Christian race. The competitor in the amphitheatre did not start unprepared. He laid aside everything that might hinder his running. He practised the most rigid self-denial. He submitted to a long course of painful training. He freely gave up every pleasure. He underwent every labour for the hope of the prize. And so, in like manner, if we would run the race that is set before us, we must submit to much, we must labour much. What is the preparation we have to make? “Laying aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us.” 1st, Laying aside every weight, or every burden. We are

in general willing enough to be relieved of our burdens. Few are willing to bear more than they can help. We lay them on our neighbour. We lay them on our teacher. We lay them on God. But there is one burden we all are naturally loth to leave,—the burden of sin,—the burden of our evil habits,—our evil passions,—our evil desires. We would gladly lay down the *guilt*, the responsibility; but our evil hearts cling to the burden, the sin. And is not sin a burden? Darkness and death in our heart and mind; coming between us and all that is fair and lovely, all that is good and holy, and all true peace and happiness; veiling from our eyes the gracious dealings of our heavenly Father, and the great and glorious hopes He hath set before us. And is not sin darkness and death, not only on account of what it takes from us, but also on account of what it leaves to us? Empty hopes,—delusive promises,—pleasures having a fair seeming to the eye, raising in the heart the flutter of excitement, and of feverish expectation, but fading in the grasp, and going out in darkness. And is not sin darkness and death in itself? A darkness which shall never pass away; a death which shall never die. The hope which gildeth it shall fade, the pleasure shall vanish like smoke, but the sin remaineth. The light of that fire goeth out, but the fire consumeth for ever. The conscience may slumber, but it will never die. The heart may be deluded, it may love and cling to the world. But what is false can only be for a season,—truth will prevail. And then, where is its love, where is its hope, where is its life? What is then left to it, but the bitter consciousness of opportunities neglected,—labour lost,—a life mispent,—dissatisfaction,—self-reproach,—despair. Sin may speak fair, but it cannot cease to be evil. If now it prophesies peace and gladness, if now it is veiled in beauty, and if songs of mirth are on its tongue; it is that in the end its revelation may be the more terrible. Its worm may be still but it dieth not. Its fire may seem to smoulder in its ashes, but it is never quenched.

This is the burden the apostle exhorts

us to lay aside,—the burden of sin;—not guiltmerely,—that our Saviour, in answer to our earnest and unceasing prayer, will remove from us, but not while we cling to the sin. He will not bear the one burden and leave us to bear the other. Be assured, that if in religion you have found rest to your conscience, while in religion you have not found an antidote to the power of sin, you have, in a false religion, found an opiate, and not in a true religion a cure. If the conscience feels no burden, while the heart loves and habitually cherishes the smallest sin, it is because the conscience is asleep.

2d, The apostle tells us we must lay aside, not only every weight, but even “the sin which doth so easily beset us.” “The sin that doth so easily beset us.” Very different ideas have been entertained with regard to the exact meaning of the term, “doth so easily beset us.” Some render, that which clings most closely to us, as the long garments, which would hinder a runner; some, that which is master of the position, like an enemy strongly encamped near us, ready to fall upon us; some, that which is most deadly, most full of peril; some, that which stands well with the world, and is most esteemed. It does not matter much which rendering we take. That which is most loved is the most full of peril, and clings most closely to us, and is master of the position. The meaning of the apostle is this: we must not only give up sin generally—we must not only give up that which we know, and feel, and acknowledge to be evil; we must give up that sin even which lies nearest us, and which we would most reluctantly part with. The fairest of all is the most fatal of all. How many would yield all the great if they were only allowed to keep some of the small. The Romish doctors, Satan’s divines, acted wisely for their master, when they made the distinction between mortal and venial sins: for these there is pardon, for those there is death. There never was a man yet on the tables of whose heart Satan did not endeavour to make the same distinction. Those sins we have striven to avoid, with how much labour have we torn out their roots from our hearts! How closely have we kept

watch over our conduct with regard to them? But surely the strictness of that abnegation of the world, it is impossible; or, yielding to the customs of society in this respect, how can we avoid it, and what harm *can* there be in it? But you must remember that you are children, that you have received a commandment from your heavenly Father, and it is your duty to judge and to do, not according to what seemeth to you, but according to what hath been said by Him. But can you, you may ask, believe to be sinful anything you do not know and feel to be wrong? Yes, my friends, much. An action is sinful, not because your conscience condemns it, but because God’s word condemns it. Conscience is great, but God is greater than your conscience. Well, some say, we do not think we can do very far wrong in walking according to the dictates of our conscience; what more can we do? My friends, you can do this more; you can have faith—you can believe. What God calls good you can believe to be good; what He calls evil you can believe to be evil. For see the power of faith, whether in the truth or falsehood, in forming the conscience. A man believing in the promises of sin yields to the temptation. He does what he knows and feels to be wrong; he does it again, until conscience is blunted, reason is perverted, and evil becomes his good. And so, believing in the word of God, the Christian shrinks from what his nature inclines him to; he makes a conscience of doing what his natural conscience does not impel him to do. He perseveres in the path of obedience until, taught of God, his conscience is enabled to approve the things that are excellent, and to know what is that good and acceptable will of God. As faith in the power of Satan, step by step, makes man satanic, so faith in the power of God, step by step, makes man godlike. Faith in God is the wings of the soul, on it alone can you rise to heaven. Without faith you may do much that is good and great; but certainly, if the Bible is true, and if there is any salvation, without faith, faith in God and in His word, in what He says of the evil of sin, you cannot be saved.

III. But we must not only prepare for the race, we must run it. There are many who seem to think preparation is all that is necessary. They read the Bible, they come to church, they pray, they avoid many sins, they perform many duties. Is not this the Christianity of thousands? Is not this a Christianity that has been preached and practised, professed and praised, in every church and in every age. What more, some may ask, is to be done? Perhaps giving money to church schemes. My friends, there is this more,—there is a soul to be saved. These things are well; they are a blessed means to a great and glorious end. But what is the use of the means if the end is not gained? Why put on the armour, if the battle is not to be fought? Why prepare for the race, if you sit down idle with the course still before you?

But what is the race that is set before us? I will tell you what it is not. It is not the race which many run, and call religion—a race from folly to prudence, gradual amendment, growing wiser as they grow older, youth vain and frivolous, manhood ambitious and worldly, old age cautious and abstemious, the vices of youth corrected by a maturer wisdom, for it has learned that pleasure is a snare, that its end is bitterness. The pride of life in time loses its charm, for it, too, is found to be folly. Year by year, vice, which they consider co-extensive with sin, becoming less attractive, and religion and a world to come obtruding themselves more frequently upon their thoughts. Such is the religion of many; such is its amendment of life; such is its growth in goodness; and such is the power which calls it into existence,—experience, faith, in the teachings of the past. It is a religion of man, a religion of the world. It may, indeed, sometimes seem to be advancing heavenward, as the moon which sometimes approaches and sometimes recedes from the sun; but the centre towards which it gravitates is ever the same. But what is the race that is set before us? The race is from earth to heaven.

“Life is the season God hath given,
To fly from hell and rise to heaven.”

I have no doubt this is a truth

with which you are quite familiar. Have you ever reflected on what is implied in it? From earth to heaven,—the terms are plain. Consider for a moment what they mean. From earth,—children of the dust, and heirs of death; selfish, sinful, and polluted; subject to sickness, sorrow, and every misery. That is the starting point,—what is the goal? To heaven. Who shall speak of the glories of heaven, or of the everlasting joys that there fill every heart? Our highest conceptions of it are as all that is opposite to the present state of man. There shall be no more sin, no more sickness, no more sorrow, no more separation, no more death. From earth to heaven. What is it but to put off every weakness, to be clothed in light, to leave behind us all our sins and griefs, and fears, to dwell for ever with the Father of spirits, and with his blessed Son, being fully satisfied with His ineffable happiness and unfading glory. That, you may perhaps say, is the work of death. The work of death, my friends, is darkness and despair. “Death passed upon all men, in that all have sinned.” At death, may be the revelation of the fullness of our life; but this wondrous change is the work of the life which is implanted in us by his Holy Spirit. And, to obtain the gift of the Spirit, to have this life implanted in us, and this wondrous change wrought in us,—that is the race that has been set before us.

IV. We come now to consider the manner of the running. “Let us run with patience;” or, as it might have been rendered, with constancy, with perseverance, continuing. Whatever the difficulties we encounter, we must not swerve from the way,—we must not stop,—we must continue to “press onward to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” Now, my friends, I would have you to observe that this is the central idea in the text,—this is the substance of the exhortation. What the apostle would have us consider chiefly is not the cloud of witnesses, is not the preparation, is not the race; it is the necessity of persevering in the race. These words, with patience or endurance, we ought to read as

if they were printed in capitals, as the main subject of the verse. The apostle uses the figure of a race, a preparation, a cloud of witnesses, in order to embody, as it were, the practical moral truth he is unfolding. These are mere accessories, to give distinctness, fulness, and force to the exhortation. The 11th chapter, you will observe, is a parenthesis, introduced for the purpose of illustrating by examples the duty he inculcates, and enforcing its necessity. Turn, then, to the end of the 10th chapter,—there, at the 30th verse, you will find the apostle exhorting to patience and perseverance. “For ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise. For yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. Now, the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him. But we are not of them that draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul.” And then, after a digression upon the nature and workings of faith, the apostle resumes, in our text, “wherefore, let us run with *patience* the race that is set before us.” Patience, you see, or constancy, is the connecting link of the whole passage; for it is the duty which the apostle, with all earnestness, exhorts us to. You must not only prepare for the race; you must not only commence the race; you must persevere in the race; you must continue in the faith; you must endure unto the end. Why does the apostle dwell so strongly upon this duty! Because it is the most essential of all. You need not do anything unless you do this. You may prepare well; you may commence well; for many days you may run well; but all is vain unless you end well. You may do much; but you have done nothing unless you have done all. How often is the conscience beguiled in this matter! We are apt to say, we do not feel altogether confident that we have found the Saviour; but how often, how earnestly have we sought him! How much have we done for his sake! Our watchings, our strivings, our prayers, our self-denial, our struggles with temptation,—surely

all these cannot be lost. Alas! my friends, be not deceived. Assuredly they can be lost; yea, though they were ten thousand times as much as ye deem them; and your souls shall be lost too, unless ye have found the Saviour. All the goodness of all the saints now in heaven will not save you, if you come short of this. Salvation is not a question of much or little,—it is a question of yes or no. Nearly saved,—and will this profit you? To perish, as it were, at the entrance of the harbour, and in sight of your home. Will this be any consolation to you? To think of entering the ark, to resolve to enter the ark, to advance towards it, to waver, to pause, to be drawn aside by some trifle you discover on the way. Oh, what will all your thoughts, all your purposes, all your advances serve you, when, to your dismay, you see the door closed, and, with fainting heart, you hear the rushing of the mighty tempest about to overwhelm you in darkness and despair for ever?

You must, then, not only commence the Christian race, you must persevere in it; you must run it with patience, with endurance. Methinks I hear some one say, I have continued, I have never turned, I have kept the vows that have been laid upon me, I have continued steadfast in the performance of my religious duties. But you must give a wider range to your self-examination, you must make broader and deeper your questions, if you would have these correspond to the full meaning of the apostle's exhortation. It embraces, not merely continuance, but thoroughness also. The nature of the case requires it. Race is a figurative expression for a spiritual work,—the work of ceasing to be a sinner, and becoming holy and just, and fit for heaven. The natural race may have only length,—the spiritual race has breadth. It has reference not merely to the whole length of our existence; but also to the whole breadth of our moral nature. Faith must not merely live through all our life,—it must pervade the whole heart. You must carry the whole man with you. Hopes, fears, desires, affections, must all be pointing heavenwards. God you must feel to be your chiefest good, and sin your greatest

enemy. Every law you will acknowledge, and joyfully submit to, as the will of your heavenly Father. To live to His glory will be your highest aim, to enjoy His favour will be the blessing *you most earnestly desire*.

Who is sufficient for these things, it may be asked. Do you remember our Lord's answer to His disciples, when they, astonished at His doctrine, said among themselves, "who, then, can be saved?" "With men," he said, "it is impossible, but not with God, for *with God all things are possible*."

Surely the burden laid on us by the gospel might have been lighter some say. We have in our worldly business much to engage our attention, much to fill our heart. If we cannot exercise that self-denial which God has commanded; if we cannot devote to religion that time and attention it claims,—if other affections lie deeper in our hearts,—if other cares occupy our thoughts more constantly,—surely God will, nevertheless, have compassion on our frailty. The labour, they say, might have been less, the course might have been smoother, salvation might have been of easier attainment. But what is the course, what is the work? The race we have to run is from earth to heaven; the termini are fixed; earth is the starting point, heaven is the goal. How could the labour have been lightened, how could the distance have been shortened? How, but by raising the world, or bringing down heaven; making man better or God worse. People who speculate upon the gospel remedy, speaking of what might have been easily done, or easily avoided, forget that the disease is a fact, that it is in them, that they have caused it. There is no doubt that the combat is a heavy one, but it is against yourselves that it is to be fought. The course is long, and difficult, and steep; but yourselves have laid it out. The distance is not of God's appointing, it is of your own choosing. It was not heaven that rose, it was earth that fell. It is because you have wandered far that you have far to return.

V.—We come now to the last clause of our text. "Looking unto Jesus, the author

and finisher of our faith." The word "our," you will observe, is printed in italics; showing that it is not in the original, that it was inserted by the translators, in order to complete their idea of the meaning. But let us take the passages as written by the apostle. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of faith." Looking unto Jesus who began and completed faith, who exhibited it in all its aspects, its purity in a sinful world, its self-denial, its uncomplaining obedience, its patience under suffering, its final triumph and glory. His life is the life we are to lead. In running the Christian race, we are to look unto Him as marking out the course we are to follow. In fighting the Christian fight, we are to look unto Him as the Captain of our salvation, leading us to glory. Are we ever in difficulty? let us look unto Him. Have clouds and darkness overshadowed our soul, and do we see no hope in the future? in this the day of our weakness, let us learn to look unto Him who hath gone before us. Let us feel assured that in this way we are safe. Apollyon hath no power to destroy the pilgrim who journeys in this the highway of the King of Heaven. Reason may have misgivings, flesh and heart may fail, but we follow a leader who never erred, who cannot lead us astray. Other lights have failed, the wisest have been deceived, the best and holiest have at times wandered from the way. Following them we may fall into error, and be in danger of making shipwreck of our faith. But here we have a sure guide, a way in which there are no turnings. The life of Christ is a line which leads directly to heaven.

Two observations on the nature of the course will bring our remarks to a close.

1.—In this course there can be no uncertainties. He hath left us an example,—an example, simple, distinct, and clear; a path of light. We are never embarrassed by the difficulty of determining motives, of distinguishing the true and the professed. The heart is visible as the outward conduct. He that runs may read.

2.—In this course there can be no impossibilities. He hath left us an example, that we should follow His

footsteps. He left it for us, and it is fitted for us. There can be no want of adaptation to our circumstances. It was left, not for the great, for the learned, for those who have many advantages or few temptations. It was left for us, for me, and for thee. And does not this speak comfort to thee, Christian brother, in thy sorrows and weaknesses? You might not be able to walk in the footsteps of St. Paul or Luther; but, with the assistance

of the Spirit, you are able to walk in the footsteps of Christ. Though higher, and holier, and purer than that of any man, yet this course is one possible for thee; for while going before thee as the Captain of thy salvation, He remembered thy need, thy weaknesses, thy faint-heartedness, and He hath left thee an example that thou shouldst follow.

T. S.

THOUGHTS ON THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Continued from p. 168.)

I HAVE already noticed the importance of the question, "Who was Jesus Christ?"—and endeavoured to shew how inseparably connected it is with the question—"What is the Christian religion?"

I again very earnestly invite those of my readers who wish to know what the New Testament, at least, teaches upon this point to open its pages with me in order to ascertain it.

Before doing so, let me remind them, and be myself reminded, of the moral importance of *truthfulness*. I do not allude to the truthfulness which despises all hypocrisy in *word*, and seeks to maintain with sacred care an exact harmony between what is believed in the heart, and confessed with the lip, and which may even boast of the honesty that never conceals a creed, however offensive its doctrines may be to others. Let us not undervalue even this kind of honesty wherever it is real. But, alas! how often is it only apparent, while the real feeling is selfish vanity craving notoriety, or moral indifference, which is insensible to the pain of either the existence or confession of unbelief. And thus where the truthfulness of character exists, which cannot give to others a false impression of what is really believed, how often is there wanting that kind of truthfulness so much rarer, and more difficult to attain, so much nobler and more important to possess, which desires that harmony should exist, not only between what is believed and professed, but

also between what is believed and is true? For it is in the innermost sanctuary of the soul, into which no human eye can penetrate, and where truth, as a holy messenger sent from God, presents herself in awful silence, seeking for admission to dwell there, and take possession of the soul's temple for ever, it is *there* that the reality of a man's truthfulness, sincerity and honesty must be tried and decided upon by the all-seeing Judge, who can alone search the heart! How do we deal in our souls with what claims to be truth? With what spirit do we listen to her voice? With what care do we examine her credentials?—these are questions settled in the secret of our own personal experience, and just as the process of investigation is conducted before the eye of conscience, can it be determined whether or not we are really honest. But as sure as there is in us a real truthfulness of spirit, it will discern truth from whatever quarter it comes, and by a divine instinct recognise her voice. Like a string rightly tuned by God, the truthful soul will strike an harmonious chord with the note of truth, from whatever point its sound is heard. When, therefore, I ask my readers to consider, with sincerity and honesty, the teaching of the Scriptures regarding the Person of Jesus Christ, I crave from them that *kind* of honesty which is evidenced by the whole tone and spirit with which they deal with what professes to come from God,

and what, therefore, claims their faith as true, and their love as good.

Let me, then, bid you examine, in this truthful spirit, the question of Christ's person—*First, in the light of His own teaching.*—By this I mean, read the gospels, and from all Jesus was in the habit of declaring regarding himself, say what impression did He intend to convey as to His own dignity? Remember I am not at present asserting the *truth* of his claims, but proposing merely to inquire into what His claims as a matter of fact were, in so far as we may fairly gather these from his own words. Nor do I dispute the possibility of giving a different meaning to His words, for I know, and most gladly acquiesce in the righteousness of the fact, that revelation is not demonstration, which necessarily overcomes even the proud truth-hater, but evidence, which by its nature always satisfies the humble truth-seeker. The criticism which is essential for our inquiry, is that which will *receive* and not *give* a meaning. With such a principle, let the readers peruse any one gospel—especially the gospel of St. John—and in the presence of God ask the question, Was it the intention of Jesus to teach that He was human only, or that He was divine also?

Now, to illustrate what I mean, and to aid the reader to follow out this first branch of Scripture evidence for himself, look for example at the Sermon on the Mount. This wonderful portion of our Lord's teaching is most frequently referred to by those who profess to admire the precepts of the gospel, but not its "doctrines," and to accept of Jesus as a teacher of morality, though rejecting himself and his mission as divine.

It is it possible to hear that sermon even without perceiving a consciousness on the part of the speaker of an authority, a power, a dignity, which belonged to no mere man? This is not so much brought forward in distinct doctrinal statements, but rather *assumed* by Him, as that which gave to fact and doctrine all the additional authority which could be afforded by the lips of one who had come from God. Consider

such words, for instance, as the following:—"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter in the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Marvellous words indeed! Who is this who at the general judgment is to be addressed by "many?" How should He be thought of at all amidst the awful solemnities of that day, singled out and appealed to as one of such authority and power? Who is this that is addressed as "Lord, Lord!" What "name" is this in which many prophesied, and by which many were able to cast out devils, and to do marvellous works? Who is this that utters the sentence, "depart from me?" and who art Thou, that such a sentence should be an object of dread, yea, the very climax of human woe? He who uttered these words was a poor man indeed—a Jewish artizan—and is seated on a grassy hill surrounded by many poor and unknown as himself! But did He wish to give the impression that He was nothing more? "The people were astonished at His doctrine, for He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." No wonder! For what scribe—what teacher—what apostle—what mere man who ever lived had such authority to utter words like those we have just read! (Read also in connection with this Matt. xxv. 31-46.)

But how shall I select from every chapter almost in the gospel, similar assumption, on the part of Jesus, of a dignity which was divine! Consider instances, such as the following from the gospel of John, every portion of which is irradiated by the glory of Christ's person. "The Father loveth the Son, and hath given all things into His hand. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him."

“For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son: That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father. He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which hath sent him. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live.” “Phillip saith unto Him, Lord, shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Phillip? he that hath sent me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Shew us the Father? Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself: but the Father, that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.” “Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.” “These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee: As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him. And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.”

Again we ask, what impression regarding His own dignity were such words as these intended to convey? Consider them, and let your own hearts reply.

But I notice further, that both His

enemies and His friends received from His words the very impression which I assume He intended to convey by them. His *enemies* did so, and alleged that He claimed to be divine in the strictest sense of that word; accordingly, they attempted to stone him, and in the end put Him to death on the very ground that He was a *blasphemer*. “Then said the Jews unto Him, Thou art not yet fifty years old, and hast thou seen Abraham? Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Before Abraham was, I AM. I and my Father are one. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him.” “Jesus answered them, Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me? The Jews answered him saying, For a good work we stone thee not, but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God.” “But if I do, though you believe not me, believe the works; that you may know and believe that the Father is in me, and I in him. Therefore they sought again to take him: but he escaped out of their hand.” “The Jews answered him, We have a law, and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God. And the high priest arose, and said unto him, Answerest thou nothing? what is it which these witness against thee? But Jesus held his peace. And the high priest answered and said unto him, I adjure thee by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said: nevertheless, I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. Then the high priest rent his clothes, saying, *He hath spoken blasphemy*; what further need have we of witnesses? behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy. What think ye? They answered and said, He is guilty of death. Then did they spit in his face, and buffeted him; and others smote him with the palms of their hands.”

Nor did the *friends* of Jesus endeavour to undeceive His accusers. They did not say “you have misunderstood His mean-

ing! He is not guilty of such blasphemy! He is a man like us, and does not claim to be one with God, as you understand him to do." Instead of this, they too recognised his claims as divine, and worshipped, loved, served, and preached him accordingly. I will return to this part of the subject in a future paper. I remind only the reader of it in passing.

But before the force of such teaching as this of our Lord's is in any degree appreciated, two things should be borne in mind: one is, *the previous training of the Jewish nation* with reference to the being and character of God; and the other is, *the moral character of Jesus*.

As to the first of those points, remember only how, from the very beginning, God had revealed *Himself*—that men might know the One living and true God; and worship and serve Him alone with heart, soul, and strength. This, this was the lesson of all lessons—the mighty theme of all God's teaching and training of His people by patriarchs, by kings, and by prophets—by national blessings and national judgments—by captivities and restorations, from Adam to Christ. On the other hand, the sin of all sins was idolatry; not the bowing down to stocks or stones merely, but the giving, in any degree, that glory to another which belonged exclusively to the One living and true God. Had not their whole history been determined by their adherence to God or their falling away to idolatry? Enter, then, into the Jewish mind with reference to this training, think how hallowed God's name was above every other name—how enshrined it was in the very holy of holies of the national faith, and how it had become so only after a discipline of much suffering, prolonged through so many centuries, until at last idolatry had been banished ever since the return from Babylon. Think of this while you read those utterances I have quoted of a Jew to Jews! Do you wonder that they called him a blasphemer? for so, indeed, he certainly was unless he was Divine!

But, in the *second* place, remember the *character* of Jesus who thus spoke, and say—Could such a one have been a blas-

phemer? Was it morally possible that he could have uttered what he did about himself, unless it was Truth? To establish his high claims, it might be sufficient to appeal to his miracles, and assert that no such works of power and love could have been done but by one who verily had God with him; as he himself said,—“Believe me for the very works' sake. If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not.” Or we might appeal to the witness God gave to his Son at his baptism, on the Mount of Transfiguration, and, above all, when he raised him from the dead, and thereby declared “Him to be the Son of God with power.” But, putting aside this overwhelming evidence, we ask any one, in whose soul the witness for truth and holiness is not dead, to contemplate only the moral character of Jesus, and say, is it not as impossible that such a person could have spoken untruly or blasphemously regarding God, as that God himself can be aught else than true and holy? Do not let us evade this awful question of Christ's character—he was an impostor unless he was divine! Either Christ never uttered those things regarding himself which are here recorded, and so the history which we have assumed as true is false in fact; or, being a mere man, he said what he could not have meant, and was not at the time, or ever since understood to have meant, anything else than that he was Divine, which was, therefore, on this supposition, blasphemy, and utterly destroys his character; or, finally, what is recorded he uttered, and what he uttered was true, and Jesus is divine—“God manifest in the flesh!”

(To be Continued.)

“It was a great word for a heathen to say of his false accusers, *Kill me they may, but they cannot hurt me*. How much more confidently may the Christian say so! Banishment he fears not, for his country is above; nor death, for that sends him home into that country.”

“Merchants can feel in their trading a dead time, and complain seriously of it; but Christians in theirs, either can suffer it and not see it, or see it and not complain, or, possibly, complain and yet not be deeply sensible of it.”—*Leighton*.

BIOGRAPHY.—ADELAIDE L. NEWTON.*

THE memoir before us is that of one only distinguished for her great fight of afflictions, for her patience under them, and for her success in extracting from them the principles and energies of the divine life and holy walk with God, which were so eminently characteristic of her. The book is so exclusively a record of that divine nature of which she was a "partaker," that we cannot but refer to it as a grievous shortcoming in the author, and the cause of equal disappointment to the reader, that he gives so little of her earthly life—of the natural character upon which her better part was ingrafted—of her charms and accomplishments, which she seems too readily, in the days of her first love, and her biographer after her, to have regarded only as a sin and a snare,—and of those incidents and trials which go so far to form the Christian character. These last, in her case, appear, from certain expressions in the work, to have been of such an interesting description that they might have been most skilfully employed by the author to awaken a sympathy in his subject beyond the circle of those who can admire her faith and love, and holiness; and to draw hearts which care for none of those things, to the contemplation of them in one whom they had otherwise learned to love.

Of the early life and education, and the long train of circumstances and influences which make us what we are, and ought far more rightfully to be called conversion, than the sudden and startling message or occurrence which may be the immediate means of bringing conviction, light, and peace to the soul, Mr. Baillie says almost nothing; and what he does say of the conflict, of

many many years, during which she was labouring, though at the end still heavy-laden, he says disparagingly, as if it were not the hard way by which her heavenly Father was leading, and the Holy Spirit was striving within her, to show her her need of Christ, and to give her peace in Him. Without such a discipline she could not have been what she afterwards was. Without that period of fighting and fear, she could not have appreciated the worth of the Saviour. Without that trial of the worthlessness of the world, she could not afterwards have shewn that deadness to it, so characteristic of her.

One of the earliest impulses of her new life was to devote herself to the work of a district visitor of the poor, earnestly desiring, and setting it before her as her constant object, not to do a duty, but to win souls. One of her sisters writes:—

"Early in the spring of 1844, Adelaide asked me one day to share part of her district, and lend books and tracts at one end of the street. Noticing how long she had waited at the different doors, before going in, I asked her, as we were walking home, 'Do you always wait, when you knock at a door, till they open it?'—'No,' was her reply, 'but I always like to wait a moment, before I knock, to ask for the Holy Spirit to be with my mouth, and teach me what to say in each house.' I have often thought of it since," her sister adds, "and have attributed to it her wonderful success among the poor whom she visited."

"In her visitations," says her biographer, "not less than in her own hidden life, the 'blessed hope' grew daily more precious. I have always found it," she writes in her diary, "produce a deeper impression upon the poor than any other subject." And elsewhere she says: "It opens the Scriptures to us in an entirely new light. I find, too, that all who receive this view are agreed that it makes them feel less concern and love for the world than anything we can imagine."

Such being the principle and the

* *A Memoir of Adelaide L. Newton.* By the Rev. John Baillie, of the Free Church, Hanover Square. London: James Nisbet & Co., 1856.

The Heavenly Life; being Select Writings of Adelaide L. Newton. Edited by the Rev. John Baillie, Author of her Memoirs. London: Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, 1856.

strength of her spirit, it is not wonderful that she proved a blessing to many, both of, and beneath, her own rank in life. But here her labours were incautiously suffered to exceed her strength, and in June 1846, she experienced the first symptoms of the insidious disease which gradually bore her down to the grave. Her outer life from this time is little but a record of an invalid's movement from home to a milder situation at the beginning of winter, and back at its close, with extracts from her correspondence, and notices of her literary labours. Her inward part was gradually being refined in the fire, and made more meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, while she was being favoured with an increasing closeness of admission to the inner sanctuary, and a growing love and fellowship for the Friend of her soul.

Of course, for a length of time, the ultimate issue of her illness was altogether uncertain, and she was kept waiting upon God, to see what He would do with her. She longed for death, as every one will do who feels the burden of corruption, and yet corrects herself for wishing for an event which is nowhere in Scripture set before us as an object of hope, and therefore laboured, that whether present or absent, she might be accepted of her Lord. To realize by faith, prayer, and meditation on such chapters as John xvii., 1 Cor. ii., Eph. i. and iii., the personal and substantial presence of the Holy Ghost within her, maintaining an absolute oneness both with the body of Christ, and with His Godhead—this she expresses to be the hope of her calling, and this the exceeding riches of the glory of her inheritance in the saints.

Her life was literally "a walk with God, a living fellowship, an interchange of thoughts—God's uttering His thoughts to her in the Word, and she uttering her thoughts to God at the throne. It was this holy and happy fellowship with the Father and the Son, which gave to her words, and to her whole life, so sweet a fragrance," coming to every engagement, every trial, immediately out of "the chamber, the secret presence of

her Beloved." Alluding to the cloud of witnesses, she would say, "Some of them have been almost more present to me than the earthly witnesses. . . .

When faith gets uppermost, and sinks sight and seen things below the surface for a while, one can catch glimpses of their joy."

It accords with all her admiration and affection for her Lord, that she always finds and recommends the best mode of living a holy and useful life, to live on Him, and looking to Him. Repeatedly she expresses her disapproval of that mode of self-examination which makes the contemplation of our own hearts more habitual than the contemplation of Him. She reasons much on the matter out of the Scriptures, and is sure that when we are most occupied with Christ, we are most useful to others, although perhaps altogether unconscious of the fact.

Thinking that a friend was "in bondage," on another subject, that of meditation, she wrote, showing with great delicacy, that it is not to be regarded as a duty which we are rigidly to set ourselves, as one which is within reach of every Christian, in all circumstances, but as that which comes naturally and unconsciously from the overflowings of a full heart, when contemplating God in His wonders, till, as it reads, it is constrained to pause, to adore, and to seek "breathing time, in which to admire the intensity of the mysteries of divine revelation."

And what a power of meditation Adelaide herself possessed! This especially appears as she advances in her heavenly journey, learning more of God, and making progress in the understanding of his Word. His statutes were with her day and night, and comforted her in the house of her pilgrimage. She seems to have taken no step, lived no day, without having a light from the Holy Volume in her hand illumining her path. She took a motto from Scripture for every New Year, and every new stage in her course. She seldom wrote a letter without "sending a text," and some such truly precious thoughts upon it as could

only have been read by the light of the most holy place; and her jottings upon various passages of Scripture, which are generally valuable even in an expository point of view, and are always given forth in the most natural and unaffected manner, the wellings-forth of a heart containing within it the fountain of living water springing up unto everlasting life, give a richness and interest to the book, especially its more advanced chapters, which every lover of Christ and His word will dwell upon with deepest satisfaction.

During her lifetime she published, among various other productions, a little work, entitled, "The Song of Solomon compared with other parts of Scripture," which is, indeed, the modest name for a textual exposition of that precious book, which she chiefly labours to illustrate by parallel passages in the word of God, and by such paraphrases of its contents, as those in which Watts and others have expressed the feelings of the New Testament Christian toward the Bridegroom Christ. We were possessed of this exposition, and had often consulted it much to our satisfaction and improvement, both in our private reading and in our preparation for the public work of the sanctuary, for some time before we knew of the name of Adelaide Newton. Indeed, it had been put into our hand in the bookseller's as Krummacher's little work on the Song, and we were uniformly so favourably impressed with its worth, that we never had any reason to doubt that it proceeded from the pen of that eminent divine.

No mode of illustrating the book of Canticles could have been more judicious, than to shew to such as neglect the song, and set it aside as unworthy of the pen of inspiration, and the admiration of Christians, that it is entirely in harmony with other portions of the word of God, and with the faith and experience of all those of Christ's people, who have had the nearest access to himself.

We have not had an opportunity of examining her other published commentary, "The Epistle to the Hebrews compared with the Old Testament," but we have looked with some care and much

interest into the posthumous volume of her expository papers, and select letters edited by her biographer, and accompanying her memoirs. Some portions of it are the spiritualizing of a type; others the lengthened elucidation of a text or subject by copious references to Scripture; while other chapters and different series of letters are simply collections of thoughts on various texts. One cannot but admire the care and diligence, indeed the great labours of this poor invalid. She seems to have improved her understanding of the Word, not only by careful study and comparison of its different parts, but by much reading of works which elucidate it, and even by mastering both the ancient languages in which it was at first written. It was characteristic of her even to a fault, that she pursued, almost regardless of consequences, every matter which she undertook, so far as her faculties and light could carry her, and it is almost incredible how much she nerved her frame both to do and endure.

She was necessarily cast much among invalids, who, like herself, resorted periodically to the south of England to spend the winter, and she was most successful, as well as faithful, in winning souls among them. She had that spirit of love, for the Head's sake, to every member of the body, that there was no restraint upon the warmth of her universal sympathy; and the freeness of her love reached the heart, and prepared a way in it for her blessed message.

She endured even unto the end—and that end was peace. Her longing after the person and presence of her Lord increased as the outward man was perishing, and He presented her in His glory with exceeding joy. She died, aged thirty, in April 1854.

We gladly copy the following admiring and affectionate tribute to her worth from the pen of the Rev. Canon Stowell, of Mauchester:—

"Seldom or never has it been my happiness to see the mighty power of grace so marvellously manifested, as in her. She seemed to dwell in the vestibule of heaven—to live on the steps of the throne of grace. The vigour of her

understanding, the acuteness of her judgment, the force of her reasoning, the originality of her ideas, and the beauty of her style, astonished me. You could not converse with her without being charmed with the freshness, the vividness, the activity, the refinement of her mind. The spring of all, was love to her Saviour, intense desire to glorify His name. This strung up all her energies, this animated all her pursuits. Grace changed the whole tone of her character. From the flexible, tasteful, buoyant girl, she rose into the earnest, elevated, reflective woman; yet all was artless and easy, clothed with humility, and adorned with simplicity.

"The one grand instrument of the work, was the Word of God. She lived on and in the Bible. It savoured every sentiment, and toned every thought of her soul. She caught the faintest whisper, and analysed the minutest expressions of 'the lively oracles.' The Scriptures were wrought into the very texture of her inner life; she fed upon them in her heart. Hence the newness, the unction, the savouriness of her writings. Like the silkworm, which spins her exquisite thread from her own vitals, fed by the mulberry leaves,—so she, from the experience of her own spirit, nourished by the leaves of the Tree of Life, wrought out her lovely tissues of heavenly wisdom. Flesh and blood had not taught her, but the Spirit of her Father in heaven.

"In all she wrote, and said, and did, to glorify Christ was her single aim. This desire was as a fire in her bones. Her zeal was ever burning. Nor was the light of her joy less remarkable—whilst most humble, she was most assured. Doubt seemed never allowed to overshadow her soul, anxiety to disquiet it. When you entered her chamber, you felt that she was enveloped in an atmosphere of heavenliness and peace. When she mingled with the family circle, she seemed like the denizen of a higher world, come down on some errand of love.

"Assuredly, grace has seldom shone brighter in any vessel of clay. And for the honour of the Saviour, and the consolation of His church, the memorial of what was done in her, for her, and by her, ought not to be lost."

This is the testimony of one who seems to have known her more intimately than her biographer. She belonged to the Church of England, and to that party in it whose views coincide

with Dr. Stowell's; and this, no doubt, brought him nearer to her than was possible for a minister of the Free Church, but recently removed from Scotland. The work is certainly creditably executed on the whole, but the author has a habit of bringing up in every other paragraph something that Lord Bacon thought, or Vinet wrote, or Henry Martyn felt, or Herbert sung, or Ters-teegen remarked to a friend on the matter in hand, or on some other subject bearing a connexion, however remote, with the matter in hand. We dislike these literary conceits, because, if for no other reason, that they interrupt the progress of the narrative in the most provoking manner, and, far from enriching the work, rather impoverish by comparison, the sayings of the person whose life is the subject. We protest, too, against that revolting Carlylianism, which is especially apparent in the heading of each chapter, and of which the following is a specimen, selected at random, and no worse, however better, than any other:—

Lord Bacon.—'Another Himself.'—
New friendship—Instinct and grace—
The 'Truant Flower.'—Heart never
poor.—Family gathering.—The Sunday
School.—The District.—'Win Souls.'—
'Old Betty.'—The prayer at the Door.—
The Sickle—The blessed hope.—Schiller.
G. C.

"When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See from His head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small,
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

PSALMODY.

No. VI.

THE Geneva Bible and the old Psalms were in universal use in Scotland at the close of the sixteenth century. But at that time, as in the present day, there were persons so discontented with every existing ordinance, so morbidly critical, so desirous of parading their own superior learning, and so recklessly given to change, that they agitated for the correction of some alleged errors in the translation of the Bible and in the Psalms in metre. In 1601 these proposals were favourably entertained by the General Assembly, and, accordingly, general instructions were given to the more learned of the clergy to use their diligence in revising the translation, and Mr. Robert Pont was specially ordained to report upon the Psalms. Nothing, however, was eventually done by the Church. But there was an eager, bustling, and officious onlooker, on whom these proceedings were not lost. James VI., vain of his learning, and obstinate in his proneness to meddle with sacred things and to subject to his sole authority the ecclesiastical affairs of Scotland, cherished the project of giving to Britain a new translation of the Bible and a metrical version of the Psalms. It would be difficult to decide whether his pedantry and self-conceit or his designs of kingcraft found the greater gratification in the scheme. The present authorised version of the Scriptures and the "Psalms of King David translated by King James" were the result. The Bible was first published in folio in 1611, but it had been definitely resolved on by the king in 1603. While I speak plainly of his own peculiar aims in these matters, it is only just to acknowledge the merits of this invaluable translation, and the profound learning and anxious labour which it evinces. It may be interesting to some readers to mention the avowed reason for the king's zeal about the new version. At the Hampton Court conference, in 1603, he complained that he had

never seen a Bible well translated into English, and that the Geneva Bible was the worst of all! He therefore intimated his intention of having a new translation undertaken, in which there should be no marginal notes. He declared this to be necessary, because he had observed some notes in the Geneva Bible "very partially untrue, seditious, and savouring too much of dangerous and traitorous conceits, as for example, Exodus i. 19, where the marginal note alloweth disobedience unto kings."* This had reference to the Egyptian women refusing to kill the male children of the Hebrews at the command of Pharaoh; and the "seditious" note which gave such offence and alarm to the wisest fool in Christendom was in these honest words—"Their disobedience herein was lawful, but their dissembling evil." The task of the new translation was eventually committed to forty-seven men, pre-eminently distinguished for their learning and piety; and the king reserved to himself the royal labour of rendering into English verse the sacred songs of the monarch of Israel. James, however, did not live to complete his task. The Bishop of Lincoln, in the sermon which he preached on occasion of the king's funeral, says that his majesty was in hand with his version of the Psalms, "which he intended to have finished and dedicated withal to the only saint of his devotion, the Church of Great Britain and that of Ireland, when God called him to sing Psalms with the angels." But it is impossible to ascertain what share James had in the version which ostentatiously bears his name. He had avowedly associated with him a fellow-labourer who doubtless was to bear the burden but not the honour of the work. This was Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, afterwards created Earl of Stirling,—a poet of considerable celebrity, and the Secretary of State, who took an active part in 1637 in forcing the Service-

* Barlow's Summe of the Conference.

Book upon the Church of Scotland. This fact in his history accounts for the universal opposition which was given to the version of the Psalms, which, to say the least, was as much his composition as that of King James. The Scottish Liturgy and the Psalms by the king fell under the same condemnation and met the same fate. All the influence of the crown, and the love of fame and fortune, could not enable the Earl of Stirling to introduce the version to common use in Scotland. Charles I. gave him a patent of exclusive privilege for thirty-one years to print these Psalms, and the king and privy council of Scotland enjoined "that no other Psalms of any edition whatsoever be either printed hereafter within that our kingdom or imported thither, either bound by themselves or otherways from any foreign parts." But all was fruitless. Objections unworthy of intelligent men, contradictory to their own testimony for many years, assumed irresistible weight and authority in the madness which oppression brings even on the wise. For a quarter of a century there had been complaints about the old Psalms. Now, when a new version was offered, it was indignantly rejected by the very complainers, because the people had been accustomed to the old. The Earl of Stirling, disappointed in his sanguine anticipations of wealth and fame from the royal version of the Psalms, was content to be rewarded with the privilege of coining copper money. And such was the animosity which this coloniser of Nova Scotia had stirred up against himself by the various speculations of his eventful life, that death failed to extinguish it, and many a long year after he had lain down in the place where the weary are at rest, his history was unamiably detailed in an epitaph which is still extant.

" Here layes a farmer and a millar,
 A poet and a psalme book spillar,
 A purchessour by hooke and crooke,
 A forger of the service-booke,
 A coppersmith quho did much evil,
 A friend to bischopes and ye devill,
 A vain, ambitious, flattering thing,
 Late secretary for a king.

Some tragedies in verse he pen'd,
 At last he made a tragicke end."

But to give a coherent account of this version, let me state that after the death of James VI., his successor to the Crown resolved to have the work carefully revised and completed. Accordingly, in 1626, Charles I. directed a Commission to John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews, for the critical revision of the version, so far as fidelity to the original was concerned. This document is of some interest: "Whereas it pleased our late dear Father, of famous and eternall memorie, considering how imperfect the psalmes in meeter presentlie used ar, out of his zeal to the glorie of God, and for the good of all the churches within his dominions, to translate them of new, Therfor, as we have given commandement to our trustie and weil-beloved Sa WILLIAM ALEXANDER, Knycht, to consider and revew the meeter and poesie thairof, So our pleasour is that you and some of the most learned Divynes, in that our kingdome, confer them with the original text and with the most exact translations, and thairefter certifie back your opinions unto us concerning the same, whether it be fitting that they be published and sung in Churches instead of the old translation or not, &c." Whether the king did really wish a critical review of the version, or whether those whom he employed were unable for such a duty, may be doubtful. The version bears no trace whatever of having ever been compared directly with the original, for it always blindly follows the authorized translation. It thus gives no advantage as a separate and independent version. The first edition was printed at Oxford in 1631. There are many bold alterations in the next edition in 1636, attached to the Service Book of 1637. Before quoting any specimens, it may be well to convey a more definite idea of the objections urged against the version. Some of these are very extraordinary, very Scottish in their prejudices, and some of them will seem ludicrous when my readers come to see the extracts, and recognise

the liberal use which was subsequently made of the well-defamed and condemned version.

The objectors, as true theological disputants, divided their arguments into two classes, the one against *public*, and the other against *private* use, and then subdivided the classes in due method. Against public use, it was argued 1st. This labour is undertaken without direction of the Kirk, or offer made to the Kirk before. Alexander Montgomerie had a singular vein of poesy, yet he took a more modest course, for he translated but a few for a proof, and offered his travels in that kind to the Kirk, &c. 2d. The people are acquainted with the old metaphrase more than any book in Scripture, yea, some can sing all or the most part without book, and some that cannot read can sing some psalms, Therefore our Kirk would not accept of any other. 3d. It is a discredit to the clergy and the Kirk that the psalms should be sung in the Kirk translated into metre by courtier or common poet, when there is no such rarity among them of learned men, skilful both in poesy and the original tongue. For courtiers are commonly suspected by the people as profane, because they employ their vein on bad purposes as often as on good, and both tongue and pen against the best of God's servants. A courtier like Obadiah or Nehemiah, is as rare as a wedge of gold. 4th. This work of metaphrasing the psalms is holy and strict, and abides not any youthful or heathenish liberty, but requires hands free from profaneness, looseness, or affection. 5th. The people must be first taught to understand these and similar French, Latin, and hard English terms, viz., regal, vindicate, brandished, &c. 6th. Our Kirk shall be infected with the error of the local descent of Christ's soul to hell by the metaphrasing of the sixteenth psalm, which is sufficient to reject the whole. And 7th. It shall make other kirks call us light-headed Scots, inconstant and unsettled in our order, changing without any necessity, if we will put down the metaphrase which was recommended to all the professors by the General Assem-

bly.* Other reasons were urged against the private use: the plain and obvious meaning of the whole arguments being simply this, that though king James' version might be the very best or the very worst, though it might be faithless or faultless, the people of Scotland, without any reference to its excellence or defects, had made up their minds to refuse and condemn it. And now, let us read together one or two specimens of this outcast and rejected version.

PSALM XXII.

My God, my God, why hast thou me
forsaken, why art thou
So far from helping me, and from
my words of roaring now?

O God, all day to thee I cry
yet am not heard by thee,
And all the night when others rest
I cannot silent be.

But thou most holy art, O thou
that of thine Israel
Inhabitest, as due to thee,
the praises that excel.

Our fathers all in thee did trust
yea, they did trust in thee;
And them when as they were distressed
thou didst from danger free.

They unto thee did cry aloud
and thou didst them relieve;
They only placed their trust in thee,
and nothing them could grieve.

But I am like a silly worm
no man in any wise,
The object of men's obloquy,
whom people do despise. &c.

The alleged heretical version of the sixteenth psalm reads to the same purpose as the received translation.

PSALM XVI.

I have for object set the Lord
at all times me before,
Because he is at my right hand
I shall be moved no more.

My glory therefore doth rejoice,
My heart is filled with joy;
Yea, and my flesh, though faint, shall too
True rest in hope enjoy.

For thou wilt not for ever leave
My soul in hell to be;
Nor suffer wilt thy Holy One
Corruption so to see.

* See *Bannatyn's Miscellany*, vol. I. p. 327.

Thou wilt me show life's way, and in
Thy face joy's height is found ;
All pleasures do at thy right hand
Perpetually abound.

My readers will observe from the following extracts, that many passages of King James' version not only outlived their condemnation, but were subsequently adopted. The first specimen is greatly superior to the modern Scottish version, which obviously follows it, and yet makes alterations for the worse.

PSALM L.

3 Our God shall come, and shall not then
Keep silence any more ;
A fire before Him shall consume,
Great storms about Him roar.

He from above with majesty
Unto the heavens shall call,
And to the earth below, that He
May judge His people all.

Go, and together gather straight
All them my saints that be,
Those that have made by sacrifice
A covenant with me.

And even the heavens most clearly shall
His righteousness declare ;
For God himself doth sit as Judge
To punish or to spare.

Hear, O my people, and I'll speak ;
O Israel, and I will
Against thee testify, I am
Thy God, even thy God still !

For sacrifices that were due
I will not challenge thee ;
Nor for burnt-offerings not discharged
Continually to me, &c.

PSALM XXV.

To thee I lift my soul,
O Lord, I trust in thee ;
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor foes triumph o'er me.

Let none of them have shame
Who do on thee depend ;
But who without a cause transgress,
Let shame on them attend.

Shew me thy ways, O Lord,
And teach thy paths to me ;
And lead me forth instructed so
That I thy truth may see.

Thou only art that God
Who me deliver must ;
And all the day whatever comes,
In thee I only trust.

Thy tender mercies, Lord,
In thy remembrance hold,
And all thy loving kindnesses,
For they were still of old.

My sins in time of youth,
Let them forgotten be ;
According to thy mercy, Lord,
And goodness, think on me, &c.

PSALM LXVI.

All lands with loud and joyful noise
To God your voices raise ;
Sing forth the honour of his name
And glorious make his praise.

Say unto God, how terrible
In all thy works art thou !
By thy great power, thy foes to thee
Shall all be brought to bow.

All on the earth shall worship thee ;
And they shall all proclaim
With songs thy praise ; they all shall sing
Unto thy holy name.

Come, and the works that God hath wrought
With admiration see ;
In doing to the sons of men
Most terrible is he, &c.

PSALM CII.

13 Thou shalt arise and mercy have
Upon thy Zion yet ;
The time to favour her is come
The time that thou hadst set.

For in her stones that ruined are
Thy servants pleasure take ;
Yea, they the very dust thereof
Do favour for her sake.

He from His sanctuary's height
Hath downward cast his eye ;
And from the heaven that is above
The Lord the earth did spy,

That he of captives sore distressed
May hear the groaning breath,
And that he may deliver them
That are designed for death.

This version, which sounds so familiarly, though it is strange, to Scottish ears, is associated with the sorrowful history of the seventeenth century, with the last avowed struggle of arbitrary dominion, and with the expiring influence of a chivalrous but infatuated race. A credit and an honour to the literature of its age—an invaluable boon to the Christian community—the nursing of royalty—the darling symbol of kingly and priestly power—it was in a moment swept from the notice and consideration of men by the jealousy and wrath of an indignant nation. It has dwelt and been at rest “with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves, or with princes that had gold,

who filled their houses with silver, or as an hidden untimely birth, as infants which never saw light." Avowedly neglected or ridiculed, it has nevertheless been the unacknowledged model and material of subsequent versions. And when it has at any time appeared in the world, it has been in the stealthy guise of an

exile who has stolen for a night from his captivity to look once again on the scenes of youth, and then return for ever to bondage and forgetfulness. It has been kept secluded and apart as merely the treasure of the antiquarian and the instructive memorial of the curious.

(To be Continued.)

THE PARISH SCHOOLS AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL GRANTS.

It is important, in the present juncture, that the Church should be fully aware that there is a scheme in operation at this moment calculated to meet, without legislation, all the pressing difficulties of the parish schools. We have no wish to discourage appeals to Parliament, but it is impossible to look back upon the events of the last few years, without feeling that there is the utmost hazard in again provoking hostile legislation. It was plainly announced, in both houses of Parliament, by members of the Government,—and the feeling was loudly echoed by the House of Commons,—that the Church can no longer expect any exclusive favours—that she must either loosen her connexion with the school, or draw from sources equally open to other Christian bodies. Some of the warmest friends of the Church in Parliament were disposed to adopt the former alternative, and assent to clauses which would virtually sever the Church from the school. But this would be tantamount to the surrender of the question of religious education, as the great guarantee for the religious element is the living bond between the Church and the school. The safety of the parish schools evidently lies in the adoption of the other alternative, which is to share, on equal terms, resources open to the various Christian denominations. The Church of England has not scrupled to take up this position, notwithstanding her preponderating influence. Instead of demanding endowments for her own exclusive benefit, she knew the temper of the times better, and asked only to be put on a level with the denominations of England. She was willing, trusting to her own inherent

strength, to take out of a common fund; and she has so successfully worked the Privy Council scheme, that she received last year for her schools, L.239,997; a sum nearly double that received by all the denominations in the kingdom.

The Church of Scotland, unfortunately, did not look upon the scheme with the same favour, and to this we are to ascribe much of the present peril of the parish schools. We have little doubt, that, had the Church cordially met the Privy Council, the parish schools would now be in a position beyond the reach of aggressive legislation. A more enlightened and sounder policy now guides the councils of the Church, and after the decision of last Assembly on the India "Grants in Aid," we feel confident that the Church has only to bend her attention to the subject to come to a similar decision in regard to the grants at home. The Church has, indeed, already accepted grants, though reluctantly, for her Normal and Assembly schools, but the parish schools have as yet received very inconsiderable benefit, the grants last year amounting only to L.5291. The trial has, however, been sufficient to demonstrate the admirable adaptation of the scheme to the circumstances of the parish schools—those schools in the receipt of grants being in a much more favourable position, in point of emolument and efficiency, than they could possibly be under any of the Bills introduced into Parliament.

The fall of the salaries, so calamitous in itself, may be regarded as a blessing, when viewed in connexion with the facility it affords for adapting the Privy Council system to the parish schools. Formerly it was necessary for the heri-

tors to contribute about L.6, to qualify the master to receive a grant of L.15; but now, from the fall of the salaries, 15s. is sufficient, in addition to the keeping up of the former maximum salary. The general rule of the Committee of Council is, that there must be a voluntary contribution equal to their grant. In the case of parish schools, however, there is a special exception, recognising the difference between the maximum and minimum salary as a voluntary contribution. The minimum has now fallen so low, that this difference amounts within a few shillings to the required sum. Wherever, then, the heritors agree to keep up the old salary, the school possesses the money qualification for receiving a grant of L.15; and this implies a minimum salary of L.50, irrespective of fees and pupil teachers.

It is a strong recommendation of the Privy Council system that it provides retiring allowances, thus meeting the great defect of the parish schools. With the discipline of the Presbytery, and the operation of these allowances, ample security is given for the efficiency and moral character of the schoolmaster.

The heritors are at present nobly doing their duty, Dissenter and Churchman alike coming forward, and generously offering to pay the former salary. We do not anticipate many defaulters, but the Church is bound to provide for such cases. A sustentation fund of L.1000 annually would, we are persuaded, meet all such cases. This voluntary effort on

the part of the Church would bind the schools closer than ever to her.

To those who still cherish the hope of favourable legislation, we would say that the voluntary effort on the part of the Church and the heritors affords a vantage-ground from which we can appeal with most chance of success. By availing ourselves of the scheme in question, we secure our position for the present, and most effectually prepare the way for future legislative action, if this should be thought desirable.

The schools stand at present in a dangerous state of isolation; and to seek an exclusive tax for them, would only, we fear, increase the peril of that isolation. When, however, advantage is taken of the grants in aid, they become part of a great national scheme of education, and partake of its stability. All recent experience goes to prove, that in the present divided state of the community, the denominational principle is the only possible basis of a national education, in which religion forms an essential element. The great fundamental idea is the necessary union between Church and school. This is the central pivot on which the whole system turns. It is plain, then, that the Church obtains an additional guarantee for the preservation of the parish school, by allying them to a system of this character.

In order more clearly to shew the advantages of the Privy Council system, we have drawn up the following scheme:—

EXAMPLE of a PARISH SCHOOL with the average number of 80 Scholars under a SYSTEM OF PRIVY COUNCIL GRANTS—the Salary from the Heritors being the old Maximum.

CASE I.—MINIMUM GRANT.

The old maximum salary from the heritors,	L.34 4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Additional from heritors to meet Privy Council grant,	0 15 0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Minimum Privy Council grant,	15 0 0
Privy Council gratuity for training two pupil teachers, one pupil teacher being allowed for every 40 pupils,	9 0 0
<hr/>	
Total salary of master,	58 19 5
Amount of school fees for 80 pupils,	20 0 0
<hr/>	
Total income of master,	78 19 5
Retiring allowance of master may amount to two-thirds of his income, paid entirely by Privy Council.	52 13 0

CASE II.—MAXIMUM GRANT.

The old maximum salary from the heritors,	L.34 4 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
*Additional from heritors to meet Privy Council grant,	15 15 0 $\frac{1}{2}$

Maximum Privy Council grant,	80	0	0
Privy Council gratuity for training two pupil teachers, one pupil teacher being allowed for every 40 pupils,	9	0	0
			88 19 5
Total salary of master,			
In Cases I. and II. alike, the Privy Council allows annually a			
Grant to two pupil teachers,	L.30	0	0
Grant for school books,	4	0	0
Grant for apparatus,	8	0	0
Grant for drawing,	1	0	0
			L.38 0 0
*The old maximum salary is	84	4	4½
The present reduced minimum is	19	19	5
			Difference, 14 4 11½

This difference being regarded by the Privy Council as a voluntary contribution from the heritors, they are only required to give 15s. 0½d. in addition, in order to meet the minimum Privy Council grant of L.15, and L.15, 15s. 0½d., in order to meet the maximum Privy Council grant of L.30.

It appears therefore that

Under the Privy Council plan the maximum salary is	L.88	19	5
And the minimum salary,	58	19	5
But under the Lord Advocate's Bill the maximum salary is only	50	0	0
And the minimum only	85	0	0
To secure the minimum Privy Council grant, the heritors have to contribute only	L.0	15	0½
But under the Lord Advocate's Bill, they were required, for a less advantage, to give	L.15	15	7½
Under the Privy Council plan the retiring allowance in the case of the minimum salary may amount to	52	13	0
Not paid at all by the heritors, but from the Consolidated Fund.			
Under the Lord Advocate's Bill the retiring allowance could not be more than	85	0	0

Paid entirely by the heritors.

Parish schools to the number of 134 at present receive Privy Council grants, which last year, 1855, amounted to L.5291; and of this sum, the schoolmasters received L.2689, 10s.

The whole sum received by all the schools in connexion with the Church of Scotland was, L.22,959, 6s. 4d.

The number of certificated and pupil-teachers under the Privy Council, amounts to 14,439. Of these, 2069 are in Scotland; 853 belong to the Church of Scotland, and 292 are employed in parish schools.

Since writing the above, the presbytery of Cupar, having had a statement similar to the above submitted to them, came to the unanimous resolution, "Cordially to approve of the system of Privy

Council Grants, as applicable to the parish schools, and to agree to co-operate with the heritors in carrying it out."

W. L.

WINTER SONG.

FOR CHILDREN.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn, and keep himself warm,
With his little head under his wing, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?
Oh, do you not know that he's gone long ago,
To a country much warmer than ours, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the honey-bee do, poor thing?

In his hive he will stay till the cold's pass'd away,
And then he'll come forth in the Spring, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
Rolled up like a ball in his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes back, poor thing.

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will little girls do then, poor things?
When lessons are done they'll hop, skip, and run,
And play till they make themselves warm, poor things.

OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

No. II.—EDUCATION.

NEAR the conclusion of our last article on this subject, we glanced, in passing, at the question, whether the Church ought now to abandon education as a missionary agency in India? It seems due, however, to the late Convener and his Committee, to enlarge somewhat our discussion on this subject; and those who are best acquainted with the practical condition of our mission, and with the views of our missionaries themselves, will feel the importance of doing so. Our limits will not permit us to dwell upon a subject long enough for an article, were the various objections urged to the educational machinery, and the various aspects of its operations, to be brought into view. A condensed summary of reasons for continuing our schools in India is all for which we can afford room. It is clear, then, to one who reflects on the various objects contemplated by Dr. Inglis in founding the mission, (even as these were shortly indicated in our former paper,) that some of these objects have not yet been gained. Many of the reasons which decided him to commence our mission in 1830 with schools, and not with preachers, are still in force. And to these, experience has added others. Is there not, for instance, the importance of getting a hold upon the young; the susceptibility of new impressions in minds yet free from prejudices too strong to be rooted out? There surely is here a reason of unquestionable power, and which can never grow old. Seek to teach a man any science, any language, any new art, and we know how hard is the task, how much must first be *unlearned*; and how very slowly the mind receives new fundamental convictions. Take the artisan in middle life, endow him with a fortune, try to make him a *gentleman*; and what is your success? Try to make him a *scholar*. Try to teach him for the first time to *write*. Experience alone can tell the difficulty of such undertakings. Yet Christianity lies far deeper in a man

than these—makes a far greater revolution in his being. His old superstitions cling far more closely to him, because they occupy his heart, and touch *his soul*, than mere knowledge, mere manners, mere arts. In all human probability, then, how much more arduous the task of the missionary, than of the social reformer supposed? And the workings of the Holy Ghost are always in consistence and harmony with the use of means. To educate the heathen children of India in the knowledge of Christ, is to exercise an influence which we cannot measure.

Another inestimable advantage of missionary schools in India, consists in their reference to the system of *caste*. It is needless to say, that of all the obstacles in the way of missions there, none can be compared to this giant evil. And we have even heard of its influence surviving the baptism of converts, and appearing in offensive prominence in native Christian churches. How, then, can we best break down and shatter this system of caste? Perhaps nothing does it so efficiently as a missionary school. In it all classes meet together. For instance, of the converts from the Church of Scotland school in Calcutta, before 1843, and from the Free Church school there since then, *one-fourth* has consisted of Brahmins. These mingle with other castes in the school, and in the class, without distinction. Diligence and talent are the only sources of honour there. "The spell," says the Rev. D. Ewart, (in the *Calcutta Conference Papers*, p. 74,) "the spell is effectually broken, and can never again acquire its lost power. How can it be otherwise? The haughty and youthful deified twice-born, who often, on his way to the place of learning, is stopped by the cringing Sudra to dip his young Brahminical toe in a basin of water, learns at the prelection and in the class-room to form a different estimate of things. Some scion of a humble Sudra stock may there, with ease, take the highest place."

Now, if the mission-schools have such an influence as this, how shall we describe them better than as, by the blessing of God, "a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" And were we to abandon education, what other instrument equally adapted as a means, could we substitute for it in our warfare against caste? To reply—the Spirit of God in the preaching of the Word—is to forget again that that Spirit works through means, and that grace was never meant to supersede wisdom.

Another reason which seems to us imperatively to demand the continuance of our educational machinery, is the training of native preachers. It is absolutely necessary that the converts who are henceforth to labour in India, have some previous theological training; a training fully as minute and satisfactory, (if that be possible) as a university curriculum at home. Some such preparation there must be, in most cases, before a license is granted by our Presbyterial bodies in India. It seems unnecessary to insist on so plain a position. But if so, where and how is such a training to be had? Before abandoning our Missionary Schools, let us first see better Divinity Halls for our future native missionaries. Then, but not till then, we may entertain the question, with some doubt as to the result.

There is another consideration, which seems to show that it is the duty of the Church to continue her schools in India. At home we all recognize the principle that church and school must go together. They are two great pillars on which rest the morality and the happiness of the people. Without holding, as some do, that the school is an integral part of the church, we hold them both to be two great parts of the same great scheme for compassing the welfare of the nation. They work in the same way for the same end; and, to a certain extent, by the same means. To be truly efficient they must both be under the same superintendence and control. Such are the principles, be they right or wrong, held by the Church at home. We hold them to be right, and are prepared in the proper place to show that they are so. Well, then, is the

Church to disown these principles everywhere else, while she does battle for them at home? Are they utterly inapplicable and without force beyond the seas? No doubt, there is a considerable difference between a church already built up, and a mission to a heathen land. The difference is chiefly that in the one case the object of a school is simply to educate through the religious faith which is already professed by the children. In the other case, the school has to break ground among a heathen population, has to destroy superstition while it imparts knowledge, and effect a conversion from idolatry while it leads gently to Christ. Such a difference being fully recognized, how stands the case? Why, what becomes of the children of native converts, now beginning to form a large class in the towns of India? Are no schools to be established for them? Are our principles, as to church and school, to be carried out in their case, or not? But even with reference to the children of heathens, it remains a question, whether the difference already acknowledged, *weakens* or *strengthens* the general view as to the necessity of a church being supported by a school? If the training of the young at home, in Christian principles, be so important, that the Church dares not let it go, how much more important surely it must be, when, but for such a training, the children will grow up besotted and degraded idolaters! If so much religious knowledge must be imparted by the schoolmaster at home, as to call for the superintendence of the Church, ought not even a larger measure of such knowledge be given to heathen children; and is not the call upon the Church for superintendence louder than before? Important as Christian schools are at home, there is no point in which they are less important in India; there are many in which they are more so; and it does seem to us that the Church cannot, with any consistency, maintain the cause of parish schools at home, at the very time when she is proposing to abandon her schools in Hindostan.

There are various other reasons which might be urged against such an abandon-

ment of Dr. Inglis' views, as was contemplated in the last report to the General Assembly. There is for instance this great advantage of schools over direct preaching, so often and eloquently urged at the Calcutta Conference, that whereas in preaching the gospel to the heathen you were hardly sure of the same congregation for a week together, in the schools you secured perfect regularity of attendance for months, perhaps for years. There is this strong testimony to the wisdom of Dr. Inglis, that whereas almost all other missions began without schools, and by denouncing the educational system, it is now the fact, as announced by Mr. Ewart at the Conference, (p. 68,) "That almost all, if not all, missionary bodies in this country (India) do engage to a greater or less extent in carrying on this branch of missionary operations." But we fear we have already more than exhausted our due limits upon this point, and we trust our readers will have little doubt as to the conclusion to which the Church ought to come.

We turn now to the question—how ought our missionary education in India to be conducted in future? On what principles?

The first great principle now, as it has been all along, must be the prominence of religious teaching. Nay, not only must religion be made prominent, it must be made to permeate the teaching of every class, and to infuse its spirit into the method of every teacher. On this point there are not two opinions in the Church. And it may happen, not a little to the surprise of some of our friends who were anxious to refuse the grants in aid, that our education in future will be more decidedly religious, more universally religious, than it has yet in some classes and in some respects been. We are not sure whether it may not be possible to achieve such a result.* As to the fear which has been expressed by some, that pupils will necessarily forsake our schools for those "Government institutions," where

Christianity will not be taught, we confess that it does not greatly affect us. Missionary societies have a unity and a vigour of action, which will in most cases lead them to originate schools in districts of the country, long before local heathen agency can accomplish the same end. Government have laid it down as a rule not to multiply schools unnecessarily in any place; and where one of our schools comes into direct competition with a government secular school, it will even then we believe be very much a question of comparative efficiency between the schools. A teacher who is himself a *Christian* in reality as in name, and whose love for the children will manifest itself everywhere in his school, need fear no such competition. We have had similar experiments tried at home. There are in Edinburgh two classes of Ragged Industrial Schools—one class founded by Mr. Robertson, Dr. Veitch, and Dr. Guthrie, (we give the names according to the dates at which the schools were founded,) and a school belonging to a different class, founded by Lord Murray. In the former class, the Protestant religion is taught to every child; in the latter it is not. The latter were founded from the fear that Roman Catholic parents would not allow their children to take advantage of the Protestant schools. And yet what have been the results? We believe it is, that at the Protestant schools there is always a large proportion of Roman Catholic children, while at the neutral schools, there is a large proportion of Protestant children. We do not wish to push the parallel too far between these cases and that of India. We believe it would be unjust to our prospects in India to do so. What was the number of children attending government schools in India, where only secular education is given, in 1853? It was about 30,000. And how many attended missionary schools, whose very object was to teach the Gospel, and which had no government influence in their favour, but the contrary? About 58,000, or nearly double the former number.* So that, in as

* "From the syllabus of studies for the Institution at Calcutta for 1856, it appears that there are twenty-two different classes; and that religion is taught in the highest twelve of them."—Statement by Acting Committee of the India Mission, August 7th 1856.

* The above figures are taken from an interesting collection of statistics in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for November 1856. We

far as the experience of the past can cast light upon the future, we have no reason to fear the competition of government seminaries, where secular education alone is given. The fact is, that even a mere secular education is incomplete, without a knowledge of religion,—so incomplete, that without it, there is not an English classic which could be understood;—so incomplete, that, in ignorance of the most powerful agent in civilisation, all modern history is a mystery which eludes and baffles study. Christianity is the greatest historical fact; the Holy Scripture is *the* Book of English classical literature: in ignorance of these, no one can be an educated man. We shall be anxious to observe the bearing of these truths on the future history of secular education in India. But this aspect of the Gospel, however important in its own place, is of course infinitely below that in which it claims to be, and ought to be,—the fundamental principle, and the all-pervading element, in the education to be given in our missionary schools.

Another matter of great importance, has reference to the *teachers* employed, and to be employed, in our educational institutions. These teachers may be European or native, and as to both classes, grave questions must be decided. It now, for instance, must be duly considered *whether all our European teachers must be ordained*. Matters are changed since the opening of the Mission. We take it for granted, (in the meantime,) that the Church is now to insist on having some missionaries in India, whose duty it shall be to preach directly to the natives. A separation must be made, more distinctly than was possible find, however, in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* for September 1854, the statement that, "by the latest returns, the scholars, male and female, in the missionary schools in India, exceeded 100,000." And in the Rev. J. Mullen's *Statistics of Missions in India*, (1857) the number at missionary schools is stated as about 100,000. However, we take the smaller number, as sufficient for our argument. The number of children at the government schools and colleges of all kinds, is estimated in the same No. of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer*, as "nearly a fourth part of those taught in mission schools," or about 25,000,

hitherto, between church and school. We must not forget that the schoolmaster in India is very much what a higher schoolmaster at home is. Five or six hours' labour during the day, must occupy almost his whole strength; and leave him unfit to perform other missionary duties. Is there, then, any necessity for insisting that every European teacher shall be ordained? It is not every day that a demand upon the licentiates of the Church for service in India, can be answered by the right man. The field of choice is narrow, and, of necessity, the best men will be secured for home work. But were our appointments in India, (all of them, except the rectorship of each institution,) thrown open to our parish schoolmasters and higher teachers—men who have devoted their lives to the art and theory of teaching—men who must be much better adapted to impart knowledge, than preachers who have never qualified at a Normal school, and never directed their attention to the subject;—men who have been engaged for years in imparting religion to the young in every class, and who, alas! cannot look for our Indian salaries in their parish schools,—were this done by the Church, we should secure at least two advantages. We should have a larger field from which to choose our men, and we should have all that previous training and experience, which, in no profession, are more desirable, than in that of a teacher.* At all events, this is a question which ought to be fully and fairly considered by the Church.

As to *native* teachers, again, there are several important questions. One great object of our educational institutions from the very first, was to train up natives for this honourable office. We have never yet, and perhaps wisely, given any of them an independent position as teachers. They have been, however, for long,

* How far are we behind other Churches in practical wisdom! While we are mooted this question for the first time, for some years back, the Church Missionary Society sent out, in 1853 and 1854, twelve trained teachers to India, and was training five more in the Highbury Institution.

engaged as assistants in our institutions in India. Their help is necessary, and the training to themselves is very valuable.* But there is one question concerning them which cannot be brought too prominently before the Church, and cannot receive too cautious a consideration. In an admirable letter from Mr. Hunter, our lately-appointed missionary for the Punjab, given in the Report to last Assembly (p. 8), we find the following sentence:—"Afterwards, native Christians might quietly collect small schools; but never employ heathen teachers." Employ heathen teachers in our missionary schools! will be the exclamation of many of the clergy and laity of the Church at home; and the wonder on their part will be, that Mr. Hunter should ever have thought of such a thing. But Mr. Hunter saw the system in practice, within our own schools, ere he mentioned it in so delicate a way. "The pupils attending the institution at Calcutta, and, it is believed, that the same may be affirmed of the other institutions, have been taught partly by the missionaries in connexion with the Church, partly by native converts to Christianity, and partly by heathen teachers. Last year the number of native teachers in this institution was about eighteen or twenty, and of these six were native Christian teachers (!) Strictly speaking, the native heathen teachers do not teach religion, but if, in the Elementary English reading books, portions of Scripture History, &c. occur, they may have to read those lessons with the pupils."†

This system, strange as it may seem, is very generally practised in the missionary schools in India. It must be resolved by the Church whether it is to continue in our institutions or not. Something may be said in its favour. It may be impossible to secure converts in sufficient numbers to undertake the office of assistant teacher. Yet, if fifteen young men could be ordained at Calcutta as

missionaries, in the opinion of one on whom the Committee were ready to rely (see Report to Assembly 1856, p. 14.) how many of these are engaged in the institution at Calcutta? Only six! What can be the explanation of this? The other remedies for such a state of things, are additional European teachers, or fewer pupils at the institution. Would not either be better than to have a large number of heathen teachers in missionary schools? The Association for Female Education in India adopted, for a time, the practice of the Assembly's mission, but they experienced bad effects from it, and announced, in a late report, that there is not now a heathen teacher connected with their schools. Other testimonies to the evil of the practice may be had in abundance. Thus, in a paper read at the Calcutta Conference by the Rev. B. Geidt of Burdwan, we are told (p. 139), that "other trials are caused by heathen teachers, who are generally deceitful, and seek to counteract the good impressions made on the children, saying, after we have left, 'Do not listen to what these Christians tell you, they are paid for it, and must talk of religion.' If a boy betrays any sign in favour of Christianity, he is immediately shut up, sent away, or some other trick is resorted to, to make him forget it." He goes on to say, that in a village these teachers are absolutely necessary. We cannot believe that it is so in towns. The Report to last Assembly (p. 14) gives evidence that it is not. As a farther illustration of the evils connected with these teachers, we give the following anecdote on unquestionable authority. In a vernacular mission school in the suburbs of Calcutta, the Bengali Catechism was being taught. It gave an explanation of the great doctrine of atonement, (a word, by the way, which, like many others, has an equivalent in use among the Hindoos to signify something very different from what it means in the Gospel system.) When the missionary was examining a class, he asked a girl the meaning of this word atonement. She replied at once, *worshipping and laying gifts at the feet*

* Some important hints as to native teachers, their qualifications, salaries, &c., may be found in Dr. Wise's Thoughts on Education in India, its object and plan, pp. 11, 12, 13.

† Statement by Acting Committee of the India Mission, August 1856.

of the Brahmins! The heathen teacher immediately went behind and knocked her on the shoulder in a very expressive way. The missionary said, very well—who told you that? Let our India Mission Committee lay to heart the answer—"It was the teacher, sir" (1) Are such teachers, then, to be continued in our mission schools? It is for the Church to determine this point for herself. Will there be one dissenting voice as to the course to be pursued?

It is also a question of much moment who the pupils in our institutions are henceforth to be. In the large presidency towns there are three classes of children, which must not be confounded together. There are the children of resident Europeans, who must receive education somewhere. There are the children of Indo-Europeans or Euro-Asians, that is, of Europeans who have inter-married with native women. These children are generally nominal Christians, but nothing more. And there are the children of native heathens and Mohammedans. Are our institutions to be open to all these children who may apply for admittance? Are the second class of children to be admitted? Or are our efforts to be confined to heathen and Mussulman children alone? The Calcutta city mission, modelled on the celebrated city mission of London, ministers to the mixed population of the capital of Bengal with great assiduity and with much success. Schools for their benefit, we believe, already exist in Calcutta. A few of them may be found attending our institutions in India. But seeing that henceforth there will be no want of schools in India for those who wish to attend them, and seeing that in the nature of things religious instruction suitable for the heathen mind must be given, which could not be suitable in the same degree for those who are already Christians by profession, it is a matter of doubt whether any children should be admitted save those of heathen or Moslem parents.

Again, the government despatch raises directly the question of *fees*. As a general principle, fees must be taken by all

those schools which may receive aid from government. The terms of the statement seem to leave a loophole for exceptional cases; and we should not despair of this point being yielded by government in instances where a strong claim might be put forward by a Mission Board. We have, indeed, heard much of late from influential quarters in the church against the system of fees as subversive of the principles of the Church's mission, as "converting the enterprise in which we propose to preach and teach the gospel, without money and without price, into a mere stipendiary of the natives whose welfare we seek." (Dr. Macfarlane's Speech, p. 18.) The *argument* here is not very formidable. The offer of the gospel "without money and without price," it is often overlooked, has reference to God's invitation to man; and not to the communication of the gospel from man to his fellows. In the latter case it is expressly told us that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," that if we give men spiritual things it is little that they give us in return carnal things. Such is the doctrine of the Holy Scriptures. It is not that contended for in the words of the speech now quoted. Neither do we act at home on the misapplication of the words "without money and without price." Our parish schools have religion as a pervasive element—are fees not charged in them? Our churches are for proclaiming the truth—are seat-rents unknown? Why, then, should fees not be charged at our missionary institutions? But fees have been charged at some of them for many years. It has been so at Madras. The following is a quotation from Dr Brunton's report to the Assembly in 1841.—"The youngest branch of your establishment, that of Madras, *has been from the first healthy and vigorous*. Here, from the first, the natives have not only been willing to receive a Christian education for their children, *but willing to pay for it*. They pay for their teaching—they pay for the Bible upon which that teaching is founded." Here, then, we have the practice for many years in force, and though it is no longer so in our institution there,

yet in 1841 we find that the results of the system had been to render our school vigorous and healthy.* Are our schools equally vigorous and healthy in this respect now? Is it a right state of things for some of the wealthy native, the wealthy merchants of Calcutta, to have their children educated free at our Institution, supported by the contributions of the poor man here? And in what can it be said to be an evil, if they shall be required to pay what they are both able and willing to do? We have no hesitation in saying, that it would enhance the value of the education received, and make it tell more effectively upon their moral nature. The experiment is not a new one even in Calcutta. The fears expressed by many as to the results have been put to the test. A Church of England mission school in Calcutta had long been conducted on the gratuitous principle. A year or two ago, when the attendance was nearly 300, it was proposed to exact a small fee. A great outcry was made in the local committee at the proposal; but, nevertheless, it was carried out. For a short time they lost about fifty children, but ever since the attendance has been much larger and much more regular than it was before. Another instance may be found in connection with the Ladies' Association for the Advancement of Female Education in India. Did Dr. Macfarlane know, when he read his speech in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, the following facts?

* It may be both interesting and important to put on record the manner of the change in this respect, and we are glad to be able to do so in the words of one who was on the spot at the time. "From the opening of the Institution on the 15th of July 1835, till the Secession in 1843, half a rupee, say 1s., was charged per month from each pupil, and paid in advance, and strictly exacted. After the Secession, my connection with the Institution ceased, till it was renewed again in connection with the Established Church in 1845. On its revival under Messrs Grant, Ogilvie, and Sheriff, we found that our Free Church friends had discontinued exacting the fee; and as fees never had been charged in Calcutta, we thought it right to fall into the gratuitous system also." We owe an apology for quoting without permission from this letter: but were unwilling to state these facts on our own authority. We are much mistaken if they will not be as new to the late convener of the India Mission Committee, as to many of the ministers of the Church.

More than a year ago, the "mixed school" in Calcutta, connected with that association, had an attendance of between twenty and thirty children. A fee of one rupee a month (2s.) was then charged by Mr. Yule. The attendance then remained stationary and regular at about twenty-five, and in last report L.19 are set down as received for work and fees during last year from the children of that school.* These are cases which should set at rest all difficulties as to charging fees. In fact such a charge is all the more necessary in our mission institutions, from the fact that the children attending them are chiefly Brahmins, and therefore well able to pay a reasonable fee.

One other point, and we are done. When a Hindoo is converted, it is well known that he is subjected to many trials and privations. He is disowned by his own family, and deprived of his former means of subsistence. He is even sometimes forcibly seized and abducted, that he may be beyond the reach of the hated missionaries. It is necessary, therefore, to provide him with refuge and shelter for a time. This has usually been done within the Mission compounds of the native churches. There, for a time, he is lodged free. It is evident that the utmost discretion is needed to prevent this becoming an evil of alarming magnitude. But this is not all. It has been deemed necessary, by those who manage our institutions and similar ones in other churches, to give a certain money grant to converts in addition to the quarters which are provided for them. In our own institution at Calcutta the allowance has hitherto been 8 rupees (16s.) a month. In other institutions there, converts are even better off. When we consider that the usual salary of a Brahmin in India does not exceed from 5 to 10 rupees (10s. to 20s.) a month, we begin to see this matter in its true light. In our humble opinion this system is utterly indefensible and utterly unnecessary, and all the more so when it is continued for years, as has been frequently the

* See also Report of Scottish Ladies' Association for Promotion of Female Education in India for 1855, p. 15.

case! Let this matter be sifted to the core. If our statements be not verified we are willing to bear the imputation of inaccuracy; but if they be strictly within the truth, then let the church at large take knowledge of them and determine whether such a system is to continue longer or not.

We have now touched on not a few of the great principles which underlie the educational branch of our India Mission. It will depend on the way in which our remarks are received, whether we proceed to the other proposed branch, which is not less important. We feel that we owe, in some sort, an apology for the introduction of such topics into this Magazine, whose pages are generally devoted to other subjects. We have given, for once, an exposition of the internal working of one of our missions, rather than an argument in its favour. Our excuse (if one is needed) must be the great importance of the theme, the peculiarity of the crisis, the absence of any other channel so suitable and so influential, the value of such discussions, if fairly conducted, to the Church at large, and the urgent need that all our members and friends should take an intelligent interest, not only in the objects, but in the principles and in the working of our missions. Did each man and each

woman make it a study to be informed of the nature of all our schemes, feel a personal concern in each one, do something individually, by gift, and persuasion, and most of all by prayer, to carry each on, we should soon be in a different state from that in which we are. Our want of liberality, of earnestness, of public spirit, of union, in a word, of godly piety, is lamentable indeed. "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." Oh for a dozen men more of the right spirit to lead our councils, and give an impetus to the Church! Oh for a blossoming of the waste places of Zion! Oh for a revival at home, alike among clergy and people, and then, but then alone, shall the missionary branches of the church blossom and flourish green on every side. How can we wonder that there is so little fruit, when there is so little life! But long though the winter be, let us hope that the days of spring will come at length, when ministers at home and missionaries abroad—when the Sabbath school and the mission school—when converted hearers in Scotland, and converted heathen in India, shall alike feel the inspiring breath of the one Spirit—when our wilderness shall be like Eden, and our desert like the garden of the Lord.

A CITY MINISTER.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH REFERENCE TO THE PROPOSED CHURCH UNION.

THE Editor, while he is glad to give publicity to the free expression of opinion contained in the communications which he has received, regarding the necessity of the proposed Union, cannot be held as responsible for these. He begs to thank his correspondents cordially for the interest which they have taken in his proposal. He has every hope that God will prosper it!

1.—From a Minister in Dumbartonshire.

"I have read with much satisfaction the proposal in this month's number of the *Christian Magazine*, for Christian Union and Conference among the ministers and members of our Church.

"We want something of the sort. We want it for our own sakes. We are too much isolated, and want opportunities for free and friendly counsel. We want to tell each other of our trials and our difficulties, of our plans and our progress; to encourage one another, and to make common stock of our ideas and experience in the great work in which we are engaged.

"Our Missions, too, are certainly not supported as they ought to be, and we want to get the people to take more interest in them. How little do the bulk of our communicants give or care for them!

"Very much is also needed to be done among our people, not only to awaken them to a missionary spirit, but for their own advancement in real vital godliness. I confess I have no sympathy with the frequent declamations about the great enlightenment and morality of our countrymen. My conviction is, increasingly, that ignorance and vice prevail far more widely than is commonly represented, and that, too, in even our most favoured rural districts. Something more, then, must be done than has hitherto been attempted, to elevate the standard both of general instruction, and especially of religious, and of home education.

"But for these and similar purposes, our Church courts are inadequate; perhaps, in some measure, from their very constitution, circumscribed as they are by forms and technicalities, and occupied so much with mere business and routine. We want something more expan-

sive, and less tied down to rule,—the elasticity, and the heartiness of a voluntary union among such as are like-minded, free from jealousies, and in earnest

"If a plan could be devised for accomplishing this object, I am sure that it would meet with support in many quarters; and that, with God's blessing, it might lead to great results. For myself, I would be thankful to avail myself of its benefits."

II.—From a Minister in Lanarkshire.

"It was after reading 'Unionist's' second article in the Christian Magazine of last month, that I thought it became me to express my approval of so desirable an object as the one to which he refers. I am but a young minister in the Church of Scotland, but young as I am I have seen and heard enough to lead me often to lament the want of unity that seemed to exist amongst us. Again and again have I said in the hearing of clerical friends, that our church had more to fear from the conduct of those within her pale, than from anything else beside. Our church has noble vantage ground; she possesses advantages peculiarly her own—advantages above every other church, and if this be the case, why does she not do more than she is doing? If the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church have done so much and are doing, verily we are in a far better position to do more. Is it not a fact that with all our strength we are yet weak, and why is this? Why was such a jealous, cross-grained spirit displayed in the last General Assembly meeting as was? When it was declared that two well-qualified men could be found who would go and visit Turkey, and furnish the Church with most desirable and useful information, and all this, too, without costing the Church one farthing; why was it not accepted? Why, too, is such a hostile and bitter feeling displayed at our Presbyteries and Synods as is often the case? Why is it, when some zealous minister, or worthy one, stands forth to propound some good scheme, or seek for aid to carry out some good plan, that he meets with so much opposition, and that in quarters the very last he would have expected it? Why don't our ministers change pulpits oftener? Why don't the people enjoy an opportunity of hearing the different ministers of which our Church is composed? To these and many other questions which might be put, we would ask, Why?"

"Good it would be for us if we had a little more of the worldly wisdom which other churches (whose names we shall leave here nameless) exhibit—if we could throw aside the narrow-mindedness and self-interest with which, I have reason to fear, many of us are infected—if we would meet more together, act more together, and combine more together. In short, if we would wish to see our Church maintain her dignified position, then it is becoming every day more and more apparent that something requires to be done in order to inspire into her that life, and unity, and zeal, which she needs. And if 'Unionist' can point out a way, or be the means of maturing a plan by which it shall be accomplished, he will merit well the praise of every well-wisher of our National Church."

III.—From a Minister in Dumfriesshire.

TO "UNIONIST."

"I have been greatly delighted with your two articles in the Edinburgh Christian Magazine, and with the letters which they have called forth, and I am not without hope that you have begun a movement which will put the Church in a right position, and do much for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

"I fully agree with one of your correspondents, that there is much excellent material both among the laity and the clergy of our Church; but there is little sympathy or co-operation, so

that what work is done, is done under the greatest discouragements. If these scattered forces were united, and the great power which we have in reserve called into action, the face of the country would soon be changed.

"We have, as a church, for years been cultivating so much the virtue of inertia, that one is often afraid to speak on church matters freely and strongly, even in a company where all are churchmen, as if somehow there is a secret consciousness and understanding that the Church has not been putting forth her strength and acting on the aggressive, and is not to do so. The 'let alone' spirit has been triumphant, quenching life and restraining zeal.

"I believe that such a meeting as you propose would do much to unite the little flames which are now burning almost unnoticed in different parts of the country into one general blaze, which would by and by enlighten and warm the whole Church. Its great object should be, and I have no doubt will be, to foster vital Christianity, to increase the number of God-fearing earnest Christian men and women among us, and to combine and direct our energies into appropriate channels; at the same time, as you hint, I believe it will generally be agreed that it should take the initiative in several great movements which are waiting to be taken up, and which have been waiting for years past. Hundreds of our ministers are not content with things as they are, but from day to day ponder over questions which should be taken up and solved in a different way from what they are at present, before our Church can take her proper position as an efficient National Church. It may do very well for a sect to be imperfect and one-sided, because it only contemplates supplying the religious wants of a portion of the community; but a National Church should be fully equipped, prepared to meet the wants and, as far as possible, the tastes of all.

"I believe that there are many points affecting the full equipment and well-being of the Church which are thought of in many manes throughout the land, but which our clergymen shrink, for many reasons, from bringing into the arena of Church courts. If the Church would shake itself free of some of its historical fetters, and do the best for the present time, it would be an unspeakable blessing. Permit me to mention a few things that have occurred to me as hostile to her efficiency and progress. And first of all with regard to our *Missions*, the position of which is now and has ever been discreditable to us, let General Assemblies say what they please. I am confident that it will never be much better—that we will never have a thoroughly missionary church—till two or three clergymen are separated from their charges, and set apart to attend to this work alone. The old machinery must be laid aside, and clergymen of ability and zeal appointed, who will manage matters in Edinburgh—conduct a Record—look out for suitable missionaries—and visit the principal towns to hold missionary meetings; men who will look round the world—north, south, east, and west—to discover what the Scotch Church ought to do, and where she ought to be represented, and who, when they have found out this, will go to work and have it done. Apart from the colonial and heathen mission fields, there are twenty places where we ought to have Scotch churches to-morrow, and where we might have them at very little expense and with a great return of strength and influence to the Church. There are the great military stations at home and abroad; there is Paris, with its four English churches, which are often so crowded that the British residents and visitors are only very partially accommodated; there is Brussels, with its fifteen thousand British, and no Scotch church, as a matter of course. I observed, a short time ago, in a Free Church newspaper, that the Scotch merchants in Singapore, belonging to this church and other Presbyterian bodies, agreed to write Dr. Guthrie, to send them out a clergyman whom he might think suitable,

from any of the denominations of this country. They might have known that the Dr. would make the selection from his own body; but if they had been aware that a Scotch Church clergyman would have had the advantage of Government pay and recognition, they would probably have applied to a different quarter. And since I have alluded to the Government, I may say that another matter in which we should move is, the insulting treatment which in certain quarters we receive from the powers that be, without either complaint or remonstrance from our Church courts. Look, for example, at the regulations for the payment of clergymen officiating to the troops. By a circular from the War Office, signed by Sydney Herbert, dated September 1854.—for 25 men to 10 men, clergymen of the Church of England are paid 10s. a head, a-year; Presbyterian clergymen are paid 7s. 6d., do.; and Roman Catholic clergymen, 5s. For 100 to 300 men, he who reads the Episcopalian prayer-book is paid 3s. a-head, a-year; the Presbyterian receives only 2s. do., do.; and the Romanist, 1s. 6d. do. From 300 men upwards the favoured individual gets 2s.; the Presbyterian, 1s. 4d.; and the other, 1s. Also, if there is no room in the church, and a separate service has to be given to the troops, in addition to the above, for each separate service the Episcopalian gets 1s.; the Presbyterian only 7s. 6d., and the Romanist, 5s. There has not been any circular issued since the above, so that it is the one now acted on.

"If the constituted authorities and leaders of this Church will not speak out on these topics, it is high time that somebody else, however obscure, should. Even on our own ground we do not retain our nationality. I happen to know, that not many weeks ago, a Scotch Episcopal minister, who considered himself aggrieved that a detachment of a Highland regiment, quartered in his neighbourhood, did not salute him when they crossed his path—wrote to the General and got relief—and this though the highlanders never went near his meeting-house. It would be an important matter, if somebody would give an account of the treatment which that denomination receives from the country. It complains most bitterly of its wrongs and grievances, while, all the time, there is an impression on many minds that it receives an attention and a consideration, which no other dissenting sect in the kingdom gets, and that the government try to give it a prominence which they never think of giving to our Church in England.

"Another matter which, it appears to me, the proposed union might advantageously take up, is the state of Presbyterianism in the British Colonies.

"East and west the schisms of our country are perpetuated abroad for no reason under the sun, except that we are divided here. The fruits of this in the colonies are most disastrous, and painful in the extreme to one who looks upon them with the feelings of a Scottish Christian and a Scottish patriot. It is sad to see brothers and sisters, who grew up together under the same roof-tree,—who crossed the sea in the same emigrant ship,—who settled in the same forest,—and endured together the hardships of the wilderness,—not speaking to each other now because of the accursed, for I can call them nothing else, the accursed schisms of this country. Scottish society is disrupted abroad. The deadly leaven manifests itself at North British Societies,—at Burns' festivals,—and St. Andrew's day commemorations,—and wherever Scotchmen meet together. A Canadian clergyman was once telling me of the delightful gathering they used to have on St. Andrew's day, when the Scotchmen, after perambulating the town with flags and banners, met in the church, where he preached them a sermon, urging them to remember the land and the church of their forefathers, and to hand down to posterity, that devout character, and that pure and spiritual worship, which they had inherited from

such worthy sires. I asked him if this was still continued. He shook his head, and said with a sigh,—that 1843 had put an end to it all. Since that date many of the more quiet and peace-loving, belonging to the better class, have gone to other communions, thus renouncing their church and their nationality for ever,—for a Scotchman is no longer a Scotchman, when he ceases to be a Presbyterian. If I were an Episcopalian, as I am a Presbyterian, I would believe that God had shattered Presbyterianism into fragments, to prepare the way for the triumph of Episcopacy throughout the colonial world. The great reason why this state of things is continued in the colonies, is because each party holds it a sacred duty to be loyal to their party at home, and cherishes a resolution never to do anything that might seem to savour of treason and apostasy. But let the desirableness of union in the colonies be favoured in this country,—let a few of the leading men of the different denominations at home, meet together, apart altogether from church courts, and recommend their different branches to unite on honourable terms, that would be quite enough, and before many years Presbyterianism would be united and triumphant in every colony of the empire. Might not this proposed convention have the honour, for honour I think it would be, of starting such a movement?

"There is another topic that suggests itself to my mind, as demanding serious attention,—the intense rigidity of our whole church system. I think rigidity, or red-tapism, or putting the letter above the spirit, or whatever you may call it, is one of the greatest curses of the Church of Scotland.

"For example, humdrums, and worse than humdrums, pass Presbyteries every day, but let a man, converted, say, in middle life,—with the genius and zeal of the apostle Paul, and a far finer scholarship than most men in the Church, present himself as a candidate for the ministry, and he will be told, that he must enrol in the 'Junior Latin,' and poke through eight years at one of the Universities before he can 'get his mouth open.' Many who would have been ornaments to the church of their country, and most faithful ministers of Christ, have thus been driven to other denominations, or repelled from a profession on which their hearts were set. I believe that, a few years ago, two graduates of an English University, who were ready to take orders in their own church, but who were unwilling to do so on account of its popish tendencies, made overtures to some of the leaders of our Church, asking what would be necessary to qualify them for reception into her ministry.

"They were told that they must attend the divinity hall for four years, and this, as might have been expected, prevented them from troubling the Church of Scotland any further. I have myself known several professional men, of very high qualifications, in every point of view, who have been repelled by a course of study which is not to be thought of after a man is thirty, and which does not after all produce scholars to be named in the same day with the clergy of the Church of England, whose course is not half so long. The rigidity of our Church is such that we would not even employ as missionaries to the heathen, the most pious and accomplished men, unless they were up to the mark in point of formal qualifications.

"There are other home questions of which I would willingly say something,—such as the necessity of having some theological fellowships to encourage higher learning,—the paucity of clerical agency in the large towns, and the plan of increasing this by each city parish minister having three or four assistants, as is the case in England,—the devotional equipment of the church, &c., but I fear I have already written at too great length. Trusting that having put your hand to the plough you will not look back.—I am, yours,

Sermon.

By the Rev. ARCHIBALD NISBET, Minister of St. Stephen's, Glasgow.

"Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss."—JAMES iv. 3.

PRAYER is an essential part of religious worship, and an essential element of a religious life. Without prayer we do not serve God, and without prayer the spiritual life of a soul cannot exist. In the exercise of it, we at once perform a duty towards God, giving to His name the glory that is due to it, and we enter into the enjoyment of a privilege, the greatest to which a creature and a sinner can be called.

There are two points of view in which we may consider this holy exercise, and beholding it in either of which it stands out as the greatest instrument whereby we can acknowledge God to be the great, and blessed, and merciful God, that he is; while, in the same view, it is the most blessed and precious instrument of our salvation. *First*, Prayer is communion with God, and in the time spent in prayer the moments of heaven on earth are gathered into one. In this view, it is a glorifying of God; for whilst we engage in this exercise, we acknowledge God's presence as a most glorious and blessed presence in itself, to which we gladly flee from the darkness and misery of the world, by which we seek to be delivered from these, and in which we profess it to be our desire to dwell for ever. We acknowledge that except here, there is nowhere that the soul finds what its nature seeks after, viz., righteousness, and peace and joy; but that here these are found in infinite abundance. In the same view, prayer is a great instrument of salvation. For if there be sanctification any where, it must be in the vision of God's righteousness, and peace, and joy, which we, beholding as in a glass, are changed into the likeness of.

The other view of prayer, is that of petition, whereby we receive the bless-

ings that we need. Equally in this view is prayer a glorifying of God. For in asking Him to bless us, we acknowledge that the power to do so is in His hand alone, and that His heart is satisfied in answering the petitions which we offer. And is it not a privilege that we are permitted to offer our petitions? Could there be a greater privilege than that a man in his sorrows can tell God of them, and ask Him for comfort—in his weakness make it known to God, and ask Him for strength, or tell Him of his want in the sure hope of having it supplied?

In every age, however, the question has been asked: what profit shall we have if we pray unto Him? The world has doubted and denied the reflex influence of prayer to sanctify the heart, but chiefly the world has denied that prayer is answered. The world cannot see the answer nor recognize the blessings given in answer to their supplications to many who pray, and hence they are continually asking: what profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?

More than this: if we go to many who pray, and ask what profit their prayers have been to them, whether they have been consciously answered, and whether themselves are consciously enjoying needed blessings, granted in answer to their supplications, too many, if they answer truly, must reply that nothing of the kind has been the case in their experience: and thus there seems reason for the world's doubt and scoff.

Look at the matter nearer however. Now God has not promised to answer *all* prayer, or to give men the very blessings they ask. In the very nature of things it could not be otherwise. There is a limitation to His promise and our

petitions, within which His faithfulness still remains true, and our prayers are fully answered. The master cannot give the servant all that he asks. The parent cannot give the child all that he asks, conveniently either with his own dignity or the child's profit. The deeper his love, the greater his wisdom, the more watchful will the parent be over the petitions which his child offers. He will restrain him often in his desires, and refuse him often in his sorest urged requests; much more is it needful, in the very nature of things, that God should not grant every desire and request of his creatures, but should set a bound within which we may pray, and He may answer us. This is just what God has done. The prayer was never unheard or unanswered, which was uttered within that bound. We do ask and receive not; but the reason is, that we ask amiss.

My subject is the right spirit and manner of prayer.

I. One hindrance to our prayers being heard and answered is frequently the *insincerity* of them. Insincerity pervades often the whole exercise of prayer, as well as each single petition which we utter. Hollow words proceed from our lips, but the spirit is silent before God; or if it have a voice in His presence at all, it is that the things may not be granted for which request has been made in words. Do you think that there is no such prayer as this? Consider the careless manner in which men come forward to the exercise, and the carelessness which they manifest whilst engaged in it! I appeal to your own experience;—Do men think seriously for even the shortest space of time, on each occasion, before they begin to pray, what the wants of their souls are; and seek to feel that these exist deeply and truly, and realize them anew in something of the power in which they were felt when most pressing? Or is there even present to their consciousness a strong general sense of want? Have they the deep conviction that there is a great void in their souls, felt but not compassed, known but not comprehended, which they cannot themselves fill, but which must be filled up,

and with which they come to God? With few is it thus. Few pause to feel the troubled beat of the heart, under the load of sin, before they utter the words, "God be merciful." Few stop an instant to look inward upon the polluted heart, and then, under a sense of their vileness, say to God: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than the snow;" words the answer to which is always heard, when they are sincerely uttered, "I will, be thou clean." Nor is it because they look back upon the past day, and are conscious of their feebleness and frailty throughout every hour and action of it, that many say, "Lord make thy grace sufficient for us, and perfect thy strength in our weakness." Nothing of this is the case at all. On the contrary, the words are uttered thoughtlessly, and many seem hardly to know the meaning of them, even whilst they are using them.

If it be true that men are thus careless in regard to the petitions which they utter, it is as true that they are equally so in regard to the nature of the Being to whom these are presented. Few say to themselves, before they go to engage in prayer: "I go to stand before God, to speak face to face to Him, to make requests to Him." Few come into the house of prayer with a heart full of the thought that God is sufficient for all our wants, that we can ask nothing which He *cannot* give, and which He *will not* give, in so far as may be convenient for His own glory and the good of the suppliants themselves. Few realize God's presence even in His own temple. The presence of man fills our eyes too much, and the thoughts of our hearts do not go far above or beyond the wanderings of our senses.

How can there be sincerity in such prayers as these? What are words, uttered so lightly, worth before God or man? When any one truly desires some good thing from another, he has always a clear conception of what that good thing is; and when he comes with the words of petition to him from whom he expects it, he has always the blessing vividly before him in all its power to do him good, and

his own estate deeply felt at the moment in all the misery of being without the blessing. And yet it is not so when we pray to God, and when we ask for the spiritual blessings without which our eternal lives perish. Do you call it prayer, then, when mere words of petition are uttered with the lips? Will you say that God has forgotten to be faithful because such words of petition are not answered? Are the blessings of heaven to be had without one sincere desire after them, whilst earthly blessings are pursued with the whole heart and life? Are they so trifling and worthless in themselves that we need not pant after them, or that they are dearly enough gotten at the expense of a few idle, careless words? Was it thus that they were purchased for you? or are the idle, careless words of a man more than the broken body of Jesus? the prayer of the hypocrite more than the tears, and blood, and sweat of the Son of God? Does the same Jesus need still to plead our cause in heaven, interceding for each blessing by the presence of His past sorrow and suffering, and will you ask thus carelessly and love thus coldly the purchase of His death, and the blessing of his pleadings? Or do you imagine that God is deceived by your words, or that he takes them for prayer? You do not see him, but do you think he does not look upon you, yea, and search you through and through? How can you adore and worship a God of whom you have such low thoughts? Plainly you are either mocking your own hearts or your God; nay, you are mocking both. Do you not tremble lest an answer should be uttered in the voice of the thunder, and come to your hearts in the stroke of the lightning? Are you not astonished at His long-suffering forbearance which has never yet given you this reply? No wonder men receive not when they ask, if this be the manner of their asking. And yet this is all the prayer of too many. In offering such, I believe that men often do not know the insincerity of their hearts, and the mockery which they put upon God. They feel a certain quieting of conscience after the performance of the bodily service, and take no

time to consider that they have not received an answer. All this goes on day after day, until men do not look for an answer; but through the mere force of habit, or to keep their consciences quiet within them, they continue to utter with their lips words which sound like a prayer, and to bow in an attitude before God which seems like worship.

II. A second hindrance to our prayers being answered, is the *carnality* of them. I mean by this, that we chiefly desire and pray for, not so much spiritual as temporal blessings; that we are too solicitous for the one, and too heedless in regard to the other.

The great blessing which we should be found praying for, both to ourselves and others, is *sanctification*. We are not at liberty to pray for any blessing either to ourselves or others, except such as shall have for its immediate effect to sanctify us; and the measure of earnestness to be used in asking God to grant the blessing ought just to be according to the measure in which it would accomplish this end. We are taught the spirituality of all right prayer by the deep and pervading spirituality of that form which has been delivered by Jesus; and equally by every prayer of God's saints which we find recorded in Scripture.

Such is not the character, however, of men's prayers in general. And this is true, not merely of those who make prayer a form but of many who are praying in sincerity. Even these too often desire blessings which are only or in a great measure carnal in themselves; or desire the blessings without seeking above all that sanctification which is the will of God concerning us. It is the blessing itself, and for the sake of its results upon the present life, which they desire and pray for, not because thereby a heart shall be taught more of God, led more *unto* Him, and made more *like* him. When we use that petition at the close of the Lord's Prayer, "deliver us from evil," what is the sense most generally put upon it? Is it not this chiefly, that we may be saved from all outward danger and all evil of this world that could come upon us, if the hand of God were

not as a hiding-place around us? We may add to this a desire to be delivered from the evil one's temptations, and to be saved from falling into sin and to be led in the paths of righteousness: but in how few hearts does this thought rise first, is this desire the strongest and deepest, or is this prayer the one in which the soul spends itself? To prove that it is so, I ask, would we be content to suffer pain and the loss of worldly goods, if our souls might be delivered from evil? Would we consider that God had granted us the desire of our hearts and the prayer of our lips if, while some great worldly calamity in body, or mind, or estate came upon us, yet still our souls stood strong upon the Rock of Ages, delivered and saved amid the evils and temptations of the spiritual world, growing in grace, and in likeness to God, in proportion as the world and the things of the world were passing away from us? Oh, no! few of us could think so in deed and in truth! May we be saved from the trial. No, "save me O God from spiritual evil, from sin, and the snares and assaults of the evil one: save me unto a nearer communion with thee, and a growing likeness unto thee: but first and above all, save, that no calamity of this world come near my dwelling, and that no hand of evil be laid upon this frail body of mine." Some such words as these too truly express the meaning of their hearts, when even many good men use the petition, "Deliver us from evil."

If such our prayer for ourselves, not different is our prayer for others. What we look on as the first and chiefest good for ourselves, we cannot but consider best for them also. Hence our prayers for our friends are carnal also; we deprecate present evil more than eternal, and pray for worldly good more than heavenly. When we go into the house of affliction, do we grieve more that the hand of God is laid heavy upon those whom we love, or because there was that found in them which needed to be chastened and subdued by the present sorrow of an anguished heart? Would we be willing to leave ourselves and them in the hand of God, till his holy purpose

was effected by suffering; or would we rather that his hand were removed, even though the evil still remained there, in the heart, where His eye saw it, and whence he would have cast it forth? Is not our prayer for the afflicted, that they may be comforted more than that they may be sanctified? Are we not too earnest in seeking consolation without making sure that sanctification will come along with it? Do we not forget too much that no true comfort can be given except in so far as the high end of sorrow has been wrought out? Hence it is that many afflicted ones pray, and friends pray with them, and the Church lifts up her voice on their behalf; and yet they receive not. The truth is, we are often asking amiss: for instead of committing such to God, and praying that themselves may have a willing spirit given them, instead of seeking that he would work his own will in them; we are rather desiring that they might be delivered from the hands of God, and given back again to the world! Do not think, however, that I say you are not to ask comfort and deliverance for the afflicted:—but it is only through their submitting to God's will, and yielding themselves for the fulfilment of His purpose in them. When such is our prayer, we shall not ask in vain; but present shall be added to spiritual blessings, and a holy, strong and joyful people arise from under the hand of God, to go forth into the world and declare His name unto their brethren.

The selfishness of our prayers is the last hindrance to their being answered which I shall mention. I mean by this that we pray for blessings merely in order to enjoy them, without having respect to the use which should be made of them, and to the glory of God which they are given us to promote. In every action of our lives we ought to glorify God, and by every means in our power. We were created for this end, and it is in faithfully yielding ourselves to serve it that we reach the highest blessedness of which we are capable. Everything must render itself back to God, and every intellectual creature consciously come forth out of self to expend all its existence in

the praise of God. There is none worthy to be praised but God, none on whom a life given by Him may be expended with all its powers and energies except on himself. To set up another before our eyes, whom to glorify, whose pleasure to seek, whose will to obey, whose desires to gratify, this is idolatry, and the worst as well as the commonest idolatry is when that other is *self*. Man's selfishness is a very subtle evil, which enters into his holiest services, and works in the midst of these as much as in his most ordinary affairs of the world. A man can be selfish as much when he is professing and seeming to serve God as when he is openly and avowedly pursuing his own desires. And many are so. Consider how *peculiarly unchristian* such service is! The very purpose of Christianity is to deliver us from selfishness, and bring us into a kingdom all whose duties and services are fully performed when we *love*. The Son is the manifestation of the Father's love, and by the manifestation of His own He seeks to win us to lay aside our natural selfishness, and spend our lives for God and one another. Self-renouncement is therefore the one rule and end of the Christian life; it must enter into every duty and every service, and by it these are acceptable through Jesus. Of such self-renouncing Jesus is our example in prayer as in every other part of the life of love. For, are not the beginning and end of that mysterious act of worship in which he engaged in the night in which he was betrayed summed up in the one petition: "Father, glorify thy name; glorify thy Son, *that thy Son also may glorify Thee.*" What an example here of self-renouncing! of one whose very being and soul and heart were so consumed with the desire that God might be glorified that in the hour of His own utmost need he offered in prayer only the one petition, "Father, glorify thy name." What a rebuke of the deepest desires that lie in the hearts of his followers; and what a condemnation of many a prayer that is closed with the name of Jesus! For, even in asking spiritual and heavenly blessings how selfish are we! Is it, for example, that we may know in

our own hearts anew the forgiving love of God, and being filled therewith may shew it forth in all our ways, that we pray for the pardon of our sins? Is it not rather in a trembling fear of being summoned to judgment, and sent thence to hell? Is it that with clean hands and pure hearts, full of the energy of love, we may serve God in every duty, that we pray for the cleansing blood to be sprinkled on us, and the Holy Ghost to be given us? Or is it merely because we know, and tremble in the thought of it, that without these we cannot enter into or partake of the joys of heaven? In one word, in asking God to bless, do we seek to have that with which we may serve Him, or do we think of nothing but salvation from threatened wrath, and entrances for ourselves into promised bliss? We dare not deny that there is too little conscious regard paid to God and the duty which we owe Him, even when we are placing ourselves in the position of suppliants at the footstool of His throne. And so many an *earnest* prayer is unanswered, and few receive the full deep reply of the Spirit, manifested in the conscious peace and joy and strength shed into their hearts from heaven.

Such are three hindrances to our prayers being answered. What is the conclusion of the whole? Many think, or appear to think, that if they can do no other act pertaining to the Christian life, they can at least pray; they acknowledge that they need guidance and strength for everything else, but they can *pray* without help; few feel the need of the Holy Spirit to assist their supplications, and plead within their hearts with groanings which cannot be uttered. Let us be taught henceforth that we cannot even pray unless the Spirit help our many infirmities, and, teaching us the will of God, teach us what we ought to ask; let us be henceforth more consciously dependent upon Him in the exercise of this duty, and more earnest in asking His presence and His guidance; *then* we shall ask and we *shall* receive, we shall seek and we *shall* find, we shall knock and it *shall* be opened to us.

THOUGHTS ON THE PERSON OF JESUS CHRIST.

(Continued from page 225.)

THE object of my last "Thoughts" on the Person of Christ—a doctrine which involves the whole matter of the Christian religion—was to prove (1) that Jesus himself unequivocally asserted His divinity; (2) that He was understood at the time to have done so, both by his *friends*, who admitted his claims as true, and by his enemies, who rejected them as blasphemous; (3) that, unless divine, He asserted what, as a man, he knew to be falsehood, and as a Jew, especially, to be blasphemy, and was therefore a wicked impostor who has deceived the world. But, on the other hand, if (4) we cannot believe Him to have been either deceived or a deceiver, we must conclude that what he uttered was the truth.

But much remains to be said upon this all-important topic, to which I again request the candid attention of my readers.

Let us, then, consider the person of Christ in another light, as it was *seen by the apostles*. What did they believe regarding Him? Yes, or nay, did they recognise Him as divine?

Before quoting from their writings, I must again remind my readers, in a single sentence, of the previous education of these remarkable men, in what may be termed the grand fundamental principle of the Mosaic legislation,—viz., the maintenance of the worship of the one God, and the proscription of polytheism. Idolatry was a crime against God and the state, and was punished by death. All images, even of the true God, were forbidden; the very name of Jehovah was defended from profanity and blasphemy. He who was guilty of such iniquity, was stoned to death. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me!"—"Thou shalt fear this glorious name, the Lord thy God!"—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." These are the solemn and oft-repeated commands which were engraven on the spirit of every Israelite.

Now, keeping this in view, let us hear some of the things said by the apostles about this person, Jesus of Nazareth.

We shall begin with *Paul*. His education was, if I may so speak, intensely Jewish. He was "a Hebrew of the Hebrews."—"After the strictest sect of his religion, he lived a Pharisee." So devoted was he to "the religion of his fathers," so entirely one in his views of Christianity with the priesthood and men of authority, both civil and ecclesiastical, in Judea, that he thus describes his feelings with reference to Jesus:—

"I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which thing I also did in Jerusalem: and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief priests; and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them. And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and compelled them to blaspheme; and, being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them even unto strange cities."—ACTS xxvi. 9-11.

Paul had never seen Jesus while he lived on earth, yet suddenly, and to the utter astonishment of friends and foes, he becomes a believer in his name, and ever after, for thirty years, until his death, preaches that name as the only one given whereby men can be saved. Now, what did Paul say of the dignity of this person? A full reply to this question can be given only by reading every one of his epistles, and there seeing how saturated they are with the Divine Presence of Jesus in every thought, every doctrine, every command, and every hope; and how His name occupies a place which that of no mere creature could occupy without manifest blasphemy. But a very few passages, out of many, may be selected from two or three of his shortest letters, to illustrate his teaching. In writing to the Philippians he says:—

"Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto

death, even the death of the cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—PAUL. II. 6. 11.

To the Colossians he writes:—

"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light: who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son; in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins: who is the image of the invisible God, the first-born of every creature: for by him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him; and he is before all things, and by him all things consist; and he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the first-born from the dead; that in all things he might have the pre-eminence: for it pleased the Father, that in him should all fulness dwell: and (having made peace through the blood of his cross) by him to reconcile all things unto himself; by him, I say, whether they be things in earth, or things in heaven. And you, that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh through death, to present you holy, and unblameable, and unreprouvable in his sight."—COL. I. 12-22.

In the same spirit he says to Timothy:—

"And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious: but I obtained mercy, because I did it ignorantly in unbelief. And the grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief. Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting. Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen. . . . And, without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."—I TIM. I. 12-17; III. 16.

Once more, when addressing *Hebrews*, he says:—

"God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken

unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who, being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high; being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they."—HEB. I. 1-4.

Could Paul, I ask, have written in such language as this, or anything approaching to this, unless he *believed* Christ to have been divine, in the fullest sense of that word? But believing this with all his heart, his whole life and preaching were consistent with such a belief. He preached Jesus as the person whom all men were to love and obey as God, confide and rejoice in as in God, and to whom they were to commit themselves, both soul and body, for time and for eternity, as to God. What he wished others to do, he himself did. For what was the source and strength of his life? "The life I live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." "I live—yet not I—Christ lives in me." "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." What was the one object of his holy ambition? "That I may win Christ!" What was his heaven? "To be with Christ!" And after thirty years passed in his service, and after having endured such sufferings as never fell to the lot of one man, so far from uttering the language of disappointment or regret, as of one whose early convictions had not stood the test of experience, but had failed to sustain him when most needed, he thus writes, with calm confidence and perfect peace, in his old age, and from a prison, to his dear friend and follower, Timothy:—

"For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed; for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also. Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry. For I am now ready to be offered,

and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." "At my first answer no man stood with me, but all men forsook me: I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me; that by me the preaching might be fully known; and that all the Gentiles might hear: and I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion. And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom: to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."—2 TIM. I. 12; II. 2-3; IV. 5-8, 16-18.

Was that man the dupe of his own fancy, and deceived in his faith and hopes? or was he the ignorant deceiver of others?

Moreover, let it be remembered that, with this mighty truth, as with a hammer, Paul went forth to destroy the idolatries of the world, and gave them such blows, that in Europe they finally tottered and fell. But did he then only substitute one idolatry for another?—did he preach to Greece and Rome love and obedience to a man,—a better man, possibly, than any of the persons whom they worshipped, but still a mere creature like themselves? Hear Paul's memorable and glorious words to the Athenians, and believe this if you can.

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God, that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed any thing, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things: and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because He

hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead."—ACTS XVII. 22-31.

If from Paul we turn to the other apostles, we shall recognise the same convictions regarding the person of Jesus. Let us hear, for example, some of the declarations of the Apostle John:—

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without Him was not any thing made that was made. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through Him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth."—(John I. 1-14.) "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."—(John XX. 31.)

"And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true; and we are in Him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God, and eternal life."—1 JOHN V. 20.

"Jesus Christ, who is the faithful Witness, and the first-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood. And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen. Behold, He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him. Even so, Amen. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And, being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down

to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death."—Rev. i. 5-8, 10, 12-18.

Could John have written such things of a mere man? Could a pious Jew have done so without conscious blasphemy? And can we believe that John was an idolater or blasphemous?

We think it, then, established to the satisfaction of every candid man, that the apostles *believed* that Jesus of Nazareth was divine. I am not asserting, at present, that what they believed was true in fact, but only that they in fact believed this to be true. And here I might inquire, whether there was anything then in their personal knowledge of Christ which would have suggested such a thought to those men? We have seen that the grand lesson of their education as Jews was, "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God is one Lord; and thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy might." Whatever other faith or worship did not harmonise with this was idolatry, deadly to soul and body. It is true that, with the exception of Paul, all the apostles had seen Jesus in the flesh, and John specially pleads for his humanity, a fact which, as well as his divinity, we have yet to consider, and presses it home with every form of expression. "That," says he, "which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life." But were we to lay aside all supernatural or miraculous evidences of our Lord's person, what was there in His life which could have produced this impression, or awakened this strange conviction of his divinity? Not surely his lowly birth, nor the long years in which he was known as the carpenter's son; not the sorrow and grief with which

he was familiar, or the real though sinless infirmities to which he was subject; not the reception he met with from his countrymen, or the death by which his short earthly career was ended! What was there in such an earthly life, so intently human, to convince such true, thoughtful, godly, men as the apostles that this man was one with the Holy One of Israel, the Almighty Creator of the heavens and the earth, 'one to be loved and revered as God? Yet such was the conviction of John, who lent upon his bosom at the last supper, watched him in Gethsemane, beheld him in the Judgment Hall, and stood by him at the Cross! Such was the faith of Paul, who never saw him in the flesh, or ever heard his voice while he tabernacled among men. But if the alleged supernatural facts in the Bible are true, we can easily account for those convictions, but not otherwise. Notice, therefore, that along with the revelation of the one living and true God, there was a remarkable preparatory education of the pious Jew, in another "Lord," who was one with God in the mysterious unity of the Godhead, and yet a distinct *person*—a person in the full sense which we attach to that word; so that as such He addresses God, and God Him, and each using the personal epithets of *I* and *thou*. This preparatory education for the reception in due time by the world of the crowning fact of all revelation, God manifest in the flesh, is too large a subject to discuss here. I would only direct the attention of the thoughtful reader to those remarkable appearances, from time to time, in a visible and human form, of one who has the incommunicable names of Jehovah and the "Lord" given to Him, while at the same time another Being, as it were, God the Father, remains unseen and unrevealed. (Read, for example, Genesis xviii. 1, 2; 13-17; 22. Exodus xxxiii. 20; xxiv. 9-11. Ezekiel i. 26-28. Matthew xxii. 23.) We may quote at length one of those passages:—

"Then went up Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel; and they saw the God of Israel: and there was under his feet as it were a paved work of a sapphire-

stone, and as it were the body of heaven in his clearness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel he laid not his hand: also they saw God, and did eat and drink."

There was thus a greater preparedness by God in the minds of the apostles, as Jews, for the reception of such a fact as God manifest in the flesh, than they were themselves properly conscious of. But not until the Spirit of God was poured down at Pentecost, enabling them to take into their minds, and grasp the whole life of Christ, in connection with all that had been revealed of God regarding that "Lord" who was promised as man's Saviour, and who, before coming to earth in fulness of time, to unite himself to man in man's nature, had ever been the only Mediator between God and man; not, I say, until the whole past was thus seen in the light of truth, was Jesus recognised as "the glory of the Father," and as the person to whom Moses and the prophets gave witness.

How beautifully harmonious were the facts of this person's life when thought of as "Emmanuel, God with us!" These, when "called to remembrance," were such as must have confirmed and established the faith of the apostles. If there were evidences of a humility belonging to him as man, there were equal evidences of a dignity which belonged to him as God. He was born in a stable, laid in a manger, but wise men from the East, guided by a star, came to worship Him, and to present Him with kingly offerings, while the hosts of heaven announced his birth with songs of rejoicing! During his life, while he submitted to every trial and temptation to which humanity was liable, "that in all things he might be like his brethren," yet never was evidence wanting of a dignity and glory which seemed divine. He was hungry, but fed thousands; wearied and asleep amidst the storm, but he rebuked the winds and waves, so that there was a great calm; he was tempted of the devil for forty days, but Satan did homage to his dignity by offering him as a bribe the kingdoms of the world, while his grandeur was revealed in the command, "Get thee

behind me, Satan." He was so poor that pious women ministered to him of their substance, and so sorrowful, that he often wept; yet he dried the tears of thousands, healed all who came to him of every disease, and by a word of power raised the dead, even when corruption had begun to do its loathsome work. He had his days of darkness when he could say, "Now is my soul troubled;" yet a voice from heaven even then witnessed to his glory. He washed the feet of his disciples, yet it was at the moment when, "knowing that God had given all things into his hands, that he came from God, and went to God!" Hedied and was buried, but while, during all the hours which marked that saddest of all tragedies, there were signs of human woe and weakness, as if "himself he could not save," yet what signs of dignity and superhuman majesty! He was addressed on the cross as a king by a dying criminal, and as a king he promised to save him; while the darkened sky, the rending rocks, and all the august circumstances which attended his humiliation, proclaimed with the centurion, "Truly this was the Son of God!" He lay in the grave, and his body received the tears and affectionate ministrations of attached friends; but an angel descended and rolled away the stone,—the Roman guard became as dead men,—"the Lord is risen indeed!" and appeared to his disciples, and so overcame the unbelief of Thomas by His very presence bearing the marks of his human sufferings, that he fell down and worshipped him, saying, "My Lord, and my God!" Jesus remained on earth for forty days, and we still "behold the man." He conversed familiarly with his apostles, eat and drank with them, and instructed them in the things pertaining to His kingdom. But he ascended to heaven before their eyes, while angels announced his second coming, and soon the descent of the Holy Ghost, with the great ingathering to the Church which followed, testified to the truth of the apostolic missionaries, that Jesus was the Son of God, and that all power was given to Him in heaven and on earth!

Now, in all this eventful history, there

was that very combination of earth and heaven, of the human and superhuman, which received an interpretation from the fact of Christ's divine and human nature,—a history, too, which, when taken in connection with the previous Old Testament record, of God's revelation of himself to man as the unseen Jehovah, yet the seen Adonai, the superhuman and unknown "I am," yet the human and known personal Lord and Mediator, who conversed with the patriarchs, appeared to the children of Israel, and guided their destinies, must have prepared the minds of the apostles, along with the holy life and positive declarations of Jesus, to have at last accepted with such profound

conviction and deep joy the mysterious fact of Christ's divinity, the very thought of which, without some such overwhelming evidence, must have been to them a blasphemous idolatry. They believed, because they had sufficient grounds for their belief. Nor can we think that those who rejected the claims of Jesus, and executed Him as a blasphemer who deserved to die, were right, and that the apostles, who acknowledged him as one with God, were wrong, and that such faith has been put to shame.

But this subject is far from being exhausted, and we shall return to it in our next number.

(To be Continued.)

SPIRIT OF MODERN UNITARIANISM IN AMERICA.

We have had lying beside us for some time an extract from an American Unitarian periodical, which may be appropriately printed after the preceding article. It will show that there is a party in the Unitarian body in America which is not to be confounded with Theodore Parker and his friends. It is to be hoped that this party will increase, until the whole body will be pervaded by the serious and conscientious spirit which characterises these extracts. It is a most encouraging fact that there is such a party, and that it contains men who have the courage to speak as Mr Huntingdon does.

"Within the denomination known as Unitarian, there are those who accept Christianity as a dispensation of Divine grace, and not a development of human reason; as having, for its specific and peculiar power, a special, supernatural redemption from sin, in Christ Jesus, and not merely an unusual measure of natural wisdom or love. They believe in Christ as literally and verily 'God manifest in the flesh,' all power being given unto him in heaven and on earth; as the eternally begotten Son of God, his mode of oneness with the Father being a glorious and gracious mystery, transcending knowledge by the very conditions of the case; and as the ever-living present Head of the Church, and personal Intercessor for his disciples. They believe in the univer-

sality of the need of a spiritual renewal in human hearts, through repentance, forgiving grace, and the salvation in Christ. They believe that the cross of the Redeemer is the world's only hope; all everywhere who are saved being saved through the spiritual administration and headship of the Son of God over the entire race, consciously or unconsciously operating. They believe in prayer as a veritable asking and receiving from God, and not a self-stimulating and re-active process of man. In these respects, they probably differ from others of the same name, doctrinally. In many other points they agree.

"These persons also earnestly desire a cordial fellowship with all, of every name, whose spirit and faith permit it. They suppose God has true servants in all religious households, and that other sects than the Unitarians have something to afford to the Church of the future. They take all honourable occasions, therefore, to cultivate these catholic sympathies, and to hold friendly intercourse with intelligent and earnest hearts of different denominations; their own deepest interest inclining them naturally to 'evangelical' associations, rather than the opposite. Ministers of this stamp would gladly exchange professional civilities with devout orthodox men, for the sake of the ends here indicated, and as being a simple act of Christian decency between disciples so agreed and related. They make full and unreserved use, not of technical terms, but of the rich scriptural

phraseology which best conveys their doctrines. Sometimes it happens, and this also very naturally, that their preaching is liked by orthodox hearers; and these, finding in it an unexpected unction, and what seems the very truth of Christ, call it orthodox preaching. Such believers do not find themselves otherwise than happy, contented, and busy where they are, and, having tasted of a deep peace, can say, 'Would to God all were even as I am in this faith!' They are not moving consciously towards any particular denomination or creed, but only pray to come nearer and even nearer to the Master, and to do their humble work faithfully under His eye, and to His acceptance.

"What is the meaning of our boasted liberality? Is it that you may be rationalistic as you please, and go clear; but, if you happen to have 'evangelical' predilections, you must be assailed? Is it that we must be tolerant of scepticism, and the persecutors of orthodoxy? Is it that we must embrace those who deny the

doctrines of redemption, regeneration, special and divine answers to prayer, and the inspiration of the Scriptures, but denounce those that cling to them as the hope and joy of their souls? Does this vaunted charity look in only one direction, and that away from the cross of Christ? * * * The Unitarian denomination have lately, we believe, through some of their public men and journals, and recognition of pastors, given frequent signs of cordial favour to men, honest no doubt, who have no belief in the divine authority of revelation, in the infallibility and supernatural works of Jesus Christ, in the need of a radical renewing of the human heart, in the efficacy of prayer as bringing us direct help from God, beyond the effects wrought in the natural operations of the human mind, or in the personal presence of the Saviour in His Church. It only remains to cast off those who hold opposite convictions, to complete the severance of the denomination from historical Christianity and evangelical religion."

STANLEY'S SINAI AND PALESTINE.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FIRST DAY IN PALESTINE.

Let me say briefly what has chiefly impressed me during that first day in Palestine. After all the uncertainty of the Desert topography, it was quite startling, though I knew it beforehand, to find the localities so absolutely authentic, to hear the names of Carmel, Maon, Ziph, shouted out in answer to my questions from our Bedouin guides, and from the ploughmen in the fields, who knew no more of David's wanderings than of those of Ulysses. And now I am in Hebron, looking on the site of a sepulchre whose genuineness has never yet been questioned, and to that with equal certainty is to succeed Bethlehem, and to that Jerusalem. With this, how much of special localities may be spared again and again. Then I am struck with the vast number, and extent, and massiveness of the ruins of the deserted cities, each on its mountain height, like those of Italy I had expected mere fragments of stones—I find solid walls, columns, towers. It is true they are all ascribed to Christian times. But any way, they give a notion of what the country was.

And I am struck by what is also noticed by Miss Martineau—the western, almost the English, character of the scenery. Those wild uplands of Carmel and Ziph are hardly distinguishable (except by their ruined cities and red anemones) from the Lowlands of Scotland or of Wales; these cultivated valleys of Hebron (except by their olives) from the general features of a rich valley in Yorkshire or Derbyshire. The absence of palms and the presence of daisies

greatly contributes to this result, and, added to the contrast of the strange scenery which has been ours for the last month, gives a homelike and restful character to this first entrance which can never be effaced.

Lastly, the great elevation of this country above the level of the sea is most forcibly brought out by the journey we have made. From the moment of leaving the 'Arabah has been almost a continual ascent. We mounted the great pass of Safeh, and, having mounted, hardly descended at all—crossed the great table land of Beersheba—and then mounted the barrier of the hills of Judah—and thence have been mounting ever since. Hebron is, in fact, only five hundred feet lower than Snowdon. How well one understands the expression, "They went down into Egypt."

FIRST VIEW OF BETHLEHEM.

Far away to the east rises the conical hill where Herod died, and now we mount the ridge of which that hill is the eastern extremity, and crowning the crest of the opposite ridge is a long line of houses, with the massive and lofty convent. There was a shout which ran down the long file of horsemen, followed by deep silence—"BETHLEHEM."

It is a wild bleak hill, amidst hills equally bleak—if bleak may be applied to hills which are terraced with vineyards; in autumn, of course, rich and green, and which now in part wave with corn. One only green plain, I believe of grass, hangs behind the town. But what most arrests the eye is the elevation of the whole place, and, above all, that most striking feature, which was

to me quite unexpected—the immense wall of the mountains of Moab seeming to overhang the lower hills of Judah, from which they are only separated by that deep mysterious gulf of the Dead Sea. Well might Moses from their summits overlook the Promised Land. Well might Orpah return as to a near country—and Naomi be reminded of her sorrows. Well might her descendant David choose their heights as the refuge for his aged parents when Bethlehem was no longer safe for them.

Of the one great event of Bethlehem you are, of course, reminded by the enormous convent—or convents, Latin, Greek, and Armenian—clustering round the church, which is divided amongst them in different compartments. The original nave of Helena—which is the prototype of the Roman St. Paul's, and of St. Apollinaris of Ravenna—and the subterranean church, are alone in common. Whether the Cave of the Nativity be genuine or not, yet there is the deep interest of knowing that it is the oldest special locality fixed upon by the Christian Church. Before the Sepulchre, before the Church of the Ascension, before any of the other countless scenes of our Saviour's life had been localised, the famous passage in Justin Martyr proves that the cave of Bethlehem was already known and revered as the scene of the Nativity. And one of the most striking instances of this reverence exists in a cave, or rather in one of the any winding caves which form the vaults of the church, the cell where Jerome lived and died that he might be near the sacred spot. . . .

I have said one is reminded of the Nativity by the convent. But, in truth, I almost think it attracts one from it. From the first moment at those towers, and hills, and valleys burst on you, there enters the one prevailing

thought that now, at last, we are indeed in the "Holy Land." It pervades the whole atmosphere—even David and Ruth wax faint in its presence.

FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

Next came Rachel's Tomb—a modern mosque, but the site must be the true one—and then, far on the top of the hill opposite Bethlehem, was the Convent of St. Elias, seen from Bethlehem, and from which I knew we should see Jerusalem. It is the one place which commands the view of both. We reached the spot from its broken ridge. I saw a wide descent and ascent, and a white line rising high—of I knew not what buildings—but I knew that it was Jerusalem. . . . What were the main features of the approach? First, there was still the mighty wall of Moab; secondly, there was the broad green approach of the valley of Rephaim, so long, so broad, so green, that it almost seemed a natural entrance to the city, which still remained suspended, as it were, above it—for that white line kept increasing in height and length as we neared it, yet saw not the deep ravines which parted us from it. The first building which catches the eye is the palace of the Armenian Patriarch, then the castle, then the minaret over the mosque of David. The Mosque of Omar, and even the Mount of Olives, were for a long time shut out by the Hill of Evil Counsel, which, with its solitary tree before us, intercepted all to the east. High beyond towered Ramah (of Benjamin). At last the deep descent of the Valley of Hinnom appeared, opening into that of Jehoshaphat. What struck me as new and unexpected was the rush, so to speak, of both the valleys to the south-west corner of the city. We entered the Jaffa gate about 4.30 P.M.

PSALMODY.

No. VII.

THIS is perhaps a convenient point for making one or two observations about the manner and design in which a metrical version of the Psalms ought to be undertaken, and consequently, about the rules by which such works should be judged. Grave difficulties in the way of attaining excellence suggest themselves, no matter what the prescribed standard may be, and incline us to be blind to the faults and imperfections of the more successful attempts. The sacredness of the theme, the doubtful acquaintance which we are supposed to have with Hebrew customs and language, the great antiquity of the original compositions, all seem to magnify a thousand-fold the common difficulties of translation. But

I anticipate that when we practically deal with them, these difficulties shall appear by no means insurmountable, even though I proceed on the understanding that strict fidelity to the original is the first and greatest requisite of a metrical version.

It is, at all times, a difficult thing to make a good translation from one language into another. Are there not suggestions and associations which depend on the very words of the original composition, and which cannot, in most cases, be conveyed in the words of a translation? For example, the orations of Demosthenes in English, however faithfully rendered, however skilfully imitated, are painfully inferior to the original Attic.

And though an English version may, in many qualities, approach nearer the excellence of the orations of Cicero, the best translation will still fail in some fine associations, in the more delicate shades of thought, and in recondite allusions, which nothing but the very words of the Roman can suggest. In order, therefore, to undertake a translation with any hope of success or credit, the translator must possess a very intimate acquaintance with the language which he has to interpret—with the social and political history of the people who spoke it—and with their habits and customs, to which their idioms and proverbial expressions would owe significance. More than this, there must be a sympathy of habit and thought between the author and his interpreter. We would not, on this account, expect a suitable or happy translation of the Iliad or the Olympic Odes from Lord Brougham, rarely accomplished as he is in Greek literature; nor would we look for a fitting translation of the matchless oration on the Crown, or of the orations against Verres, from Wordsworth or Tennyson. Indeed, the task of translation can never be happily performed unless the translator is able to think in the language, and assume the mood and intellectual habits of his author. But the difficulties which attend the translation of any work in prose are obviously multiplied when the original is poetic. For even apart from the peculiar sphere and spirit of poetry, much of its effect depends on its own music, and on the exquisite choice of words, which must appear the natural and living embodiment of "thoughts which voluntary move harmonious numbers." It is not to be expected, that all those conditions of poetic excellence can be commonly transferred to the terms of a different vocabulary, where the expression of the same idea cannot usually be accompanied with the charm of the same music. There is, therefore, some truth in the strong statement of an author of reputation both in prose and verse, who, by the way, with all his infidelity, could rarely compose a paragraph without drawing an illustration from the Bible. "The language of

poets," he says, "has ever affected a certain uniform and harmonious recurrence of sound, without which it were not poetry, and which is scarcely less indispensable to the communication of its influence than the words themselves, without reference to that peculiar order. Hence the vanity of translation; it were as wise to cast a violet into a crucible, that you might discover the formal principle of its colour and odour, as seek to transfuse from one language into another the creations of a poet. The plant must spring again from its seed, or it will bear no flower—and this is the burthen of the curse of Babel."* This represents the labour of the translator as utterly hopeless. But the statement is not altogether correct, as many admirable translations, even in poetry, do abundantly testify. In profane literature we are accustomed to regard Dryden, Pope, West, Pitt, Rowe, Creech, Grainger, Cowper, &c., as justly entitled to honourable and enduring fame for their translations in English verse. The first of these authors has told us the method and spirit in which he proceeded in his work; and his account is highly interesting and instructive. He had made translations out of four several poets, Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius and Horace. "In each of these," he says, "before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct, grave and majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could, for which reason he is so very figurative that he requires, I may almost say, a grammar apart, to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears whose sense it bears: yet the numbers are perpetually varied to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. . . . The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language, and the hastiness of my performance would al-

* A Defence of Poetry.

low.* That is to say, Dryden aimed at making his translation in the style and terms which he thought Virgil would have employed, had he been writing in English. But the excellence or fault of this rule depends on the manner in which it is carried out. There were many circumstances in the poetical world which influenced Dryden as a translator, and induced him to adopt a style opposed to the severe and literal method of Ben Johnson, Feltham, and Sandys. Instead of merely clothing the thoughts of Virgil in an English garb, he brings his author to England—he surrounds him with English scenes and customs—he indoctrinates him with English ideas. The Mantuan sees with the eyes of the Englishman, and is manacled with his prejudices. But this produces something more than a mere translation—it creates a new, independent, rival poem—it is somewhat of an impudently avowed plagiarism—it defeats one of the most important purposes for which any translation is needed—it is a violence done to the integrity of an author. Accordingly we find, especially in the *Georgics*, as translated by Dryden, continual traces of an alien and incongruous element, and observe, with surprise and disgust, the moral characteristics of the reign of Charles II. forced into the literature of the reign of Augustus. But in the *Æneid* the translation is much more faithful, and in the fragments of a version of *Lucretius*, Dryden has given us, perhaps, the best specimen, in all profane literature, of a translation in verse. It is, of course, admitted, that if a translation must be in verse, a certain liberty of paraphrase must be allowed, to enable the translator to give to his work the necessary form, and “build the lofty rhyme;” but, as a general rule, the best translation will always be that which has used this liberty with the most reluctant and sparing hand.

If these remarks be warrantable—if we are entitled to demand that the translator of Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Goethe, shall introduce no extraneous or foreign ideas, but provide for us an intelligible and elegant transcript in our

own language of the very songs of these great poets—if it be right to censure Dryden for interweaving unauthorised lines and thoughts, and to commend Cowper for the singular fidelity and excellence of his translation of Homer, a work never yet properly appreciated—it is of infinitely greater importance that we be jealous of any unfaithful rendering of the Word of God. In dealing with Virgil, Dryden communed with a poet whose gifts, though in one respect greater, were not so diversified as his own. Pope, as the interpreter of Homer, while he willingly yields him the prize for sublimity, may justly claim a superiority to the Greek in grace and elegance. But in dealing with the Holy Scriptures, we are conversing with no rival for fame, with no author whose faults we may correct and whose omissions we may supply—but we come into direct contact with the Word of God, and it behoves us to regard it with devoutest reverence. The author of all truth—the God of all the earth, has said, “The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest? For all these things hath mine hand made, and all these things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.”

Now, some translators of the *Psalms* have adopted a rule much more loose in practice than Dryden's. They seem to regard the compositions of David as only worthy of being named as a text or motto for their own poems, and they set themselves to amplify and amend the work of the Psalmist. The best known author of this class is Dr. Isaac Watts, who makes no secret of his purpose, and shows no misgivings in performing it. He explicitly says, “My design is to accommodate the *Book of Psalms* to Christian worship. And in order to this it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c., of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense and language of a Christian.”* There is far more in

* Preface to Dryden's *Translations*.

* Preface to Dr. Watts' *Psalms*.

this than at first meets the eye; but before animadverting on it, let me give a specimen of the mode in which Dr. Watts

translates the Psalms. It is necessary to give the prose version, that we may compare it with the metrical.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION.

PSALM lxxix. 7, &c.

Because for thy sake I have borne reproach;
shame hath covered my face.

I am become a stranger unto my brethren, and
an alien unto my mother's children.

For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up,
and the reproaches of them that reproached thee
are fallen on me.

When I wept and chastened my soul with
fasting, that was to my reproach.

I made sackcloth also my garment, and I
became a proverb to them.

They that sit in the gate speak against me,
and I was the song of the drunkards.

Were translations like this presented to the world as merely sermons or discursive effusions in rhyme, founded on texts in the book of Psalms, the serious objection which I have to urge against them would not apply. In that case, Dr. Watts and his coadjutors would be openly avowing that what they gave to the world was of their own device, and of no more authority than any sermon, whose orthodoxy must depend not on itself but on its agreement with the Word of God. But in giving a translation in prose or rhyme, of the Psalms or any other part of the Bible, I maintain that a man is bound by the most awful considerations to distinguish between his own discoursing, and that of the Holy Spirit. It is not enough to say that all that the translator has modified or introduced is true, and according to one or other part of Scripture. Are there not countless passages, which if not read in the very connexion in which they are

DR WATTS' TRANSLATION.

'Twas for my sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.

The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the Man that checked their sin;
While He fulfilled thy holy laws,
They hate Him, but without a cause.

"My Father's house," said he, "was made
A place for worship, not for trade."
Then, scattering all their gold and brass,
He scourged the merchants from the place.

Zeal for the temple of His God,
Consumed His life, exposed His blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt and mourned them as His own.

His friends forsook, His followers fled;
While foes and arms surround His head,
They curse Him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.

His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge His lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree,—
There hung the man that died for me.

Wretches with hearts as hard as stones
Insult his piety and groans,
Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mocked his thirst with vinegar.

given us, would be contradictory and delusive? Do we need to be warned that any interference with the logical connexion and relation of passages of Scripture will hinder the mind from following the teaching of God, and may impose upon us for doctrines the commandments of men? The very blending of the human and the divine teaching in one undistinguishable doctrine is fraught with incalculable danger, and tends to destroy the sole authority of the Bible. We might as well print all the sermons preached in our pulpits, (and I have no reason to think that they teach heresy,) and supply them to the Christian world as authoritative standards of faith. The man who publishes a version of the Psalms as a translation, in which he interpolates the text, does not deal with the world, and especially the unlearned and most numerous class, with common fairness or honesty. He professes to do what he knows he is not

doing. He is asking men, or at least allowing them, to believe his work to be a fair and legitimate interpretation of the very words of God's Book, on which everything for salvation depends; and yet he has intruded among those words many things which may be wrong, which may give a false representation of the passage, or which may conceal from the humble student, the very truths which the passage was intended to unfold. How is this practice of interpolation or amendment to be regulated? What are the limits which it may not exceed? Strange, strange it is, that extremes meet. The accommodated and modified translations of the psalms to which I have referred, are surely akin to the fettered editions of Scripture, issued by those who allow the people to receive the Bible only according to the sense and interpretation which the Church has pre-arranged. Will no man warn us to purpose against the popery which we hide under our protestantism! A translation of any part of the Bible, should be a TRANSLATION, and not a commentary or paraphrase, and should therefore simply express in equivalent terms the very ideas of the original. A metrical translation of the Psalms, in particular, must be no exception to this rule, for, when used as a manual of devotion, it exercises an influence on the heart and character, greater perhaps, than other parts of Scripture. What is committed to memory in early life—what is sweetly sung in the Sabbath class—what gives united utterance to the devotion of the House of Prayer, must have mighty advantages in educating the heart, and directing the spirit of Christian life. Therefore, for our own good, for the good of all who love God, let us have, as nearly as we may, the very thoughts of prophets and holy men, to enshrine our devotion and instruct our religious nature. Let there be no interference with the progression and tenor of their ideas. Let us realise their very meditations. Let us learn how they passed from fear to faith, from thoughts of God's holiness to humility and vows of new obedience, from reflections on God's

goodness to assurance of safety in the valley of the shadow of death. Let us inspire ourselves in the great congregation and in the sanctuary of home, with the pure sentiment and reasoning of inspiration; and in following the very associations and trains of thought of the saints, let us try to learn their spirit and follow their faith. We cast no slight or imputation on the attainments and piety of any man when we turn away from his discursive expositions, and prefer, with all our hearts, to follow the unaltered thoughts of Moses or Asaph, and instruct ourselves in the uninterpolated musings of David.

For all these considerations I maintain that strict unswerving fidelity to the original is the first and greatest qualification of a metrical version of the Psalms, and that nothing can compensate for the want of it. In asserting this, I do not undervalue the importance of elegant and perspicuous diction; but such is the peculiar excellence of Scripture, that it mightily helps the translator, so that any version which is faithful to the original has singular advantages for being distinguished by dignified simplicity. Wherever this is not the case, the failure is unpardonable. A metrical version of the Psalms should therefore, in its fidelity, be likewise characterised by the total absence of complicated construction, by simplicity of expression, by severe purity of phrase, by musical cadence, by accuracy of rhyme. So thought Milton, who has given us superior specimens of what he considered befitting, and who, in some of his translations, was even careful to mark every word which is not expressly represented in the original. In the following quotation, the unauthorised words are printed in italics, and we have an example of the value of fidelity. What a contrast do these verses make to the rude and unintelligible rhymes of our modern edition!—

PSALM LXXXIV. 4.

Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where Thee they ever praise;
Happy, whose strength in Thee doth bide,
And in their heart Thy ways.
They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.

It also seems obvious, that a metrical version of the Psalms should exhibit considerable variety of metre, suited in every case to the peculiar spirit and tone of the Psalm. No man of correct taste will allow, that the same metre which is suitable for the thirty-eighth Psalm can be equally well adapted for the ninety-sixth. The one is a wail of deep distress, the other is a shout of rejoicing. Even in individual Psalms, where the spirit of the composition is altered, where the author passes from sadness to serenity, from the depths of affliction to faith and hope, as in the hundred and second, it might be an advantage were a corresponding change observed in the measure. Such a change is always observable in the original. This variety of metre would lead to a higher proficiency in sacred music than this country has ever yet reached, would force into attention the necessity of selecting appropriate tunes, and would ultimately prevent the merely mechanical adaptation of music, which, even by preceptors of skill, so often offends the intelligence and taste of educated worshippers.

But if it be so difficult a thing to make a faithful translation of the works of Greece and Rome, with whose literature we can become familiar as with household words—if such a man as Dryden often found it necessary to leave his author behind him, and such a man as Pope thought it expedient to adorn his original,—is it possible that a faithful version can be obtained of the far nobler poetry of Asaph and David, composed in a language known only to a few, and the very pronunciation of which has been lost for two thousand years? True it is, that the sacred songs of Israel are immeasurably superior in thought and diction to all others—true it is, that the Hebrew language is almost the peculiar study of the more learned ecclesiastic and antiquarian—true it is, that the Hebrew will never again be a living language, for the development of truth passes not backwards to the exclusive privileges of a single nation, but onwards as tidings of great joy to all people; but it is also true, that it is a far easier matter to translate literally

from the Hebrew than from the classical authors of Greece or Rome. The circumlocution and paraphrase which often are indispensable in translating the latter, are rarely required in the interpretation of Hebrew. The quotation just given from Milton is a fair instance of this truth, and shows that a strictly literal translation is excellent and easy. The Scriptures of the Old Testament were not intended only for the study of the sons of Abraham, but were to instruct all people and kindreds and tongues, and therefore we find, that the language in which they were composed possesses facilities for being translated, which are unknown to any other. The Greek of the New Testament is profusely leavened with the same element, and Hebraisms abound in all the writings of the Evangelists and Apostles. Such also is the facility with which even Hebrew idioms can pass unresolved into other languages, that we trace them in all the modern speech of Christendom, but find them chiefly abounding where the Word of God has free course. Our own language, in particular, has been enriched and adorned by our version of the Bible, which happily imitates the simple majesty of the original, and, in general, adopts without change the Hebrew forms of expression. No reader is perplexed by them. No reader asks for a learned explanation of the meaning of the children of God, or of the significance of the future tense in the commandments on the two tables of stone. These views are admirably stated by Addison. He remarks that “there is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages when they are compared with the Oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expression, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to

be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings! It has been said, by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

"If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the Divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find, in these two last, such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.*"

Thus we see, that what at first seemed insuperable obstacles to a faithful and beautiful translation of the Psalms, are only imaginary. For it is practically found, that the Hebrew songs of David are far more easily translated than the lyrics of Rome. For as God prepared Moses for the great work of delivering and governing the Hebrews, by a royal education, and all the wisdom and arts of the Egyptians—so did He prepare a language in which Moses and the prophets should record His will—a language which, as it was to bear eternal truth, not only to the Hebrews but to all men, should be characterised by an unparalleled power, a divine facility of being faithfully translated into every dialect of human speech.

(To be Continued.)

* Spectator, No. 406.

THE ARROW FROM THE LITTLE BOW.

"Mamma!" said a dear little bright-eyed boy of seven summers, as he sat gazing wistfully at the pale face of his weeping, would-not-be-comforted mother, "I wonder if the good Jesus wept over dear papa as he did for poor Lazarus?" Her heart was too full to speak; but, drawing him tenderly towards her, she imprinted on his fair brow a mother's fond kiss, and hearing him repeat his evening prayer and hymn, consigned him to the care of his good old nurse. But the words had not fallen unheeded; they touched a chord in that parent's heart, whose vibration thrilled every nerve; and hardly had her infant monitor quitted the room, than she sank upon her knees in overpowering emotion. With the eye of faith she pierced the veil, and saw that compassionate Saviour bending over her. His look was full of love. Her heart smote her, and, in unfeigned humility, she bent her head and wept; but hers was now a godly sorrow. But one short week before, how happy was that little circle!—but death, alas! had entered that bright home—the loving husband, the fond father was gone, and all was desolation. There was no mercy in the blow, it was hard to bear; surely the Lord had forgotten to be gracious. Such was the current of poor Mrs. A.'s thoughts; but the words of her child had caused them to flow in another channel, and taken her back to the fountain of life, in whose blessed waters her drooping spirit was revived. Her idol had been removed; in that there was mercy, for that fond husband had come between her and her God; the chain was broken, but one link was in heaven, and thither she turned her thoughts as she had never done before. The Sun of Righteousness looked down with healing on His wings, and shed abroad in her heart that heaven-born peace which the world can neither give nor take away. Long did she weep—long did she pray; but she rose from her knees strengthened and refreshed, and as she gazed upon the face of her sleeping child, a cheerful, heaven-lit smile passed over her countenance. So true are the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." X.

"The least difficulties and scruples of a tender conscience should not be roughly encountered; they are as a knot in a silken thread, and require a gentle and wary hand to loose them."—Leighton.

WELLINGTON INDUSTRIAL NURSERY, BEDFORD ROAD, CLAPHAM.

MY DEAR —, — Allow me to give you a short account of a very noble countryman of ours and of the good work to which he has devoted himself. I know you will be interested in it for its own sake, and perhaps you may be able to render it some practical help. The man is Mr. Andrew Walker, the work is an Industrial Nursery Garden at Clapham, carried on by him for the reformation of London thieves. More than a year ago I visited Mr. Walker at his institution, and the account I now give you of his past history and present undertaking was partly received there from his own lips, partly obtained from others who have long known him. Mr. Walker is a native of the village of Earlston, on Leader Water, and was brought up to the trade of a gardener. In this capacity he went, in the employment of some lady or gentleman, to the neighbourhood of London. One day, while he was in town, he happened to lose his way among the lanes and alleys near Westminster Abbey, and during his wanderings in this district was deeply impressed with the degradation of soul and body into which its inhabitants seemed sunk. The impression of what he had seen lay for days on his spirit, a weight which he could not put by. He thought within himself, Is this great evil a necessity? Are there no human means by which it can be reached? At last, hearing of the City Mission, and of the good it was doing among the London population, he, after a time, made up his mind to offer himself to this Society as one of its missionaries. He did so, and was accepted, and appointed to labour in this same district, the misery of which had so much impressed him. His work lay in the lowest parts of Westminster, and among the most noted haunts and dens of thieves, places where no stranger decently dressed, could approach with safety. But Mr. Walker, by his perseverance, energy, strong sense and Christian courage and devotion, in time won such influence in the district as to become free even of the haunts of the thieves. He could enter them at any hour, and was respected even by the hardest and most abandoned, and so reached the hearts of many as to make them long to lay aside their evil work, and return to honest ways. He told me some interesting anecdotes, illustrative of the life of these thieves, and of his way with them; but these I cannot venture to repeat, as

the details have become dim in my memory. He told me that one practical question often put to him by them was, 'If we take your advice, and abandon our dishonest trade at once, what are we to do for a livelihood? We would willingly do so if you could answer this question for us. We must steal this forenoon if we are to eat this evening!' He could not deny the pertinency of the question, and set about finding for it a practical answer. This was found in the shape of any asylum, in which they were given food and shelter in return for work done, and thus by Mr. Walker's years of toil was the way paved, the foundations laid, for that Westminster Reformatory, of which, in other hands, so much has since been heard. It was, however, I have been informed, out of his labours and suggestions that the whole design and execution originally sprang. Here, as in so many other instances, he laboured, and other men entered into his labours. During seventeen years of toil and self-denial in this field, he went from house to house, and was made a great blessing to the poor and sinful in Westminster. He established schools for many hundred children, and his work was rewarded in many instances, such as it would take pages to relate. Many owe to him all their hopes for this world and that to come. Partly from over-work, partly from domestic distress, his health at last began to fail, and he was compelled to resign his connexion with the London City Mission in Westminster. He then removed to the

Reformatory, but there the committee introduced regulations and rules which Mr. Walker considered inconsistent with Scripture and reason. He therefore left it, as he could not conduct it according to his conscience because of the penal rules there enforced. He, however, resolved to go on with the good work he had begun, and to turn his experience to account in an institution of his own forming. For this purpose he took a Nursery Garden near Clapham for the rearing of plants, and thither he invited those who had fallen into the practice of thieving but who desired to forsake their evil life, to come and take refuge. He was enabled to set up this establishment chiefly by a loan of £600 advanced to him by a person friendly to his undertaking. It is called the "Wellington Industrial Nursery," and when I visited it and Mr. Walker, I found him

to be a man of no common calibre in body and mind, a thorough Scot, and all this ennobled and sanctified by the purest Christian aims. He told me that his new institution was well-known by those whom he had formerly laboured amongst. Whenever any one wished to leave his old life, he came out to Mr. Walker and offered to become a labourer for a time in his Nursery. He at once welcomed him if he had room, telling him the rules of the place, which are these:—Work from 6 to 8, then prayers and breakfast-work again from 9 till 12 or 1, then an hour to dinner; work again till 6; at 6 all return to the house, wash and make themselves clean, sup, and after supper spend the time in reading, &c., till 9, when again prayers, and all retire to rest. The reading I speak of after supper consisted partly of religious instruction, but not wholly. Anything that Mr. Walker thought would interest, instruct, and elevate them was employed in these evenings. The one controlling influence seemed to be his continued presence with and near them in personal intercourse, his living in the same small house and in the same way as they did. He had with him a younger brother who lived as he did, and helped him. Mr. Walker has but one punishment. If any of his inmates are unruly or disobedient, he takes from them half of the next meal, or sometimes a whole meal. This, along with all the above regulations, he tells them before entering, and if they are willing to submit he receives them. He told me that he found the employment of delving and working among flowers healthful as well to their minds as their bodies. It drew them away from their old thoughts and associates, and opened up to them, perhaps for the first time in their lives, simple and innocent interests. As they worked in the nursery ground, he guarded as well as he could against their congregating in knots, and talking over their old haunts and associates. When he overheard them laughing and joking about any of their former practices or comrades, he would say to them: "Don't let us bring Horsemonger Lane out here. Let us dig a grave to bury the past in, and begin a new life here." He contrives, as often as possible, to work with them one by one among the flower-beds or in the glass-houses, and then by conversation to get to know their character and instil some good thoughts into them. I asked whether, on their first coming, he tried to stir in them any thing like repentance and sorrow for their past lives. He answered that his first endeavour was to get them not to

dwell on, but to forget the past, and to feel that they had come there to make a new start in life. Many changed their habits and became honest men, who did not apparently pass through any deep religious changes.

Some instances however he mentioned in which the outward change was followed by an inward repentance and awakening. But this was not the case in all.

The material result of their labours is many thousand pots of flowers reared yearly, for which he finds a ready sale in Covent Garden Market. The money thus realized he expects will in time, when all debt has been cleared off, amply support the present institution, and enable him to enlarge it. The moral result is, that after the men have stayed with him long enough to convince him by their conduct that they are confirmed in honesty, he seeks an outlet for them at a distance from London, or in the colonies, especially Canada. He told me of several most interesting cases of reformed characters whom he sent out there, from whom he hears satisfactory accounts of their well-doing. One especially, whom he had been the means of reclaiming some years ago, is now the chief clerk in a large colonial establishment, corresponds with him regularly, and has been very useful in finding situations for others whom Mr. Walker sent out. These particulars are, as nearly as I can remember, what I heard from Mr. Walker in the spring of last year.

The loan which at first enabled him to set on foot his institution has been called up. This, of course, presses him hard. In fact, the longer existence of his present attempt depends on whether he can raise funds enough to pay off that debt and continue his operations. All who know him and his work are deeply interested in this present crisis. Could you and your friends in Glasgow and elsewhere lend him a helping hand? I subjoin an extract from a letter of Mr. Walker's which you may print if you think good. Ever yours, J. C. S.

Oct. 17, 1856.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MR. WALKER.

Oct. 16, 1856.

"Since I have been here, as far as the moral reformation of the young persons is concerned, I have much reason to be thankful. I have had 20 under my care here. A young man who left me some months ago for a situation, I believed to be a subject of divine grace. He went into the country to a situation under the care of a gentleman whose town house

is in this neighbourhood. This gentleman called two weeks ago, and told me that the man I recommended is one of the best men in his establishment. He says — goes to Church regularly, and is very particular in his conduct, and is highly pleased with him. Now, — was a house-breaker, and spent four out seven years in prison. I received him from Newgate with a very bad character

from the chaplain. The others who have left me are all going on well, none have returned to their old ways, but are giving satisfaction to their employers. I could say much about them, but space will not permit. I have been looking over my journals within these few days, and I find that 800 of the criminal population have passed through my hands."

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

At the recent conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held at Glasgow, an admirable address was delivered by the Rev. William Arthur, "on the connection between an earnest prosecution of Foreign Missions and the spiritual prosperity of Churches at home." We hope that a full and revised edition of the address will be given to the public, and that it may find its way to every section of the Christian Church. In the meantime it may be useful to present our readers with a few extracts from the newspaper report.

First, as to the bearing of the spiritual prosperity of the churches at home upon Foreign Missions.

"Home Christianity is the basis of all our foreign operations. It is only by the existence of a pure faith, a lively zeal, a powerful spirit of prayer, and a fervent energy of self-sacrifice in the churches at home, that we can be furnished with the ordinary materials of missionary operations abroad. And in this point of view every servant of Christ labouring in any corner of the vineyard at home is equally bearing a share in the great work of the general missionary field, working not only for the spot whereon they may happen to labour, but for the whole world. Providence has so singularly connected this country with every part of the human race, that we can never tell, when we see a British youth, to what future sphere he is destined. It is only by spiritual prosperity and progress in the churches at home that we can impress the heathen world, by making Christendom itself a praise in the earth. As it is now, we speak to the Mussulman about Christianity, but he has heard that Christendom is a land of images and idols, a land of drunkards; he has heard of vices, follies, and sins in the cities of Christendom, and he asks if

these tales are true. You are obliged to acknowledge that they are true. And it is only by spiritual prosperity and power at home that you can enable missionaries to stand up before the Mussulman and say that the Christian populations are temperate, wise, and just, and good; when we are in a position to bear that testimony, then the word of God will be with power. And so, if you pass from the Mohammedan to the heathen, he hears you preach, and says your doctrine is beautiful and good; but do your own people believe it, do they follow it? No; I have often had to say to the heathen, many of them do not. Well, they say, had you not better make all your own people good Christians, and then come to us? Remember also that it is only by spiritual prosperity at home that we can send out just specimens of Christianity to be viewed by the heathen. On what a specimen do the heathen often look!

And then there is another aspect, the most important of all, in which spiritual prosperity at home has a bearing on the prosecution of foreign missions. Suppose the churches of this country were to combine to shower upon our missionary enterprises all their united wealth, if the entire press of England were to praise instead of discountenance us, and swayed the public mind till all men laud us, and yet in the midst of all this you could give us no men for the work but men who would go to it as a worldly profession, who want to know what their salaries will be, what their accommodations will be, and who will higgie and barter and negotiate about a commission in the field of the missionary cause—if you could give us everything else, and could not give us men of another stamp than that, you might as well blot out the missionary work at once. After all else you can do for us, nothing is to be compared with the gift of one fit man, one Alexander Duff—one such man from Scotland is more than if all Scotland gave its money and could not give us a

man. It is in no other way than by the spiritual prosperity of the churches at home that there can be reared up for us the men that will be inflamed with the love of God and the glorious ambition of saving souls. You cannot give us such men out of cold and lifeless churches. If you are to rear up sons of God to kindle the flame of divine love in heathen lands, you must first have such a flame at home. We must have men whose hearts are inflamed with the love of Christ, with faith, the faith of victory, from churches that cannot sit down quietly amidst the mass of heathenism around them, but will be mighty, through God, to do their own work in their own neighbourhood.

Then, as to the bearing of an earnest prosecution of Foreign Missions upon the spiritual prosperity of the churches at home.—And here Mr. Arthur puts a preliminary question, What is an earnest prosecution of Foreign Missions? To this he replies:—

“I do not know. I am afraid to attempt to give my own idea of it. I do not think, when I sit down deliberately to consider all I have ever seen within the range of my own observation, that I could, before God and man, write down,—that may safely be called an earnest prosecution of Foreign Missions. Many seem inclined to think that we have now arrived at a missionary era in the church—that the British churches are indeed engaged in the earnest prosecution of foreign missions. I daresay you might find a parish that was converted from heathenism to Christianity many a long century ago, and yet from the day that parish threw its own idols away, to this day, it has never sent out to the heathen world one of its children to be a messenger of Christ to the Gentiles. Possibly, however, these people think that they are earnestly prosecuting foreign missions. You may find many a large congregation in many a city, and from the day they were formed till this day, they have never sent out of their number one to tell the heathen that they love them, and, above all, that Christ loved them, and died for them. You may turn to men who bear a name, hold office, and are held in respect in the Church of Christ, and who would consider it a bereavement and a calamity for a son of theirs ever to go forth to preach Christ in some dangerous and distant clime. You may meet with Christians who solemnly believe

that they owe their all to the blood and death of the Redeemer, and yet could never bear the thought that a child of theirs should run the risk of death to make that Redeemer known to the heathen who never heard of Him. You may meet with men of wealth, great wealth, and if they happen to give £100 now and then, they think they are very earnest on behalf of missions. You may meet with men on a mission committee and on an election committee, who will put forth, for the carrying of their favourite candidate, thirty times the feeling, thirty times the influence, and thirty times the outlay of time and of money that they would ever think of giving to make Christ known to the whole world—and yet they think that they are earnest Christians. And so, if we go on, and compare our missionary efforts with the standard of earnestness in business and politics, or on matters of self-interest, I confess I feel afraid to utter the very word—earnestness—in connexion with effort for the missionary cause. As yet, it seems to me, the spectacle remains for the world to look upon, of a great Christian Church, numbering thousands and tens of thousands of sincere Christians, placed in the presence of a world overflowing with perishing sinners, and with a glorious Saviour above, and yet in earnest to bring that world to the knowledge of that Saviour. If that spectacle were really seen, oh, what wonderful manifestations would there be of sacrifice, of effort, of toil, of prayer, and of faith! That spectacle would soon touch the heart of the world, and bring all men at least to listen, if it did not bring them to admire.”

But the prosecution of Foreign Missions, “however defective may be its earnestness and all its other characteristics, yet if in the main undertaken for the glory of God, and prosecuted for the purpose of preaching Christ and Him crucified,” will bring many blessings in its train. It will bring the Church the blessing which is always attendant on doing a duty. It will secure other advantages besides—in its effect upon our countrymen abroad, and upon us who remain at home. It will give confirmation to our faith, by impressing us with the lost and sinful condition of man by nature, and with the sovereign power of the Gospel remedy. And it offers a constant and powerful stimulus to the zeal

of the Church. Our space will not allow of our quoting all we could wish from this faithful and stirring address, but we make one more extract, on the advantage to the Church of Foreign Missions as a constant sphere for self-sacrifice:—

“Undoubtedly, this is one essential part of our Christianity. A Church of Christ making no sacrifices will never convert the world. Christ saved others, himself he did not save; and no one will ever be the instrument of saving others, if he is determined to take care of himself. He that is not willing to sacrifice himself never can, and never shall, be the instrument of saving others. In other times the sacrifices of the Church were appointed by external circumstances; the authorities at one time told the Christian how much he must bear and pay for being a Christian. Laws at one time told the Church how much she must suffer and sacrifice for bearing her testimony. At other times, mobs, tumults, public scorn, have imposed the sacrifices the Church was to bear; and in such times, the calling of Christ's Church was to touch and melt the world by the spectacle of a church meekly and heroically suffering burdens laid on her by others, taking the spoiling of her goods, or the spilling of her blood as but an inconsiderable part in fellowship with the sufferings of Christ. We have not that call; our call, to-day, is a gentler, and perhaps, if rightly viewed, a nobler and grander, calling; we are called to melt the heart of the world by the spectacle of a church laying sacrifices upon herself, laying burdens upon her own shoulders, for love to Christ and love to perishing men. This is the call of our day, it touches us every one, and it is the great sphere on which we are called to set forth, and it is one prominent quality of our Christianity. Ministers of Christ, with all the calls of their own work around them, with the anxieties, each one, of their own vineyard, are ill able to obtain the resources for doing needed work among their own people, and they are put to this trial,—there are those poor sheep in the wilderness worse off than his, and should he not go forth to them, and leave these at home? Here his faith is tried; and here is one thing those who decry us would do well to look to. When ministers are to be heard appealing to their congregations, I appeal to the candour of the men of the world, whether there is anything they press home upon the consciences of their people more than the claims of the heathen

abroad? Do we not see everywhere an earnest desire to get God's people to labour for the cause of God, far away? And if thus ministers are found to show their superiority to local and individual interests, should we not look to rich men to make sacrifices in the cause of Christ? To the poor man, the giving of his penny is nothing, he cannot make himself richer by keeping it, and scarcely poorer by giving it; it is by giving up some of his little daily comforts on which he almost lives that he can make any sacrifice. But to the man that has got money enough to be worth loving and desiring to keep and increase, the sacrifice is to part with that money. And here we see a sphere for all of us, every man according to his own ability. We are called to a work which crosses our own nature, our love of style, of importance, of money. Every man is called in this work to give and to give largely; and would to God that we heard this appeal so that every one in our churches not only gave largely, but that all our Christian men adopted a scale of giving, and gave to the Lord deliberately, one his tenth, another his seventh, another his fifth, and another his half of all that the Lord gave him, every man according to his several ability. Surely, the time is come, when we ought not, as a rule, to leave the calls of God's work to be dealt with as an accident. And then we are called to the sacrifice of those we love. Ah, surely, surely, in the churches here there is sore need of an appeal for the giving up of sons and daughters for the propagation of the gospel of Christ, far hence. We have seen the country gladly giving its sons, gentry, nobles, and common people, to go out and suffer to the death in the service of the nation; and yet in the Church of Christ, how few are ready to give up a son to spend and be spent in making known the gospel of the grace of God to heathen lands! I appeal to Christians to throw heart, soul, mind, and strength into this work of salvation, that according to our power, and beyond our power, we may give to this work, pray for it, labour for it, train up children in the missionary spirit, that this great cause of God may speed onward and onward. The missionary work is the great moving work of our age; it is turning China from its idols, kindling light in darkened Africa, shedding a new glory in the old lands where Christianity shone in early days, stirring churches at home from the lethargy of ages, and giving Christianity a sphere on which she may prove herself noble and blessed again. The angel is flying in the midst of heaven,

having the everlasting gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, to every nation and kindred and tongue and people. And all things bid him welcome: industry bids him welcome; education, with the hosannahs of little children, bids him welcome; domestic affection calls for it, civilization beckons

him on with her fair hand—all things bid him welcome, excepting only the voices of superstition and infidelity; and as their united screech crosses the progress of the angel, it brings a louder and more fervent welcome from the voices of all that are good and hopeful and blessed."

THE SCOTTISH EDUCATION QUESTION.*

MR. WILSON'S pamphlet is remarkably well-timed. We have now arrived at the most critical period of the parish-school controversy, and it is all-important that the Church should see clearly her position. We have now got a short breathing-time, and all depends on how we improve it. The citadel is not yet taken, but the lines of entrenchment are closing in nearer and nearer; and as in warfare it is possible to predict—certain conditions being granted—when the fortress will be taken, so in political strife we can, with certain data, clearly foresee when the next assault shall be successful. This applies to the present position of the parish-schools, only on the supposition, however, that we continue our former tactics. Our plan hitherto has been to look only to Parliament for aid. We have exhausted our strength in proclaiming that our school establishment must languish and die, if the Legislature do not come to the rescue. Our enemies have not been slow to take advantage of our proclaimed helplessness. They offer aid, but only on condition that we sell our birthright. They tell us they are willing to feed our starving schoolmasters, but only on condition that we relax our hold of the schools; and our parliamentary warfare has consisted in a miserable haggling as to what amount of our birthright we are to part with for the proffered mess of pottage. No one now dreams of getting from Parliament, without a large sacrifice of the most sacred rights of the

Church, the coveted boon of augmented salaries. This is a humiliating position for the Church to occupy, and the great object of Mr. Wilson is to show that, if the Church is to consult her safety and her dignity, she must do herself what she has been humbly imploring Parliament to do for her. He propounds with great ability, and complete mastery of the subject, a plan by which the Church may, without any legislation, retain intact the possession of all her rights, and at the same time do much more for the parish schools than any of the numerous bills brought into Parliament. The plan consists in accepting the Privy Council grants, the conditions of which, given in our last number, are so favourable to the parish schools. The heritors have generously relieved the Church of all money responsibility. The only sacrifice required from her is action. No organised movement is necessary. It is only necessary that each minister bestir himself in his own parish. He has only to put himself in communication with the Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, Downing Street, and things are at once put in train for doubling the emoluments and efficiency of the school. The pamphlet of Mr. Wilson will be invaluable to all who intend moving in the matter. We can only find room for the concluding passage, in which the author meets some of the objections that may be urged against the plan.

* *The Scottish Education Question: The Duty of the Church in the Present Crisis to the Schoolmaster and Himself.* By the Rev. Andrew Wilson, Minister of the First Charge of the Abbey Parish of Paisley. Paisley: Alex. Gardner, 1856.

"Here, then, is a most efficient plan, cut and dry, for augmenting the salaries and retiring allowances of the schoolmasters, and improving the school without the interference of Parliament at all. We hope that the Church, if alive

to her own best interests, will cordially adopt it, and do what is necessary to bring it into full operation in all her parishes,—waiting to better times for legislation. The plan is only open to two objections. In the first place, the heritors might refuse their share of the voluntary contribution; but, surely, no very serious apprehension need be entertained on this point, for the heritors, in rejecting the Government Bills, have invariably declared that the exclusion of religion from the school, and not the burden of taxation, formed the ground of their opposition. Besides the response which the heritors have made since the houses of Parliament adjourned to the appeal made to them by Sir George Clark and others, to continue to pay the schoolmasters their former salaries, goes also to show how little ground we have to fear that the plan would fail through the niggardliness of the landed proprietors. The other objection to the plan is, that a great many of the schoolmasters have not obtained the Government certificate of merit, and are therefore not in a position to reap the advantages of the grants in aid. This objection, however, might surely by time and management be obviated. In the Lord-Advocate's bill, membership of the Educational Institute was held to be equivalent to a certificate of merit, and the Privy Council might have no reluctance to ratify this arrangement under the proposed plan. The Privy Council might be got to recognise a distinction between the schoolmasters already in office, more especially if they have advanced to a certain period of life, and those who shall afterwards be elected,—making, in the case of the former, the efficiency of the school a ground for bestowing grants. Besides, were the plan adopted throughout the Church generally, the great majority of the teachers might be quite willing to stand the Government exami-

nation, for of their possessing all the necessary scholarship, no doubt can possibly be entertained. As it is, 184 of them, according to last year's report, are already in possession of a certificate; and since that report was published, 30 or 40, at the very least, have been added to the list. The fact is, the difficulty about the Government examination is a mere question of time, for certificated teachers are increasing year by year in almost geometrical progression. No one, I may say, but a certificated teacher is now appointed to a parish school, or, indeed, to any other school of importance; and, therefore, every person aspiring to the office of teacher recognises the absolute necessity of obtaining a certificate of merit in order to succeed in his profession, and prepares himself accordingly. An uncertificated teacher will soon be numbered among the things that were,—people will speak of him as belonging to a remote antiquity,—they will regard him as a myth, or class him with the dodo, the old stage-coach, and other extinct species.

“But while the plan in question does not lie under any objections which may not, through time and prudence, be surmounted, it possesses, in other respects, certain unrivalled advantages. For not only without more, but with less expense to the heritors, it increases the salaries of the teachers far beyond what was proposed in the Lord-Advocate's bill, and secures for such of them as are aged and infirm more liberal and suitable retiring allowances. The heritors and the ministers of parishes, therefore, by promoting it, would consult the best interests both of the school and the schoolmaster, and at the same time cut the ground from under the feet of those parties who are seeking, under the pretence of raising the salaries of the teachers, to cripple and dismember the Church.”

THE CHURCH IN NOVA SCOTIA.

We hope that this deeply interesting branch of our Church in the colonies has passed its time of sorest trial, consequent on the events of 1843, and that our numerous and warmly attached friends there, will at last be vindicated for the singular patience which they have manifested towards, and the chivalrous confidence which they have placed in, the Church of Scotland.

In the last number of that excellent

periodical, *The Monthly Record of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia and adjoining Provinces*, which we always read with unfeigned satisfaction, there are several facts most cheering and encouraging. One of these, and the most important, is the number of *additional missionaries* which Dr. Fowler, the energetic Convener of the Colonial Scheme, has been able to send to Nova Scotia. The Rev. James Wilson, the Rev. George Boyd, and the

Rev. Donald Macrae, in addition to two missionaries sent out some months ago, (by the old Committee,) landed in Halifax, in the month of August. It is impossible to express what a blessing this will be to those congregations which for years have been without a stated ministry. We are delighted also to observe the vigour with which the Synod of Nova Scotia is pushing its most important Scheme for the training up of a native ministry. From £200 to £300 a-year is collected for this Young Men's Scheme, and six students are now being educated for the province, four in Glasgow, and two in Queen's College, Canada, all of whom give the very highest promise. One of the most interesting features in the last Meeting of Synod was the evidence afforded of the vigorous and earnest government of the Church of its several congregations. The Synod resolved to appoint a deputation of their number, to visit presbyterially, and in succession, the different congregations within their bounds, and the following are the questions agreed upon to be put to ministers and elders:—

I.—To be put to the Minister in public. †

1. By what Presbytery were you ordained, and by whom appointed a Colonial Minister?
2. How often do you preach on Sabbath? Do you preach in one or more places of worship on the Lord's Day? In any stations during the week in surrounding destitute districts? How often, and what districts are they?
3. Do you employ other means of instruction during the week, such as Bible Classes, Prayer Meetings, Yearly Visitations, and Diets of Catechising?
4. Are you careful not to admit persons under censure from other congregations, and do you insist upon applicants for baptism being communicants?
5. Are you regular in your attendance upon Church Courts?
6. What societies exist in your congregation for promoting charitable or religious objects?
7. Are you a Commissioner of Schools, and do you know if the Bible is generally read and taught in schools?
8. Can you state any other matters of religious importance that have come under your observation?

II.—To be put to the Minister by his Brethren in private.

Questions referring

1. To his studies.
2. To his difficulties.
3. To his encouragements.
4. To his mode of conducting public worship and administering the ordinances.

III.—To be put to the Elders individually.

1. Do you regard it as part of your duty to watch over the conduct of individuals and families in your district?
2. Do you visit the afflicted, and report such cases to the Minister?
3. Do you take part in Prayer Meetings?
4. Are there Sabbath Schools in your dis-

trict, and do you take any part in their management?

5. Are you conscientiously regular in your attendance upon the Church Courts of which you are a member?

IV.—To be put to the Session.

1. What is your number, and do you consider it sufficient?
2. Have you distinct districts assigned to you?
3. Do you hold your meetings on Sabbaths or on other days? Are you careful to take minutes, and to open and close with prayer?
4. Do you keep the five Registers required by the Church?
5. In what form are applications for baptism made?
6. How many Sabbath Schools have you? How many scholars? How many teachers? How many volumes of Sabbath School Books? What is your system of teaching?
7. How many accessions to the roll during the past year and how many communicants altogether?
8. Have you funds, and how do you apply them?
9. What is the general attendance at Church?
10. How many removed by death during the past year?
11. What is your impression as to the state of family religion?
12. How many baptisms dispensed during the past year?
13. Do you support all the Schemes of the Church?

V.—To be put to the Trustees or Managers.

1. Is the Church incorporated? How many Trustees, and are they always the same?
2. Is the building in a finished state, and what is the amount of Church accommodation?
3. How many of you are communicants?
4. Is the building secured for the use of ministers of our Church?
5. How much stipend do you promise, and how much have you paid during the past year?
6. How is the stipend raised? How much is due the minister, and have you any funds in hand?
7. Have you regular business meetings?
8. Have any additional sittings been taken during the past year? Has there been any diminution, and to what extent?

In all this there is unmistakable evidence of life and energy, for which we thank God and take courage, for we have no doubt that any life manifested by our Colonial churches, will be also blessed for the good of the Church at home.

We are very happy to observe another sign of internal strength in our churches in North America. The proposal, namely, to form a General Assembly for British North America, including the Synods of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia. A Committee has been formed in the Synod of Canada, for carrying this into effect, and we wish it God speed.

The following judicious remarks are contained in a letter to the *Monthly Record* upon a subject to which we directed the attention of our readers in the June number of our *Magazine*.

MISSIONARIES TO THE HUDSON'S BAY
COMPANY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Record of
Nova Scotia.

SIR,—The June Record contains some excellent remarks from the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, on the claims which Scotchmen abroad have on the Scottish Church. The noble sentiments of nationality, expressed by the writer, will find a full response in the heart of every true Scot. With regard to the Hudson's Bay Territory, or what may be more conveniently named Hudsonia, it is surprising that we have not there many ministers or missionaries from the Church of Scotland. Besides the Indians, there are a good many French-Canadians and "half-breeds" employed by the Company; these are generally Roman Catholics. But those filling the higher stations, the governor, chief factors, surgeons, factors, clerks, traders, and other officials, are all, I believe, without exception, Scotchmen from the North Highlands and Orkneys. One would imagine that the ministers officiating among these transplanted Scots, would be from the Church of Scotland, or at least from some of the other straw-divided Presbyterian churches. But, no! the inquirer hears with undisguised astonishment that the only Protestantism these sons of Presbyterian Scotland can obtain is from Episcopalian clergymen. Instead of the psalms and paraphrases to which, in his boyhood, he was accustomed, our Arctic Scot has to listen, and with some reluctance and unwillingness, to the peculiar forms belonging to a sect which some of his acquaintances, perchance, regard as being not far removed from papists. The human heart, in every instance, is too unwilling to come under the influence of real Christianity for any persons to add to the difficulty, by causing religious instruction to be conveyed in a form to which the intended recipients have a national repugnance of two centuries' duration. I have conversed with several retired officials of the H. B. Company, and the way they explain this extraordinary arrangement was, that it was made by the Governor of the Company and the Directors in London. (The Governor of the H. B. Company, and the Governor of the H. B. Territory are separate persons.) But as the chief factors, and factors living in Hudsonia own shares in the Company, they have a right to some voice in the ecclesiastical arrangements which are supported by

the Company and by themselves. Assuredly, also, the General Assembly might take notice of this important subject, in the way of addressing the Governor and Directors of the H. B. Company.

Since writing the above, we have received additional information regarding the progress making in supplying the colonial vineyard with missionaries.

Besides those sent to Nova Scotia, (five,) two more are about to sail for that colony,—one also to New Brunswick,—one to Canada West. The Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, late of Charlotte Town, has been elected minister of St. Paul's, Montreal. A better appointment could hardly have been made. He has arrived safely at Montreal. The Rev. Mr. M'Hutcheson, a talented preacher, has accompanied him as a missionary to Canada. Two missionaries have lately sailed for Australia, while there is every hope of three other being sent immediately, one; to the Mauritius, one to British Guiana, and another to Australia. This will be a supply altogether of fifteen missionaries in 1856 to the colonial vineyard. Surely this should make us thank God and take courage! We have never shrunk from confessing and deploring, in these pages, what we believed to be defective in our Church with reference to her duties as a missionary Church. But if, with a child's love, we have mourned over her failures, with the same love we rejoice in her successes. Let mission conveners and committees, with God's help, accept the work given them, and provide fit workmen for doing it at home and abroad, and they may be assured that, just in proportion as they succeed in both, will they excite the interest, call forth the prayers, and increase the contributions of the Church. Great purposes of Christian enterprise on the part of the teachers of Israel can alone call forth great sacrifices of Christian love on the part of the people of Israel. When we resolve to act worthily as a Church, we shall never fail to be worthily supported by our members.

We hope soon to be able to report as favourably of our other mission schemes as we have now had the happiness regarding Dr. Fowler and the Colonial.

"In hearing of the Word, men look usually too much upon men, and forget from what spring the Word hath its power; they observe too narrowly the different hand of the sowers, and too little depend on His hand, who is Lord of both seed-time and harvest."

EXTRACTS FROM NINETEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE
BOARD OF EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES—1856.

Progress of Education at Home and Abroad.—"Great progress has been made in Education at home and abroad, during the last year. In the British Empire, and in the Central and Northern States of Europe, the public attention has been especially drawn to the subject. In England, few topics, except those of war and reform in the Government, engage the public mind to an equal degree. The leaders whose names stand out most conspicuously as the advocates of a National System of Education, are not isolated individuals, acting merely from their own personal convictions. They are but the representatives of an immense body of earnest and intelligent men, without whose support no great public measure could be carried. The chief barrier in the way is the connection of the Church with the State. In fact, the question of a general system of Education in England is essentially a church question. If this were satisfactorily disposed of, all the other parts of a national system could be adjusted with comparative ease. In the free states of our own country but one line of policy is pursued, and that is the encouragement and indefinite improvement of the public schools. It is with them no longer a question, whether a universal system of free education shall be maintained, *nor whether Christianity shall be recognised in the schools.* The advocates of private schools as the means of popular education; or of secular schools, in which religious influences shall have no place; or of sectarian schools, in which the distinctive doctrines of particular creeds shall be taught, *have mostly disappeared, having been driven from the field by a force of argument which it was not easy to resist.*"—Page 37.

Rapidity of Teaching.—"One of the most common and fatal mistakes made by ardent friends of education is the indulgence of unreasonable hopes, and the maintenance of extravagant views, as to what they can effect by means of it. It is often supposed that great results can be produced in a single term of twelve or fifteen weeks. Both teacher and committee aim at this rapid mode of manufacture. True education is that which aids the slow and healthy growth of the mind, the incorporation into it of principles, and the formation of tastes and habits, the full value of which will appear only after mature years have developed their tendencies. The highest

and best parts of education are incapable of exhibition. The show made at the close of a term is well enough to amuse children and their fond parents, but is often like that of newly dressed pleasure grounds, adorned with trees and shrubs fresh from the nursery, having a show of vitality in the foliage, though as yet drawing no sap from the root. Such frostwork of the schoolroom is soon dissolved, and generally passes away with the occasion. All attempts at such premature results of education are nearly useless, and yet our system of employing teachers by the term renders it almost necessary for a teacher, who is ambitious of distinction, to lay his plans for that kind of superficial culture and mechanical drill which can be produced in a few weeks, and shown off as evidence of marvellous skill. An experienced educator or observer can, indeed, inspect the processes of education, and judge of their fitness, as an agriculturist can of the preparation of the soil, and of the quality of the seed. But most persons must wait for time to bring forth the fruits of education, before they can form a true judgment of its character. All expectations of triumphant success in the schools founded upon such views of speedy results as those above alluded to, are destined to fail of their fulfilment; and when the people have been misled by these vain hopes, and find themselves, at the end, bitterly disappointed, the public schools will be in danger of languishing, bleeding from wounds inflicted by their own friends."—Page 34.

Improvement of Memory.—"The connection of memory with a clear apprehension of things is very close. Memory is but little more than knowledge retained or recalled. When a thing is remembered, because of the clearness of the perception or of the idea, or on account of its being referred to its proper class, and thus associated with what is already known, the act of remembering is purely intellectual, and the idea thus possessed is a permanent acquisition, and becomes a part of the mind itself. The more closely the memory is identified with the understanding, the more valuable will its cultivation prove to be. The memory that is arbitrary or accidental, that depends entirely on repetition or casual association, has its use, indeed, and cannot be dispensed with in the schools. But it may be the characteristic

of a weak mind, and its exercise may be a substitute for thought. Where this distinction is overlooked in schools, great evils will be liable to ensue. Those who attach to the latter kind of memory the value which belongs only to the former, will be in danger of cramming the mind with words and the names of things, and calling it education. Those who estimate the former by the latter will think lightly of both, and discard the cultivation even of a philosophical memory. There is a very current practice in the schools of exercising the memory in a way which is of little value. I refer to the great effort made to retain many things for a short time, until a lesson is recited, or an examination passed. These things not being understood according to their nature and qualities, or made perfectly familiar by use, glide from the mind as soon as the effort to retain them is relaxed. By excluding every other thought, and fixing the mind intently on a given subject, one may accomplish prodigies of memory, and this process may go on for many successive days, with as many different subjects. But every successive day almost obliterates the work of former days. Hence it thus happens, that a pupil would pass a better examination soon after the middle of a term than near the end. The mind is not then too much exhausted, by being kept continually on the stretch, to act with freshness and vigour, nor hopelessly confused by a greater accumulation of heterogeneous materials than it can contain. The true mode of training the mind is just the opposite. It requires that what is fundamental be studied till it is thoroughly understood. Being fundamental, it is constantly used in all that follows, and because it is understood, and put to daily use, it is remembered. The memory of the pupil should not be encumbered with unessential details. Principles, important facts, points upon which other things hinge, and those characteristic particulars which are necessary, in order to form clear ideas, should be so studied and applied as never to be forgotten. That kind of memory which is purely arbitrary should be allowed to treasure up what it will, but should be forced to treasure up only the best things. It is a mistake to suppose that the exercise of one kind of memory strengthens the other. They do not depend on the same laws. The memory of words, of names, of figures, and of all arbitrary signs, depends either upon familiarity or upon accidental association. Principles, on the contrary, are remembered only when they are thoroughly understood, and are arranged

in the mind in a philosophical order. As a knowledge of names contributes but little towards knowledge in general, so the memory of names contributes but little towards strengthening the memory in general. If a pupil is found to remember only words, or incidents, or illustrations, it is certain that the subject itself has not been properly studied and understood. Either the mind is wanting in power, or the teaching has been defective. In many cases the mental inebriety is only apparent, a vicious habit having been superinduced by a faulty method of teaching. It is not enough, then, to know, that the memory has had a certain degree of exercise in the schools. What is vastly more important is, to know how the memory has been trained and exercised."

Curiosity.—"Again, the principle of curiosity, inherent in every mind, may not only be neglected, and the attention consequently lost, but it may be unduly stimulated or misdirected. It may degenerate into a mere love of novelty, and render the mind averse to all study and continued effort. The curiosity which seeks for something new in an old subject, which advances one step farther in it for the sake of the pleasure of additional knowledge, is of the utmost importance in steadily holding the attention to its point, and leading to farther progress. The danger lies in allowing pupils to rove from subject to subject in quest of novelty, which destroys all concentration of the mind, and continued thought, and leads necessarily to habits of superficiality. The attention which must be secured, in order to profitable study, is not merely that state of mind which is opposed to listlessness, but that which is opposed to distribution by a rapid succession of objects. Both these ends ought to be accomplished. If the attractiveness of the subject, when properly presented and illustrated, fails to do this, the difficulty lies in the mental habits of the pupil, the correction of which is one of the most important duties of the teacher. A mature mind may, by a determination of the will, force the attention, till from habit it shall become easy. The child may need encouragements, and some other rewards besides the pleasures of knowledge. But such experiments must be made with great caution, and must be so managed as to lead to a spontaneous attention from the interest of the subject, as a result."—*Secretaries' Report*, page 56.

Moral Qualification of Teachers.—"None ought to be elected for this responsible office, but persons of moral

earnestness, who themselves attach great importance to the subject of morals, and who give satisfactory evidence of it, by the labour they bestow upon their own moral improvement. A person who does not actually make it his definite aim to study his own heart, to cultivate and strengthen all the pure and noble affections, to control his passions, and to subdue his inordinate appetites, cannot have that moral discipline, nor that knowledge of its means and processes, which is indispensable to the successful cultivation of the morals of the young. A mere absence of striking moral blemishes, a negative sort of virtue, is not enough. If it suffice to guide the individual through a quiet and passive kind of life, it will not fit him to combat skilfully every form of moral obliquity, and to evoke virtue from minds of every variety of temperament. The mind that is to infuse moral life into others, must itself have great vitality, must abound in all the elements of positive goodness. The labour, however, which the teacher then bestows upon himself is merely preliminary. His work, as an artist, still remains to be accomplished, and a more important work than that of forming the moral character of the young can scarcely be named."—*Secretaries' Report*, page 58.

(To be Continued.)

COMMERCE.

"Our missionaries often introduce themselves to heathen scenes, and ingratiate themselves with heathen hearts, by first appealing to the mercantile instinct. Man needs commerce. The Almighty has not brought within the sphere of man's nativity all the provision he requires for his entire well-being. He needs other minerals than those that are embosomed in his native mountains; other fruits than those that are indigenous to his own soil; other arts than those that can be invented by his own brain; and other trades than those that can be wrought by his own hand. He needs something of all that this omniferous earth contains—some product from every zone,—and some help from every original genius and skilful hand. He must, therefore, exchange commodities with the people of all lands, if he is to supply all his ever-multiplying wants as a progressive being. Nature affords man *facilities* for this world-wide commerce. The various parts of the world are rendered accessible to each other by rivers, and seas, and oceans; and these seem to wait, ever in throbbing earnestness, to carry to and

fro for our benefit the treasures of every land. This mercantile intercourse, by the principle of inter-dependence, tends to promote goodwill and brotherhood throughout the world. The exchange of material commodities is ever associated,—as the Creator undoubtedly designed it should be, with a higher exchange,—the exchange of thought, feeling, mind. The commerce of *soul* is by far the highest aspect, and most important end of all other commerce."—*Thomas's "Progress of Being."*

THE GLORY OF MAN IS AS THE FLOWER OF GRASS.

"There is indeed a great deal of seeming difference betwixt the outward conditions of life amongst men. Shall the rich, and honourable, and beautiful, and healthful go in together under the same name, with the baser and unhappier part, the poor, wretched sort of the world, who seem to be born for nothing but sufferings and miseries! At least, hath the wise no advantage beyond the fools? Is all grass? Make you no distinction? No: *All is grass*, or if you will have some other name: be it so. Once, this is true, that all flesh is grass; and if that glory that shines so much in your eyes must have a difference, then this is all it can have,—it is but *the flower of that same grass*; somewhat above the common grass in gayness, a little comelier and better apparelled than it, but partaker of its frail and fading nature; it hath no privilege or immunity that way; yea, of the two, is the less durable, and usually shorter lived; at the best it decays with it. '*The grass withereth and the flower thereof fadeth away.*'"

"The Sunday's sermon lasts but an hour or two, but holiness of life is a continued sermon all the week long."—*Leighton.*

"Where the heart entertains either bitter malice, or but uncharitable prejudices, there will be a certain decay of spirituality in the whole soul."—*Ibid.*

"It is a sweet, a joyful thing to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein He is not are bitter to a soul that loves Him, and all sufferings with Him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; His afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures, His *reproach* more glorious than their honours, and more rich than their treasures."—*Ibid.*

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

How weary and how worthless, this life at times
appears !
What days of heavy musings, what hours of
bitter tears !
How dark the storm-clouds gather along the
wintry skies,
How desolate and cheerless the path before us
lies !

And yet these days of dreariness are sent us
from above,
They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness
and love ;
They come to teach us lessons which bright
ones could not yield,
And to leave us blest and thankful when their
purpose is fulfilled.

They come to draw us nearer to our Father and
our Lord,
More earnestly to seek His face, to listen to His
Word,
And to feel if now around us a desert land we
see,
Without the Star of Promise, what would its
darkness be !

They come to lay us lowly, and humbled in the
dust ;
All self-deception swept away, all creature-hope
and trust ;
Our helplessness, our vileness, our guiltiness to
own,
And flee for hope and refuge, to Christ and
Christ alone.

They come to break the fetters, which here de-
tain us fast,
And force our long reluctant hearts, to rise to
heaven at last,
And brighten every prospect of that eternal
home
Where grief and disappointment, and fear can
never come.

Then turn not in despondence, poor weary
heart, away,
But meekly journey onwards, through the dark
and cloudy day ;
Even now the bow of promise is above thee
painted bright,
And soon a joyful morning shall disperse the
night.

Thy God hath not forgot thee, and, when He
sees it best,
Will lead thee into sunshine, will give thee
bowers of rest ;
And all thy pain and sorrows, when the pilgrim-
age is o'er,
Shall end in heavenly blessedness, and joys for
evermore !

SPITZKA.

“ He that will do always all he lawfully
may, shall often do something that law-
fully he may not.”—*Leighton*.

“ Divine truths are like a well-drawn
picture, which looks particularly upon
every one amongst the great multitude
that look upon it.”—*Ibid*.

“ Many afflictions will not cloud and
obstruct spiritual joy so much as one
sin ; therefore, if ye would walk cheer-
fully, be most careful to walk holily. All
the winds about the earth make not an
earthquake, but only that within.”—*Ibid*.

“ If the children of God consider their
trials, not in their natural bitterness, but
in the sweet love from whence they
spring, and the sweet fruits that spring
from them, that we are our Lord's gold,
and that He tries us in the furnace to
purify us, this may beget not only
patience, but gladness even in the suf-
ferings.”—*Ibid*.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“ SENIOR ” may send us a short article
if he pleases, embracing his views. We
have no object to serve in any article
we write upon schools or missions, ex-
cept to know the truth, and to advocate
what is best, in our judgment, for the
Church.

Any seriously written article, there-
fore, “ on the other side ” will find a place
in our pages. We would also respectfully
suggest that no anonymous letters should
ever be written to the Editor. He is
thankful to say that he has received very

few indeed of a *personal* and unkind na-
ture since he began the *Magazine*, and
these few have, in most cases, betrayed
a spirit which their writers had every
cause to be too much ashamed of to
confess their authorship. The Editor
wishes to know “ Senior ” by name, and
all of a like good spirit. There are one
or two other correspondents whom he has
no wish to know ; and he feels assured
they are equally desirous, for their own
sakes, of remaining unknown to the
Editor.

EXPOSITION.

By the Rev. JOHN WYLLIE, D.D., Minister of Carluke.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. For a carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told. The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow: for it is soon cut off, and we fly away. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Psalm xc. 1-12.

THIS is the psalm which, more beautifully, livingly, and fully, than any other of the whole book, opens up and reveals the mystery and meaning of our human life. Not, indeed, as the cold calculating world regards it—not as a vain self-idolizing philosophy regards it—not as the mere dreaming enthusiast regards it, but as it is, in the light of heaven, in the balance of the sanctuary. It embodies, in short, the truth of God in the matter, refuting and rebuking the atheism of the doctrine of chance or fate, and the nearly as great atheism of asserting a mere general providence which, while naming God, practically excludes Him on the one hand, and equally setting aside, as unreal, useless, and most deceiving, the mere sentimental view of life, on the other.

It is entitled, you observe, a "prayer or meditation of Moses, the man of God." It is believed to have been composed by him in the wilderness, when chastened and instructed by the mingled trials and mercies of God to Israel.

Verse 1.—"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations."

In this first verse, rising at once up into God, he gives expression to the *rest* his own soul had found in the midst of the sorrow, and then, in those that follow, dividing themselves into two great parts at the 13th verse, he retraces the steps of the way by which himself had reached

the haven, that others may equally enter, and "pillow their heads, too, on the bosom of Omnipotence," till the day of adversity is over.

Verse 2.—"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God."

The meditation, opening with the believer's rest in God, passes thus immediately to the glory God has in himself, "Before," &c. God, then, is the author, the sustainer, and the end of His own glorious Being. As he owes it to none, and holds it of none, so He is accountable for it to none. And this is equally true of those perfections of the Eternal, which, in their manifestation to His creatures, may be said to be the *end* of His being,—true of what divines have called His *declarative glory*. And it was probably to this, that Jesus, when He came to "reveal the Father," referred, when he said (John v. 26.) "As the Father hath life in himself, so hath He given to the Son to have life in himself." And, again (O, high and mysterious purpose of God for man!) connecting us also, as *our end*, with the manifestation of the Eternal, He said also (John vi. 17.) "As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father; so he that eateth me, even he shall live by me." Thus far we may safely go, and firmly teach, on this deep and mysterious theme, the self-

existence and eternity of God. Farther we may not venture, lest we should conceive aniss, speak without warrant, or multiply words without wisdom, reverently exclaiming, with St. Paul (Rom. xi. 33-36.) "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to Him be glory for ever! Amen."

Now, my people, it is *this* God, that is the ever near refuge, the true portion, the final rest of His people. And His eternity and unchangeableness make their rest stable and secure. The soul once brought into this, through knowing and loving Him, it concludes it has been first known and loved by Him, who is "from everlasting to everlasting," and, because so loved, because written from eternity on His heart, therefore "with loving-kindness drawn by Him." This is a man's true election, God's of him, and his of God, entered into, understood, "hidden in his heart, for joy whereof a man is willing to sell all that he hath to keep it," lest by boastfully proclaiming it, he should sin against his Maker; but whether hidden from all else or not, knowledge consciously come to thus.

Verse 3.—"Thou turnest man to destruction, and sayest, Return ye children of men."

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider," says the wise preacher, (Ecc. vii. 14.) why or how to be "joyful in prosperity," we think, most of us, we scarce need to be taught. But why, rather how, in our "adversity to consider," we may, perhaps, be more willing to learn. Here is the reason, "The day of adversity" is not to be limited to *death* alone, but embraces all that precedes, takes its colour from, and so points to death, and God's meaning by death, as His sentence on *sin*—to the blasting of our hopes—the frustrating of our plans—the disappointments, sorrows, and sufferings of life—the broken hearts, the desolate homes, the mourning families around us—all, all, are a foretaste, and part of death; a teaching of

the eternal truth, "Thou (God) turnest man to destruction." Now this can be understood and entered into only by the man who consents, in the death of Christ, to "receive the sentence of death in himself," and yields up to God in submission and without a murmur, in whatever way He may please to bruise and crucify it, "that flesh and blood which cannot inherit the kingdom of God," "knowing in himself that he hath in heaven a better and an enduring substance." For so, you observe, it is added, "and sayest, Return ye children of men."

God, then, comes down upon universal humanity with the sentence and humiliation of death, and in the large meaning I have just explained, because man has sinned, is unholy. But God equally, as righteously, and as widely, by each new day's mercies, says, "Return," and this because Jesus, in and for that humanity, has prevailed, is the "Righteous One." "Death, indeed, reigns through sin," and would have so reigned for ever. But for man a Saviour out of death has been found. Our load weighed heavily, indeed, on his soul, and the human and weak nature seemed, at last, to sink under it; but the Undying One by dying conquered. And now "grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ, our Lord." This is the Gospel coming first, meritoriously, through the death of Christ, and then, practically, through thy chosen willing death, O believing man, to thee. This explains the long forbearance of thy God towards thee, ay, the remission or passing by the "sins that are past," during long ages of sinners, "through the forbearance of God," (Rom. iii. 25.) This is that "long-suffering of God," which St. Peter (2 Peter iii. 15.) argues "is salvation," seeing in His sight, whether unto His purposes and ends of mercy or of judgment, "one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" in our Psalm (v. 4.) "but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night."

Verse 6.—"Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass that groweth up; in the morning it flourish-

eth and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down and withereth."

He returns to the foundation-truth, to the reality and cause of our position as mortal, to the fact of a positive *will* and out-coming of the hand of a righteous God, in the case of every death that falls out. It is not a thing of course. It is not to be fully nor ultimately explained by the structure of our frame, or by the laws of health and disease, or by influences that are injurious, or, as it is said, fatal to life. These are, and exhaust, man's explanations, still short of, often beside the truth; and under them the infidelity of the natural heart hides itself, or seeks to escape from the sense of a present acting sovereignty, under a mere jargon of what are called *general laws*, and goes no higher. My people, there is always a deeper thing in it—it is *God's* doing in each case of death—it is *God's* voice proclaiming, even over an infant's grave, over the highest saint's grave, "I am holy still!"—ay, proclaiming a "need be," a necessary ordinance from the very nature of God, and the now sinful nature of man, "The wages of sin is death." "Death hath passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—(Rom. vi. 23, and v. 12.) Oh! Christian, lest thou miss thy God, and the teaching of thy God, hold fast the truth that there is no such thing in providence, as there is no such thing recognised in all this blessed book, as what men call a thing falling out "just of course."

Verse 7.—"For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled."

"We!" why "we?" He had said above, "*Thou* carriest *them* away," &c. Now this, be it remembered, is the psalm of a man of God, a believer. The images of desolation and death were now rising up before him, as when the people were bitten by the fiery serpents, and their carcasses fell and rotted in the wilderness; and, like "the great Prophet" and Mediator, to be afterwards raised up, Moses now identifies himself with his people. We know that he so identified himself with them, and bore so their sins, that on one remarkable occasion, on the idol-

atry of the "golden calf," he even prayed that God, "for their sakes," to spare them, "would take him away." And it is good for us, your pastors, to know this; it is needful if we would speak aright, under the power of the holiness and righteous retributions of God, not to separate ourselves from that, even "our own flesh," in the sinner, the most abject sinner, that brings death, and sweeps generation after generation of the families of men remorselessly into the grave. And, especially, where any in the circle in which we move is touched and taken, we should feel that God is virtually laying His hand upon us also. Nay, still farther, we should be taught by this, how it consists with God's purposes, as of holiness so of grace, that "the day of adversity" should not be over with us or ours so soon as the day of redemption is proclaimed, nor even when its good news are brought home to us, taking effect, and our pardon consciously sealed to our souls. This conviction puts to flight all garishness of spirit, keeps down pride, banishes self-confidence, exposes the vain shew of the general life, gives, what is, oh! so needed, solemnity and authority to life, teaches a man to "walk softly before God all his days." Thus the believer learns to "consider" life, in one view, as but the long "day of adversity," and that often, I might say generally, from a known and sealed forgiveness there just commences a purifying process, much dealing of his Father in heaven, which he is forced to regard as *chastening for sin*, and which says to him again and again, even as he holds on, grows, and strengthens, "*Confess*." And thus the well-instructed and rightly-exercised Christian, unlike the disciples of some meagre, half-taught Christianity among us, learns not to be jealous of, but the true place and use of, "the terrors of the Lord." The pressure of the love in his pardon, and the pressure of the element of "wrath" or righteousness in his own chastening, or as coming out more or less every day in all around him, combining, like the composition of pressures or forces, to keep him staid in his right place, or to send

and speed him forward in the right direction.

Verse 8.—“Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.”

Forgiven, they are not strictly forgotten. All things (our sins as well)—all things that have been, as all things that are, and all that shall be, are still equally known to God, vividly, “in the light of His countenance,” and we, released from their desert for eternity, may still feel their bitterness in time, prompting many a contrite sigh, wringing from us, in secret, many a bitter tear; “for [ver. 9] all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.” Thus, practically, our life and growth become one assent to God’s sentence on the flesh, as the true desert and doom of all life *out of Christ*: for [v. 10.] “the days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if, by reason of strength, they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.” Well, then, might Moses exclaim—

Verse 11.—“Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear so is thy wrath.”

“Who knoweth”—i. e., who understandeth—can sympathize with, its righteousness? “Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath”—i. e., none understands it but the man who has become partaker of the “godly fear” of Jesus, the saved man, the man who fears not to suffer but to sin. Oh! men have made the life and death of Christ a substitute for holiness, instead of its foundation, source, pattern, and *satisfaction*. Such I believe to be their too common gross and blasphemous conception of Emmanuel’s blessed atonement. What was that offering, the offering of Jesus? Not the mere hanging on the cross, the mere material blood, (the ignorant Romish notion) but His whole will, His whole man, His whole life to suffer, fully expressed and summed up, at last, in the blood, the death—this, that he might so practically save, by teaching man that all is to be borne, all to be welcomed—all desertion, all suffering, all death, rather

than sin. Therefore it is that He himself warns, “If these things be done”—be needed, so to speak—“in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?”—i. e., If the Son and the innocent so suffer, what shall be the doom of the finally impenitent and the guilty? Yes, “the terrors of the law brought home to the conscience of an awakened man,” drink “up the spirit,” as in Job—in Paul. “I was alive without the law once, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died.” So, none but a soul convinced of sin in the light and through the fellowship of the cross, can speak aright to dying men of “the terrors of the Lord.” “Knowing,” said holy Paul, “the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.”

Remember then, O Christian, that thy God is “a consuming fire” (Heb. xii. 29)—that “the terrors of the Lord,” threatened chastisements, actual or impending judgments should be to thee as a constant hedge, an outward bulwark, a “shutting thee up” to meek dependence and “godly fear.” For *all* sin God does mark, and, either here or hereafter, will judge. Such was the meditation of Moses, the “man of God,” on the truth—“Thou turnest man to destruction.” And, to close for the present what is the great intended practical lesson of this so beautiful and affecting meditation, mark, it issues in *prayer*—

Verse 12.—“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

It should send us to God, then—to God in prayer, and with *this* prayer—“So teach us to number,” i. e., to take account of our days—to understand their meaning—why so short—why so evil—why so full of sorrow—why closing, at last, in death? The blessed end is, “that I may apply my heart unto *wisdom*”—that all this may send me to Christ—to the foot of the cross; there to abide—there to know myself and my God—there to see my sin, and to be enabled to bear the sight—there to bow down and confess—there to “look” up, and be saved! Here is “wisdom!” O, how unlike the world’s! Jesus died—was ever dead to this life of the flesh, therefore renounce as any por-

tion, the life that now is, the life "according to the flesh." Jesus is risen—therefore choose "the life to come," the "eternal life"—*eternal now*, because *holy now*! That this is our true wisdom is beautifully interpreted to us by that reasoning of Paul (1 Cor. i. 21-31.) And so, when the soul thus rightly, *i.e.*, wisely interprets life, as its heavenly Father's dealing and chastening, and turns to Jesus as its refuge, and to heaven as its home, it pants to be away, and at rest! Hence the outpouring of prayer from the 13th verse to the close, being the second part of the psalm, but with which we cannot now engage.

Brethren! you will have, most of you, anticipated what little I have to add, in application, concerning one, the late member for Lanarkshire, who will appear no more, nor worship more, among us.

This is not the place, nor am I the person to speak of how he discharged his public duties, as the representative of this great county—how unweariedly, how eminently well. Neither, any more, am I here, in however shortly recalling the friend and neighbour, to employ terms which his own innate and so sensitive delicacy and propriety would have been the very first to disapprove and repudiate. But, in the place where, next to their public sphere, he ever shewed that his chiefest interest, duties, and happiness lay—within which not *one*, the very humblest of you all, was indifferent to him—for to *him*, as to either your temporal or spiritual comfort and help, I never once applied in vain—in *this* place, and, with no fear of dissent, I venture to say, that as, in our immediate neighbourhood, the memory of the venerated father, as by eminence the faithful and affectionate Christian pastor, is still fresh and green; so, among *us*, will the son's long be, as by eminence the kind, honourable, and honoured Christian gentleman. How he demeaned himself, when with us in the house and worship of God, marked from his entrance to his departure by the most scrupulous, unobtrusive reverence, was before you all. In all these respects I have not found—at my time of life I do

not expect to find—such entireness of sympathy and help again. But God's holy will be done! He has been taken from amidst his nearest and dearest—oh! so suddenly I ever feel afresh—passing away like the scarce heard breath of an infant's sleep!

And now, brethren, should not such events teach us all, whatever our sphere, to take betimes true measure, even God's and the Book's, of "things temporal," and "things eternal." O, from our so incessant activities in, our so absorbing occupation with, our almost heart-devotion to, objects and ends of this scene only, or mainly, will they not prevail to win, ere it may prove too late, some due and earnest consideration "of the things which," nevertheless, "concern our eternal peace." O life! O man! what are ye, at your best and longest, without this? Think of the world all you may—make of it all you can—Is it *enough*? Is it *ought*? when man's time and the Spirit's crisis come, to sustain those leaving us, to comfort those left? One hour but of serious thought now, realizing ourselves stretched where but yesterday lay that loved and mourned one, may prove the opening and the earnest of a priceless eternity. Take account, O man! O woman! on the one hand, of the days you have already passed, of the ends you have set before you, of the frivolities that may have occupied, the meannesses that may have degraded, the base, covetous, suspicious, envious feelings that may have possessed and swayed you, leaving behind but shame, if I should not say remorse; and on the other hand, of a life passed and closed in an unjudging, forgiving spirit, amid kindly thoughts, gentle words, honourable deeds, quiet unostentatious charities, leaving behind, as it ebbed away, only such blessed memories! which would be yours? And, oh, think, too, how uncertain, how short may be the time left you to live it! Will you ever repent such a life? Will your friends blush to recal it? Never! never!

I repeat, then, once more, "The time is short." "It remaineth, that both they who weep be as though they wept not,

and they who rejoice, as though they rejoiced not." There are tears, blessed tears, that fall but to be "wiped away!" And there is a joy, a gain, an influence, which can only wither and die! Choose now. Lift up the eyes of your mind, and take true measure, on the one hand, as of "the grass that groweth up, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," or, on the other hand, of "the word of the Lord," and a life according to that word "which endureth for ever!" There is no third choice. Amen.

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE OLD YEAR.

A Voice to the Christian Mourner, from the Graves of the Christian Dead.

We are not there, beloved!
So dry those tearful eyes,
And lift them up in calmness
To yonder cloudless skies;—

To yonder Home of glory,
Where we together live,
'Tis all our Saviour died for,
'Tis all our God can give!

Yet in that Home of glory,
Midst all we hear and see,
The past is not forgotten,
And we ever think of thee.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
And let those eyes be dry,
Oh! be not crushed by sorrow,
Oh! never wish to die!

Wish only to be faithful
In doing our Father's will,
And where the Master puts thee,
Obey Him, and be still!

Be of good cheer, beloved!
For not one hour is given,
That may not make thee fitter
For higher life in heaven.

Thou canst not see our glory,
Beyond that azure sky,
Nor canst thou know when angels
Or dearer friends are nigh;

But thou canst see the glory
Of being like thy Lord,
And thou canst know His presence,
And thou canst hear His word.

Him, dear one, trust and follow!
Him hear with faith and love,
And he will lead thee safely
To join us all above!

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT!

A Psalm for the New Year.

Courage, brothers! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night,
There's a star to guide the humble:—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
But in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Trust no lovely forms of passion—
Fiends may look like angels bright—
Trust no custom, "school," or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight.
Cease from man, and look above thee—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding—
"Trust in God, and do the right!"

"The path of Satan in assault is never straight-forward,—it is winding, tortuous, so that his ultimate purpose is not suspected. Yea, even as the Boa-Constrictor approacheth a sleeping man not in a direct line, but cautiously, gradually, turning over from side to side, and at length coileth itself around the body, so the spiritual Leviathan, that piercing, crooked serpent, maketh attack upon the unwary, and entangleth him in inextricable folds."—*The Protoplast.*

"The voluntary humiliation of those who are ever declaiming against the pride of human reason, and insisting on the necessity of being guided by the heart rather than by the head, is a prostration not of themselves before God, but of one part of their selves before another part, and resembles the idolatry of the Israelites in the wilderness, the people stripped themselves of their golden ornaments, and cast them into the fire, and there came out this calf."—*Archbishop Whateley.*

"Nothing imposes so much on people of weak understanding, as what they do not comprehend."

DEBORAH—REBEKAH'S NURSE: A CHAPTER FOR SERVANTS.*

LET us read the account of the death and burial of one who was an old servant in the oldest family on earth. In the thirty-fifth chapter of the Book of Genesis you will find these words:—"But Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, died, and she was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak; and the name of it was called Allon-bachuth," which, as we learn from the margin of some of our Bibles, means "the oak of weeping."

It is nearly 4000 years since that old nurse was laid in her tomb in the quiet valley near Bethel. Many a noble-born, and princely woman has come and gone since then! Many a woman, accomplished and beautiful, has made a great stir on earth, agitating human hearts, corrupting human souls, not infrequently disturbing kingdoms,—proud, selfish, haughty, ambitious, ungodly,—and all have passed away, leaving here no trace behind of their existence—no more than the meteor which flashes for a moment across the wintry sky. On this side of the grave, though not on the other, they are utterly forgotten and unknown. But that old nurse, who was so long ago in the family of an old shepherd, is known to Christendom, and her history forms a part of the written history of the world!

Think what a sore travail for Fame has been under the sun since it first shone upon mankind! What a pushing aside of others; what a trampling of them under foot, what a fierce striving and struggling from youth to old age; what lying, cheating, intriguing and murdering, has there been by man's cursed *Self*, to please self, vaunt self, and worship self, and seat it upon the throne of the world! It has almost made history the record only of cruelty and crime, written in tears and with blood. What gigantic attempts has this great puffed-up *Self* made not only to possess the earth while it lived here, but to possess the minds and the imagination of all coming generations when it

died and went elsewhere, and if not to gain their reverence, at least to excite their envy! It has reared gorgeous palaces and stately temples;—erected beautiful statues, elegant obelisks, enormous pyramids, and wonderful tombs;—carved or painted stories of battles and conquests on marble and on granite walls—and all to leave a name! What do you, what does any one of us know about the hundreds who thought that they had thus secured their immortality? Absolutely nothing. Yet the name of the old Nurse, Deborah, has survived the wreck of ages!

How many cities, and kingdoms too, have risen, flourished, and perished, since her death! Nations have shaken the earth, and broken its silence, as did the Israelites when passing through the desert, and, like them, have departed, and left it to silence again. Greece and Rome, great Babylon the aged, and Nineveh, older still, have all commenced their career, and flourished and perished since the days of Deborah; and we see, as in a long procession, stretching through thousands of years, kings and emperors, priests and warriors, with their pride of rank or birth, of learning or conquest, greedy of fame and the honour of ages, accompanied by uncounted millions of men and women, who spent long lives on earth, coming out of darkness into the world, and then passing after a while into darkness again; and we know nothing whatever of any of them. Yet we know something about this Deborah!—an old nurse, who never thought she would be remembered after the master and mistress whom she had loved were gone, or the children whom she had fondled on her knee had followed them;—an old servant, whose highest ambition was to do the will of her God and her master's God;—to be herself good, and to make the family circle happy by her goodness;—an old nurse, who never saw grander sights than shepherds' tents and shepherds' flocks, or the glory of suns rising and setting over the green hills of Palestine; yet who, without knowing it or seeking it, has acquired a fame far

* From "Deborah, or Fireside Thoughts for Household Servants." By Rev. Norman MacLeod, Glasgow. Edinburgh: T. Constable & Co. (In the press)

greater than has fallen to the lot of kings or queens. Her name is engraven by the finger of God on a monument grander than any in Egypt, and which never can be covered by the sands of the desert, never broken into dust by the destroying invader, or obliterated by the corroding hand of time. And now, as if what we have read about her had happened yesterday, we see that funeral; the family group meeting in the pastoral valley beneath Bethel; around them the sleeping hills; overhead the calm sky, it may be with ministering angels as silent spectators; while, with hearts filled with touching memories of the olden time, the good family servant is laid, with all honour, in the tomb, and old men and young drop their honest and manly tears over her body, as the old oak rains the dew-drops from its heart and all its branches, over its mother earth—and so great and sincere was this sorrow, and so willing was the family who experienced it to keep such a tribute of affection in remembrance, that they called the place *Allon-Bac-huth*, “the oak of weeping!” The great Master of us all, too, sympathized with the feelings of that family circle, and has been pleased to record their servant’s name and burial, so that wherever the gospel is published, of His love to man in every age, it should be told what this humble woman hath done. Verily, “blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.” “The humble shall hear thereof and be glad!”

Does this notice of Deborah in the Bible seem strange to you? Does it seem strange, that the great and mighty God, the Creator of the heavens and the earth, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, should take such notice of an old servant, and, as it were, deign to mention so humble a person in a book like the Bible? You would think it quite right and natural, perhaps, that He should take care of the universe in general, but not, perhaps, of this world in particular!—or if of this world, yet specially only of great nations and cities in it—or if of men and women, yet of none but of great people, like kings and queens, or of some very good people, like patriarchs and

apostles? But that He should notice an old nurse, and the family in which she served, and the place where she was buried, and the tears shed at her funeral;—all this seems, perhaps, a very singular and exceptional case. Why should we think so? Whence have we learned such views of God’s character, and of His dealings with the children of men as to make us think so? Not, certainly, from the Bible, but I fear from our own dark thoughts, and from the way in which “great people” or “great kings” are necessarily obliged to act towards most poor and unknown ones, from the impossibility of their being able to attend to everything, or of being acquainted with every one, even if they wished to aid them. But every page of the Bible tells us of a God great and mighty,—indeed, whose greatness is unsearchable, and whose glory, in all its fulness, is incomprehensible by any creature,—yet of One who, just because He is so great and glorious, sees, and knows, and takes care of all things. “To whom will ye liken me, or shall I be equal? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number: He calleth them all by names, by the greatness of His might, for that He is strong in power; not one faileth.” And is it this great and powerful Creator and Upholder of the starry heavens who cannot consider the manner of life and the condition of the poor? and who must from the number and grandeur of His works pass by their cause? So, alas! men often think. But hear His own gracious words which follow those I have just quoted: “Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, *My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength!*”

It was this “Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth,” who gave such com-

mands through Moses as shewed His remembrance of the wants of the weakest of His creatures, and of the poorest of His people, and that there cannot be anything indifferent to Him, or beneath His notice, merely because it is trifling in the world's estimation. Hence such commands as the following:—"If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help with him." "Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest; that thine ox and thine ass may rest, and the son of thy handmaid and the stranger may be refreshed." "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk." "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young." "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." "And if thy brother, an Hebrew man, or an Hebrew woman, be sold unto thee, and serve thee six years, then in the seventh year thou shalt let him go free from thee. And when thou sendest him out free from thee, thou shalt not let him go away empty: thou shalt furnish him liberally out of thy flock, and out of thy floor, and out of thy wine-press: of that wherewith the Lord thy God hath blessed thee thou shalt give unto him. And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondman in the land of Egypt, and the Lord thy God redeemed thee: therefore I command thee this thing to-day.

This God is *our* God! He is, if I may use the word, as thoughtful of His creatures in Britain now, as He was of those in Palestine then; and men and women in the dark and crowded lanes of our cities, and in our quiet homes or busy factories, are as known and cared for, and as precious in His sight, as were those to whom these commands were first addressed. "Have we not all one Father?"

Consider, further, that the truly great

ones of the earth, in God's sight, are the good, and this rank we can all rise to, if we wish it. The good are His precious jewels, though often in a rough and poor setting of clay—His treasure, though often in a very common earthen vessel,—the stars in His sky of glory, though the world may admire much more the brilliant meteors generated by corruption, and that lead only to quagmires. God is, therefore, "not ashamed to call them brethren." He will "lift the poor," if they be humble and good, "out of the dunghill," while He will "pour contempt upon princes," if they are proud and wicked. We need not wonder, therefore, that the God who tells us nothing about the history and doings of mighty kings and kingdoms which have passed away, has yet considered Deborah worthy of notice, in order to testify how much He valued, and desired to honour, as He will ever do, a good servant who filled that place faithfully and well in which He had placed her. Cheering thoughts these are, I think, for us all! I cannot help impressing them upon working people especially, who are apt to say, like Jonah, "I am cast out of thy sight!" For what, indeed, does this big and busy world know or care about any of us at this moment? Our names are unknown; we are lost in the crowd of life; "our way is hid" from men, and when we die, few will miss us even for a time, while to the great world we cease to be, as the leaf does which falls from the tree into the stream, and is swept into the great sea. But then comes the happy thought,—the great God knows us, cares for us, and will keep us, if we will only know Him truly, love Him sincerely, and serve Him faithfully. "I am poor and needy, but *the Lord* thinketh upon me." "O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising: thou understandest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path, and my lying down and art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me."

This great and blessed lesson of God's knowledge of every person, and His peculiar love to the good, is taught not merely by such a passing incident as this which is recorded of Deborah, but by very many things in Scripture, regarding those who were His friends, whom He blessed, and has rendered for ever memorable. You know, for example, how He calls himself, and is yet worshipped by us as the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;" and these men were but humble shepherds who pitched their tents, and pastured their flocks, wandering over the quiet hills of Palestine. And among those mentioned in the Bible, whose lives we best know of all who ever lived, were such as *Eliezer*, Abraham's faithful servant, who went for a wife to Isaac, and brought back Rebekah, and Deborah with her; and *Joseph*, the slave boy, who was sold to Potiphar, and with none to help him in a heathen and wicked land, but alone and solitary, behaved with such noble faithfulness to his master, and pious loyalty to his God; and *Moses*, "the man of God," also the shepherd for forty years in the hills of Midian, and who, because he was "faithful in his house," went to heaven, and was honoured to appear again with Jesus in glory; and that, too, on one of the hills of the old land he had left 1400 years before. We have also such domestic histories as that of the afflicted but poor *Naomi*, and her affectionate *Ruth*, in which everything is so minutely detailed that we enter Bethlehem with the widowed mother, and sorrow with her; and gaze with admiration on her sweet daughter-in-law as she gleans among the yellow barley sheaves; and trace the wondrous providence by which her great-grandson was called from following the ewes great with young, and became King David, the mighty minstrel, who has led the worship of the Church of Christ, and will do so till time shall be no more! Were not these, and indeed almost every worthy mentioned in the Bible, great and grand, not because they were rich, high in rank, or learned—none of which we may ever be; but because they were good, true, humble, godly,—that which we may all

be. There is one Old Testament story which I cannot help recalling to your memories if you have forgotten it, and to point it out to you if you know it not, as it beautifully illustrates the view of God's character which I wish servants, and those engaged in common every-day labour, to understand and believe, because I fear such true thoughts of God are not so familiar to us as they ought to be, and, therefore, working people especially have not the strength and comfort they would otherwise possess if these were kept in their minds and hearts. The story I allude to is this. There came a time in the history of the Jewish nation, four hundred years or so after King David was dead, and just before they were carried away for the last time into captivity, when nothing less than the most terrible chastisements could do them any good. The people, the priests, and the king were all equally bad, and sunk in shocking wickedness. Lying, cheating, robbery, murder, every kind of injustice and tyranny, with the grossest indecency, prevailed. God raised up one of the noblest men who ever lived, the prophet Jeremiah, to warn them, and, if possible, as a last attempt, to lead them to repentance and reformation. The prophet was a man of the warmest heart, and most gentle and tender feelings, with deep love to God and to his country; and what he saw, and what he suffered from his brethren, almost broke his heart. But it came to this at last, after a long series of tormenting accusations, suspicions, and persecutions, that the man of God was sent to prison, which seemed to have been in one of those cruel places now only found in barbarous lands—a dungeon, more like a deep pit, or the bottom of a tower, from the top of which he was lowered down into mud and water, there to starve and die. Was there no one to plead for the Prophet? Could no pious priest be found, as a true witness for God, and for the glory of self-sacrifice, who would even say a good word for the Prophet, though it might possibly cost him the king's ill-will or his own life? The temple was full of priests, but they were all silent about Jeremiah. Could

no prince be found noble enough, and brave enough to defend the right? The princes had ceased to be princely, and had become selfish and profane. Was there no one, then, from among "the chosen people of God," the "people called by his name," who could honour that name by being just and true, and lift up their manly voice in the street, for righteousness' sake, though they were not members of sanhedrim or synagogue? "Like priest like people!" They had a name to live, but a name only. The spirit of religion had fled—the body was corrupt and dead from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot! And there was the king, too, better than most in the city, but weak and wavering; with fair intentions, but irresolute of purpose. Will no one fan the spark of good in his heart, and bid him stretch forth his hand and remove the blot on his land, by freeing the best man in it from that vile dungeon? Yes; one man there is in that city who has a conscience that tells him the right, and a heart that feels it, and a brave soul that is willing to risk all, and do the work which both conscience and heart call him to! That man went to the king, "when sitting in the gate of Benjamin," and he said, "My lord, these men have done evil in all that they have done to Jeremiah!" Who was this bold man who dared thus to startle the king's conscience, and defy the power of the princes, and cast contempt on the priests, and he alone among the people? He was no Israelite, but a stranger and foreigner—not a priest or prince, but a servant—a slave—and I suppose, too, a negro slave!—It was "Ebed-melech the Ethiopian, who was in the king's house;" and who "came out of the king's house," to say these stirring words to his master!—Noble man!—The Lord blessed his good service, and gratified his good heart, by enabling him to bring the poor Prophet out of the deep dungeon—to do which, however, he required ropes, and the assistance of thirty men. Now, let us mark the sequel of the story. Some time after this, the Word of God came to Jeremiah, and it was a terrible

word, indeed, for Jerusalem and its people,—“Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, Behold, I will bring my words on this city, for evil and not for good!” But will no one escape? Is there no word of comfort for any? There is. God sent a message of mercy to one man in that city, but he is not among the priests of the temple, nor among the princes round the throne, nor is he the king, sitting by the gate of Benjamin. The person selected from the crowd by Heaven's Ambassador to receive a message from Heaven's King was the *negro slave*! The righteous God had marked his conduct; was pleased with him; and did not forget him amidst the calamities which were about to overwhelm Jerusalem. “Thus saith the Lord. Go and speak to *Ebed-melech the Ethiopian*, saying, I will surely deliver thee, and thou shalt not fall by the sword, *because thou hast put thy trust in me, saith the Lord!*” * O blessed revelation of one who is, “of a truth, no respecter of persons: for in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted of him!” This is He whose eye is on every servant, and who will bless and protect all, whether bond or free, white or black, who, like the Ethiopian, will do what is right, and put their trust in God?

I cannot conclude these first thoughts upon God's knowledge of and sympathy with goodness, though found among those unknown and uncared for by the world, without directing your attention to the revelation of the same blessed truth in the New Testament. Who are its heroes? such men as the shepherds, to whom Gabriel, the Angel of God, accompanied by the host of heaven, announced the birth of the Saviour, while they were fulfilling their humble and peaceful calling in watching their flocks by night; and such men, too, as the fishermen of Galilee, who left their all, followed Jesus, and revolutionized the world; and such servants as Onesimus, who were “beloved” by St. Paul. Who are its heroines? poor women like the Virgin-Mother, Elizabeth her cousin, and

* See Jeremiah xxxviii. xxxix.

Mary Magdalene, Martha and Mary of Bethany, with those from Galilee, who ministered to Him of their substance. And what was the revelation which He who came to show us the Father, gave of that Father? Did He not tell us of one beneath whose omniscient eye the small bird, smitten by winter's cold, does not fall unnoticed, and who cares, therefore, more for us, his dear children, whom "He pities," who are "of more value than many sparrows," and whose smallest concerns—the very hairs of our head—are individually known, and, as it were, "numbered!" But what glorious teaching is Christ's own life! "He, who was equal with God, took upon Himself the *form of a servant*," and "made Himself of no reputation." For thirty years He was known only as the carpenter's son. He had no glory or beauty which the fleshly eye could perceive, for there was none save the glory and beauty of character. The greatest wonder about Him was the wonder of being in all respects like his brethren, yet without sin. The only miracle He wrought was the miracle of leading a life so unknown and unnoticed, so quiet and unobtrusive, that His Divine majesty was visible only in His human condescension and humility. Jesus has thus in His own personal life revealed how true greatness in man consists in that humility of love, which meekly does the will of God, when and where and how God is pleased to appoint, and performs the servant's work with the child's heart. It is thus that he who is least is the greatest in His kingdom. He has, moreover, revealed in His own person that in which consists the greatness of God; not in ignorance of what we call trifles, nor in overlooking them as being beneath His notice; but in His being able to consider all, attend to all, and watch all; to take care at the same moment of great stars that whirl through the sky, and of valueless sparrows that chirp among the trees; and thus to shine on great and small, as the sun of heaven lights up and warms at once the mightiest worlds, and fills with sparkling radiance the dew-drop in the heart

of a primrose. We see Jesus, accordingly, having "compassion" for the multitudes who followed Him, lest they should faint by the way, and feeding them by a miracle of Divine power. We see Him concerned for His own servants, "because there were so many coming and going, that they had no leisure so much as to eat," and so He bid them "come and rest awhile." We see Him, on the night when He was betrayed, and when conscious of His dignity and power, "*knowing* that God had given all things into his hands, that He came from God and went to God,"—do what? O the greatness of Jesus' humility! "He rose from supper, girded Himself with a towel, and pouring water into a bason, began to wash the *disciples' feet* and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded!"

Think on these things, servants, that you may more and more feel, that God does not confine His regards to the rich and powerful, the high and mighty; or to those who are supposed to be more in his immediate service, such as ministers or missionaries; but that his eye is on the servant at work in the kitchen, as much as it is on the archangel standing before his throne—and that He loves and will reward those who are faithful in the least, as richly as those who are faithful in much. Believe this, and let this be your song of praise—"Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the heavens. Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait upon the Lord our God"—"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour. For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden." "He that is mighty hath done great things, and holy is his name. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away?"

"Sleep is death's younger brother, and so like him, that I never dare trust him without my prayers."

OUR MISSION IN INDIA.

No. III.—EDUCATION.

OUR last article on this subject, occupied as it was with some of the gravest questions in India Missions, enlarged so much upon our hands as to preclude the consideration of various interesting topics. The manner in which it has been received, and the discussion which it has awakened, encourage us to devote another article to the subject of Education as a branch of India Missions, before we proceed to consider the direct preaching of the Gospel.

It will be interesting and instructive first of all to give a short account of the Missions of the Church of Scotland in India at the present time. We shall include not only the General Assembly's mission, but those of the Ladies' Association for the Advancement of Female Education in India, and of St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh. We are indeed doing little—so little, that we have all cause to bury our heads in shame—but we are doing more than many of our friends suppose.

It is hardly necessary, then, to say, that in the year of our unhappy differences, 1843, all our missionaries in India seceded from the Church, (with the single exception, we believe,) of the Lady Superintendent of the Orphanage at Calcutta. Not only so, but an attempt was made to carry over the mission premises to the newly-formed Free Church. Owing to these interruptions, the institutions were not re-opened in connection with the Church of Scotland, till 1845. Though the Church had been carrying on her mission work for fifteen years previously, yet the results of it were lost to us ecclesiastically; and the present mission may be said practically to date from that year. The General Assembly's Mission occupies three stations,—Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. At each of these places the centre of operations is a large school or college, where education is given in English, free to all children that are admitted. We are not aware that any applicant is refused

admission. Besides these central institutions, the missionaries employ such spare time and strength as they have, after teaching for five or six hours a-day, in preaching to the natives, sometimes in the vernacular, and sometimes in English. At Calcutta, we have, at present, two missionaries, (Mr. Anderson has just resigned,) 20 assistant teachers, and about 1300 scholars enrolled. The Ladies' Association have in Calcutta and the neighbourhood, 5 schools, 8 teachers, and 190 scholars. The Ghospara Mission has 2 teachers, and (we believe) about 90 scholars. In all, 2 missionaries, 6 schools, 30 teachers, 1580 scholars. In 1851, we had also 70 native Christians.

At Madras, the Assembly's Mission has 2 missionaries, (Mr. Sheriff has lately left for Bombay,) and about 580 scholars. The Ladies' Association has 2 schools, 16 teachers, and 399 scholars. In all, 2 missionaries, 3 schools, probably about 26 assistant teachers, and 979 scholars.

At Bombay, the state of affairs has long been very unfortunate. For many years a single missionary has been all the permanent staff of our mission there. For a few months together, we have occasionally had two; but one has always been necessarily removed, and the changes have been incessant. Let us hope better things are in store for poor Bombay. At present, Mr. Sheriff is our only missionary there, Mr. Hunter having lately left. But for months they have done "yeoman service;" we understand the mission is flourishing, and has about 500 scholars. The Ladies' Association have 6 schools, 7 teachers, and 159 scholars. In all, 1 missionary, 7 schools, probably about 17 assistant teachers, and 659 scholars.

In the Punjab, we have now 1 missionary, and two native catechists, (Nusrpolah and Mahomet, late converts from Mohammedanism at Bombay.) These have just left for their new sphere of

labour, and have hardly entered on their work.

In Ceylon, the Ladies' Association have 3 schools, 5 teachers, and 164 scholars.

The Church of Scotland Mission in India, as a whole, have a staff of 8 missionaries, 20 schools, about 76 teachers, and 3382 scholars under tuition. Last year, the amount spent on India, amounted altogether to about £5469. It is not pretended that the above account is minutely accurate, but it may be taken as a pretty fair approximation to the truth. And, we think, the friends of the Church will feel it to be so far cheering, while they acknowledge many discouragements, and still more shortcomings and sins. May the Lord pour out upon us His Spirit, that we may soon do much more! May He hasten the time!

We proceed to take up various matters connected with education in India, which have not been noticed in the last article.

Vernacular Schools.—It will be observed from the above account of the Mission, that the teaching of the Assembly's Mission at present, is in English, and that its institutions are located in the Presidency towns. These, no doubt, are the seats of influence, and our institutions are noble colleges. But it must be evident that were we to attempt to set up a similar institution in the Mofussil, it would be like placing a University in a country parish at home, for the benefit of the parishioners. And it must be equally evident, that the work of evangelizing India must be done through its vernacular language, and not through English. Village schools throughout the length and breadth of India, are what we now want, and what India wants, and what (blessed be God!) the natives are demanding on every side. We might quote many passages to show how urgent the natives are to obtain education. In our first article we quoted Dr. Duff's speech in 1837, and Dr. Wise's pamphlet of 1854, to prove that this urgency exists even in villages. To these we add now only one additional quotation from Tennent's *Christianity in*

Ceylon, p. 160: "Now so eager are the natives to secure education for their daughters, that a short time before my visit, on the occasion of filling up some vacancies, upwards of sixty candidates were in anxious attendance, of whom only seventeen could be selected, there being room for no more." We earnestly hope that the Assembly's Committee will take advantage of this yearning on the part of the natives, extending, as it does, more or less, from Bengal to Ceylon, and that a year will not pass away without our having established in India, vernacular schools. At least four things will fall to be considered under this head: Teachers, Subjects, Books, and an English class. Are the teachers to be native or European? To answer this question, it must be remembered that the village vernacular school will necessarily be small; that, generally speaking, 40 or 50 pupils, and 1 or 2 teachers, will be the average in each. To send an English teacher to each school would soon prove impossible. We might leave it to the sure test of experience to decide this point. But that we may not commit mistakes in the outset, and that we may take advantage of the recorded experience of others, we may simply give four reasons for leaving native teachers to these vernacular schools, instead of European. Think of the difficulty a foreigner must have in teaching their own language to native children. Think of a Frenchman teaching an English school in this country, especially teaching the grammar, and the niceties of a language which he could not even perfectly pronounce. Again, think of the expense connected with European teachers, as compared with natives. The one would cost £200 a year, (besides outfit and passage money;) the other, (see *Wise on Education in India*, p. 13,) would cost £60 a year, without passage money. And of this sum one-half would be paid by government. And, besides, it would take a considerable time to qualify a European missionary for teaching in the vernacular. He must spend a year or two ere he is able to do this at all. All the time of

his preparation he must be supported by the Mission funds. And it might happen that after two years of preparation, his health might give way, and he should need to return home without having taught a class. Think again of the comparative ease of obtaining native teaching from our English institutions in India, while we find it so difficult now to obtain teaching-missionaries to go abroad. Think once more of the strength of the native to stand the climate and labour in the sun, which the European could not endure. By all means, then, let us have native teachers for these vernacular schools. We would propose the following system. Have vernacular schools, four or five of them, clustered together in one district of the country; let those be taught by natives trained in our English institutions, or similar ones in the Presidency towns; take care that every such teacher is a Christian, never employ a heathen for the purpose; and over these schools let a European superintendent be appointed, the missionary of the station, perhaps, or, better still, one of the European missionaries of the station.

The *Subjects* to be taught in the schools would require careful consideration. We shall only say, in passing, that besides reading, writing, and arithmetic, geography, (which is most important in India,) grammar, and the elements of European science must have a prominent place. And above all these must be missionary schools, having religion as their chief theme, and introducing it in every class.

While discouraging the planting of English schools in the Mofussil, it might, we think, be a great advantage to have an advanced class in English in all the larger vernacular schools, both to spread the knowledge of our language throughout India, and to serve as feeders for the special theological classes of our future English institutions.

At these vernacular schools it would be as necessary to exact fees, as it would be in similar cases at home. Some interesting details on this and other questions connected with the schools, will be

found in the Calcutta Conference Papers, pp. 136, 137. We need only add, that the deliverance of last Assembly has, of course, decided that, in such schools, the Government grants in aid shall be sought for and obtained, if possible.

Orphanages.—This important branch of mission work in India has been far less attended to than it deserves. It labours under some obvious disadvantages, but these are more than counter-balanced by its benefits. It is evident that it can never be more than an exceptional mode of education in India. We know at home how few boarding-schools there are in comparison with others, and still fewer orphanages, strictly so called. The children that are likely to be obtained for them are orphans who have no near relatives that will give them a home, and, in a few cases, children boarded in these schools by their parents. Again, the *expense* of these institutions must not be forgotten,—each child costing 120 rupees a-year. This, of itself, would prevent the system from extending very far, although Government grants would diminish this expense. We must always look, to some extent, to day-schools as the chief engine of education in India, as elsewhere. Yet there can be no doubt of the great advantages of orphanages, in some respects, and of the admirable results that have attended their labours. The entire seclusion of the children within the precincts of the compound, the entire absence of heathen influences and associations, their learning nothing of Hinduism, but hatred and contempt for it,—the entire control over them which missionaries may exercise,—all these are circumstances which prepare us to receive the general statement of our missionaries, that the blessing of God has rested on these institutions more largely than on any missionary agency in India. There is no reason why they should be confined to girls, as they have been too much already. Nay, there are strong reasons for the opposite course. There are orphan boys in India as well as orphan girls, and these female boarding-schools almost necessitate similar schools for boys, were it for no other

reason than to provide suitable help-meet for the girls so educated. It must be known to some of our readers that the head of a female orphanage in India exercises a very despotic power over the inmates, even to the choosing of husbands for them. Perhaps a little more Christian liberty for female converts might be given in this respect, were it only to increase the popularity of the orphanages among the female population. No doubt it must have a tendency to increase the attendance, to announce, as the superintendents do, that "the best girls in the orphanage will receive husbands as prizes at the end of the year." It is still, however, worthy of consideration whether it would not increase still farther that attendance to announce, that the best girls will be allowed to choose their prizes from a selected list. But, joking apart, we should be glad to see a few boys' orphanages connected with our Assembly's mission in India, whether these are paid directly from its funds, or (what would be better) supported by various Sabbath schools in the Church. Such a movement, we are glad to hear, is being proposed.

Female Education.—Though there is no female school connected with our Assembly's mission, we can hardly pass by the subject altogether, when treating of the general question of education as a branch of mission work in India. It is too important in itself to be forgotten, and our debt of gratitude to the Ladies' Association is too great not to earn for it special mention. There are peculiar obstacles in the way of female education. The Oriental jealousy concerning women, forbidding them even to converse with a European; the universal custom of the country not to educate women, which was so great, that Sir J. Tennent, on Ceylon, tells "it is doubtful whether there could be found in the peninsula one woman of any rank who knew the letters of the Tamil language, —the injunctions of the Shasters forbidding women to receive education any more than the inferior animals,—a dread lest they should refuse that humble submission to man, which was esteemed so

necessary,—and latterly, the unbending laws of caste, and the fear of losing it,—all combined to form difficulties which it seemed next to hopeless to overcome. While, at the same time, the influence of even these degraded beings upon their children, which seems in such strange contrast to their condition; and in some parts of India, (Ceylon, for instance,) the property which was at their sole disposal, rendered it an object of the utmost importance to succeed in educating the women of India. It was a bold heart, a strong faith, and a warm love for souls, that first embarked in this enterprise, that launched the first school like a frail boat into this stormy sea. It is now supposed that, on the continent of India, there are five or six thousand females under tuition, of whom the Church of Scotland teaches about 800. The children attending these schools at Calcutta and Bombay are of the poorest classes, of the lowest caste; but in Madras (which, in all missionary operations, is the capital of Hindostan) even high caste girls now come freely to school. Among other signs of hopeful and most cheering progress, it was only last year that one of the native princes applied to the superintendent of our Orphanage at Calcutta, the Rev. Mr. Yule, for a Christian governess for his female children. This was an honour both to him and to the Church of Scotland, which is not so well known as it ought to be. There are several things connected with female education, which ought to be gravely considered, and which our friends at large should know. There exists what seems to us to be a very bad and very unhealthy thing, in many schools (not in all) the system of paying the scholars to attend school. In order to induce attendance, a certain sum is given weekly to all those girls who have been regularly at the school. We shall give on this point three extracts from the Calcutta Conference Papers, embracing all the allusions to this point that we remember in them. "In another school near Calcutta," says Mr. Fordyce of the Free Church Mission, "there has lately been a strike for more pay. Giving money

directly or indirectly is doubtful policy. I would not condemn it in others, but would hesitate to do it. In such a case we should not question everything for conscience' sake; but leave each one to act on his own convictions of duty. There is nothing in such proceedings reprehensible, though it may be inexpedient. Sooner or later it must be given up."—(P. 149.) At a subsequent page, Mr. Fordyce says:—"He has seen reason slightly to modify 'the above statement' in reference to payments to day-pupils. Whilst still feeling a repugnance to this plan, it cannot be denied that the system, of which this is a feature, has been very useful at Madras."—(P. 155.) Once more, the Rev. W. Smith, of the Church Missionary Society, stationed at Benares, gives his sanction to this custom in the following words:—"There appears no other way at present than to draw the girls, by the offer of *pice*, as we draw the boys by the offer of secular learning. In this manner there is no doubt, if we lend the funds, that a very large number might be drawn together in this city (Benares) of the poor, of course, yet respectable castes, Brahmans, and others. With regard to the rich and upper classes, they seem quite beyond our reach, though I have thought much on the point, and spoken to and sent written proposals to the natives regarding it. Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, being the most *English* towns in India, must, by setting us the example, teach us how this difficult problem is to be solved."—(P. 176.) It will be seen, from these quotations, that difference of opinion as to the expediency of this system existed among the missionaries at the Conference on this subject. There was, however, that *ominous silence* concerning it, in the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Fordyce's paper, which betokens, to those who know the ground, far more than direct condemnation. It occupies a different position from that allowance to converts spoken of in a former article. In the female schools, the payment does not turn on the *conversion* of the person receiving the money, and therefore one great evil to be dreaded is avoided; but

still, so far as one who has not been on the spot may venture an opinion on a subject so debateable, we have little hesitation in saying that the system seems to us to be hollow and unsound. *It has been done without*,—it is being done without in some schools now, while others use it. Nay, in some schools, instead of paying the girls to come to school, a fee has been exacted from them, and has steadied, without reducing, the attendance of the children. We should like to see the system resolutely abandoned.

Another point in these female schools worthy of all attention, is the industrial training of girls. We all understand at home what it is to have a magnificent hospital, where girls are lodged like princesses, and are afterwards sent out into the world to be—servants! We fear that in the history of female education in India, there have been some instances not very dissimilar. But these, we are glad to hear, have now almost ceased,—and we would press it on all concerned, to give much time and attention to the industrial training of the girls in the Orphanage. In day-schools, there is not the same facility for reaching this end; but in orphanages nothing can excuse inattention to it.

There are three kinds of female schools at present in operation throughout India. These are day-schools, orphanages, and (a late experiment) *Zenana schools*. Day-schools have not been found so successful, nor could it have been expected, as orphanages. The system of heathen teachers was long a curse which all but ruined them. These teachers have been entirely dismissed by the Ladies' Association connected with the Church, and the results are cheering. In Ceylon, it has been proposed, for the last two years, to abolish our three day-schools, hand them over to another Society, and establish in their place one large central institution. We doubt, exceedingly, the propriety of such a decision, and would ask the ladies to pause and ponder well, ere it be acted on. The Orphanages are great favourites with

all missionaries, whether they have had charge of such institutions or not. The zenana schools, (as they are called,) have been attempted lately by the Free Church missionaries in Calcutta. The system is simply this:—A Christian female teacher seeks for the situation of day-governess in the families of Hindoo gentlemen, and teaches to his daughters both the general branches of secular education, and religious knowledge. "The arrangement has been made on the clear understanding that the governess would be free to impart religious instruction. The experiment has succeeded admirably these six months." "The members of Conference regard the zenana scheme as entitled to hearty support, and capable of large extension, at least in Calcutta." Such are quotations from the Conference papers, concerning this experiment. Those only on the spot can say whether it is *practicable*,—this is its difficulty: and the teaching of Christianity ought always to be distinctly specified beforehand,—this is its necessary condition. We shall rejoice if it can, in any way, be made available for the prosecution of the great work of female education.

There is another point on which we must touch, however reluctantly. One of the fundamental rules of the Ladies' Association, is as follows:—"The appointment of the teachers shall be confirmed by the General Assembly's Committee on Foreign Missions. *They shall be under the superintendence and their operations under the control, of the Church, through the Committees, Corresponding Boards, &c.*" Now let us apply this Regulation to the question of Grants in Aid. We humbly submit that the terms of the Regulation are too explicit to be doubted. The Association seems bound to apply for Grants in Aid, whenever the Assembly's Committee shall direct them so to do. Have we said sufficient on this painful subject? It has unhappily been necessary to say so much; we trust it may not hereafter be necessary to add more.

A Training Institute for Missionaries.—It is evident, upon reflection, that we

now need some special agency to raise up qualified native agents to carry on mission work in India. A boy passes through one of our institutions, we shall suppose, and at the end of his course is baptized. It is deemed advisable, after long deliberation and consultation with himself, that he shall become a *teacher*. It is most desirable that he should receive training as a teacher, and that our English institutions in India should have a department (it may be called) for this special purpose. Again, it may be deemed proper that a convert should devote himself to the preaching of the gospel. In this case he needs a special training even more than in the former. For him, and such as he, there must be a theological curriculum, in which the rector of each institution shall act as Professor of Divinity. It is clear that we must have something much more systematic than the private lessons at present given to those who are preparing to preach. We must aim at a high standard of attainment, talent, and piety. By-and-by, when our vernacular schools are established, the most promising and suitable converts may be sent in to the Presidency towns for these purposes. Such a system already exists in connection with the Orissa Missions of the General Baptist Society, and with those of some other churches. From the admirable condition of our present English schools, we have every opportunity of cultivating this system with the utmost advantage.

We may take this opportunity of saying more plainly what we should like our English institutions henceforth to be. At the head of each of them should be an ordained minister, who should superintend the various classes, without teaching anything but religion. He should have charge of the religious teaching of one or two of the most advanced classes, and should also have theological classes for those training for the ministry. The other teachers in the institution should all be unordained men, regularly trained to teaching as their profession. One of them should be a head-master, who should specially train those who are intended for the

work of teaching. We may add that, in sending out unordained teachers, they should be engaged, before leaving this country, to serve for five years. Their salaries might average £200 a-year.

The assistant native teachers ought, all of them, without exception, to be Christians. We have been asked what steps we would take with the heathen teachers at present in our schools; and it has been added that, after the statements made in these articles and elsewhere, they ought to be dismissed at a day's notice. Our answer has been, Send out orders to the Corresponding Boards and Missionaries, that, within six months, there shall not be a heathen teacher in our schools; if those on the spot find they can safely dismiss them within a shorter time, let it be done. It also seems necessary that *every class* in our institutions shall have a religious bearing and tendency, as may so well be done in the peculiar state of India. The curious reader may see some interesting details as to the way of doing so in Duff's "India and India Missions," pp. 567-567.

We may also take the opportunity, while speaking of a training institute, to advert to what seems to us to be a great want at home. In our universities we would naturally look in one department for lectures on the history and present position of missions, and in another to accounts of those forms of heathenism which we must combat in the mission-field: and in another still, for a class, say in Sanscrit, as the root of the Indian languages. Our clerical readers must judge for themselves whether any one of our divinity halls at present supplies these wants. We can hardly presume that any one will deny their importance. How can we expect our probationers to be burning with zeal for missions, when they have never listened almost to a lecture concerning them in college? A class for Sanscrit or some affiliated language would, in Edinburgh or Glasgow, command a much larger audience than one of divinity students alone, were it made properly known. We have known of young men

asking in vain where they might find such classes. Is there such a class in Scotland? We believe there is not. We are ashamed to confess it of our country.

A Medical Mission.—We must shortly notice a medical mission as one of the most likely means of evangelizing India. With special reference to female education, a medical missionary would be invaluable. We have testimonies repeatedly given at the Calcutta Conference, to the manner in which a *prescription* has opened the door for a missionary's pleadings in a family. How the females flocked round one so qualified, and listened with gratitude and attention while he preached to them. We would press this upon the earnest consideration of the Assembly's Committee. It would not be very difficult for a student of theology to take also a diploma in medicine, and the results, we have no doubt, would more than repay the additional expense.

But we close. For a month we bid adieu to our interesting theme, to consider in our next (God willing) the direct preaching of the Gospel in our future India Mission, and to propound a plan of operations which, we venture to think, would be a blessing both to India and to the Church.

A CITY MINISTER.

ON THE AFFECTIONS.

The beautiful humanities
Of nature in the humblest dress,
Speak to our sweetest sympathies
Far more than language can express.

I saw a ragged little boy
Run to a withered dame's embrace,
To welcome her with bounding joy,
And fondly press her haggard face.

Her shabby garment to his eyes
Is rich, her withered face is fair;
For they are her's, and she supplies
His perished mother's love and care.

This world is full of pain and harm,
And life at best is little worth;
Yet pure affection is a charm
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

(American.) T. NACH.

THE BIBLE AND EASTERN TRAVEL.

SUPPOSE there is lying before us a map of the world. On it there is depicted a little region which occupies a wonderfully central position relatively to every other country and continent of the world. On its landward side, north and east, it reaches away towards the magnificent countries of the east, and the lakes and countries of northern and central Europe. South of it, crossing a narrow neck of land, you find yourself on the waters of a sea which communicates with Australia and the islands innumerable which variegate and enliven the South Pacific. West of it, there lies a wider sea, with a more important communication, for the Cyclades gleam in its blue waters, the fair shores and headlands of Malta and of Italy greet our westering progress, until the haughty banner of France, and the white cliffs of Old England salute the onward path of the voyager. From the ports and harbours of these countries again, there lies the plain seaway, by the Atlantic and the Baltic, to the blue-eyed Scandinavians of the North West, the Anglo-Saxons, Spaniards, and Indians of the great continent of America. The little country we speak of on the map of the world is Palestine. But its geographical position and importance, though thus unique, only faintly indicate the unparalleled interest of the deeds of which it has been the witness and the theatre. You may talk of the magical poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, and of its beautiful dreams and imaginings of "the unknown God." You may tell us how mortal men with more than mortal might burst through the adamantine barriers of Avernus itself, and rescued from its grim master's iron grasp, the fair form of an undying love. But let Neptune sleep for evermore amidst the delicious murmurs of his ever-green sea cave; let the poets of those classic climes dream on in the belief that every sea wave floated its tiny deity, and that far down in the translucent depths of every fountain some fair divinity sat enshrined in her drip-

ping temple. For, with all reverence for these immortal poets, we shall put aside their dreams, and betake us rather to the study of greater wonders than poet ever imagined—deeds done once for all in Palestine so long ago. That land of the East, and the men of that land, stood between God and all men and all lands, as the theatre of His manifestations, the interpreters of His will, and the witnesses of His truth. That land has been to all other lands as a Jacob's ladder for angels to come on errands of everlasting love. Those men have gone forth to all lands and made them participants in God's bounty to mankind. The land and the ancient dwellers in it are thus consecrated for evermore in the regards of all Christendom. Prophets, and priests, and kings of God's own anointing have trod its sacred plains; and its rivers, and its brooks, its villages and its valleys shall live for ever in strains hallowed and inspired by the Almighty himself. Troops of visitant angels of mercy—the multitudinous waves of the sea rolled back to form a wall of defence for the path of God's people—a fire-chariot from heaven for a prophet's translation thither,—these, and such things as these, possess the marvellousness and sublimity of revelations of Jehovah that shall return no more. But even these are far surpassed in grandeur and in strangeness in the history of Palestine, for it was once the abode of God, the Maker of heaven and earth. Only the dwellers in Palestine could truly say, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." There, in the sad days of His human history, our Saviour dwelt, doing God-like deeds always, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, weeping by the grave of His friend, wearing out the solitary watches of the night in prayer to God that none of His own might finally perish, bewailing the awful doom which was so swiftly travelling to overtake the beloved city, and, by wiping away for a little the tears of the sorrowful, giving us a pledge of that wiping away of all tears for ever which

shall then be the guerdon of God's people when the New Jerusalem comes down from heaven like a bride adorned for her husband.

Possessing such a position and such a history, it is no wonder that Palestine has always formed the centre of the world's regards, and still retains an undying interest for us all, as fresh and unchanged as when first we knew its position on the map, or conned at school the strange story of its ancient inhabitants. Hence to unspiritual men its mere soil has been an object of attraction, and expeditions called Crusades find a place in modern history, and contentions for the holy places have occupied a large share of public attention at the present day, inasmuch as they may be regarded as the first heralds of the brief but bloody war which was lately brought to a close. Hence also spiritual men, right-hearted travellers, have gone to Palestine to read and understand the Bible better, by the light which its scenery, manners, and customs, might cast on the Word of God. These good men have given us the results of those travels of theirs in many volumes, forgotten and unforotten, from the days of old Maundrell to the present time, when the names of Kitto, Robinson, and De Saulcy, are known to every one as able and successful cultivators of that peculiar literature which, by modern illustration from the East, helps us to a right knowledge of much that is obscure and hitherto unexplained in the Bible.

The Bible, as every one knows, is an Oriental Book, and must, to be properly understood in many of its parts, be studied in the light of the East. There is this peculiarity also in the manners and customs of the East, to encourage us in our study of them for the illustration of the Bible, that they are much the same to-day as they were three or four thousand years ago. What we find in the East at the present day is very much what we find in the scriptural sketches of the same region. When we find Joseph, for instance, speaking of his Lord's divining cup in ancient Egypt, and recollect the fact that our modern Egyptians or Gypsies are much given to

the art of divination, we have a simple case in point of the whole matter. It is quite different with our western civilization, where manners, fashions, and language pass away and become almost utterly obsolete. Who, for instance, of ordinary readers, would now find the poetry of James IV. very intelligible, either in language or allusion? This fixedness of the circumstances of the East then it is which renders imperative on every intelligent Christian of the present day the propriety and necessity of reading his Bible in the light of those books of Eastern travel and illustration which are now so abundant.

All our popular books on the East may be divided into two classes, those which illustrate either the historical statements of the Bible or the peculiar usages of the people it describes. Hengstenberg in his writings on Egypt, and Layard in his volumes on Nineveh, are of the former and more important class. That they are so, will be readily conceded by those who remember what Germany was some years ago, and what our own country threatened to become. A subjective philosophy and theology had got wearied of the sober domain of fact. The spirit of Origen had taken the form of mysticism of a more perilous sort, denying the historic facts of Scripture altogether, or, by a perverted taste and false topography, giving to certain localities a consecration which belonged only to Him who left on them the hallowed impress of Divinity. The plain records of Nineveh put all the dreamers of mystic dreams to flight, as the accurate measurements of the acute and learned Robinson settled the question of the Holy Places, to the confusion of those who had attributed too much of sacredness to their own favourite localities. The excavations at Nineveh, moreover, contributed not only to the illustration of the historic truth of the Old Testament, but also to a clearer apprehension of Ezekiel's book of prophecy—the book above all others in the Bible demanding a symbolic explanation.

The second, and more popular class of books on the East are those which give interesting details of its daily life and of

the characteristics of its people. Of this sort, Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* is one of the best, as it is one of the most recent. Now the great and important use of such books is to enable us to see the English equivalent for an oriental idiom or phrase founded on some habit native to the East. These books enable us to go back to the East with our Bible, and to read it there amidst living men and prevalent customs, which are those it speaks of. These books bring us back to England again, and enable us to interchange, for the florid speech of the East, glittering with figures, (like one of its gorgeous dresses with precious stones,) the plain Saxon of our homely forefathers. Nor is this all; these books, in some cases, help to clear from obscurity some passage in which an important doctrine is involved, even as the first class of Eastern books tended to confirm the Bible's historic veracity. Had it been commonly understood in previous ages of the history of the Church that the anointing of the sick with oil was a usual medicament prescribed by the physicians of the East—had it been understood that the Western or European or English equivalent of this practice was the giving of suitable medicine to the sick amongst ourselves—had it been understood that in all cases of ordinary sickness, common sense tells us we should use the doctor's prescription, and ask God's blessing on the means for recovery of the sick; in other words, had the injunction of the apostle James been so understood, then we should have had no such absurd sacrament as that of extreme unction taught by the Church of Rome. These books, therefore, of which we speak, thus do good service in establishing the plain doctrine of Scripture. In a word, their great value may be summed up in this—that they give novelty and freshness to the Bible, the text-book of our common Protestantism. And he who succeeds in any measure in making the Bible an interesting and readable book, does God's service, especially to the present generation, which asks above all things that everything be genuine and true. Perhaps we have had, in time past, too much

of what is called *doctrinal* preaching in our churches; whereas, the Bible, wisely considered, is much more a *method* than a *system*. In other words, he who will persist in making the Bible a set of abstract dogmas, instead of the revelation of a divine will, or the method of a divine government, will be in danger of ending in a philosophical necessity which may command the assent of men's reason, but which will not suffice to touch their affections or move their wills. He rather is the wise teacher, in modern days, who will shew the Bible to be a true book still, with a novelty and originality for ourselves as great as for those for whom it was originally written, and who will proclaim it to be most emphatically the voice of a Father entreating us by His Son to be sanctified by His Spirit. Whatever else the Bible may truly prove, this is its significance chiefly for us of these times.

The dawn of civilisation began in the East, as the sun begins his race from the same quarter of heaven. The dawn has become day all over the West, even to the shores of America. American evangelists especially are returning from the far West to the primal East. The thoughts and regards of all good men have been returning thither also. The sacred land and the sacred book mutually reflect light on each other. The fact is fraught with a most necessary teaching for us. Let us lay aside our systems more—let us learn to think more highly of our Bibles than of our Confessions of Faith, or our forms of Church government—and then shall we see face to face, the wounds of Christendom will be healed, we shall present a more united array to the common enemy, and, while we prize our Calvinism and our Church, we shall estimate yet more the Bible, which reveals both to us, (as we understand it,) but which also commands us to regard as brethren all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth.

G.

“The world will certainly continue to be governed, as it always has been, by the foolishness of man, and the wisdom of God.”—*Bishop Sandford*.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH REFERENCE TO THE PROPOSED
CHURCH UNION.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "Union" proposed in these pages will, by God's blessing, be soon realized. We hope, in our next Number, to be able to give definite information as to its plan and progress.

IV.—From a Minister in Stirlingshire.

"We have read with such deep interest your remarks on the above subject in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* for September, that we cannot refrain from giving our hearty though humble response to all you have so ably and, withal, so charitably said. We trust that you have struck a chord that will vibrate through the heart of the Church of Scotland, and awaken sounds, and call forth sentiments, that will mingle in beauteous harmony to the praise of our common Lord and Saviour.

"That there does exist, at the present moment, among the office-bearers and members of the Church of Scotland, a sad want of that cordial sympathy—that brotherly kindness and charity—that lively interest in each other's wants, and each other's progress, which constitute the strength, beauty, and usefulness of all churches, few, we think, among the reflecting and unprejudiced will venture to deny. And that such a state of things should be found to exist at a time when the Church is blessed with peace within her borders,—when all the rancour and bitterness of controversy have been purged out of her, makes it still more astonishing and not a little alarming:—'For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart.' And though we have not to complain of positive divisions in the Church, yet we have something that equally retards her progress and dims her lustre; a lukewarm indifference, almost amounting to estrangement, exists among our ministers and members, and paralyzes almost every Christian enterprise. This demands great searchings of heart. It ought to form the subject of immediate, solemn, and united inquiry, humiliation and prayer before God. Whoever takes an impartial survey of the present internal condition and external operations of the Church of Scotland, must come to the conclusion that, amid all appearances of life and activity which she manifests, there is something wrong at heart, and he would be a traitor and no friend of hers, if he tried to conceal what will not hide.

"The Church of Christ is a missionary church, and it is only when she acts up to the terms of her high and holy commission,—to make disciples of all nations—that she is watered from above and made fruitful and flourishing. Whenever she gives herself up to indolence, or wraps herself up in the icy mantle of selfishness, and looks abroad upon a perishing world, exclaiming, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' then is she, in just judgment, left to feel her own weakness and desolation, and gradually she becomes a leafless, fruitless, withered branch, fitted only for destruction. Now, who will be bold enough to say, after looking at the facts as you have stated them—and many more of a similar nature might be pointed out—that the Church of Scotland has, at any period of her history, much less of late years, occupied the position assigned to her as a missionary church! Even prior to 1843, it could not be affirmed, with any approximation to truth, that the Church of Scotland acted up to her high destiny and privileges in regard to the conversion of the world. And those fine speeches we have sometimes listened to with painful interest, representing the Church of Scotland as being at present in as efficient a condition as at any former period of her history, can only be regarded as flights of fancy or flashes of elo-

quence, designed to entertain but never enlighten the public mind. It is useless—nay, we think it is mischievous—to make such statements in the face of such striking evidence to the contrary. Statements such as these, coming from men of high standing in the Church, come to be believed by the unthinking community as descriptive of the true state of the Church in all her branches and operations. That the Church of Scotland recovered from the blow aimed at her destruction in 1843, in a manner calling for unfeigned gratitude to the Church's spiritual Head, we most thankfully admit, and that, in some few instances, and in certain districts of Scotland, her ministers are more faithful and her members more numerous than before the Secession, we also gladly acknowledge; but that she occupies the standing and commands the influence now that she then did, it would be worse than folly to assert. Look at her condition in the greater part of the north and west highlands. How painful the revelations on this subject that are from time to time brought before the General Assembly! Congregations merely nominal, and the dispensation of the Lord's Supper neglected for several years! Look to Ireland, lying at our very door, and connected with us by innumerable ties—the Church of Scotland has disowned that fair but unhappy country. She has not a single missionary in it. Other religious denominations in Scotland are feeling Ireland's claims, and responding to her calls, but the Church of Scotland has stopped her ears, and is doing nothing. We have some reason to know that she has there many strongly attached to her—that she would find there a wide and hopeful field for missionary enterprise. But will she occupy it?

"But why dwell upon details so painful to every true friend of the Church of Scotland, to shew that she has fallen far short of being designated a missionary church. This her most zealous apologists must admit. But in mercy the call is still given to her, 'Arise, shine. Give glory to the Lord God before He cause darkness.' The means you propose for the purpose of arousing the Church and remedying the evils referred to are,—frequent communions, fellowship meetings of those within her pale, whether lay or clerical, who have become alive to her state and are zealous for her safety and glory. In this proposal we also heartily concur. Such meetings are much needed, both for our individual encouragement and social progress. It is one of the first and most precious lessons of our common faith, that the Eternal God will not look down upon such assemblies of His people and listen to their pious consultations, humble confessions, and earnest prayers, without richly rewarding them. 'God is faithful, who hath called us unto the fellowship of His Son, and the communion of all who live godly in Christ Jesus.' The most godly in the Church will be the first to seek closer and more cordial intercourse with one another than they have any opportunity afforded them of holding at present. Let the live coals, then, be brought together, that they may mutually impart light, heat, strength, and usefulness. Let the faithful and devoted servants of Christ meet together and unbosom their anxieties, express their views and wishes respecting the Church's present position—her duty to herself and to the world. Let them thus endeavour to 'strengthen the things that remain that are ready to die.' Let there appear in our Church such a holy confederacy as this—those who will enter boldly into the holy of holies with an humble, penitent, and interceding spirit, and then will she arise in all her strength and glory, and come forth clad in her beautiful garments, to be hailed as a blessing to a weary and wailing world.

"It is only by such means as these that the Church can be prepared for that crisis in the world's history that has come upon us. After twelve centuries of dismal triumph, the False Prophet, that desolated and deceived so many nations of the earth, has met with a sudden and unexpected check. Twenty millions of his degraded victims now cry, from their dreary habitations of darkness, delusion, and death, to the Christian world for light and salvation. Other churches in Christendom are responding to their call. But no church was placed by the providence of God in a more favourable position than the Church of Scotland for giving an immediate and effective response, yet she has remained silent. At the last meeting of our General Assembly, the cry of these millions of Mohammedans was loudly heard, but it was disregarded. Notwithstanding that two of our ministers offered their services cheerfully and *gratuitously* to undertake a mission of inquiry to Turkey, in order to ascertain in what way the Church of Scotland could best fulfil her destiny in this part of the world, their services were declined. The Church refused to sanction even an inquiry into a subject that is now engrossing the attention of the whole Christian world—the evangelization of Turkey. We are well aware that *individual* members of the Church take a deep interest in this subject; but the Church, as a body, must be aroused and take her place among the other churches of Christendom in this great and glorious enterprise. But it is evident she is not yet prepared for such labour and such honour. Eminent piety is essential to eminent usefulness, and we have been trusting more to our privileges than our piety. We have sat in inglorious ease or culpable negligence under our vine and fig-tree, instead of labouring to render it more healthy and fruitful. The result is, that it has now become dried, parched, and stunted. We must then be in earnest in beseeching God again to visit this our vine with a refreshing from His presence. We must fall down before His footstool and plead with Him to 'revive us yet again.' We acknowledge, O Lord, our sins and the iniquity of our fathers, do not abhor us for thy name's sake. Our sins of hypocrisy we especially confess, in that we have so often prayed, 'Thy kingdom come,' and yet have done so little to hasten its advance."

V.—From a Minister in Lanarkshire.

"I do not know the person who has assumed the name of 'Unionist,' but I thank God that He has bestowed on him the high privilege of giving a voice to the deeply-seated convictions of many hearts.

"My own heart responds warmly to your sentiments, Sir. I have long felt the urgent necessity that existed for sincere union amongst the earnest-hearted members and office-bearers of our Church, and on more than one occasion I have ventured to express this feeling.

"To me Presbyteries and Synods possess little attraction. They seem to have degenerated into mere business platforms. They are skeletons without spiritual flesh, or blood, or life. In their

present position they repel, instead of encouraging, the expression of spiritual sentiment, and it is obvious, therefore, that they cannot take action in the highest sense of the term. An opportunity is wanted for the expression of the solemn, burning language of the heart, an expression which ought, in the first instance, to emanate from the lips of those who have been long working, with their sword in one hand, and their building instruments in the other. The hearts of the earnest-minded, but less experienced, will take fire; and never until the church is spiritually on fire—a fire kindled at the altar of the Lord—will she rise to her true dignity, or wield her mighty influence.

"A conference is, therefore, the grand desideratum, and I doubt not but that the ability and the Christian earnestness of its members would be able to devise wisely for future action.

"I most solemnly believe that, apart from such spiritual conferences—extensively ramified by-and-by—and apart from what is the true lever power of the church— fervent combined prayer—the church can never become spiritually prosperous. The church, in a *collective capacity*, must acknowledge and wrestle with God. If the State has its collective duties, as a state, apart altogether from the individual responsibility of its component members, so has the church in its collective capacity—and this—is it not virtually ignored?

"I myself have felt the bitterness of isolation since my gracious Lord placed me here, and I doubt not many others feel similarly. Nothing more powerfully than the sympathy of the faithful servants of the Lord, stimulates to duty, supports under embarrassments, or awakens holy joy.

"I don't much care to measure our church's prosperity and life by those of surrounding churches. Let us have only one idea before us—the realization, by the grace of God and the outpouring of His Spirit, of that holy unity which the blessed Redeemer (John xvii.) declared to be the end of His manifestation in the flesh, and we shall—nay, must prevail—prevail, not over churches, but against the devil, the world, and the flesh.

"I have written the thoughts of my heart in the simple order in which they have presented themselves to me—and this not with the view of their ever meeting the public eye, but solely to stimulate you to immediate and vigorous action—if a testimony, indeed, from so humble a source, can produce this effect.

"Believe me to be, with every earnest prayer for your guidance and encouragement, Sir, yours faithfully."

VI.—From a Layman.

"I think it right to mention how much pleasure was afforded to me and others by your article in the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine* of this month. However humble, the expression of sympathy from others is encouraging, and what you seem to have taken up is deserving of all encouragement. Further opportunities of communication may, I trust, be afforded me."

POPERY IN TWO ASPECTS.

POPERY is unchanging. Every year we have new proofs that the same spirit is animating her as in the days of her fiercest persecutions. Now, the voice comes from the dungeons of Tuscany, telling us of new victims, who have been guilty of reading the Word of God.

Now, the light of burning Bibles in Dublin, is permitting us to see down amid her secrets of iniquity. Now, her lordly assumption of ecclesiastical titles of honour in England, and the parcelling out the country into her dioceses, and her introduction of the Canon Law,—all contrary

to the common law of this land, shew us how determined are her efforts to gain a footing in Great Britain. Now, a Concordat, authorising persecution whenever Rome sees fit to carry it out, proclaims both her spirit and her power. And now, (as within the last three months,) *the re-establishment of the Inquisition*, over Roman Catholic countries, to extend to all heretics, whatsoever, shews that the rage, the intolerance, the thirst for blood, is as strong as ever in the breast of the Church of Rome. This last act deserves all attention. It is contained in "a general edict of the Holy Office," is dated "Ancona, this 8th of August, 1856," and is signed by "P. R., Tommaso Vincenzio Airdi," who describes himself an "inquisitor general of the holy apostolic see." What does this solemn edict enjoin? Its object is "the extirpation of heresy." (!) The reason of its publication is "that there are diverse perverted, malicious, sinful and disobedient persons, who do not, as they are bound to do, *denounce heretics to the Holy Office.*" It "orders and decrees," that "each and every one shall denounce to us, to our vicars of the Inquisition, or to the other officials of the Holy Office, regular and secular, those who are heretics to the Catholic faith." Among heretics, it specially notices those "who shall have made a compact with the devil, in order to exorcise," &c., and "those who shall be familiar with the acts of necromancy." (!) And this the decree of Rome in the year of grace, 1856! It specially singles out, as heretics to be denounced, all Protestant ministers, all "who have sacrilegiously usurped the privilege of administering the holy communion of our Lord Jesus Christ, *be they who they may*, not Catholics," and "those who shall thus defile, by abuse, both the holy elements and *the holy places.*" *The holy places* are of course the old cathedrals and churches that have passed out of the hands of Popery, into those of Protestants. What does such a decree point to, as the probable fate of Protestant ministers in Hungary, in Portugal, in Spain, &c.? They will be delivered over to "that singular clemency and mercy

for which the holy Inquisition has been ever memorable." (!) But we are not yet done with our list of heretics to be denounced. The decree includes all those who "shall have insulted or caused to be profaned the *holy graven images*, set up and *sanctified for worship.*" If this is not the idolatry of images, what is? Let us hear no more of worshipping God through the image. The images *themselves are sanctified for worship.*" (!) "Holy graven images!" "Sanctified graven images!" Heretics who come forward and recant, confessing their sins against the Church, are to "be received into the ample bonds of her charity, and treated with singular clemency and mercy." What unhappy fate is to overtake those who are denounced, the "general edict" does not specify, save that it declares that no former edicts or ordinances are repealed by it. Not a whisper of *the rack*, not a sign of *the wheel*, not a syllable of *the drop of water* incessantly falling on the head of the sufferer, no hint of *the slow fire*, nothing of *the living graves* in which heretics are built up into the prison wall. These are only for the dark dungeons beneath the Vatican; these are breathed not beyond the courts of the *vehm-gericht* of Popery. It is only said, that no former edicts or ordinances are repealed. No former punishment done away. Not one mode of destroying heresy abandoned.

While such is the wild rage of the church of Rome in one field, it is pleasant to look at another, in which her superstition is fast losing its hold. We allude to Ireland. Our readers cannot be ignorant of the great work that has been going on there for the last six years, a work that has hardly a parallel among missions for the last thirty or fifty years. The activity and the success of Protestant agencies in Ireland have been unexampled. And, as to the truth of the statements made, we are not confined to Protestant testimony. The work is so alarming to the Church of Rome that we have, week after week, writers coming forward in newspapers, speakers on platforms, Archbishops and Bishops in pastoral addresses, lamenting Protestant success, making it known to

one another, and devising schemes for restraining it in future. There are various Protestant missions extending over the entire surface of the island, and operating by every means which wisdom can suggest for the overthrow of the Church of Rome. There is, for instance, a Sabbath School Society, which had, last year, under tuition, on Sabbath evenings, 213,909 scholars, many of whom were Roman Catholics. There is a mission of the Presbyterian Church of Ulster, which had, last year, in the province of Connaught alone, 8,000 children at Sabbath school, most of them Papists. There are the Irish Church Mission Society, and another society, whose head-quarters are, or were, in London, which have, together, expended in Ireland, during six years, about £90,000. And now, for the success which has attended these labours, as attested by Roman Catholics themselves. Let us select two localities as instances. One of these shall be the far west, the province of Connaught; and the other shall be the centre of Irish civilisation and the heart of Irish life, the city of Dublin. The province of Connaught is the seat of the noted Archbishop M'Hale, and the city of Dublin of the well-known Dr Cullen. Connaught was formerly one of the most bigotted parts of Popish Ireland. The neighbourhood of Tuam, and the whole county Galway, was at no distant date the *most Irish* district in the island, dark, superstitious, enslaved—in one word, Papist. Crime was formerly spread as widely there as in any other province. The Archbishop, "good Dr M'Hale," was well-nigh worshipped as he passed from place to place. And now, think of the change. From the labours of one Protestant Society alone, Lord Plunkett, the Bishop of Tuam and Killala, has confirmed 3,015 converts from Popery. In the Bishop's tour of visitation, in 1855, he consecrated (if we remember right) 17 new churches, for the use of converts alone. His testimony, at that date, (far above suspicion,) is, "there never was a time when the missionaries and Scripture-readers found a more ready access, and general acceptance, among the Roman Catho-

lics." The testimony of the Roman Catholic newspaper, *The Lamp*, (Dec. 4th, 1852,) is, that "the desolate places of Connaught are the strongholds of Proselytism. It is unquestionable that many are falling away from the faith." And, as a remarkable result, the police commitments in the province, formerly as high as any other, or even the highest, are now the next lowest to the Protestant province of Ulster. The proportion of criminals to the population is now, in Connaught, 1 in 701, in Leinster, 1 in 432; in Munster 1 in 484. In county Galway, the head-quarters of the mission, and also of the counteracting influence, the proportion of criminals is now only 1 in 855. In no other district in Ireland are such results to be traced, and in none are such causes to the same extent in operation. On the one hand we show the success of Protestant missions, and on the other the once criminal province becoming, at the same time, (comparatively,) free from crime. We have long pointed to the coincidence of true religion and sound morality in Ulster. Here is another case. Who can account better for the change?

To look now at the Metropolis. Here we have the minute and circumstantial testimony of an earnest and able Roman Catholic witness. A gentleman, writing in the Roman Catholic newspaper called the *Freeman's Journal*, in April 1856, and signing himself *Teatis*, endeavours to rouse his co-religionists to united action, to meet the progress of "Proselytism in Dublin." We shall make a few extracts from his letters: "We hear, occasionally, neighbour asking neighbour, 'what is to be done with the nuisance of Proselytism in this city of Dublin?' Your staunch upright Catholic sees the whole evil, admits that there are hundreds of poor Catholics either perverted or in the process, he asks, What is to be done?" Again he says, in stronger language, giving a summary of results, "In my last communication I made out, I think, a *prima facie* case, very much to be deplored by us Catholics. I enumerated about eighteen establishments at work in

this city, upon the unholy work of destroying the faith and morals of the Catholic poor. No man can say how many come within their influence. *If I say 5000 yearly, I believe in my conscience I would be under the mark. Those eighteen establishments are perhaps only one-third, probably only one-half of the entire machinery. 5000 per annum!* How many of these go over altogether and apostatize? God knows; I do not know. They are stowed away in all directions; sent to England; put off to remote parts of the country, &c. I have met some of them; they seemed as if possessed, so great apparently was their hatred of the religion they had abandoned." "Really we are fascinated. The proselytisers are much wiser in their generation than we are." "The truth is, we are in an emergency. We have fallen upon a crisis. The enemy has already forced our entrenchments. The proselytisers are everywhere." "In all these statistics that I have given in these three papers, *I have not wittingly exaggerated anything; I took all the pains I could to arrive at correct figures; I purposely understated some things to stop the mouths of gainsayers. I implore of the Catholics of Dublin to reflect upon this state of things!*"

These are sufficient to show how successful the Protestant Mission has been in the city of Dublin. We have selected these two fields out of many. There is hardly a district in Ireland where similar efforts are not being made, and where similar success is not being attained. We could give many testimonials of a startling kind to the generality of the conversions from Romanism. As a specimen, we give only one from the Nation newspaper (November 1853).—"The Irish nation is fast dissolving. Ireland is ceasing to be a Catholic nation. The Catholic Church in Ireland will need a defence association of guardian angels to save it from extinction!" There can be no doubt, then, of the number of conversions. There can be no more of their sincerity. They have verily to pass through the fire to Protestantism. The converts are cursed from the altars—their own mothers curse them. They

have to break every tie of family affection in forsaking Popery. The priests are doing their worst, but all is being overruled for good, for the only effects of their efforts have been to test and certify the sincerity of the converts who have braved all to embrace Protestant truth.

There remains one inquiry, and we are confident our readers have put it earnestly before this—What is the Society which has been instrumental in this work? We have been describing the operations and success of the "Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics," and the "Irish Society" for the same object. All honour be to them! God speed and prosper them in their work!
C.

"Let us remember that the real good done by men, is not *always*, perhaps one may say not *usually*, that which they intend to do. How often has it happened that while a sower has been casting his seed upon ground which refused to yield any return, some portion of it has been carried without his knowledge to a happier spot, and there brought forth fruit abundantly."—*Lectures to Ladies.*

"There is a peculiar charm in the *trifling* of great men. Unbending themselves, they carry you with them into the spirit of their intellectual amusement; and you are surprised to find how much you have gained in knowledge, not merely by the *labours*, but by the *relaxations* of the sons of genius."—*The Protoplast.*

"We can never utter an unguarded expression of unkindness, that it does not call forth an answering spirit of resentment in the mind of the person to whom it is addressed,—immediately springs up a desire of retaliation in the heart of the aggrieved one—a still unkind word is returned, and who can tell the result?"—*Ibid.*

"I would pray the hunters after hidden meanings in Scripture, to take care lest they let slip altogether from their notice, the *first* and *most simple* truth, which lieth in a text of God's word. I have already said, we have no *right* to "the double of that which is," until the most obvious, plain, and grammatical sense in which God's words can be taken, has been allowed its weight on our minds."—*Ibid.*

TRUE REST FOR MAN.

FOR those who have found it, and for those who have not, it is an old but ever new truth, that from one source only can true rest be had,—rest which will permit the intensest activity, and dwell with it too, even as the earth, ceaselessly revolving, rests, to all appearance, on the ample breadth of heaven. We of this age are too much accustomed to look back on times when prophets spoke the Word of God, and miracles attested its truth, and to think, as these startle the world no more, that God has withdrawn His presence from it altogether, and that, by the passing away of visible signs, the heavens have become clear only to become cold. But it is not so. The dove goes forth after the stern manifestation of God's wrath is passed away; the still small voice is greater in power than the rolling of the thunder or the trampling of the sea-billows. In these last days heaven is all clear only that it may be a better mirror of God. Standing in this quiet and clear Present, we can read plainly the doings of the Almighty in the Past, and can estimate calmly their significance for ourselves. In all that Past, One Figure occupies a central position. Empires have come and gone, ages have rolled away, to prepare for His coming. The Hebrew Prophets looked through the vista of ages, and saw in the far future the footsteps of a Redeemer. Through the battle-smoke of contending armies, through the din and tramp of marching hosts and conquering invaders, through the havoc and desolation of Jerusalem itself, they discerned Him who was coming to save mankind. This was He who is the Deliverer of men for all time. Though God most High, He wears in heaven the figure of a man, and hath His vesture dipped in blood, because by sacrificing Himself, He led captivity captive, that He might bestow on men the grace of His Holy Spirit. It is a wonderful thing that, hundreds of years ago, this Divine Being walked on the sea-waves, fed thousands when they were hungry, and rescued from the stern grasp of death the widow's only son. It is a wonderful thing that He, whose goings forth had been of old from everlasting, should have taken part and lot in our humanity, should have wept over the graves and the cities of our fellow-men in sorrow for their loss or their obduracy, and, for the love He bore our race, should have lain in the manger at Beth-

lehem. It is a wonderful thing, that He who claimed to be God's equal, should have lingered out long nights of watching and of prayer, lest any of those given to Him by God might finally perish, that He should have sanctified death as well as life, and have left in the grave the undying fragrance of the Rose of Sharon, and made it the resting place—not of defeat—but of a holy honour, whence His true and faithful soldiers shall come forth to immortal renown. It is a wonderful thing that this Redeemer, having kept God's law, ascended into heaven, and sat down at God's right hand. The miracles and signs were wonderful—in number and efficacy exceeding all precedent. His life was one of unequalled nobleness, pity, and great-hearted generosity. But the greatest wonder of all for us of the present age remains. The divine person who did these works so long ago, is working, for the same end they contemplated, as efficaciously now as He ever did before. By His Spirit He is giving to the weary, and to those who seek Him, the law of rest for their souls, of which all miracles were outward proofs, and His Holy Word is the continual witness. This is the great spiritual miracle for the present and for all ages. What no wild scheme of philanthropy can accomplish,—what no false prophet can ever achieve,—what no Church, bishop, or presbyter can do, He can. While many men and nations are bearing witness by their misery to what they are without Him, those who really put their trust in Him know at last, as they never knew before, that they are at rest—that there is come into their being a holy calm, a divine peace, which the world never gave, which its gold could never buy, and which its wild tumult and confusion can now reach no more.

Whatever may be the origin of man's misery, God is not the author of it. He gave the strongest proof that He is the enemy of evil by sending His Son to die, that it might be removed from His world as an active and destructive agent. That divine Man made peace for us with God, who, as earnest of His reconciliation, gives the Holy Spirit to such as ask Him. Perhaps it may here be said, that all this is merely the jargon of the pulpit, and may do for Sundays, but is out of place in the busy mart, the counting house, and the workshop. Alas! for the mechanical age we live in, that such

objections to real truth, the only freedom, should be so often held. Sad it is to see how little Church Christianity has to do with the ongoings of ordinary life. For, after all, what is life worth if it be not a continual deliverance from evil? Whosoever thou art, brother or sister, thou bearest on thy conscience a load of guilt, acknowledged or unacknowledged. Thou hast broken God's law, and death still proves how God hates that sin. Until that guilt is removed there can be no true peace for thee. Thou mayest try all shifts to keep the voice of God silent within thy breast, but sickness will come to scare thee in thy dreams, and the awful reality of death, and judgment, and an eternity fixed as the features of death, must be faced by thee. In God's name awake from thy guilty slumber. Thy Saviour and Friend is standing at God right hand to welcome thee, penitent and broken-hearted. Dove-like, His Spirit shall descend upon thee, and with His soft wings hush thee to rest. There will be joy among the angels at thy repentance. Thou wilt go forth to all the occupations of life a new creature. Thou wilt be at peace with thyself, for thou wilt be at peace with thy God, thy Maker. Life will be to thee one long victory over all that made thee miserable before; and death, "like morning led by night," shall only be a dark messenger to take thee where sunlight and moonlight are not needed, where there shall be no more sighing nor sorrow, no more bitter partings nor death-beds, for the former things are all passed away.

But suppose men were more inclined than they are to listen to this message of peace, the question arises, What next? Suppose that we do believe not only in God, but in the God revealed by Holy Scripture, that we are members of churches where the sacraments are dispensed, the gospel plainly preached, and the Word of God receives its proper prominence, the question yet arises, How is life to be conducted to a successful issue? Now, if the belief we hold be not cant but an honest fact, then life must be understood by us in its only true sense, that which is peculiar, in other words, to the usage of the Book God has inspired. Sin and death are there spoken of as synonymous. Ananias and Sapphira proved the truth of this usage of the terms. Life therefore must be the opposite of sin. A man's spiritual life can be real only by the destruction of the sin which naturally dwells in his soul. The old philosophy of heathendom insisted often on self-knowledge as the beginning

of true science. And surely any man with a conscience, a Bible, and an experience of the past to guide him, can make out his own sins, can tell those that are peculiar to him. Well, then, these are death to his soul. The foul thoughts, the proud thoughts, the revengeful thoughts, which dwell within a man before they are bodied forth into word or act,—these are death. Before a man can live these must be destroyed. How does the Bible say their destruction is to be compassed? It declares that Christ's Spirit is sent forth for this very purpose—that he may destroy the works of the Evil One. Man's lusts war and rage, and cause misery in his soul. But the Spirit of Christ brings peace into it instead, and where peace is, there war is at an end. But this is not all. War being ended, Christ, like a good King, proceeds to the work peculiar to peace,—to the humanizing and changing of the subject heart. In other words, having begun a good work, he continues it. He brings out His own character in the breast to which he has given peace. A man thus possessed by Christ's Spirit becomes like Christ. And if every man were but like Him, in some measure, the confusion and misery of the world would soon be ended. The virtue which is called forth by trial, the daring of unknown heroes and heroines—true love for men—the qualities of gentleness and mercy and long-suffering—are only faint outcomings of what is all centred in Christ. This, then, is the true Christian life now and at all times—now, or when King David wept sore for his sins, when Paul grandly exhibited the love His Master had written for him in the blood of his own crucified breast, when Luther struggled for life and light in his solitary cell, or when Henry Martyn left all for Christ,—to sleep in death at last far from the kind hearts to whom he was so dear. And the gracious nurture of such a life lies everywhere. Its chief element is Prayer—because prayer is a cry for deliverance in the midst of the struggle of life with evil; and because that cry always enters into the ears of Him who is the Lord of Hosts, and who therefore can avenge His people and save them in the time of need. Sainly deeds also are the true crown of a saintly life, and the evidence of Heaven to the sincerity of our faith. Thrice blessed is he who has thus set on him the seal of God,—for death can have no power over him, because it is only the last strand of the coil of sin. When it is parted, nothing can keep him from soaring away into the freer and grander economy of Heaven.

But this is not all. The parted spirit will have a continued and secure existence in its disembodied state. It will have it in fuller fruition when the grave is robbed of its victory, and the light of resurrection breaks on the faces once made pale by death. And then the holy guerdon of the Life Everlasting shall be won, when conscience and intellect, soul and spirit and body, shall be stainless and serene, and when man, ransomed by Christ's blood, and true in his manhood at last, shall hold high companionship and holy converse with the glorious assemblage of martyrs and confessors and angels, while eternity, like an unhorizon-

ed, shoreless sea, is their assured possession, and they rest in peace from henceforth even for evermore on the bosom of its tranquil waters!

The awful alternative of death—the yielding of the will to the law of sin now, to be followed by its eternal slavery hereafter—might be taken to heighten the idea of life with many images of terror and dismay. But it is enough, meanwhile, to have set Him forth who is the true Rest for all men now and for ever, and the spiritual life which is the result of that rest, together with its holy issues both for time and for eternity.

W. G.

“THE VICTORY WON.”

SUCH is the title of a little work by the authoress of the admirable memoir of Captain Hedley Vicars. It is “a brief memorial of the last days of G. R.” Its subject was a medical man, of high scholarship, but who, until the concluding nine months of his life, was a stranger to God. The memorial describes the course by which he was at last led to the knowledge of his Saviour, and made subject of a victory of grace—a victory over self, and sin, and unbelief.

In May 1852, G. R. took lodgings in a country village in the south of England, accompanied by his wife and children. He was then in the last stage of consumption. A clergyman, aware of his state, offered to visit him, but the proposal was declined. G. R. had told his wife, “that he should consider it an insult if any one presumed to speak to him about the concerns of his soul, and that even if he were in dying agonies, no one was to be admitted.”

The venerable rector of B— and his daughter had too much Christian pity for the poor invalid, and too high an idea of Christian duty to be discouraged by this first repulse. But how were they to act? It was made, says the writer, “the subject of earnest prayer, that God would give us an entrance to the house and heart of the dying man, and a message of peace to impart to him in the power of the Spirit; and that He would save him with an everlasting salvation.”

Having thus sought the Lord's guidance, the writer called at the patient's lodgings and inquired for his wife. She was received courteously and kindly by Mrs. R., but was informed that it was in vain to propose a visit from a clergyman, so determined was the invalid on this point. The afflicted wife, moreover, said, “she feared to allude to the subject any more, as the surgeon in attendance did not expect him to live through the week, and considered that the slightest agitation might cause instant death.”

Was the Christian lady now to desist from her work of mercy? Was she to say to herself that now she had done enough? and that, because her first attempt had failed, she should therefore be blameless in leaving this benighted soul to itself? Or was she to have faith in God?

Let us hear her own simple statement. “I went home disappointed, but not discouraged. The shortest way to any heart is round by heaven; so I still prayed God to open the door.

“I then wrote a letter to the dying man, expressive of sympathy with his sufferings. . . . I told him of pardon and peace offered to him freely through a Redeemer, and besought him to cast himself entirely on that Saviour who had loved him and given Himself for him.”

The next day, this faithful friend called to inquire how the invalid had

passed the night. And now her prayer was answered—the desired entrance was given. His wife received her cordially as before, and said—(and what feelings must the announcement have awakened!)—that her husband had expressed a desire to see her. “We entered his room together,” says the writer, “and I was struck with the restlessness of his eye, and a certain tone of despair; with a sudden, short, sternness of speech and manner, curiously softened off at the close of our interview into a refined expression of gratitude for the flowers (which had been sent him) and visit. To the letter he did not then allude. Asking guidance from the Holy Spirit, I made no inquiries about his spiritual condition; I only told him how dark sin had seemed to me when I believed myself to be dying in a recent dangerous illness, but that the darkness had appeared like a speck in the light and glory of the ATONEMENT. I told him, too, how *that* word, or rather what it stood for, had filled my whole soul at that time, and kept me in perfect peace.”

Thus began a series of visits which, as related in the pages of “The Victory Won,” give us a most impressive picture of the progress of a soul, under Divine grace, from darkness to light—from alienation and unbelief to peace and joy in believing. We have entered into some details in noticing the commencement of these visits, because the example of this Christian lady is full of instruction to all of us. How often have we grown weary in well-doing, because we had not this lady’s faith?

And while such was the history of these few days, as viewed from the side of his Christian benefactors, what, in the meantime, had been the experience of the invalid? While Christians were praying for him, and anxiously seeking for an opportunity of doing him good, the miserable man had been meditating self-destruction. He had actually sent to London for poison. A providential accident delayed its arrival, and, in the meantime, “God sent him,” by the letter already referred to, “a message of *Hope*. The quotation of the words, ‘God so loved

the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life,’ arrested his soul. The outstretched hand of a Saviour withheld his hand from its purpose.” How wonderful is God’s providence!

We must refer our readers to the memoir itself for information on the spiritual progress which this soul, plucked as a brand from the burning, was now enabled to make. The course of his malady somewhat abating, the invalid was spared in life for nine months longer. It was life, indeed, to him. He was led to know his Saviour, and to cast upon Him the whole burden of his sin. With occasional shadows over his peace, he yet was strengthened to hold fast the good hope of eternal life, and to know a peace passing all understanding. The Scriptures were his constant companion, and many are the evidences left in this memorial of the earnestness and spirituality of his meditations.

The love of God to sinners was the truth which first arrested him. He said, on one occasion afterwards, when some remark was made to him on the *wonderful change* from a bed of suffering to heavenly glory—“It would not be so wonderful to me; nothing would surprise me very much, *after having found out that God loved me.*”

He had an earnest longing for communion with Christ. Three weeks after his first interview with his biographer he said, “I feel I have seen my Saviour, but He seems still a great way off—I want to be brought near to Him.” And some months afterwards he wrote, “I want a kind of intimacy to spring up between my soul and my Saviour; and, as an evidence of that, I want the oil of grace to be poured into my heart, so that the oil of gladness may shine in my countenance. How beautifully that little paper you kindly sent me chimes in with, and comprehends my chief wants, viz., ‘May there be more of God, readier access to Him, more fervent love, more heart-comforting intimations of His favour.’ This forms, and has for some time past formed, part of my morning

and evening prayers. I join in your kind prayer that the Lord Jesus will make Himself manifest to me in no common measure, filling my soul with Himself."

His favourite text of Scripture was, "*The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost,*" and, along with this, he loved to refer to a quotation from Rutherford's Letters, "*I want nothing now but a further revelation of the beauty of the unseen Son of God.*"

In February, 1853, G. R. died, full of peace. The day before his death he intreated his wife to pray constantly, "O God, fill me with the Holy Ghost." "It is a short prayer," he said, "but it will bring a long answer, an eternal answer. Be constant in praying it, it is of no use if we do not pray constantly."

We may say, in the language of the venerable Rector of B—, in the preface of the work—"May every one who, like the writer of this short memoir, in weakness and in much fear, desires to win souls to Christ, take encouragement to trust in the strength of prayer, and in dependence on God the Holy Spirit, and use no weapon but the simple setting forth of His own record—that God *hath given to us, sinners, eternal life, and this life in His Son.*"

ROBIN REDBREAST.

(*A Child's Song.*)

Goodbye, goodbye to Summer !
For Summer's nearly done ;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun ;
Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,—
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
And scarlet breast-knot gay
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts ;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts ;
The leathery pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough ;
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear !
And what will this poor Robin do ?
For pinching days are near.
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The fireside for the cricket,
The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling nightwinds whistle,
And moan all round the house ;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,—
Alas ! in Winter dead and dark
Where can poor Robin go ?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear ?
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

W. ALLINGHAM.

THE PAST.

"I have lingered by the past as by a death-bed, with unwonted love and such forgiveness as we bring to those who can offend no more."—*From Balder.*

"How wonderfully since Shakespeare's time, have we lost the power of laughing at *bad jests.*"—*Ruskin.*

"All great men not only know their business, but know that they know it ; and are not only right in their main opinions, but they usually know that they are right in them ; only they do not think much of themselves on that account. They have a curious *under sense* of powerlessness, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but *through* them, and that they could not do or be anything but what God made them."—*Ruskin.*

"We advance in simplicity and honesty as we advance in civilisation, and it is my belief that we become better bred and less artificial, and tell more truth every day."—*Thackeray—Snob Papers.*

"We should pay as much respect to *worth* as we do to *age*. I can't help crying out to persons of my own years, 'let your young people alone, don't be always meddling their affairs, which they can manage very well for themselves.'"
—*Thackeray.*

"'Tis the old story ! ever the blind world knows not its angels of deliverance, till they stand glorified 'twixt heaven and earth."—*Gerald Massey.*

"Nothing that is *broken* is beautiful except the *heart.*"—*Persian Proverb.*

"The history of the world is the biography of *great men*. No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness, than disbelief in great men. No great man lives in *vain.*"—*Hero Worship.*

S e r m o n .

THE LORD'S SONG IN A STRANGE LAND.

By the Rev. WILLIAM SNODGRASS, late of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, now of St. Paul's, Montreal.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"—Psalm cxxxvii. 4.

IN all the great lines of its deeper characteristics and more prominent features, human nature continues, throughout all time, the same; and this is sufficient to account for the existence of a great similarity in the lives and character of the men of ancient, and the men of modern days. When it is considered how closely the happiness and misery, the prosperity and decline of communities are linked, as by a chain of inseparable dependence, with the more temperate movements or wilder ebullitions of human nature, it is no cause for wonder, if, taking the form of historical events, the effects of this ever-active agent should, at different periods, exhibit so close a resemblance as to be almost the recurrence of the same events. In like manner, when a thorough and decided change ensues, by the lodgement of Christian principles in the heart, and when Christian experience and Christian conduct are the fruits of this happy transformation, no marvel, if between the devout contemporary of Job, and the reverend worshipper of the present day, there should exist a likeness of sentiment and a sameness of action. It is true, equally, of the new creature and the old, that the same enduring objects affect, somewhat similarly, the different minds by which they are contemplated, and the same unchangeable principles operate, to some extent alike, in the different hearts by which they are received. And so it happens, that however remotely they may exist, in point of time or place, subjected to similar trials, Christians realize corresponding hopes and fears—placed in analogous circumstances, they exhibit a corresponding behaviour. Thus the writer of this beautiful but plaintive psalm describes the situation of God's ancient peo-

ple, as they sat dejected by the rivers of Babylon, far away from that rich and pleasant country which God had taught them to call their own, and separated, for many years, and by many miles, from that sacred temple to which they had been accustomed to repair, and deprived of those religious services which, in better days, they now felt they might have better enjoyed. He gives us a touching account of the cruel mockery and malignant contempt which they were compelled to endure, in silent sorrow, at the instance of their captors. And, representing the whole exiled nation, he gives expression to the sentiments of surviving attachment to Zion, and undying remembrance of Jerusalem, which, in these adverse circumstances, cheered and upheld their spirits. In these particulars the Christian may have little difficulty in discovering a singular accordance with his present condition and his oft-times realized experience—for he, too, is in a state of exile from his proper home—a sojourner in a land of strangers, who bear him no sympathy; if, indeed, they do not treat him with hostility and disdain; and yet, he meets the scoffer with a silence which will not reveal itself to hatred and injustice, while he pledges, with sacramental solemnity, his love to Zion, and his allegiance to his Saviour God. And though we may not conceive the writer to be describing scenery, and detailing incidents to which a remote and secondary meaning is intentionally imparted, or hope to find in every circumstance, and in every word, the exact counterpart of something in our situation and experience as Christians—though we may not regard the Jewish captivity as designedly a type of the Christian's unavoidable sojourn in a

land which Satan claims, and his emissaries fill, or look upon the insulting conduct of the Babylonish captors as an emblem expressly constructed to set forth the Christian's endurance of the ridicule and contempt of the ungodly worldling, or expect to find, in the desolated country and polluted temple from which the Jews were dragged into a dreary and distant banishment, the studied imagery of that which the Christian prefers above his chiefest joy—yet, in the situation described, and the trials endured, and the objects so fondly remembered, we do meet with things suggestive of the position which we occupy as home-sick pilgrims, of the sorrows created by opposing and contemptuous levity, and of that new Jerusalem, invisible but loved, unbuilt by hands and unassailable by principality or power; and, amid the impressions and sentiments thus excited, we can find our attachment to Zion increased, and our piety to God rekindled.

It must be allowed there are times in the lives of individuals and the history of nations when this poetical account of the separation of the Jewish people from all that they loved most dearly and valued most highly will be read with deeper interest, and be fraught with a richer significance, because of the closer resemblance between the incidents referred to, and the circumstances in which the reader is placed—and though we are fain to trust that the worst is now over, there may still be some among us or around us whose situation and experience can supply a fitting illustration. Again and again, in years gone by, have our countrymen, under the pressure of an overgrown population, and influenced by the prospect of otherwise and more speedily amassing wealth, as well as by the allurements with which curiosity, somehow or other, invests a country that is new, come forth from their native land in periodical streams and settled in the green dense woods and along the once inhospitable shores of North America. With all the ardour and activity which so great a novelty and change inspired, they felled the giant trees, built them-

selves houses, and reclaimed from the forest's sway fields which they could call their own. And thus it may have been with them, that, buoyed with over-sanguine expectations, they were insensible for a time to the value of the privileges they once enjoyed, and the mighty loss which, in consequence of their separation from fatherland, they now sustained. But soon, we think,—variously and often as memory recalled the happy homesteads and the unrivalled scenery, the ancient customs and ancestral glory, the moral greatness and the venerable Church of the Scottish nation, and revived, in connection therewith, the most dear and sacred associations—a feeling of banishment, privation, and sorrow must have ensued. And ever as they missed the unbroken stillness with which the Scottish Sabbath was wont to dawn upon their native glens and mountains, and thought of the sweet counsel and pleasant pilgrimage they were accustomed to enjoy with beloved friends as they went to the house of God, and discoursed of that ancient parish church, which they frequented, with its homely arrangements and simple ritual, the faithful sermons they had heard and the sacramental seasons they had witnessed there; and reverted, too, as we may well suppose, to that surrounding enclosure with its heap of graves and rudely-sculptured monuments, where for centuries the ashes of their forefathers had been laid and where they themselves may have assisted in depositing the remains of a venerated parent, a respected brother, or affectionate sister—surely our natural and religious feelings might well excuse them if they wept as they remembered their country's Zion; and if, with no church to which they could repair, and no minister to whom they could listen, and no congregational psalmody in which they could join, they inquired one at another, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" And surely we may believe that many of them, by the very toils and hardships of their voluntary exile, learned to appropriate, in no sectarian or restricted sense, but with true Christian piety and

feeling, the sentiment of the psalm before us, and that they vowed, though left to vow and perform in silent secret prayer, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

What are some of the considerations and sentiments of which the text is suggestive to the Christian, and which it moves him, in the exercise of a kindred sympathy, to entertain?

The Christian is sensible that, though he is every day approaching nearer home, he is still a sojourner in a strange land; and neither the elevation of righteous conduct he has reached, nor the pure and blessed joys which minister to his comfort and encouragement, can divest his mind of the consciousness of exile. Looking down from the spiritual eminence which he has mounted, and the platform of action to which he is raised, he can observe nothing of sufficient worth to stay, though much, that, by its very worthlessness, may check and cool his aspirations; nothing that can satisfy his longings, but much that falsifies and enervates them; nothing upon which to rest his aims, but a thousand trifles to retard and misdirect them. You would not call that your home where the flow of kindred sympathy is disturbed by angry passions, and malevolent designs,—where the amenities of congenial friendship are the rare exception, and never the rule,—where the parental smile is obstructed, and shorn of its benignancy ere ever it can reach you, and where your father's face is veiled in clouds and darkness from your view; where the title of your inheritance is not admitted, and you cannot enter upon its full and unmolested possession; where all that you enjoy, with life itself, is unsatisfactory and evanescent; and where every event which occurs, and every object upon which you gaze, reminds you that you are on the eve of being served with a summons of ejection. So the Christian, present in the body and in the world, is not at home. The infirmity

and corruption of the former, are too forcible a demonstration, that there is no sure resting-place for him in the latter. The deception which the world practises, and its inhabitants but confirm, convinces him that an abiding place of habitation, on this side the grave, is not desirable, for strangers, and aliens, and enemies, are there. The contempt with which his filial relationship is despised, and his filial piety ridiculed, assures him of the impossibility of constituting and maintaining an enduring brotherhood here with the few who are likeminded with himself. He feels that he cannot realise all the charm and the sweetness of the mercies which his Father sends; nor enjoy in all its richness the inheritance to which, by the Father's promise, he is entitled, because of the disrespect which is paid to his Father's authority, and the rebellion which is raised against his Father's government, and the dishonour with which his Father's law is treated. He is himself conscious of many infirmities, and of much remaining sin, which interfere with his peace, and check the ambition with which he aspires to likeness with his God. He presses forward, but is continually hindered. He strives to run with patience, but a thousand trifles without, and the agitations of his vexed and troubled soul within, obstruct his progress. He seeks to soar beyond the limits of his earthly state and mortal existence, but the cares of life, and the harassments of time, and the toils in which the world ensnares him, draw down his spirit to the dross and dust of earth. His brighter and better moments are a constant panting after those heavenly mansions where felicity and peace for ever reign, and that blessed time when, by a complete deliverance, he shall escape from all his anxieties and fears,—from every accusation of a guilty conscience, and all the depravity of lust and corruption, and be transferred to a state of perfect freedom from sin, and of entire conformity to that which is eternally true, and unchangeably holy.

But while the Christian is not, and cannot feel at home, it is not so with

others. By a sweeping majority, and with irrepressible unanimity, men live and act as if they were never to die. It is obvious that all their enjoyment is in the fashion of the world, which, they will not learn, is passing away,—that all their activities are concentrated in the management and enlargement of their business, which, they will not be convinced, they must soon resign to other hands,—that all their affections are set upon earthly treasure, which, they have not the eye to see, rusts with the keeping, and perishes with the using. Youth is spent in dreams of ambition, and manhood disappears in the attempt to realize them; and age, with its premonitory symptoms, steals on apace, and yet you cannot rouse them from their stolid indifference to the reality of their case, nor move them from the attitude of unreasonable defiance. The grass may wither, and the flowers may fade, but the lesson which nature teaches is unheeded. The most stirring appeals may be addressed to them, but the agency of the pulpit and the church is resisted. They may be implored with the accents of affection and tenderness, but the words of the preacher are “unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice,” for they hear, but will not act. While death is removing kings from the throne, and senators from the footstool, and judges from the bench, it is their chief concern and highest aim, to earn some proud distinction among men, by wisdom or wealth, in statesmanship or war. Though their dwellings have been invaded, and the place which has lost its occupant, or the dress which has now no wearer, or the toy which is left without an owner, reminds them that the spoiler has been there, and may soon revisit the circle he has broken, they feel secure as in a fortress which cannot be taken, or a house which is proof against the depredations of the midnight thief. Thus one generation imitates the folly and extravagance of another, and individuals are hardened by the daring example of their neighbours. While the Christian alone is taught that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, the multitude leave to the dis-

closures of the judgment-day the fact, which will then appear too late, that heaven is man's proper home, and the acknowledgment which they will then be driven to make, that they have mistaken the place of banishment and privation for the place of rest and satisfaction.

But what are the sentiments which it is the privilege of the Christian to cherish in this land of exile, and which he confidently regards as the earnest of his coming return and restoration?

It would have been profanation, as it was unlawful, for the Jews to sing the songs of the Lord anywhere out of Zion, and to have tuned their harps but in the temple service. At a later period the Samaritan contended for Mount Gerizim, and the Jew upheld Jerusalem, as the place where men ought to worship. The hour, foretold by the Messiah, has long since come, when neither place nor form is a condition of acceptable service. The one common creed, upon which the devotions of all true worshippers must rest, is this, “God is a Spirit;” and the sole and exclusive condition upon which their homage is truly rendered and graciously accepted is this, “They that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” While, therefore, the interrogatory form of the text—stronger than any positive assertion—was in the mouth of the Jew, as he sat by the rivers of Babylon, a declaration of that which was unlawful and impossible, in the mouth of the Christian it may be regarded as an inquiry into the most fitting and appropriate sentiments which should fill his heart, when his lips send forth the song of praise and adoration—“How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?” And, I conceive, the conditional statements which precede the imprecations in the following verses supply us with these—“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem:” “if I do not remember thee;”—“if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.”

As, then, the Christian sings the Lord's song in this strange land, he cherishes a sentiment of decided preference for the object in which he supremely joys—the

new Jerusalem. This is the goal of the Christian's race, which he is continually pressing forward to reach. A place in that spiritual and incorruptible temple is the prize for which he contends in his arduous warfare. It is the magnificent abode into which angels shall welcome and convoy his spirit when his earthly pilgrimage has come to a close. This is that great and august spectacle which shall greet his waiting eyes, and the sight of which shall be so glorious and satisfying that the tears which he wept in his banishment shall be forgotten, and his sorrows and sighs shall never return. There shall be no night there to throw its pall of darkness across the golden streets. No fear of unwelcome visitors or hostile intruders shall occasion the shutting of its gates. No possibility of distraction in the service of God, or of contamination from surrounding evil shall exist, for the company shall be choice and their character pure. "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life." No borrowed or material light shall scatter upon the city its broken and glimmering rays, for the glory of God, full, unchangeable, eternal, shall lighten it—"the Lamb is the light thereof." If there be anything in that which never fades or decays—if anything in a source of satisfaction which no accident or calamity shall close, which shall leave no wish ungratified and no anticipation unfulfilled—if anything in a complete deliverance from sin and all its consequences, from conscience and all its guilty fears—if anything in the fullest harmony of word and action with the eternal laws of truth and righteousness—if anything in a company the most select—and in engagements the most pure—if anything in the undisturbed possession of an inheritance incorruptible, eternal, and undefiled—if anything in meeting and ever after associating, with the greatest of benefactors and the most faithful of friends—if anything in the constant smile and continual presence of an all-perfect and eternal Father—if

there be anything in all this to constitute a ground of preference, surely the preference which the Christian cherishes and maintains is the most reasonable and just that was ever formed, and well may his belief and hope in the object thereof sustain and cheer him throughout a few short years of suffering exile: and well may he afford to despise the petty circumstance of earthly dignity, the pride of life, the pomp of power: and well may he strive with persevering diligence, and unconquerable zeal, to acquit himself as one who runneth and winneth a race, and to prepare himself, by the exercise of all that is holy in disposition and righteous in action, to hear the King pronounce him victor, and reward him with a crown of life.

But the Christian, as he sings the Lord's song in this strange land, cherishes also a sentiment of devoted attachment. Preference is the ground and measure of the attachments which we form, and the sincerity and depth of attachment are tested by the trials, the difficulties, and privations through which it adheres to its object. The Christian has to meet and contend with all these, and the severity and sharpness of his contest are oftentimes unknown to other men. There are conflicts and sorrows, wants and longings in the Christian's lot peculiar to the Christian's life. He is concerned with matters which are mean and despicable in the estimation of the world, but which in his sight are of unsurpassed importance and unrivalled value: and it is just because he finds them so much despised, and yet the immortal interests of man wrapped up in them, and the glory of God involved in their acceptance, that he is doomed to suffer in his spirit and weep when he remembers Zion. So there are times when the observation of surrounding wickedness and abominations makes him feel more dejected than at others, and though by nature an exile, he feels more banished than before.

It would often seem as if the Christian were made to bear the heaviest blow, to be visited by the severest and most sudden calamities, and to sustain the greatest temporal losses—for, in all the records of

the world, we do not find such details of suffering, of voluntary privation, and helpless infirmity, as those which Christians have endured in silent and uncomplaining patience. This may be because they are more able than other men to maintain their ground under such visitations; just as the stately oak, which overtops the surrounding forest, and which, while it protects the lesser trees from the tempest which it breaks, can sustain more damage without destruction, receives and arrests the electric fluid. But, in all this, the attachment of the Christian to the New Jerusalem is firm and steadfast, and, as he dispels his doubts and darkness, and meekly bears his wrongs and sufferings, when, within the horizon of his faith, he descries the holy city, and expects that soon he shall be conducted thither, he counts it a privilege and an honour to endure tribulation for the sake of the Lamb who is the glory in the midst thereof. Hence, though troubled on every side, he is not distressed—though perplexed, not in despair—though persecuted, not forsaken—though cast down, not destroyed. Nay, in these adverse states, his excellences shine with greater brilliance, and his pious sentiments are kindled into greater ardour; even as the blast which extinguishes the faint scarse-burning spark, fans the living ember into a purer and brighter flame, or as the labourer, with the ponderous blow of his rough and uncouth implement, breaks the external crust which centuries have formed, and discloses the sparkling and transparent gem which is concealed within.

But the Christian also cherishes a constant remembrance of the home to which he is journeying. You ask, How can that be remembered which is invisible? The answer is, that as faith has its lively perceptions of the spiritual and unseen, so it has its memories of the things upon which it is fixed. And thus the Christian, believing in the existence, and realizing the earnestness of his heavenly inheritance, is not forgetful of it in the land of exile, but weeps, in tears of joy, as he remembers Zion. In ordinary life, and in the common acceptance of the term, the

exercise of memory has reference chiefly to the past. But, inasmuch as the Christian has acquired ideas and prospects of the land to which he is journeying, and as these ideas and prospects constitute a portion of his past, as well as present existence, it is with no impropriety that we speak of him as remembering, in all his goings, that yet unreached and unseen but better land to which his pilgrim steps are directed. It is, indeed, by cherishing a constant remembrance of those promises, which, by faith, he has received, by continually dwelling upon those prospects which, in Scripture, are unfolded, and by retaining an abiding appreciation of those felicitates which he has been taught to anticipate, that he is sustained in his earthly sojourn, that the fact of banishment becomes tolerable to him, and that the troubles and conflicts of his preparatory lot are calmly met and triumphantly overcome.

THE FAINT HEART REVIVED.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: He shall comfort all her waste places; and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."—ISAIAH li. 3.

"Sing, O heavens! and be joyful, O earth! for the Lord hath comforted His people."—ISAIAH lix. 13.

A living, loving, lasting word,
My listening ear believing heard,
While bending down in prayer:
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
It passed my soul upon its way,
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts that come and go,
By paths the holy angels know,
Encamped around my soul;
As in a dream of bliss repose,
'Mid withered reeds a river rose,
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—
The wilderness was glad for me,
Its thorns were bright with bloom
And onward travellers still in sigh
Marked out a path of shining light,
And shade unmixed with gloom.

O sweet the strains of those before,—
"The weary knees are weak no more,
The fearful heart is strong!"
But sweeter, nearer from above,
That word of everlasting love,
The promise and the song.

"Hymns and Meditations."—A. L. M.

A FRIENDLY WORD TO CRITICS.

NOTHING is more natural than that words and actions should be criticised. People will exercise their judgment upon what they hear and see, and will express their opinions accordingly. In proportion, moreover, to the importance of the subject under review, or to its acknowledged bearing upon the interests of individuals and of society, may we expect to find criticism freely employed.

Sermons, then, and other religious compositions, whether spoken or written, must be no exception. The preacher must lay his account with having his discourses commented upon, both as to form and substance, and himself criticised, both as to matter and manner.

Nor is this, by any means, a misfortune. On the contrary, great good may follow from it, both to the preacher and the hearer, the writer and the reader, provided only the criticism be just, and be made in love.

But in order to be just, and to do good and not evil by our criticism, there is one principle which we ought to be especially careful to observe, viz., always to have respect to the relative value of things. Our opinions and remarks should give chief prominence to those things which are most important. This may appear too obvious a canon of criticism to require mention, but it is less attended to in practice than is either good for the critic, or safe for the criticised.

About a sermon, for instance, we ought to be careful not to speak first, or think chiefly, of such things as its eloquence, or the beauty of its illustrations. The great question should be, What was its aim? Was its aim consistent with the rule of the great preacher of the Gentiles,—“I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified?” If so, it was right in the main. If the manifest object of the discourse was to lead men to the Saviour, it fulfilled the first and indispensable condition of excellence. On the other hand, if it did not set Christ before us, then to no good

purpose did it dazzle us with the most brilliant illustrations, or move us by its eloquence. If it had not for its object, to attract us to the Christian life, or to help us in it, it had no real value for our poor souls. Does popular criticism always observe this rule?

And even as to style and manner, ought not the first question in reference to these to be, how far they have helped or hindered the true aim of preaching? The best style is that which best assists the preacher to interest his hearers, not in *himself*, but in his *subject*. His illustrations may have been very beautiful, but were they of value? Did they help us to listen, so that our souls profited thereby? or did they rather turn our minds aside from the right track? Can we say that they drew us towards Christ and the Christian lessons of the discourse, or that they drifted us away from these?

And with regard to manner, the question, surely, is not whether it was what is called an impressive manner, or a pleasing manner, or any other particular manner, as an independent quality in preaching; but, did it upon the whole assist the preacher in his address to us? Did it help his meaning? His position as a preacher implied that he had the testimony of God to declare to us. His words affirmed that he was earnest about our receiving that testimony, for our salvation and growth in grace. The question is, did his manner harmonize with this? Did it draw our attention to his words, as these directed our minds to Christ?

We have made these remarks because there is a tendency to look first to subordinate things—the mere accessories—as if these were of first importance, and to give a last place in our criticism, when any is given at all, to what relates most to the true object of preaching.

We must beware of this tendency. It is fraught with the worst results to us. If, in our criticism, we take principal note of the *mere form* of the preaching, we shall come also to make

Most account of it in our hearts. It matters not whether we are attracted by rhetorical embellishment, or intellectual depth or cleverness, or freshness of thought, or practical sense, or eloquent declamation, or persuasiveness of appeal—if it is the *preacher's part*, in any or all of these, which principally impresses us, then are we most certainly preferring “excellency of speech or of wisdom,” to “declaring the testimony of God.” Under this tendency we shall go to hear preaching for mere intellectual gratification, but with no earnest desire for spiritual instruction.

But we have yet another word for critics. Supposing that our criticism is just and loving, and thoroughly fair, the question for each of us after all is, how does the truth spoken by this minister, declared by this book, affect *me*? Having criticised the truth as delivered to us, it still remains for us to exercise a self-criticism as to how we have received it.

Whether the minister, for instance, has preached well or not, the name of Christ has been used, and the professed object of the preaching has been the instruction of souls in the way of life through Christ. Then let each of us be most concerned in inquiring, “how does my soul stand related to that Saviour? Am I ignorant about Him? Or, even if I know *about* Him, do I know Him? Do I know Him as *my* Saviour? Am I really

earnest in desiring instruction for my soul in the way of life?”

Again, we feel that the minister is not faithful unless he sets forth Christ as our only Saviour, and as an all-sufficient Saviour for us, whatever we are. And we feel that he ought to be very earnest in doing this, and that his preaching ought to come to us, not as a performance on his part for us to criticise, but as a real pleading with us on behalf of Christ, that we be reconciled to God, and live in His fear and love. So far well: but the question for us is, *do* we receive the preaching thus? It is quite possible that we may be so occupied with our criticism, fair and proper though it be, that we lose all the instruction for ourselves. Busy with the inquiry as to whether the preacher has been faithful to us the hearers, we may forget to inquire whether we ourselves have been faithful to the truth which we have heard,—we may forget the faithfulness which is required of his hearers. Having listened to the discourse, and sat in judgment on it, as a message delivered by an ambassador of Christ, we may yet neglect to consider what message Christ had in it for *us*! O that we remembered always our own responsibility to God, in the midst of our judgment of other men!

Herein lies the great danger to critics, that criticism may take the place of self-application. LAYMAN.

BRIGHTON SERMONS.

(FIRST SERIES.)

It is now rather more than three years since the Brighton newspapers announced the death of a Mr. Robertson, incumbent there of Trinity Chapel. The name was not familiar. Beyond the sphere of his duty the man was comparatively unknown. And though his death cast a strange gloom, not only over his personal acquaintances, but over the town where

he lived and laboured, though his congregation felt that they had lost in him not only a teacher of rare genius, wisdom, honesty, and faith, but a tender, sympathising friend and brother, yet when, before the tears were dried for him, almost before the grave had closed over him, both his work and his character were coarsely attacked in a well known religious newspaper, most people were taken by surprise, and found themselves asking with much wonder, who was he?

* Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton, by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent. First Series. Third Edition.

How did we never hear of him? The curiosity thus excited has at length been satisfied by the sermons, or rather outlines of his sermons,* published since his death; and yet not satisfied, since as we read them we grow but the more eager to learn all we can of one so nobly gifted above most preachers of his time, and yet so quiet and unobtrusive that we did not know of him till he had passed away from us for ever. Cut off suddenly in his early prime, taken from his labours when his strength was most fitted to bear them, when they seemed most needful for those committed to his charge, struck down by death just as his hand was stretched out to reap the harvest from the seed he had so painfully sown, it might seem too puzzling and incomprehensible that he should be snatched thus untimely from the world. But he belonged to that band of true and holy men, who, though dead yet speak, and with an eloquence and power which find no parallel in their lives; and the living words which were spoken to the narrow circle of his audience at Brighton, are now, through his death, spoken, as from a tongue touched with heavenly fire, to the wider circle of the pious and thoughtful men and women of England. It was needful for him to die that he might truly live.

From the slightest perusal of Mr. Robertson's Sermons, it is easy to understand both the bitter rancour with which his memory was assailed, and the profound yet affectionate reverence of those who knew and heard him. They are the sermons of a bold, uncompromising thinker, of a man resolute for the truth of God, and determined in the strength of God's grace to make that truth clear, to brush away all the finespun sophistries and half truths by which the cunning sins of men have hidden it. You feel that you are with a man who strips every hollow pretence from your soul, and

* "These are not notes, previously prepared, nor are they sermons written before delivery, they are simply recollections: sometimes dictated by the preacher himself to the young members of a family in which he was interested, at their urgent entreaty: sometimes written out by himself for them, when they were at a distance and unable to attend his ministry."—Preface.

leaves it naked and bare before God; a man who, having himself dared all things for the love of Christ, knows that unless you are ready to dare all things you are mocking your Christian name. He does not preach a lazy worship, with which the utterest selfishness may go hand in hand, nor a number of truths in doctrine and maxim pieced together like a bare mosaic, nor a narrow dogmatic system fitting in with the dogmatic exclusive tone of hard and narrow minds. But he teaches that the worship is real, and that it means the sacrifice of the heart and life to God; he is for ever pointing to the centre and source of truth in Christ Jesus; and, whatever may be his system, his teaching is liberal, large-hearted and Christlike enough to win the sympathies of all reverend and earnest minds. And, therefore, though the bigots, the workers in mosaic, the easy worshippers, with whom religion means simply church-going and almsgiving, though they might call him impractical, dangerous, unsound, because they could not or would not understand him; though they might slander him, because his faith, his teaching, his life, were a cutting satire upon their's; yet it is no wonder, if, in those who, Sunday after Sunday, heard these sermons from his lips, attention and respect deepened into admiration and love, nor that some, who differed more widely from him in point of doctrine, were among the saddest mourners at his funeral.

In his Table-Talk, Luther is reported to have said, that "a preacher should be a logician and a rhetorician; that is, he must be able to teach and admonish:" and if the teaching be taken with that limitation which Luther elsewhere put upon it, when he defined divinity to "consist in use and practice, not in speculation and meditation," these words include perhaps all that can be written about Mr. Robertson as a preacher of God's Word. They are the most and the highest that can be written about any preacher. The pulpit is no place for mere vague talk. A man must think well of what he has to say before he enters it, else it were better for him if he never entered it at all. If he suffers himself to use the chance

utterance of loose thoughts, he is neither true to sin, to his calling, nor to himself. He must feel that he has a holy, blessed, solemn message, and he must let that thought possess him. He must speak from the heart of what he knows in the heart, and then he will speak to the heart. This will help him to the highest rhetoric. Nay, more: it will give clearness and unity to his thoughts, it will give him a keener perception of the true and the false, it will enable him to seize the inner bond which links one truth to another, and binds them all to the living Godman, Christ Jesus. Without this, his logic will lie on him like heavy fetters, and by no tricks of rhetoric will he stir the deep feelings of his fellows. There must be a great and true heart, where there is a great and true preacher. And in that, beyond everything else, lay the secret of Mr. Robertson's influence. His sermons show evidence enough of acute logical power. His analysis is exquisite in its subtleness and delicacy. He has a clear, penetrative intellect, which carries light with it into the thickest darkness. But what we feel most in him is not this. It is that a brother man is speaking to us as brother men, that we are listening, not to the measured words of a calm, cool thinker, but to the passionate, deep-toned voice of an earnest, human soul. It is not the omniscience, the infinite wisdom, the sublime perfection, of our blessed Lord that draw us in penitence and love to his feet. It is the sympathy for us, His fellow-feeling, His readiness to mix with us and put Himself on our level. It is the living touch of His warm, human heart that opens the frozen springs of ours. And if it is thus with the greatest Teacher of all, those who come after Him must be great just as in this they follow His example.

Wordy warfare over the evidences—highflown panegyrics on virtue, and the royal family—learned discussion about mint, and anise, and cummin—violent wrestling with heresies, known only to the ecclesiastical antiquary—excellent moral sentiments in irreproachable, though perhaps rather tedious English—let us thankfully bless God that the

time is passing when these dry huaks can be offered from the pulpit for nutritious food—that there has sprung up a strong inexpressible yearning to hear the *living* Gospel—that he is recognised as a faithful and right preacher, who delivers his message with the whole force and energy of his soul, who speaks only what he inwardly believes, who realizes that his fellowmen have the same needs, desires, sins, temptations, as he has, who strives to be more a helper and teacher, less a dogmatist and master, quickening the hearts of others just in proportion as he himself presses nearer to the heart of Jesus.

Mr. Robertson is pre-eminently a preacher of the present time. There is a freedom and boldness of thought now, of which our fathers knew nothing, which would have filled them with alarm had they foreseen it. The temper of the age, the tone of its literature, of society, of our own minds, is one of eager searching inquiry. Life is clothed with an earnestness that it had not before. The young man standing on its threshold is beset by a thousand bewildering doubts. He passes out of the early faith of his home, and the wide world lies before him with a note of interrogation written over it all. The problem of existence is for him yet unsolved. Questions of the deepest import rise in his mind, they demand and must have an answer. No doubt the transition period from youth to manhood is always one of thought, speculation, question, doubt. But, in a superficial age like the last century, this period meets with no sympathy and no response. Only the surface-waters of the soul are troubled. Then there is a dead, stagnant calm; and those to whom this troubling of the waters might have been like life from the dead, yield to the shallow worldliness of all around them; become as hollow as the world, the pulpit, the men of letters, even the professed men of thought. In our day it is different. Everywhere inquiry is busy, restless, anxious. It is stimulated, perhaps, unduly. We cannot hide from it, nor from the strange new thoughts it brings into our minds. It is the spiritual at-

mosphere we breathe. Nor is it confined to our period of life. It seizes the old as well as the young. Its touch is contagious; it is felt in some way by all. Mr. Robertson met this tendency with the wisdom and faith of a true disciple of Christ. He did not strive to crush and stifle it. He did not stand like a jailor, ready to clap irons on the mind that ventures to think for itself. He did not hold the truth under lock and key, as a jealous man might hold his wife, fearful lest she should escape him. He had confidence in it; above all, in Him who is the truth; and he knew that it is only compatible with the fullest liberty of thought, that its nature is to be free, and to make us free. He knew that, when men are most deeply moved, there will be storms of doubt, "sweeping over them like a desolation;" sad questionings of the present, of the future, of themselves, of their teachers, of God; suspicion, darkness, perhaps scepticism, when the old things have passed away, and the new have not yet taken their place. He remembered there had been such a time to himself. He came, with ready, fullest sympathy, to the help of those who were striving sorely for light, faith, and peace. He came, too, not only with the willingness, but with the power to enter into the mental struggle of others, with the patience and humility he had gained from his own experience, with a keen instinct, by which he discovered the secret, perhaps still unconscious doubts and longings of the soul. We might quote many passages in illustration of this, but we can only afford space for one or two. Take, for example, his analysis of Jacob's feelings, on that eventful night when he stood alone at Peniel:—

"It was one of those moments in existence when a crisis is before us, to which great and pregnant issues are linked—when all has been done that foresight can devise, and the hour of action being past, the instant of reaction has come. Then the soul is left passive and helpless, gazing face to face upon the anticipated and dreadful moment which is slowly moving on. It is in these hours that, having gone through in imagination the whole circle of our resources, and found them nothing, and ourselves powerless, as in the hands

of a destiny, there comes a strange and nameless dread, a horrible feeling of insecurity, which gives the consciousness of a want, and forces us to feel out into the abyss for something that is mightier than flesh and blood to lean upon."^{*}

How faithful, again, is the sketch that follows:—

"There is a moment in every true life—to some it comes very early—when the old routine of duty is not large enough—when the parental roof seems too low, because the Infinite above is arching over the soul—when the old formulas in creeds, catechisms, and articles, seem to be narrow, and they must either be thrown aside or else transformed into living and breathing realities—when the earthly father's authority is being superseded by the claims of a Father in Heaven. * * *

"You may detect the approach of that moment in the young man or the young woman by the awakened spirit of inquiry: by a certain restlessness of look, and an eager earnestness of tone: by the devouring study of all kinds of books: by the waning of your own influence, while the inquirer is asking the truth of the doctors and teachers in the vast Temple of the world: by a certain opinionativeness, which is austere and disagreeable enough: but the austere moment of the fruit's taste is that in which it is passing from greenness into ripeness. If you wait in patience, the sour will become sweet. Rightly looked at, that opinionativeness is more truly anguish: the fearful solitude of feeling the insecurity of all that is human; the discovery that life is real, and forms of social and religious existence hollow. The old moorings are torn away, and the soul is drifting, drifting, drifting, very often without compass, except the guidance of an unseen hand, into the vast infinite of God."[†]

And how true is such a passage as this:—

"There are times when hands touch ours, but only send an icy chill of unsympathizing indifference to the heart: when eyes gaze into ours, but with a glazed look which cannot read into the bottom of our souls: when words pass from our lips, but only come back as an echo reverberated without reply through a dreary solitude: when the multitude throng and press us, and we cannot say, as Christ said, 'Somebody hath touched me:' for the contact has been not between

* Sermon iii. Jacob's Wrestling—p. 42.

† Sermon xv. The Loneliness of Christ—pp. 268-9.

soul and soul, but only between form and form.*

And this close observation, this profound acquaintance with the workings of his own mind, he carries with him into his wise views of life, which have a comprehensiveness and insight rare in our day, and tempered with a practical wisdom as uncommon.

It would be well for their children, if parents would think seriously over these pregnant words:—

“Our early innocence is nothing more than ignorance of evil. Christian life is not a retaining of that ignorance of evil: nor even a returning of it again. We lose our mere negative sinlessness. We put on our firm manly holiness. Human innocence is not to know evil. Christian saintliness is to know evil and good, and prefer good. It is possible for a parent, with over-fastidious refinement, to prolong the duration of this innocence unnaturally. He may lock up his library, and prevent the entrance to forbidden books;—he may exercise a jealous censorship over every book and every companion that comes into the house;—he may remove the public journal from the table, lest an eye may chance to rest upon the contaminating portion of its pages; but he has only put off the evil hour. He has sent into the world a young man of eighteen or twenty, ignorant as a child of evil, but not innocent as an angel who abhors the evil.”†

“The awful feelings about Life and God are *not* those which characterize our earlier years. It is quite natural that, in the first espousals of the soul in its freshness to God, bright and hopeful feelings should be the predominant or the only ones. Joy marks, and ought to mark, early religion. Nay, by God’s merciful arrangement, even sin is not that crushing thing in early life which it sometimes becomes in later years, when we mourn not so much a calculable number of sinful acts, as a deep, pervading sinfulness. Remorse does not corrode with its evil power then. Forgiveness is not only granted, but consciously and joyfully felt. It is as life matures that the weight of life, the burden of this unintelligible world, and the mystery of the hidden God, are felt.

“A vast amount of insincerity is produced by mistaking this. We expect in the religion of the child the experience

which can only be true in the religion of the man. We force into their lips the language which describes the wrestling of the soul with God. It is twenty years too soon. God, in His awfulness, the thought of mystery which scathes the soul—how can they know that yet, before they have got the shews and sinews of the man’s heart to master such a thought? They know nothing yet—they ought to know nothing yet, of God but as the Father who is around their beds—they ought to see nothing yet but heaven opened, and angels ascending and descending.”*

It is needless to point out the beauty, fidelity, and ripe knowledge of life which characterize this extract:—

“There is a marvellous prodigality with which we throw away our present happiness when we are young, which belongs to those who feel that they are rich in happiness, and never expect to be bankrupts. It almost seems one of the signatures of our immortality, that we squander time as if there were a dim consciousness that we are in possession of an eternity of it; but as we arrive at middle age, it is the tendency of man to look back. It is the solemn thought connected with middle age that life’s last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, midway between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to look back and marvel, with a kind of remorseful feeling, that he let the days of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling,—it is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past, and every day that follows is shorter, and the lights fainter, and the feebler shadows tell that nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first grey hairs become visible,—when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind, that a man is no longer going up the hill, but down, and that the sun is already westering, he looks back on things behind. Now this is a natural feeling, but is it the high Christian tone of feeling? In the spirit of this verse, we may assuredly answer, No. We who have an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, what have we to do with things past? When we were children we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work: and then old age, and then the grave, and then home. And so manhood in the Christian life is a better thing than

* Sermon xv. The Loneliness of Christ. p. 262.
† Sermon iv. Christian Progress by Oblivion of the Past—pp. 70-1.

* Sermon iii. Jacob’s Wrestling—pp. 46 &.

boyhood, because it is a riper thing; and old age ought to be a brighter, and a calmer, and a more serene thing than manhood. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not back. There is a peculiar simplicity of heart and a touching singleness of purpose in Christian old age, which has ripened gradually and not fitfully. It is then that to the wisdom of the serpent is added the harmlessness of the dove; it is then that to the firmness of manhood is joined almost the gentleness of womanhood; it is then that the somewhat austere and sour character of growing strength, moral and intellectual, mellow into the rich ripeness of an old age, made sweet and tolerant by experience; it is then that man returns to first principles. There comes a love more pure and deep than the boy could ever feel; there comes a conviction, with a strength beyond that which the boy could ever know, that the earliest lesson of life is infinite, Christ is all in all."*

We have already alluded to the power which Mr. Robertson possesses in no ordinary measure, of discerning the true, and separating it from the false; the power by which he seizes not only the strong contrast between them, but their inward essential opposition, no matter how disguised.

"Judaism," for instance, he remarks,† "began from law or obligation to a holy person: Roman religion began from obedience to a mere will. Judaism ended in Christianity; whose central principle is joyful surrender to one whose name is Love. The religion of Rome ended among the nobler, as Cato and the Antonines, in the fatalism of a sublime but loveless stoicism, whose essential spirit is submission to a destiny, among the ordinary men, in mere zeal for the state, more or less earthly. It stiffened into stoicism or degenerated into public spirit."

Nor is this logical power less remarkable in the characteristic differences by which he distinguishes systems and things.

"Remorse is the consciousness of wrong doing with no sense of love. Penitence is that same consciousness with the feeling of tenderness and gratefulness added."‡ "Power is shown by God's

attention to the vast: sympathy by His condescension to the small."*

"The spirit of Judaism is separation—that of Christianity is permeation. To separate the evil from the good was the aim and work of Judaism:—to sever one nation from all other nations; certain meats from all other meats; certain days from other days. * * * On the contrary, Christianity is permeation—it permeates all evil with good—it aims at overcoming evil by good—it desires to transfuse the spirit of the day of rest into all other days, and to spread the holiness of one nation over all the world. To saturate life with God, and the world with Heaven, that is the genius of Christianity."†

"Superstition is the refuge of a sceptical spirit, which has a heart too devout to dare to be sceptical. Men tremble at new theories, new views, the spread of infidelity: and they think to fortify themselves against these by multiplying the sanctities which they reverence. But all this will not do. Superstition cannot do the work of faith, and give repose or peace. It is not by multiplying ceremonies—it is not by speaking of holy things, low with bated breath—it is not by intrenching the soul behind the infallibility of a church, or the infallibility of the words and sentences of a book—it is not by shutting out inquiry, and resenting every investigation as profane, that you can arrest the progress of infidelity. Faith, not superstition, is the remedy. There is a grand Fearlessness in Faith. He who in his heart of hearts reverences the Good—the True—the Holy; that is, reverences God,—does not tremble at the apparent success of attacks upon the outworks of his faith. They may shake those who rested on those outworks—they do not move him whose soul reposes on the truth itself."‡

Like all true teachers, Mr. Robertson has a happy aptness of illustration, and his similes, freshly drawn from an accurate and loving study of Nature and life, are enriched with fine traits of poetic feeling. We are sorry we can quote but two instances, both from his Sermon on the Parable of the Sower; they will show how, by a few graphic touches, he invests an old and well-worn subject with a living and vivid reality.

* Sermon x. Realizing the Second Advent—p. 176.

† Sermon vi. The Shadow and the Substance of the Sabbath—pp. 90, 110.

‡ Sermon xii. The Roman—p. 223.

* Sermon iv. Christian Progress by Oblivion of the Past pp. 72-3.

† Sermon xii. The Roman, p. 224.

‡ Sermon v. Triumph over Hindrances—p. 86.

"There are persons whose religion is all outside—it never penetrates beyond the intellect. They are regular at Church—understand the Catechism and Articles—consider the Church a most venerable institution—have a respect for religion—but it never stirs the deeps of their being. They feel nothing in it beyond a safeguard for the decencies and respectabilities of social life; valuable as parliaments and magistrates are valuable, but by no means the one awful question which fills the soul with fearful grandeur.

"Truth of life is subject to failure in such hearts in two ways—by being trodden down: wheat dropped by a harvest cart upon a road lies outside. There comes a passenger first, and crushes some of it; then wheels come by—the wheel of traffic and the wheel of pleasure—crushing it grain by grain. It is trodden down.

"The fate of religion is easily understood from the parallel fate of a single sermon. Scarcely has its last tone vibrated on the ear, when a fresh impression is given by the music which dismisses the congregation. That is succeeded by another impression, as your friend puts his arm in yours, and talks of some other matter, irrelevant, obliterating any slight seriousness which the sermon produced. Another, and another, and another—and the word is *trodden down*."

"Have you ever seen grain scattered on the road? The sparrow from the housetop, and the chickens from the barn, rush in, and within a minute after it has been scattered, not the shadow of a grain is left. This is the picture: not of thought crushed by degrees—but of thought dissipated, and no man can tell when or how it went. Swiftly do these winged thoughts come, when we pray, or read, or listen; in our inattentive, sauntering, wayside hours: and before we can be upon our guard, the very trace of holier purposes has disappeared. In our purest moods, when we kneel to pray, or gather round the altar, down into the very Holy of Holies sweep these foul birds of the air, villain fancies, demon thoughts. The germ of life, the small seed of impression is gone—where, you know not. But it is gone."

As for Mr. Robertson's style, it might well be excused, were it hasty, abrupt, and somewhat rude; for the sermons which have been given to the public are not those which were spoken by him from the pulpit. They are either the notes of

them which he wrote for the private use of a friend, or which were taken in shorthand by others. Besides, we do not pay so much heed to the style in which a thoughtful preacher may express himself. If he rise above the commonplace of religious instruction, if he give us thoughts and not poor empty words, all we are disposed to require is, that he should tell his meaning in plain, intelligible, straightforward English. But Mr. Robertson, judged even by his posthumous sermons, does much more. His words are the fittest that could be chosen, and they are always in the right place. His style is classical, severely pure, but never bald. He has the heart and the tongue of a poet. He shews the firmness, research, and ripeness of the scholar, without the scholar's obtrusiveness. Could any words bring out more clearly such true pictures of the varied aspects of Nature:—

"In every aspect of Nature there is joy; whether it be the purity of virgin morning, or the sombre gray of a day of clouds, or the solemn pomp and majesty of night; whether it be the chaste lines of the crystal, or the waving outline of distant hills, tremulously visible through dim vapours; the minute petals of the fringed daisy, or the overhanging form of mysterious forests."

Or take again such "fair thoughts in fair words" as these:—

"Perfection is our mark: yet never will the aim be so true and steady as to strike the golden centre."

"The rest which is deep as summer midnight, yet full of life and force as summer sunshine, the Sabbath of eternity."

And the picture of John the Baptist, when the crowd dispersed at sunset, and "left him alone in the twilight, with the infinite of darkness deepening around him, and the roll of Jordan by his side, reflecting the chaste clear stars."

Expressions, as strikingly beautiful as these we have picked up at random, are thickly scattered through the volume. He writes with wonderful nerve, force and concentration, with an intensity of feeling that compels a response. He aims directly at his mark, and the arrow

seldom swerves aside. Often he expresses a truth with an epigrammatic terseness and point that rivet it on the memory.

"There are people who would do great acts; but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all."

"The charm of the words of great men, whose grand sayings, which are recognised as true as soon as heard, is this, that you recognise them as wisdom which has passed across your own mind."

"National revolution is only the Divine rejection stamped on the social falsehood."

"He is already half-false who speculates on truth and does not do it."

But all this is secondary. With Mr. Robertson style is but the vehicle, not the substitute for thought. Eloquence, poetry, scholarship, originality — his sermons show proof enough of these to put him on a level with the foremost men of his time. But, after all, their charm lies in the warm, loving, sympathetic heart, in the well-disciplined mind of the tried Christian, in his noble scorn of all lies, of all things mean and crooked, in his brave battling for right, even when wrong seems crowned with success, in his honest simplicity and singleness of purpose, in the high and holy tone, as if, amid the discord of earth, he heard clear, though far off, the perfect harmony of heaven, in the fiery earnestness of his love for Christ, the devotion of his whole being to the goodness and truth revealed in Him.

It is a good and hopeful sign of our times, that a book like that under review has run through three editions in less than two years; and we would earnestly recommend our readers to make its acquaintance, that they may enjoy for

themselves a pleasure and profit which will increase with each perusal. It is not likely that they will agree with all Mr. Robertson's statements. There are some defects in his sermons and services that we cannot let pass without notice. An independent, and, at the same time, ardent man, is not always a cautious teacher; while the period of reaction in which Mr. Robertson lived, and for which he was admirably adapted, has yet marked him with some of its peculiar faults. When combatting one-sided views of great truths, he is sometimes one-sided himself. Wishing to bring back into men's minds truths which have been unwisely forgotten, he sometimes forgets those which have been wisely remembered. Hence there is an occasional incompleteness in his representation of some of the cardinal doctrines of our common faith. His rebound from error in the one direction led him into error in the opposite. To these faults we shall have occasion to return; contenting ourselves, at present, with the expression of our regret that they should exist, and thus thwart, though we trust but slightly, the good which the sermons are capable of effecting. His object was not to make them believe as he did, but to help them to a deeper and clearer knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ than they, or perhaps than he had. It is not in his particular opinions that his strength and influence lie, it is in his general tone and tendency. His sermons must be read thoughtfully — they cannot but be read admiringly — but they are not to be read — he would have been the last to wish them to be read — credulously.

RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN A FACTORY.

At the time the following letters were written, not the most distant idea was entertained that they would ever be published. They relate to a remarkable movement in one of the great centres of our manufacturing industry, and were written a few months ago to a friend. Instead of casting them into a narrative form, it

has been thought better to print them with a few verbal alterations, precisely as they were written at the time. They will probably thus convey a more distinct idea of the impression made upon the writer's mind by the scenes of which he was then a witness. The names of persons and places are suppressed, for rea-

sons which will at once suggest themselves to all who take an interest in the things here spoken of. It is only necessary to add, that in the letters there is no attempt at exaggeration.

My dear —, — You asked me to write to you if I were in a writing humour. I can perhaps hardly pretend to be so, after a day's wandering through this place; but I must endeavour to give you some account of my first visit to —, so strange, I cannot yet venture to say so striking, is the impression produced upon my mind. Having missed Mr. — yesterday, I was there to-day again about 10 A.M., and was immediately introduced to the man whom I had been so anxious to see. All attempt to describe his general appearance must for the present be let alone; and I shall therefore only say, that at first he seems almost indisposed to speak, waiting for one to state his object and tell his tale in a manner rather calculated to embarrass than to encourage, and requiring one to have a somewhat positive end in view, if he would not run the risk of an instructive silence, which would tell him more forcibly than words that he had better be up and away. I was accordingly compelled at once to take to questioning; and having asked him whether he had yet been able to complete some papers on which I knew he had been engaged, was answered that for a good while past he had really had no leisure to think of anything of the kind; for a work had been going on lately which seemed to be the crown of all that had been done—a revival, similar, if I had read the book, to those spoken of in the life of M^cCheyne; and then out came the story. It would appear that there had lately been preaching in the neighbourhood a Mr. —, who, owing to his having been the instrument of some awakening in another part of the country, where at the time he was acting as a curate, had had some misunderstanding with his superior, and had been recommended to resign his situation. He had hardly been appointed to the office which he now holds, before symptoms of a similar work appeared amongst the boys and young men under Mr. —'s care. His style of address would seem to be of the alarming character, and the means which he employs much the same as those resorted to by the Burnses and M^cCheyne,—viz. very frequent prayer-meetings, at present every night, and then, at the close of each, a second prayer-meeting for those who are anxious about their souls, and will stay behind. It is at this second

meeting that all the conversions take place. The boys are alarmed and agitated about their spiritual state; they are spoken pointedly to, are urged to repentance, especially to present, earnest prayer for repentance; they pray more or less coherently, sometimes appear as if overwhelmed in distress, recapitulate the same thing again and again, cry for pardon, are heard and answered on the spot, pass from the depths of sorrow into ecstatic joy, and rise from their knees converted, and joyful to a degree not in any measure conceivable unless seen. Such is the general rule, and it would seem to apply not only to those who remain of their own accord, but to those also who, as is frequently the case, are brought in by their companions. The most singular fact stated in connection with this is, that it is not the very wild boys who are most deeply impressed, but rather those who had seemed previously to be most under religious impressions, and of whom Mr. — would have said that there was nothing further to be desired. The spirit of some of these boys was described by Mr. — as being of the most beautiful and "glorious" kind; their language, in prayer especially, so simple, fervent, full of faith, indicating such nearness of communion with God, that nothing like it had ever come under his observation. Nor was this all; for the anxiety manifested by them to bring their companions to the same state of mind was wonderful. No sooner were they converted themselves than they could not rest till they brought their companions to be so too. And in all their work and relations to their masters, &c., they were everything that could be wished. That some fell a little away, was undeniable; but others again indicated the reality of the effect produced on them, by their misery when betrayed into any sin. Mr. — had no doubt whatever that all this was a real work of God. He had doubtless wondered at first, but could hesitate no longer: the fruit was too palpable to be denied.

Such, then, are the statements made to me to-day. Till I go over to these prayer-meetings, which I mean to do, I can give little opinion upon the point. I made no secret to Mr. — of my hesitation, and even expressed my hope that the effect might not be to mar the real work which he had done before. But he would not acknowledge that work at all. It now appears to him a failure. He had been working to make men Christians from without, and now he was taught that a change of heart could alone accomplish that end,—an inner

work, leading to the outward and not from it. All this, you will allow, to say the least of it, is remarkable; for I should add that, while Mr. ——— described what had been going on, every mark of deep sincerity shewed itself in that rich, earnest tone of voice which can only come from the heart, and that his eye filled with intelligence and calm religious zeal. Yet it is strange to hear conversion spoken of in that way. Such a one was converted last night; such another, another night; and so on. I must look further into it, and would fain be guided to a right conclusion. I have left myself no time to speak of the impressions produced on me by the appearance of the factory and the various classes of workers. They were very delightful. That a real work has been going on there seems most certain, and it is most refreshing to turn to it from the humbug, fustian, cant, selfishness, palaver, and pharisaism of many of our public schemes, and from the well meant but misguided efforts of others. When will men learn that all their guineas, speeches, committees, and applauses of the fair, are not worth one word of true sympathy or one act of real love? Rotten sticks they are. Would only that they could all be put into one huge pile and that I might have the kindling of it. Let me hear from you. Very truly yours, ———

My dear ———,—Having given you, so far, at least, in a previous letter, an account of what I had heard was going on at ———, it is necessary for me now, in as few words as possible, to complete my narrative. It was last night before ——— and I were able to find time for so distant a journey as that to ———, and, unfortunately, from having been misled as to the way, we arrived at least half an hour later than we intended. The prayer meetings begin at 8 p.m. It was 8.30 before we reached the spot. They are held in a school-room behind ———, and close by a fence surrounding a great focus of all idleness and debauchery. The room, when we entered, was almost perfectly full, and at the distant end of it Mr. ——— was reading an address. I imagine that the address was his own composition entirely. It was simple, earnest, and often forcible, and read in a clear, natural tone of voice, without exaggeration either in tone or manner. Occasionally he paused and spoke a few words extempore, but there was very little of that. The object of the address seemed to be to point out the difference between several classes of

character which had a fair appearance and real conversion, and at the same time to urge to the latter without delay. One or two anecdotes of the painful kind were told by him, such, e.g., as one of a minister's son who attended some revival meetings to which his parents urged him, but absolutely refused to yield his heart to God. After the meetings were over, his mother resumed her entreaties in private, till at last he broke out: "I would rather be damned than yield." In a moment he fell at her feet a corpse, crying out, "I am damned, I am damned." The meeting was very attentive and serious, but there were no audible expressions of feeling during the address. At its close, Mr. ——— called upon a young man to pray. The prayer was pretty long and very earnest. The expressions of that prayer, and of those that followed, were those of plain, uneducated, simple-minded lads, who were rather earnestly crying for a particular blessing at that moment to the meeting, than praying in any connected or previously thought of manner. There were accordingly innumerable repetitions, not only of the same thought, but even of the same words, yet spoken with such force, and with apparently such entire forgetfulness on the part of the speaker that there was an audience round him, that it would be very unfair to find fault. During this first prayer there was a low murmur of repetitions, responses, *amens*, &c., through the room. At its close a second lad was called upon to pray, all being still on their knees. This prayer was much in the same strain, and produced much the same effect as the former. A third was then called on. It was a boy's voice that now sounded through the room, clear, earnest, almost impassioned. The prayer was not marked by much more variety of thought than the two previous ones, but the clear, bell-like tones of the youthful voice, the very great fluency and correctness of expression, the numerous allusions to the address which we had heard, the total forgetfulness of any other presence than God's, the depth of earnestness, the almost sobbing agony with which much of it was poured forth, made it produce a much more powerful effect. The responses became far more general and loud, and frequently I thought that I heard distinct sobs and groans. At its close, intimation was made that the second meeting would now go on, and the anxious were invited to remain. A very considerable number did so, especially young men, but also some young

women and a good many boys. A hymn was first given out and very well sung. Then Mr. _____ proposed that they should sing upon their knees the piece, "I will arise," &c. I don't know whether you are acquainted with it, but it was the first time I ever found a most artistic piece of music associated with a moment of so much religious feeling. At its close a young man began to pray; and the responses began as before, but gradually as he went on they became louder and louder, until at last it was plain that his voice was only a sort of occasional guide to the loud and earnest prayers which every one was pouring forth from every corner of the room. At last the guide's voice fell entirely away, but there was not the slightest cessation of the prayers and exclamations now rising from all present. Occasionally there were slight lulls, during which one could catch such expressions as, "O Jesus, hear us!" "Hear us, O God!" "O God, let us be thy children!" &c. But again the loud swell of sound arose, broken only occasionally by the clear sharp voice of some boy, or the deep sob of some young man, in their moments of more than usual excitement. I can really give you no right idea of this extraordinary scene, which must have continued for more than half-an-hour. Every one was absorbed either in himself or in the case of some unconverted youth by his side, for whose conversion he was praying. No disturbance was occasioned by Mr. _____, going from one point or group to another, or by the retiring of a good many, either of their own accord or sent home by Mr. _____, that they might rest before to-morrow's work. As time went on, some of those praying for companions beside them were joined by others, apparently for the purpose of aiding them; but no case of conversion was reported while we were present, and Mr. _____ did not know whether any of them were likely to "get through" that night or not.

I should not like at present to give any opinion on this work, and my paper is nearly full. But whatever the character of the more religious part of it, there was something very beautiful in the character of the intercourse between the young people and Mr. _____, and also between these young folks themselves. The soft kindly way in which they spoke to one another—the warm shake of the hand with Mr. _____ and their companions at parting—did remind one of what might have been the case at the old agapæ. Nothing but Christianity could produce

or sustain these feelings. All differences vanish when masters and men stand on that common ground; and one could only feel, that whether the scene as a whole were purely Christian or not, still even the very shadow of Christianity would do more to bind man to man, and to make the world a world of happiness and love, than, to use our good friend A_____’s expression, all the "bosh" of our mighty philanthropic movements and schemes of reform without it.—Yours very truly.

Since the time when the above letters were written, the work has been still going on. In answer to a letter of inquiry upon the point, the gentleman most deeply interested in the whole matter says within the last few days: "The work is always a very anxious one, of course; but it is a most blessed one, and I am sure entirely of the Spirit of God, and He is still working wonderfully amongst us. There are new conversions still constantly taking place; but almost a happier thing even than this is, to see how by far the greater part of the earlier converts seem to go on deepening in their religion from week to week and month to month since their conversion. But I expect great times of sifting and trial yet."

Such times of sifting and trial undoubtedly await them. It will be the earnest prayer of every one interested in the kingdom of God, that through these times these young converts may be brought in triumph. If they are so, there will then be less need for concealing from the public the names of those more particularly interested in a work to whose success a time of quietness is at present necessary. Then only, too, will the full value of those most precious lessons which might be deduced from it, be fully known. In the meanwhile, it is of no small consequence to mark the opinion of one most thoroughly entitled to speak upon the point, that to the placing of the workman on his proper footing, to the introduction of right relations between him and his employers, not the mere general influence of Christianity as a system, but its saving power upon the heart is necessary. We are apt to forget this now-a-days, and perhaps to confine our-

selves too much to the simpler and easier method of seeking by reading-rooms, lecture-rooms, literature, wholesome amusements, well-regulated houses of entertainment, and so on—to heal our social ills, and save that large portion of the working classes which might otherwise be lost. Perhaps we shall be taught that, valuable as these are, there is a plan older and more valuable still, even “*first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness,” and *then* “all other things shall be added unto us.” Such is God’s divinely appointed method; to that all other efforts surely should be kept subservient; from that they should all spring; that will guide them with the wisdom, and bless them with the power of heaven.

DISCIPLINE.

“*Zage Nicht.*”

Tremble not, though darkly gather
Clouds and tempests o’er thy sky;
Still believe, thy heavenly Father
Loves thee best when storms are nigh.

When the sun of fortune shineth
Long and brightly on the heart,
Soon its faithfulness declineth,
Farched and dry in every part.

Then the plants of grace have faded
In the dry and burning soil;
Thorns and briars their growth have shaded
Earthly cares and earthly toil.

But the clouds are seen ascending,
Soon the heavens are overcast,
And the weary heart is bending
’Neath affliction’s stormy blast.

Yet the Lord, on high presiding,
Rules the storm with powerful hand;
He the shower of grace is guiding
To the dry and barren land.

See, at length, the clouds are breaking,
Tempests have not passed in vain;
For the soul, revived, awaking,
Bears its fruits and flowers again

Love divine has seen and counted
Every tear it caused to fall,
And the storm which love appointed
Has its choicest gift of all.

“*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*”

SMALL WORKS AND GREAT MOTIVES.

THE life of every individual, like the real history of the world, is made up of little things. What we are generally taught to regard as history—the account of the decay of one empire, and the rise of another; the catalogue of the vices of this king, and the virtues of that; the narrative of the plans of the Cabinet, and the intrigues of the court; the record of discoveries and inventions, of personal patriotism or national valour, of revolutions and sieges, and battles by land and sea,—this, though generally regarded as the sum and substance of history, is not really so. Far humbler things form its basis; out of much more common materials is it constructed. The efforts of the obscure scholar in his study, the labours of the clownish ploughman on the field, the daily toil of the mechanic in his workshop, of the clerk in his counting-house, of the minister in his parish, of the schoolmaster in his school—these constitute the real ground-work of his-

tory, and yield the elements of which it is composed. Being the narrative of facts, it is less dependent upon the brilliant schemes of the statesman which often are Utopian, and the profound tactics of the general which often are impracticable, than upon the heavy strokes of the blacksmith upon his anvil, and the steady shots of the meanest private in action or at drill. And the same is the case with individual life. It, too, is made up of little things. It is not so much concerned with great achievements, which rather shew its strength than compose its muscle, nor with solemn events, which rather mark its course than form its stream; it is not so much concerned with these as with common every-day duties which are essential to its very being—with the simple requirements of friendship, which continually engird us, with the calls for charity which are heard wherever we go, with private domestic offices hourly circulating around the

hearth, with public business occupations daily demanding our presence in the field or on the street, with our relations to the world, as parents or children, as masters or servants, as husbands or wives, as teachers or taught.

Now, life being a mighty and a solemn thing in the aggregate, it becomes a serious question with each one of us, how its greatness and solemnity can best be imparted to the various elements of which it is composed? This question I would answer by saying—do every thing with a high purpose; in a heavenly spirit undertake your earthly tasks, have a great motive for the smallest work.

This, it seems to me, is the mode of action best suited for ennobling and sanctifying life. That it is necessary for all true progress, and has been pursued in all works whose influence has been lasting, whose very existence has been prolonged, will not be difficult to prove. Take a simple instance. Could any thing appear more trifling than the first lessons to children in reading and writing? How utterly insignificant seems the task to learn those plain letters, to articulate those little syllables, to draw those sloping lines, to form those simple turns! Yet, consider how much depends upon this being rightly done. It is needed to convey to us the loftiest pleasures of intellect, and the only pure delights of sense; it is requisite to destroy the strong barriers of time, and carry us back into sacred fellowship with the mighty spirits of the hoary past, to annihilate the weary leagues of space, and enable us to converse with distant friends without stirring from our own firesides; without it we are unfit for the world's simplest avocations, it really determines our position in life. The child, indeed, does not work with any great motive. I believe that his highest aim is to win the approval of his teacher, or to gain the commending smile of his mother by laying some little prize in her lap. But his parents use the motive for him. They know the value of learning, they feel its necessity and its power, and so they keep the child steadily at his books, and see that he goes regularly to school, and thus the drudgery

of education is supported by a motive lofty as the ambition of parental fondness, though the learner may feel nothing but its weariness and toil. Alphabets are mastered, rules are committed, dogmas, as unyielding as the sun in the heavens, and as dry as Egyptian dust, are learned and believed, in the hope that they may open the way to great preferment, or at least in the sure conviction that they are the prerequisites for any honour or success in life.

Or turn to the works of God. To him these must all be small compared with his Infinitude, the greatest must dwindle into mere insignificance; he is separated from the loftiest archangel and the mightiest world by a gulf viewless and unspanned. Yet he has made every thing with care. Throughout the whole created universe there is nothing that does not seem to have been planned and formed by the whole collective energies of the mind of the Supreme. The microscope discloses as much of God's providing wisdom on earth, as the telescope reveals of his creative power in the sky. And why this apparent prodigality of the energies of the Infinite? What aim could Godhead have had in view when with his pencil he touched a world into beauty, and painted the petals of a flower? Yes, why is a flower so beautifully painted, and so pleasantly scented, and altogether so richly endowed? It cannot be that it may admire its own beauty, and revel in its own sweetness, for it is insensible to all loveliness, and no perfume can it inhale. It cannot be that it may form a resting-place for the fluttering butterfly, or a little treasure-house for the pilfering bee, for though it wanted all its colouring, the insects had found in it everything that they desired, and no part of any work of God can be without an aim. Why is it, then, so exquisitely tinted,—leaves of the brightest crimson, a cup of the loveliest green, stamens of the richest gold? Why, but that it may shew forth the skill of the Infinite, and silently unfold His goodness and His power; gaze up to heaven with a look of admiring tenderness, and turn to hide its blushing face in the bosom of earth which it so

gaily adorns, and so dearly loves. This was God's motive in creation—the unfolding of his eternal power and Godhead—a motive which gives divine dignity to His humblest action, and sheds divine glory over His smallest work; which converts the whole material world into a vast and glorious temple, whose worship never ceases, whose preachers in their solemn oratory never grow tired, which makes the mountains its high altar, and the sky its painted dome, which gives the sea for a swelling organ, and the ground for a rich mosaic floor; sets the hours as rosaries, and converts the seasons into a book of rites, a motive than which none can be higher, for it is the desire of the Infinite to manifest himself.

And what works of men have endured the longest—what monuments of human power and wisdom have best sustained the attacks of time? No earthly thing has remained wholly unchanged before this fierce and ever-active assailant. It has furrowed the hard brow of the mountain, and battered the pyramids' granite sides; it has changed the course of the river, and drawn many a wrinkle on the flinty face of the Sphinx; its hours have ruined proud buildings, and smeared with dust their glittering towers; it has crushed strong monuments, and buried the record and the recorded in a common grave; it has wasted the iron sinews of the warrior, and plucked the feathers from the old raven's wing; it has spoiled the plain of its noblest city, and the forest of its strongest oak; since it awoke the first morning and sentinelled the first night, unquestioned and unresisted it has fed oblivion with decay. But what works of men have endured the longest? Are they not those which were done with the loftiest motive? Look at your own town. How many merchants' palaces have fallen in Glasgow, how many streets have been literally swept away, since the builders gave the last touch to that grand old cathedral, and the holy bishop dedicated it to the service of God! How many more will perish before the visitor is shewn where it stood! Or go to the site of some ancient city. The thick walls and battlements have fallen; the house

of imperial splendour has disappeared; the citadel whose massive ramparts frowned defiance from yon steep rock is gone; the forum which rung with the people's roar and clamour, or echoed with the orator's prevailing voice is now no more. Nothing is left to tell of departed strength and greatness, but the temple's marble columns and mighty slabs.* And why has it not shared in the universal ruin; why has it not passed, with rampart and prison and palace into forgetfulness and dust? Why, but because it was reared with the sublimest motive; because the architect felt that he was building a house for Deity, and so strove to unite in the fabric grandeur, and beauty, and strength; because the quarryman knew that the stones were going to a holy temple, and therefore sought to send each one of them an unblemished offering to his God; because the hewer and the builder felt that the pile was to be sacred, and on that account were careful that no block should be cracked by the mallet, and no stone laid loosely on the wall; because every man employed about the building was actuated by a lofty motive which solemnised and ennobled his smallest work.

And I think that it is hardly possible to go through the routine of daily duties, unless we are prompted by some lofty motive; at least, unless we are so, no work will be really dignified. I know that it is a very common maxim, "we must suit ourselves to circumstances;"—but it seems to me that this would be a much better maxim,—we must suit circumstances to ourselves. People often say, "you must take the world as you find it," but they should add, "you may make the world what you wish it." For is it not the case that the world is only sad and burdensome when we are beneath it,

* We find the following in reference to the temples of Paestum:—"All other traces of the people who raised them have been swept away, the very materials of the buildings that once surrounded them have vanished; the country about is a wide waste; the earth has become barren with age; nature herself seems to have grown old there and died. Yet still those mighty columns lift up their heads toward heaven, as though they were fashioned to endure the assault of time with all his hours."

and Atlas-like bearing it on our shoulders, and that the instant we get above it, we see it all happy and fair? With great truth it has been asked, "Who has not observed how wonderfully the mere insect cares, that are ever on the wing in the noon-day heat of life, have power to sting and to annoy even the giant minds around which they sport, and to provoke them into the most unseemly war?" It may be very absurd, nay, very immoral, to be teased by "trifles; but, alas! while you remain in the dust, reason as you may, *they will annoy you.*" Now, I say, that through the power of motive we ought to get above the world—get up to some height away from its restlessness and worry, its heat and its din, that we may take a calm survey of the relations of life, and descend betimes to discharge its duties, inspired by the solemn genius of the mountain, on whose heaven-clearing summit we have fixed our watch-tower and our home. You have all heard of Louis XVI.—France's martyr king, and of his son who inherited his martyrdom but not his crown. He was a good man and a hero, that Louis XVI. of France. You have heard of his captivity in the Temple, and of the insults and the agonies which he there endured. Many a scene of heroic fortitude had been witnessed by that old Temple Tower, but none so noble as the calm devotion of that monarch—father to his son. Often did the sentry, as he paced before the glass door of the chamber of imprisoned royalty, see a sight as sublime as history has ever chronicled—a king, driven from his throne, and condemned to harsh captivity by the subjects whom he so dearly loved, insulted every hour by the commissary, and knowing full well that he was not far from the scaffold and the guillotine, tenderly teaching his son the first elements of learning, or joining him in some game to gladden for a little the poor child's heart, growing sadder every day amid a prison's gloom!* And how

* Louis XVI. was imprisoned in the Temple on the 13th September 1792, and removed for execution on the 21st January 1793. His son, Louis Charles, was born at the chateau of Versailles, on the 27th March 1785, and died in the Temple on the 8th June 1795. The king in the

was that royal soul strengthened for these trifling duties? How, amid dark misgivings and cruel threats, amid heartless insults and bitter wrongs, could the sufferer become the father, and carry into the gloomy Temple, the instructions and amusements of gay Versailles? How, but because he was actuated by a lofty motive; because his heart beat high with the love of a parent and the faith of a Christian. And, still I say, that a great motive is needed to enable us to bear our daily crosses, and to do our daily work. It is needed in the household to ennoble many a humble office, and take the sting from many little cares; it is needed in the sick-room to soften the arm which supports the suffering, and keep awake "the sentinel of the feverish sleep;" it is needed by the ploughman in the field to dignify his menial service, and give him strength to bear his toil till the sun goes down; it is needed by the clerk in the counting-house to shorten the long sheets of foolscap, and carry him safe through the winding labyrinths of law; it is needed in the shop and the ware-room to pile up aright the huge bales of merchandise, and bear the caprice of customers who will neither buy nor go away; it is needed in the academy and the Sabbath-school to hallow the simple lesson, and give immortal dignity to the teacher's lowliest task; it is needed to convert earthly drudgery into heavenly service, and to transfigure by its glory the meanest and the smallest works of life. And were man's highest motive—do all for the glory of God—ever present in the souls and the efforts of men,—were it present in all their high philosophy which is prying into the mysteries of matter and sounding the "labyrinthine depths of

midst of all his sufferings never forgot his duties as a father. A French writer thus speaks of him: "Punctual in every respect, Louis XVI. had himself regulated the occupations of the day. One of his greatest consolations was to employ his time in the education of his son . . . The Dauphin, as usual, went down with his father; it was the hour at which the young prince often pressed the king to play with him a game of Siam; on this occasion he entreated so earnestly that Louis XVI., despite his anxieties, could not refuse." A few hours after the king was taken before the Convention.—*Beauchamp.*

mind;" were it urging on their mighty industry which is covering the earth with cities, and strewing the sea with fleets; were it guiding their ample literature which is rushing from unnumbered presses, and finding a resting-place in almost every home; did it fill the soul of the mechanic toiling in his workshop, and the heart of the shepherd keeping watch by the fold; did it fire the general at the head of his army, and form the compass of the statesman at the helm of the state; were it felt by the chemist bending over his crucible, and by the merchant reckoning his gains; were it never lost sight of by the minister in his study, nor by the teacher with his class, how noble would become our manhood, how pleasant and holy this redeemed earth!

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold;
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

And it is for you and for me to make this motive the mainspring of our actions, and so to succour and help forward our race. Nothing but actions will do. Work, hard, and steady, and earnest, is needed to benefit others, and to prove what we really are ourselves. In the words of the immortal Fichte, "Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge, is thy destination; proclaims the voice of my inmost soul. For action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth."

OUR INDIA MISSION.

No. IV.—PREACHING OF THE GOSPEL.

IN our previous articles on this important subject, there have come before us a review of the questions connected with the late despatch on education by the government of India, and a few of the fundamental principles on which the educational branch of our mission either has been or ought to be carried on. The great object of these articles, and particularly of the second and third, has been, if possible, to stir up the church at large to take an intelligent interest and part in this great question. A vast amount of ignorance prevails even among the clergy as to our mission schemes, and we can well understand how some will learn with wondering surprise many things that have been stated, and a few even will refuse to believe that things are so. Be it so. We perform our duty in this matter, on the Church be the responsibility of leaving hers undone. When we go on in the present article to urge upon the Church the propriety of embracing the direct preaching of the gospel as part of our mission in India, we can quite conceive that some parties may ask, whether this has not been the

case from the very commencement of the mission under Dr. Inglis and Dr. Duff? This question I must answer by another. Is a missionary in the hot climate of India likely to be able, after nearly six hours' work in teaching during the day, to preach to the heathen? It is a matter of notoriety that our missionaries do teach for some such time every day. This is their occupation. This is what they are sent to India to do. And after doing this, how much time can we expect them to employ in preaching the gospel? Take the case of teachers at home, for we may rest assured that human nature is every where the same, and that to send a preacher across the seas is not to increase his physical capacity or (generally speaking) his spiritual devotedness. Men are as much in earnest here as in India; and the man whose heart is not in Christ's work here will not feel more earnestly inclined to it because he is under a burning sun. Well, then, we take a case of a teacher at home engaged in a crowded school for six hours a-day. How much extra work is he capable of undertaking? How much does he feel mental force suf-

ficient to undertake? How many prayer-meetings does he hold? How many hours of Sabbath can he give to labour? Add to the work at home the element of climate in India, and then let any reasonable man say how much he can expect one of our missionaries in India to do in preaching the gospel! Some little they have done and are doing now. A lecture in English is given by them generally in the mission-rooms every Sunday evening—the attendants being chiefly the scholars who are taught during the week. We occasionally see notices of a few other services. But anything like direct mission-work among the heathen, holding up to them the cross of Christ in season and out of season, preaching the Crucified to them in their own languages from day to day—we have not, and do not pretend to have, in India. Nay more, we do something like injustice to the physical constitution of our missionary brethren in requiring them to unite two such distinct offices, as those of preacher and of teacher. Their strength cannot be given to the work of preaching. Their services in this work might cease with very little loss. The Church must be prepared either altogether to confine herself to education in India, or to adopt some other plan for the preaching of the truth to its benighted children. It is with the discussion of whether to do so and how to do so, that this paper must be occupied.

It may be necessary here to remark in passing, that our chaplaincies in India do not enter into the question of having preaching missionaries. The chaplains minister entirely to Europeans, to Scotch Presbyterians, stationed in India for a time. They have just the same work as ministers in town charges at home. It is no doubt of great, nay, of the greatest importance, that the number of our chaplains should be greatly increased. Large numbers of our countrymen, both rich and poor, are without the pale of our Presbyterian ordinances, because the clergymen are too few and the churches too small. In Calcutta, for instance, it is well known that many of our brethren have been compelled to worship under the forms of Episcopacy, because our neat and taste-

ful church in that large city cannot contain the number of our adherents. Dr. Bryce has signalised himself by his earnestness in seeking to obtain from the government an additional staff of chaplains, and we rejoice to hear with good prospects of ultimate success. Few members of the Church are aware of the strength and the position it would give us to be fully equipped in this respect.* At the same time our chaplains cannot be expected to do much missionary labour, save in general superintendence. Their own work is too heavy, and the climate is too trying to permit of more. In providing preaching missionaries, we must leave the chaplains entirely out of the question.

It was always intended by the founders of our Indian Mission, that its platform should be gradually widened to include preaching of the gospel. We might quote many passages to demonstrate this. There occurs, for instance, in Dr. Duff's eloquent exposition in the General Assembly of 1835, the following explicit declaration: "*Our main design and ultimate object is as speedily as possible, to render the preaching of the gospel ten times more efficacious than it has ever been in India.*" The italics are Dr. Duff's, not ours. And the able sub-committee, whose report was presented to last General Assembly, said, in the very spirit of the above declaration: "As the raising up of native converts to preach the gospel to their brethren was one of the great objects of the mission school in its original programme, that object has in a great degree been attained." If, then, there now exists within the Church one man who would hold to our schools in India as our only missionary agency, and who contemplates no extension of the mission, that man has, we believe, departed farthest from the plan on which our mission was based;

* Within the last year the Church has secured the services of a second chaplain in Ceylon. The Rev. Mr. Smith, late of Melville Church, Moore's Bay, was appointed, and we hear with great delight of his success already. Several families of the highest consideration in Candy have already flocked to his ministrations. We trust he may do something for the Church in the mission field in the way of suggestion and superintendence.

and were his views carried out, very soon the mission would be like a ship stranded on the beach, from which the tide had receded far. The preaching of the gospel was always contemplated as part of our operations in India. It was not adopted at first, because it was felt, and rightly felt, that preparation must be made for it. There may be a question whether the time for it has fully come—whether all things are now ready—whether this year or next year be the moment for sending out men to India who shall be ministers, not schoolmasters. But there can be no question worthy of being entertained, as to whether, sooner or later, the direct preaching of the cross should be an essential element in our India mission.

Has the time, then, now come for such an extension of our missionary platform, or must we still delay until future years? We are not going to treat this question as one of *funds*, but as one of *principle*. The Acting Committee must decide the one question; but every member of the Church should have a voice in the other. In whatever way, then, we regard this question,—whether in the light of reason, in the light of example, or, in the light of direct authority,—we cannot hesitate to pronounce, that the time *has* now come, when the Church should send out preaching missionaries to India. For upwards of thirty years, our educational institutions have been in operation throughout India. It would be in vain to say how many have passed through their curriculum, and have received all the preparation that our institutions can give them for receiving the Gospel. It would be discouraging to attempt anything like an estimate of the number of converts which have been made by our laborious missionaries during these long years. It would require more local knowledge than we pretend to have, to decide how far our schools have succeeded, and how far they have failed. The impetus given by them to English education in India has been immense; but there can be little doubt, that their beneficial effects have been more in-

direct than otherwise. The fact, however, is now patent, that in our old Presidency towns, (for of Agra we cannot speak,) there is a very large population, who know English perfectly, who have some smattering of science, who leave the various seminaries, year after year, comparatively well educated, but are still Hindoos. It is a fact, which cannot be denied, that thousands of these, (even such as are educated in the missionary institutions,) are becoming Atheists,—their old superstitious have been laid aside, but they enter no church, and they believe no religion. It is a fact, which is every day becoming better known, that a new sect is springing up from the midst of the Hindoos themselves; refining upon the doctrines of the Shastras, casting off the notion of the inspiration of these books, giving up the effete science of their forefathers, and adapting Hindooism to the present state of society. They are known by the name of Vedantists, were founded chiefly by the celebrated native Rammohun Roy, and a full account of them will be found in a letter from Mr. Anderson, our late missionary in Calcutta, in the *Missionary Record* for October 1855. We have the more pleasure in referring to this, one of the most interesting communications from India of late years that we have seen, because some of Mr. Anderson's more recent letters have not been accordant with our views. For these large classes of Hindoos, then, the educated young men of our Presidency towns, and Vedantists, are we not to provide preachers who shall carry the truths of the Gospel to them, week after week? There can be no question that this must be done, by us or by others. If our Church will not do it, then let us walk off the field, and make way for better men. If we are to be content with teaching the young, and leaving those whom we have taught to the care of others, let this be well understood; and let us feel the humility which such a post imperatively calls for. Let us feel, also, that the young men whom we have been training for years, are left

by us, when they finish their curriculum, entirely to the care of others. "With respect to Calcutta," said that eloquent and Christian man, Judge Wylie, in the Free Assembly of 1855, "I know not how to convey to the house, anything like the strength of my conviction, from long personal observation there, that we have reached a point that requires not only an increase in the staff of missionary labourers, but a widely different system of missionary labour. I feel most strongly that the time is approaching for this Mission, and those of other churches, to send out men altogether free from the routine of missionary labour in schools, to labour among the educated men of Bengal; men of weight of character, able to deal with that class of men, who, if converted to the Gospel, infallibly will influence thousands and tens of thousands." After this, it is hardly necessary to make farther quotations. If more were needed, the admirable words of Mr. Cook of Bombay, given in the Report to last Assembly, (p. 14,) would be found to tend wholly in the same direction. In fact, every testimony from India, of late years, concurs in pressing with the utmost earnestness for Christian preachers, who shall labour for the souls of the educated, but unchristianized, masses of the Presidency towns.

That is one department of the mission work, in which preachers of the gospel are imperatively needed. Let the appeal to the Church not be made in vain! But there is another department of labour, another portion of that extensive field, which we have hardly touched as yet in our missionary operations. Are we, or are we not, to go forth from the Presidency towns, and to occupy the Mofussil? Are we to go into the heart of India, and to preach Christ crucified in the vast central regions of that land; in the valleys of the Himalayas, in the *Doabs* of lower ground, beside the banks of those mighty rivers, and in the primitive villages, where the Brahmin is still worshipped, and the Buddhist priest still brushes away the dust from his

path that he may not destroy insect life? Are we to come face to face with the unmixed heathenism of India, where British customs have not influenced the people, and the English language is unknown? Well do we remember an anecdote told us by a missionary, who was the first preacher that had ever penetrated to a certain village, deep in the jungle. He told how they listened to his words with eagerness, how by question they drew out from him the various doctrines of the gospel, and how as they listened to these strange stories of the love of God and the sin of man, an old venerable man fell down before him to offer him worship, saying, "He must surely be an incarnation of Deity who has such truth to tell!" Such scenes, recalling the time when Paul and Barnabas were worshipped at Lystra, are indeed rare; but they encourage us to think, that among the unsophisticated masses of central India, there may be a greater entrance for the gospel, than among the town population. We rejoice to know, that so far the Church has answered the question, whether we shall go to the interior. Our mission to the Punjab is now (thank God for it!) an accomplished fact. And let our friends remember, it begins with *preaching the gospel*. It breaks ground among those who never heard the truth before, by letting the gospel *commend itself* to every man's conscience in the sight of God. It does not indeed dispense with education all together. We have been amused to see in the Missionary Record that some of our friends who object strongly to the "grants in aid," have restricted their church collections to the Punjab Mission. We have been *amused* by this; because, while it is probable that our Assembly's old mission in the Presidency towns may not receive the "grants in aid" at all, may not come within the scope of the government offer, it is absolutely certain, that so soon as a school is started in the Punjab, a grant will be obtained for it. Such schools are not to be the first step taken in planting a mission there; but, assuredly, they will soon

be founded in connection with it. Meantime, let it be noticed, that the General Assembly's committee, under its late Convener, and in this respect, supported by the present Convener, has decided the question of direct preaching to the heathen in India in the affirmative. It seems to us, that Dr. Inglis' principle and Dr. Duff's practice have been in this instance totally abjured. If we know anything of that principle, it was that the first step in evangelizing India must be education.* The Punjaub Mission proceeds on the principle, that the first step shall be the direct preaching of the gospel. It is well that this be fairly understood. It is well that all of us should correctly estimate the position of affairs precisely as they are. This fact seems to render it needless to discuss theoretically the question, whether we may proceed to preach directly to the natives of Hindostan. Of what avail can it be to settle the question of wisdom as between the Calcutta Mission and the Punjaub Mission? We do not mean to do so. We accept them both as operations to be carried on, not as schemes to be discussed. But a remark or two may be given as to some of their mutual bearings. We have shown that Dr. Inglis' proposal for a mission in India did not go the length of substituting education for preaching of the gospel. He desired only that the foundation should be laid, that the lever should be furnished to the missionary by which he should overturn the temple of heathenism. Had he been spared to the Church, or had his mantle fallen on his successors, we should have had preachers of the gospel connected with our Church in India long ere now. On the other hand, the Punjaub Mission, though not beginning with schools, yet does not dis-

claim them. Mr. Hunter's letter in the Report to last Assembly (which is the only programme of operations we have seen), distinctly recognises their value, though in a subordinate place. Whether the Assembly's Committee have issued instructions to Mr. Hunter, or whether he has been left entirely to his own discretion, we trust that this element will not be forgotten in the Punjaub Mission. Let these two great pioneers of conversion, the preacher and the schoolmaster, go together; let the one take hold of the adult, while the other trains the child; let the one lay hold on the conscience of man by the presentment of Divine truth, while the other widens the way into the heathen heart; let the one seek chiefly to reconstruct, while the other mainly destroys; let them thus be helpers of each other in the great work of missions, and the prospects of the Church in that field will be the best. Even the Punjaub is in a different condition now from what Calcutta was when Dr. Duff first landed there. Already European improvements and European science are changing the face of that important district. Already the constant intercourse with Europeans, and the wise benevolence of British rule, are disposing the natives to receive European teaching; while the events around them are causing them to thirst for European knowledge. Already it is, or speedily it will be, the case, that schools are rising in every direction. We may, nay we must, count upon education being supplied whether by ourselves or not. There is already a considerable opening for the preaching of the truth, and it is getting larger every year. And it is this change of circumstances which accounts for the departure from Dr. Inglis' principle in this new mission. The conditions which he demanded have been to some extent supplied by others; his method, which seems to us to have been admirable when introduced in Calcutta in 1830, does not seem to be best suited for the Punjaub in 1857. So has the Church judged, and probably it has judged wisely.

We do trust that our Committee will be consistent in their views and acting

* Dr. Veitch's late pamphlet on the India Mission question seems to misrepresent the meaning of Dr. Inglis as to the position of education and preaching. Whether Dr. Inglis were right or wrong may be a question; but there can hardly be a question among those who know his views on the subject, and Dr. Duff's subsequent expositions of them, that they are not what Dr. Veitch states. This pamphlet seems to us to abound in mistakes as to the facts of the case which it discusses.

on this point. They have publicly recognised the need for the direct preaching of the gospel; we trust, that in every new mission which may be begun by them in India, and also in our present missions in the Presidency towns, this great branch of missionary labour will receive its due place.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the old objections to preaching to the heathens of India. But one of these, which yet remains rooted in the minds of some, may receive a passing word. *The native languages, say some, have no terms in which to preach the gospel aright.* We are writing no libel on the objectors; we find that this view is still entertained. It may be met by three replies, each of which is sufficient to crush it. Every language of a heathen tribe lies open to the same objection, and, in most cases, with far greater truth and force than the languages of India. Where would have been the religion of Scotland if its original missionaries had insisted in preaching always in Latin or in Greek? What progress should we make with the tribes of Africa, if we first proposed to teach them English, and only then to make them Christians? When should we convert China, if our first onset were made on its language, in order to pave the way for another on its Buddhism? But, surely these objectors have no conception of the Indian languages. We need hardly remind them that those children of the Sanscrit are not the barbarous tongues in which Red Indians chatter to each other over the tent-fire. We need hardly do more than remind them, that the languages in which the sciences of the Vedas and the Puranas are constantly being conveyed, in which the highest mathematical problems are being

solved, and the most subtle philosophical distinctions are embodied, are not likely to be soon exhausted by the minds of any missionaries whom we may send forth to preach. And, once more, we would ask those objectors if they are not aware that the gospel has been preached, and is being preached to the natives of India in their own languages; and that not only Sabbath after Sabbath, but even day after day, from Peshawur to Pegu, and from Debrogghur to Point Galle, in varied dialect, by natives and by strangers, the truth of God is being declared to the native mind? The Holy Spirit has himself directed the whole Church of Christ in this matter. When He sent forth His preachers from the first missionary college in the upper room, it was to preach to every nation under heaven, "in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God." Let us learn by His teaching. Let us give to India the privilege which he meant for all men. Our Indian government is now engaged in the great work of threading the sandy *Doabs* of India with life-giving canals. In this work they have only to cut the channels, and the waters born of Himalayan snows or amid forests of the Deccan are ready to fill each one. In the great missionary enterprise, the work must be reversed. The channels are already cut; be it ours to cause to flow through them "the river of the water of life."

Once more we must defer our purpose of giving farther details. If the patience of our readers be not quite exhausted, if they will bear with our own growing pleasure in the theme, we shall add yet one paper more.

A CITY MINISTER.

PSALMODY.

No. VIII.—SELAH.

Yea, Selah! I cannot well avoid making a few remarks upon this awkward and mysterious word. For it is scrupulously retained in some English metrical versions, a specimen of which I shall immediately quote. But I may also men-

tion, that I have heard a reverend doctor repeat the word more than once in public prayer with peculiar emphasis and unction, as if it gave clear and forcible utterance to his thoughts. What meaning he attached to it I cannot tell. To

return, however, to instances in which Selah is actually retained in English metrical versions, I select two passages from "The Psalms of David in metre, by George Scott, Gentleman; diligently compared with the original text, &c. :—Edinburgh, 1768."

PSALM XX.

O may the Lord of hosts thee hear
In time of trouble sore!
The name of Jacob's God so dear,
Defend thee more and more!

O may He from the sanctuary
Help send thee and comfort;
And from Sion may the Most High
Thee strengthen and support!

May thy offerings remembered be
By the Lord Jehovah;
And thy burnt sacrifice, may He
Accept of it, Selah.

According to thy heart's desires,
Lord grant it to thy will;
And all thy counsel thou requires
May He to thee fulfil, &c.

PSALM XXI.

In thy great strength, O Lord, the King
Shall joyful be and glad:
In thy salvation he shall sing,
Rejoice and not be sad.

To him, his heart's desire thou gave,
And didest not withdraw
Thy ear from him, but did receive
His lip's request. Selah.

Thou prevents him with blessings great
Of goodness which endure;
A crown of pure gold thou in state
On his head sets secure, &c.

These quotations are fair specimens of the version from which they are taken. They are destitute of any redeeming quality: and even the unmeaning and almost ludicrous interposition of Selah can scarcely deteriorate a version which otherwise is so poor, ungrammatical and rude.

But it is very desirable that we should have some definite understanding of a word which occurs frequently in our prose version of the Psalms, though our translators have declined to give us any interpretation of it. It occurs, indeed, more than seventy times in the Book of Psalms, and three times in the hymn of Habakkuk. It is found in no other book,

but has given occasion to much controversy, and has been the subject of many theories.

I. Eusebius at one time maintained that it marked where inspiration ceased, and warned the reader that what followed was only of human device. This very extraordinary and dangerous notion was afterwards abandoned by him,* and has never been received with anything like general favour. It arose partly from an absurd tradition, and from observing that in some instances it introduces an abrupt change of spirit and style. This may be illustrated in the eighty-ninth Psalm, where there is a bold transition from rejoicing to complaint.

35 Once have I sworn by my holiness
That I will not lie unto David.
His seed shall endure for ever,
And his throne as the sun before me.
It shall be established for ever as the moon,
And as a faithful witness in heaven.

SELAH.

38 But thou hast cast off and abhorred,
Thou hast been wroth with thine anointed.
Thou hast made void the covenant of thy
servant:
Thou hast profaned his crown by casting
it to the ground:
Thou hast broken down all his hedges:
Thou hast brought his strongholds to ruin.
All that pass by the way spoil him:
He is a reproach to his neighbours, &c.

The transition in this passage is very marked and very beautiful. But no intelligent student of the Bible can imagine for a moment that the words of mourning and lamentation which follow Selah are of less divine origin than the sublime promise which precedes it. Is it because the second part is full of distress and complaint, that we are to think that inspiration had paused? What shall we say then to such passages as the Twenty-second Psalm, which breathes the most profound distress, and lingers on the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?
Why art thou so far from helping me, and
from the words of my roaring?
O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou
hearest not,
And in the night season, and am not silent.

* Eusebius in Psalm iv. and Pref. in Psalm.

- 16 For dogs have compassed me,
The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me,
They pierced my hands and my feet.
I may tell all my bones :
They look and stare upon me :
They part my garments among them,
And cast lots upon my vesture.
But be not thou far from me, O Lord :
O my strength, haste thee to help me.
Deliver my soul from the sword ;
My darling from the power of the dog.
- 21 Save me from the lion's mouth ;
For thou hast heard me from the horns of
the unicorn.
- 22 I will declare thy name unto my brethren :
In the midst of the congregation will I praise
thee, &c.

In this passage, from Psalm xxii., the transition is from extreme distress to hope and confidence; from agony and helplessness to joy and trust in God. The transition, too, is as bold as in Psalm lxxxix., but dare we imagine that it indicates a pause in inspiration? The distress and the joy were both alike recorded for our learning. It is almost unnecessary to say anything on the theory now under review, but the following quotation will not be unacceptable to my readers, for it simply and clearly demonstrates that Selah cannot by possibility indicate a pause or cessation of inspiration—inasmuch as in this instance, Selah introduces the very words of God to His people.

PSALM LXXXI.

- 6 I removed his shoulder from the burden,
His hands were delivered from the pots.
Thou calledst in trouble and I delivered thee.
I answered thee in the secret place of thunder,
I proved thee at the waters of Meribah.

SELAH.

Hear, O my people, and I will testify unto thee :

O Israel, if thou wilt hearken unto me.
There shall no strange god be in thee :
Neither shalt thou worship any strange god
I am the Lord thy God, &c., &c.

Many passages to the same purpose might be quoted, and will suggest themselves to those who are familiar with the Psalms.

II. Another theory supposes Selah to signify AMEN. Augustine supports this view,* and it is the signification maintained by the learned Jew, Aben Ezra. But the Hebrew word gives no counte-

nance whatever to this idea. Indeed, the only plausible reason for such an interpretation is the fact that Selah sometimes occurs at the end of a psalm, as in the 3d, 9th, 24th, and 46th. But this consideration loses all weight when we remember not only that some divisions into separate psalms are obviously incorrect, and also that several entire psalms were sung continuously. The 4th Psalm is clearly a continuation of the 3d, and the 10th is a part of the 9th. But one or two examples will best show that Selah cannot be rendered by Amen, as in those instances where it is preceded by an acknowledgment of distress or sin.

PSALM III.

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!
Many are they that rise up against me.
Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.

SELAH.

Can we believe that the Psalmist said Amen to the profane and godless taunts of his persecutors, and prayed that their testimony might be true? Yet such is the effect of translating Selah by Amen.

PSALM IV.

- 2 O ye sons of men, how long will ye turn my
glory into shame :
How long will ye love vanity and seek after
leasing?

SELAH.

Does the Psalmist wish that the sons of men should still love vanity and follow lies? If Selah indicate any desire of the Psalmist, it must be the very opposite of that which is expressed by Amen.

PSALM XXXII.

- 3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old,
Through my roaring all the day long :
For day and night thy hand was heavy upon
me ;
My moisture is turned into the drought of
summer.

SELAH.

I give one more example utterly incompatible with the theory that Selah signifies Amen.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

- 6 Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit,
In darkness, in the deeps.
Thy wrath lieth hard upon me,
And thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves.

SELAH.

* Enarr in Psalm iv.

And lest my readers should suspect that the *Amen* might possibly refer to what follows, I add the next verses—

Thou hast put away mine acquaintance far from me,
Thou hast made me an abomination unto them,
I am shut up, and I cannot come forth.
Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction.
Lord, I have called daily unto thee :
I have stretched out my hands unto thee.

III. A third theory translates *Selah*, for ever. The author of this interpretation was Jonathan Ben Uzziel, who wrote the Chaldee Paraphrase, and thus translated the word. Many Jewish writers have adopted this interpretation, and among Christian authors, Jerome* and Chrysostom† are its most eminent supporters. But this view receives no aid from the Hebrew, and it will be sufficiently evident that the passages which I have quoted to refute the interpretation of *Amen* are equally repugnant to the interpretation "for ever." How can such a phrase be substituted for *Selah* in such an instance as this?

PSALM XLVI.

God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble ;
Therefore will not we fear though the earth be removed,
And though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea,
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,
Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

SELAH.

This could not refer to a condition "for ever;" for the Psalmist proceeds to declare, that notwithstanding these temporary terrors, his hope was in God, his true home was in the city which was gladdened by the streams of the river of life.

IV. Another theory is, that it enjoins a pause in the singing, and that a period of silence was to be observed wherever it occurred. Justin Martyr, Optatus, and Gregory Nyssen,‡ are the chief advocates of this opinion. It is not warranted, however, by the Hebrew, and it is clearly incompatible with the position of *Selah* in several passages.

* Epist. ad Marcellam. † Expos in Psal. 130.
‡ Tractat in Psalm. os, c. x.

PSALM LV.

6 And I said O that I had wings like a dove,
For then would I fly away and be at rest.
Lo! then would I wander far off,
And remain in the wilderness.

SELAH.

I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest.

It is very obvious that any pause at *Selah* in this passage would be fatal to its meaning and spirit, and, therefore, that this interpretation of the word is wholly inadmissible.

V. It may be convenient to class together several kindred theories which have all been supported by men of learning, but which it is unnecessary to review. Michaelis suspected that *Selah* composed the initial letters of three mystical words. Paschius thought that it meant "the Most High God." Meibomius and Jahn are of opinion that it directs a repetition of what preceded it. Bythner holds that it merely calls attention to the passage. And Wilson, (St. Andrew's,) in his Hebrew Grammar, pleads for the interpretation, "Praise ye the Lord."

VI. Having stated objections to so many theories, may it not be expected that I should now attempt to propose an interpretation not liable to such charges? In doing so, I may ask whether the older translations of the Psalms give us any aid, and whether the term itself, in the Hebrew language, suggests any explanation! The Septuagint translation, made in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the third century before Christ, renders *Selah* by *Diapsalma*, or a mark of division in the Psalm. No notice is taken of the word in the Latin Vulgate; but one of the earliest Christian writers refers to those marks of division of Psalms according to the Septuagint, and quotes "the diapsalma of the 47th Psalm."* And another author quotes "the second diapsalma of the 50th Psalm."† This, however, affords little light upon the subject. Does it explain on what principle these divisions were made? Does it enable us to reconcile the variations between the Septuagint version and the

* Justin Martyr, Dial. cum Tryph.
† Optatus contra Parmenium.

Hebrew text in the insertion of the mark? For they differ in seven instances. One thing, however, is certain, that at the date of the Septuagint, the precise and technical meaning of Selah had been lost. To appeal, then, as a last resource to the Hebrew word, we learn that it signifies to raise or exalt. And from its position in the Psalms, it seems most probable that it had reference to the choir of the sanctuary, and directed the befitting accompaniment of instrumental music which characterized the temple service. It is worthy of attention that Selah occurs in no Psalm composed after the captivity, when the choirs of the house of God were considerably abridged.* And it is equally worthy of attention that the Hymn of Habakkuk, the only other part of Scripture in which Selah is found, was composed at a time when the Temple service had been restored to pristine magnificence by the good king Josiah.† The use and significance of Selah are probably indicated in the following description of the festival celebrated by Hezekiah. It shows that the introduction of instrumental music was regulated and arranged by inspired authority, and must have been directed in some such form as that under consideration. "And Hezekiah set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet; for so was the commandment of the Lord by His prophets. And the Levites stood with the instruments of David, and the priests with the trumpets. And Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt offering upon the altar: and when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David, king of Israel. And all the congregation worshipped, and the singers sang, and the trumpeters sounded: and all this continued until the burnt offering was finished."‡ It is observable that Selah generally occurs when there is a change of person, or style, or subject, and where a corresponding change in the music

would be required. Some of the quotations which I have already given have illustrated this fact. Is it not clearly indicated in the following passages?

PSALM XXIV.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, &c.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.

SELAH.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors,
And the King of glory shall come in, &c.

PSALM LXII.

3 How long will ye imagine mischief against a man?

Ye shall be slain all of you,
As a bowing wall shall ye be
And as a tottering fence.
They only consult to cast him down from his excellency,
They delight in lies;
They bless with their mouth,
But they curse inwardly.

SELAH.

My soul, wait thou only upon God,
For my expectation is from Him, &c.

These quotations, and others which I have given, and the remarks with which I have introduced them, sufficiently show that Selah was employed to mark those transitions in the psalm which required a corresponding change in the accompanying music,—that it was a technical and musical sign,—that its precise significance has been lost for more than two thousand years, with many other matters relating to the music of the Temple,—that as that music had the finest relation to the sense and spirit of the Psalms, the occurrence of the musical term Selah generally assists the student in appreciating the structure of the sacred composition,—and that, in these respects, the retaining the term is of the highest value in our prose translation of the Scripture. This view of the meaning and function of the word Selah has been recently vindicated with much learning and power by the Rev. Mr. Jebb, and was of old maintained by Kimchi, Forster, Baxter, Calvin, Patrick, and a host of others.

:(To be Continued.):

* See Book of Psalms, &c., &c., by Rev. J. Jebb.

† 2 Chronicles, xxxv.

‡ 2 Chronicles xli

S E R M O N.

By the Rev. J. G. YOUNG, Minister of Monifieth.

"Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying, Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it, for their wickedness is come up before me. But Jonah rose up to flee unto Tarshish, from the presence of the Lord, and went down to Joppa, and he found a ship going to Tarshish, so he paid the fare thereof, and went down into it, to go with them unto Tarshish from the presence of the Lord."—JONAH I. 1-3.

THE view now to be taken of the history recorded in the text, is not the one commonly presented; the weakness and wickedness of which Jonah was guilty are sufficiently apparent to all, and this side of the question has often been unsparingly illustrated. But what has not been noted, are the surpassing difficulties and discouragements of the mission to which the prophet was suddenly called, and which he, like a man surprised into sin, as suddenly rejected. While attempting to state some of these discouragements, it is my intention to keep in view not the history of Jonah merely, but the case of all his brethren in the ministry, of whose diligence and fidelity the world still often judges too harshly, without taking into account the many temptations and difficulties inseparable from their office. We hear a great deal, often not from the right quarter, of what ministers ought to do and to be. You must not go there, exclaims one, you must not fly from that trust or that duty, exclaims another, you must be strong when others are weak, you must stand though others may fall. We do not ask that gross and flagrant sins, which scandalise a whole community, should be overlooked, or suffered to go unpunished. But shall there be no allowance for momentary weakness, for faintings of the heart under oppressing duty? For some fit of that moral cowardice, which so easily besets us, tempting us to fly from some peculiarly distasteful task? or to shun some mission that seems too great for us, though we have heard the voice of God saying, Go to this city,

or town, or village, or parish, and cry against it? Those who will even in thought maintain the negative, little know the discouragements of the preacher of righteousness; honourable and delightful as his office is, there are yet times when the shadow falls, when his charge appears too mighty, when he, too, could take the ships of Tarshish and flee away for rest, even to the stormy and inconstant sea. And I am going to tell you why it is thus, that you may judge gently and charitably, and that whether as individuals, or as a community, you may avoid aggravating those evils, under which we sometimes faint, and always mourn.

1. There is first what we may be allowed to term, the numerical discouragement, that sense of feebleness and insignificance, which a solitary individual must more or less experience, when he finds himself arrayed against a multitude, to fight the battles of the Lord—under such circumstances it needs "a double portion of the spirit," or a singularly clear view of the compassing hosts of heaven, not to exclaim, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" Now, while on the highest of all authorities, we must rank Jonah among the prophets, it is manifest that the mantle of an Elijah by no means rested on him, that his natural and spiritual gifts were of an order altogether inferior. Yet was the weaker vessel most severely tested: it was easier to go up to Carmel, than to arise and cry against Nineveh; the courage that did not shrink from the one, might have proved unequal to the other, for what was Nineveh? In our text it

is emphatically called "that great city"—at the period of Jonah's mission it had reached its highest point of greatness and prosperity, its monarch ruled over the nations, its armies went forth conquering and to conquer, even Babylon was tributary to it, and hailed Nineveh as the capital of the world. There was another thing for which this city was remarkable, another thing that fixed upon it the stern regards of the King of kings, its inhabitants had attained a dread pre-eminence in guilt, and were wicked before the Lord exceedingly: in one sense exalted to heaven, in another they were thrust down almost to hell, were at once the most to be envied, and the most to be pitied of mortal men; from the monarch on the throne, to the captive in the dungeon all were united in their iniquity, their hearts were fully set in them to do evil. It was concerning *this* city and its countless inhabitants that God said to Jonah, arise and cry against it. And while we admit at once that Jonah, thus divinely commissioned, ought not to have consulted with flesh and blood, yet humanly speaking, there was something in the prospect of such an undertaking to impress even the most sanguine with a sense of its utter hopelessness. What! one man to preach to thousands and tens of thousands! One man, and he from an obscure and distant country, to set himself in opposition to rebuke the countless inhabitants of Nineveh, the mistress of the earth! What impression could he make? Would not his feeble cry be lost and overwhelmed amidst the roar and din of that iniquity that had risen up to the very throne of God. If we could dismiss preconceived ideas and consider the prophet's conduct from the point of view now suggested, it would seem no longer wonderful that his first feeling on receiving his commission was consternation, that he was actually *stunned* with the summons he heard, and like a man bereaved of his faculties, took such steps to escape from the call of duty, as he never would have taken in his right mind—and yet you say there was much of deliberation and calmness in his conduct, he could *sleep* even amidst the

storm—yes, but then he deemed that he had escaped from battling with the more formidable tempest of human passions; compared to "the wrath of man" the ocean in its rage was rest. It may seem difficult to establish any connection between this scene and ourselves, the interval appears too wide to be bridged over, but while we grant that it is an extreme case, there is yet a parallel passage in the history of many of God's ministers on the earth. One of the discouraging circumstances of their position is its comparative solitude and separation, even now they are but as voices crying in the wilderness and warning men to flee, while it is yet time, from the wrath to come, feeling deeply at times and seasons that the faithful proclamation of their message creates an interval between them and the multitude, produces a moral antagonism, a painful sense of solitude it is hard to bear, and from which the weary spirit would often fain escape, not by open flight, it may be, but by a more dangerous unfaithfulness, not by refusing to "cry aloud and spare not," but by crying with a feeble voice, and uttering "an uncertain sound."

2. Another discouragement to be taken into account, is the *imperfection* of the instrumentality God is pleased to employ for the conversion of men. Had Jonah possessed the nature and the tongue of angels, the magnitude of the task assigned him, might have excused some symptoms of hesitancy and reluctance; how much more when he was conscious that he was himself but an erring mortal, liable to enter into temptation, and to be betrayed into inconsistency and weakness even as others,—when he looked *without* to Nineveh, he saw unnumbered discouragements,—thousands of living, breathing reasons not to obey; and when he looked *within* to the citadel of his own heart, he saw more formidable obstacles still. It was not so much the *living* men as the *dead* heart that appalled him,—not so much the *mightiness* of Nineveh, as the *littleness* of his own soul,—not so much the *great* cry without, as the still small voice of conscience within, that told him of an ut-

terance and testimony from his own spirit swelling that cry, and testifying against him, also, before the throne of God. It is all well to say, this ought not to be,—even this was no good reason for refusing to obey. Still these are *facts* which have had, and will have their influence on all ministers worthy of the name; the strongest and best that ever stood and cried on this earth, have, in the beginning, been the most weak,—have shrunk and trembled, or almost fled away. There was one I read of, and he was feeding the flocks of his father-in-law in the desert, when, lo! the voice called to him out of the burning bush, proclaiming the eternal name of God, and bidding him go testify against Egypt, and deliver Israel. Need I remind you of the reluctance of this man of God to enter upon such a mission, how he feared to go down into Egypt, even when assured of “the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush.” There was *another* who stood in the temple in the year that king Uzziah died, and saw the Lord on the throne, high and lifted up, and heard the voice proclaim, “Who shall I send, and who will go for us,” and could but lament, “Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips.” Not till the seraph touched his lips with a burning coal from off the altar, did he find strength to say, “here am I, send me,” (Isaiah vi.) Bear witness, also, Jeremiah. God called to him, and said, (Jeremiah i. 5,) “Before thou camest out of the womb, I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations,” but this was his answer,—“Ah! Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child.” Hear, also, St. Paul,—“I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.” Nay, more, what was it that sustained *Him* who preached to a *world* lying in wickedness?—what was it that sustained Him when, all single and alone, he confronted the wrath of man, and the utmost force of Satan?—what was it that cheered Him in the wilderness, supported Him in Gethsemane, upheld Him on the cross? It was the sinlessness of His nature,—it was the witness *within* that, louder than the voice from heaven, proclaimed, that in Him

the Father was ever well pleased. But for this, He had summoned the twelve legions of angels, and fled upwards to the skies, even as Jonah in his day fled from Nineveh in the ships of Tarshish.

3. Another discouragement of the ministry, is the *danger* to which the faithful discharge of its duties exposes its members. In the instance immediately before us, this thought must have entered into the mind of Jonah, and had no small share in influencing his conduct. There was before him not only a long journey into a far distant country, he had to enter into a city in which he had not even one friend, and there he had to testify against a wickedness so great, that it had provoked the wrath of Almighty God. He had to tell men, who never imagined that they were worse than others, that yet forty days, and their city would be destroyed. We need scarcely say that such a message was fraught with danger to the man who delivered it; and to the mind of Jonah it might well seem, that whatever doubt there might be as to the destruction of Nineveh, there could be very little about his own, and that it was to provoke his fate, thus to go to the greatest and proudest city in the world, and, without a word of preparation, to pronounce its doom: and though, in our own times, there is not that danger to life and liberty there once was, though no preacher of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, proclaims his message with the fear of stripes, imprisonment, or death before him, there is still a danger of a similar nature he must be prepared to encounter. The faithful proclamation of the truth is not generally acceptable. The strict discharge of duty often exposes us to no small share of displeasure and dislike; men do not like to have themselves proclaimed “sinners before the Lord exceedingly.” So long as we deal in general statements,—so long as we forbear from attacking special vices, all is well; but when we approach the “thou art the man,” or the “except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,” that moment there is a revolt and a recoil in the minds of too many, and it is, “who made thee a ruler or a judge over us,”—

“from that hour there are many who go back, and walk no more with us,”—who become our enemies because we have told them the truth.

4. Another discouragement is, that *personal humiliation* to which God's messengers are often exposed in the discharge of their mission; one great truth is manifested alike by their failure or their success,—that they are but instruments in the hands of a mighty power, and thus the foolishness of their preaching is continually made apparent, and comes back upon them in the loss of credit and personal importance. It was thus with Jonah, and it was this that seems to have cut him to the heart, so that he even wished to die. He had been sent to Nineveh with a message of no vague and general character, but the most urgent and alarming mortal ears had ever heard,—“Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.” On the fulfilment of this prediction his personal credit was suspended; it was only Nineveh in the dust that could elevate him to the dignity of a prophet of the Lord. But the city did not fall,—that one minister was more powerful than a thousand preachers, the fear of the Lord went before him, and repentance followed in his track; then was seen the wondrous spectacle of the proudest city on earth humbled under the mighty hand of God, and sitting in sackcloth and ashes, “and for all this God's anger was turned away, and He bid the destroying angel put up his sword into its sheath. Such a termination of his mission, though not wholly unexpected, Jonah could not bear; it fell upon him as a heavy discouragement, he regarded it as a fatal blow to his acceptance as a true prophet, and, melancholy to relate, he was more angry at the loss of his own credit, than rejoiced at the preservation of upwards of a million of living souls, and here we could find no excuse for the prophet, did we not see how gently and tenderly God dealt with him,—how, even in the hour of his servant's folly and pride, he condescended to remonstrance, and, as it were, said, “Come, and let us reason together.” There is something here, also, that touches us at this present hour,—

it is not one of the least of the discouragements of our Gospel day, that of the good done the greater part never comes to our ears, of the rest how little is personal to ourselves: the very means that seemed to us most efficacious, utterly fail,—others that we imagined and dismissed as useless, produce a rich harvest. The very sermons we thought most convincing and effectual, were utterly powerless; others that we were ashamed or afraid to preach, have been abundantly blessed. Those *persons*, too, of whom we formed the highest opinion,—of whose eternal welfare we entertained no doubt, on them, perchance, shall rest, in the all-revealing day, the heaviest condemnation, while others for whom we have predicted the fate of Nineveh, shall hear the “Come, ye blessed of my Father.” The sworn disciples whom we have ourselves enrolled under the banner of Christ, and admitted within the pale of the visible Church, are yet often found quailing and shrinking from the Saviour's side, while He himself, wonder-working as in days of old, is wrapping the garment of a mightier, deeper repentance than that of Nineveh around some of the veriest outcasts of society,—is teaching some once railing lips to pray, and is once more replying, “Verily thou shalt be with me in Paradise:” and, alas! for us, this is one of our discouragements,—this is one of God's dealings with us, under which we also have fainted. We cannot in this matter condemn Jonah without judging ourselves.

Without, then, for a moment asserting that any circumstances can justify those whom God honours with a mission, and causes to hear His voice, from shrinking from the discharge of that mission, it is yet manifest that there are many discouragements under which His ministers in every age labour, and which the Most High God himself has taken into account in dealing with them under their often infirmities. Regarding their position, then, from this point of view, certain great *duties* appear, some of them that we would impress on the whole body of the people, others that Christian ministers would do well to bear in mind;

these, however, I can now do little more than indicate.

1. It is eminently the duty and the work of the *people*, to strive to remove what we have termed the *numerical discouragement*. What was once positive opposition to divine truth, has among us assumed the yet more dispiriting aspect of *indifference* and tranquil security, which nothing seems capable of disturbing, or rousing into earnestness and activity in the work of the soul's salvation. What can be more hopeless and heartless, than one individual, Sabbath after Sabbath, addressing the same community without making any apparent impression, or stirring up so much as one, from the routine of piety? It creates a separateness, difficult to express, but hard to bear. Why should that dreary gulf be fixed between us and you? Come over and help us. Remember that if you stand neutral it has all the effect of actual opposition; if you are not for us, you are against us. Give us, it was lately said by the universal voice of the nation, give us rather the battle than a hollow peace; let us rather see these serried hosts, these frowning battlements, arrayed against us in honest open opposition, than left to work our ruin under the protection of a delusive treaty; we can fight, but we cannot stoop to betray. So, also, in a mightier warfare still. Give us rather the battle than an unreal alliance; we might have fortitude for the one, but we know not how to meet the other. The battle might awaken energy, collect our resources; but that peace which yet is "no peace," it is invading our own hearts, spreading its delusive calmness over our own spirits,—we too shall sleep soon.

2. Let *ministers* ever be on their guard against *their own hearts*; the greatest discouragement, the most formidable adversary is *within*. Watch, therefore, and pray always; for from this, external circumstances, however favourable, can give no permanent relief. Lips into which grace has never been poured may bring over the multitude to God, but the hour of most unbounded success may be one of mourning. Follow that popular

preacher to his retirement. He, too, could almost fly away in the ships of Tarshish rather than meet that crowd again. And why is he discouraged and cast down? Let him look within, and interrogate his own heart whether its trust is yet set upon God. It is no doubt true that the holiest prophets and best ministers have, more or less, had the treasure in earthen vessels; that the excellency of the power might be of God. Still how often do we experience that to *do* good to others we must *be* good ourselves; that to lead many to righteousness, our own faith must be anchored on the Rock of Ages. Are there not deep longings for this,—strivings to *be* yet more and more what we seem? We too have stood with Isaiah in the temple, and exclaimed, "woe is me;" have felt the need of our lips being touched *as* with a live coal from the altar of *sacrifice*, and longed for the voice to cry, "lo, thine iniquity is taken away, and thy sin purged," that we might not only speak the truth to others, but ourselves be true. How little, then, would outward discouragements affect us; failure would not deject, nor success "exalt us above measure," but like St. Paul we would be able to exclaim, "none of these things move me."

3. We plead with the people who hear not to shrink from a plain statement of the truth. No doubt the facts on which the Gospel is founded are not generally acceptable; there are many who do not like to have it, in all its fulness, too closely pressed upon their attention,—many who, when by line upon line and precept upon precept, they are made to realise it as a personal matter, succeed in putting it off to a more convenient season, or even turn, like Naaman, turn and go away in a rage. But why should dislike to the message dictate dislike to the messengers? Why should we make enemies by proclaiming the truth? Receive, we entreat you, with more meekness the engrafted word! But, be this as it may, we can make no compromise. Keep back part of the price we dare not; we have no other Gospel to preach,—*all* men sinners before the

Lord exceedingly, and Christ Jesus, and Him crucified, the one way of escape. That is the word of the Lord that has come to us, and that we deliver unto you.

4. Let both ministers and people unite in giving glory to God, as the alone worker of salvation. By the light of repentant Nineveh this lesson is easily read; that solitary preacher's success but reveals the presence and the hand of God. But, alas! how different now. Have we not too much forgotten that it is still as true that without Him we can do nothing? and does not this lie at the bottom of the limited acceptance of preaching in our own times? When we look around at the extended and carefully organized means of grace we enjoy, the array of churches, the armies of ministers "that go to and fro on the earth," it seems as if their influence ought to be felt to the remotest regions, and that the glad tidings of salvation

should spread from pole to pole. And wherefore are we so far from a result so desirable? is it not possible that we have not remembered to give glory to God? that we habitually assign to mere human agency an importance it never can possess? that we are suffering our churches and our ministers to obscure that Being who hath said, "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord?" that Satan hath tempted us to number Israel, and forget Him who is "the chariot of Israel and the horses thereof?" Let us look to this, as we desire an answer to the prayer, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the days:" As we would escape from being the last and most tremendous illustrations of the Saviour's words, "the men of Nineveh shall rise up in judgment against this generation and condemn it, for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and yet a greater than Jonah is here."

THOUGHTS ON THE PERSON OF CHRIST.

(Continued from page 267.)

WE have considered the Person of Jesus in the light of His own teaching, and of the faith and teaching of His apostles, and argued that, as His divine nature was always assumed and maintained by both, the conclusion is unavoidable, that unless this was true in point of fact, they all must have intentionally asserted what as men they knew to be false, and as Jews to be blasphemy;—that the High Priest was justified in having, according to the law of Moses, put Jesus to death, "because being a man He made himself God;" and that an idolatry has been for ever fastened on Christendom. But as it was *morally* impossible for Jesus and His apostles to have been guilty of such falsehood and blasphemy as this, we accept of the other alternative, that what they believed and asserted was true.

This conclusion is strengthened, moreover, by all we know of the history of Jesus,—His whole life exhibiting such a combination of the human and divine, from the cradle to the grave, as har-

monizes only with the supposition of His being God and man.

If our space permitted it, we might show also how the lives of the apostles, what they did and suffered, including the miraculous powers which they unquestionably exercised, cannot possibly be accounted for unless the truth of this fact is admitted, it having been the fundamental one of all their teaching.

But we are reminded by the close of another volume, that we must also bring our thoughts upon this deeply important and interesting topic also to a close.

There is, then, one other light in which we may view this question,—that of the *faith and experience of the Christian Church*.

(1.) And *first*,—as to the *faith* of the Church, using that word as expressing its *creed*, it is historically certain that since the days of the apostles till the present time, this doctrine has formed a *sine qua non* of the creed of the whole Church, Popish, Protestant, Greek, Ar-

menian, Nestorian, &c.,—of every branch, in short, with the exception of the Unitarians. Amidst all differences, the millions of professing Christians have agreed from age to age in this article. No theological strifes or angry passions, no dissents or reformations, have disturbed this truth as the foundation stone of the Temple. Now, if Christ is *not* a divine person, it follows that the Christian Church is one huge institution of idolatry. We do not, observe, attempt to conceal our faith in Christ's divinity, or to modify it so as to escape if possible such an imputation. We necessarily accept this conclusion, unless our faith is grounded on *fact*. We boldly declare that we believe in Jesus of Nazareth; love Him, trust Him, obey Him, *as we do God Almighty*, and with the same degree of faith and reverence. In the one name of the Father, Son, and Spirit, we have been baptized, and that name we honour as One, ascribing equal glory to each Person in the Godhead. Such a creed as this may startle some and offend others, but it is nevertheless the creed which is and has been the faith of universal Christendom, which millions with ourselves believe unhesitatingly, and confess as boldly as they do their faith in the being of God. Now what we assert is, that if Jesus was a mere man, or was not "God manifest in the flesh," we and all Christians so believing are *idolaters* in the strictest sense of that word. Our churches are idol temples where a dead man is worshipped; our ministers idol priests, who ever preach and commemorate this man, pray to him, sing praises to him, and consecrate generation after generation to his service; our people commit their souls and bodies to the keeping of this Jew for time and eternity, and all their hopes are inseparably connected with him as their Lord;—while amidst this universal defection of the human race, this most wide-spread idolatry which has taken possession of the most cultivated and intellectual nations, and threatens to overrun the world and absorb all other idolatries into itself, there appears but a trifling number who maintain the pure

light of theism, and preserve the truth of God unsullied for the coming, and it is to be hoped, therefore, better, ages of the world. And who are these? Jews, Deists, and Unitarians. On these depend the world's hopes of its ever becoming regenerated by a theology of truth regarding God! Does it seem to you a probable thing under the government of God that these have discovered the truth on such a fundamental fact in religion, while universal Christendom for eighteen centuries has believed a lie?—and such a lie! As a question of probability, what weight would you attach to it, balanced not against numbers merely, but numbers along with the intellect, culture, and character of those who have believed in, and perilled their soul's existence upon Christ's divinity?

(2.) But this suggests to us another thought casting light upon this vast subject, viz.,—the *effect* produced by such a faith when real upon the *religious ideas* of all who really hold it. On the supposition, for example, that the Christian's faith in Jesus is vain—that he is worshipping, loving, serving a creature, or a mere creation of his own mind, instead of the *only* living and *true* God,—how can we account for the actual results of a faith so false and blasphemous upon his ideas regarding God?

It is not denied that a vast body of men and women in every age have had sincere faith in Jesus as God, and loved Him with their whole soul. Now, what effect has such faith upon their views of God, and their feelings towards the Supreme Creator and upholder of all things whom "pure theists" profess alone to worship? Has this faith in Jesus as divine had the effect of producing false impressions on the Christian's heart of God—of exciting low and degrading views of His being and attributes, lowering as it were the Majesty of the heavens from His throne, bringing Him to the level of our every day humanity, and presenting Him to the mind and imagination in an aspect which inspires no wonder, awe, or reverence? Or has it not had the very opposite effect, and that too just in pro-

portion as the whole being of the worshipper was possessed by an apprehension of the oneness of Jesus with the Father? Has not God then appeared more glorious and majestic than ever—His throne more elevated above every other throne—His glory more visible in heaven and earth? Can any Jew appreciate more fully than a Christian does, the Old Testament descriptions of the unity or perfections of Jehovah, or prostrate himself with a more simple, undivided, and confiding heart before the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Can the Synagogue sing David's Psalms with more truth than the Church? Does Unitarianism withdraw any veil which conceals the perfections of God as Creator, Ruler, or Father, from the eyes of him who has intense and undying faith in Jesus as one with Him? Oh! where on earth can we find more exalted and pure thoughts of the one living and true God, as revealed in Nature and in the Old Testament, profounder admiration of His character, or deeper reverence for His will, than among Christians who know and love Jesus Christ as one with Him! But how is this to be accounted for if they believe a lie? How has an idolatry, a baseless and profane hero worship, had this remarkable effect of producing such true and spiritual views of God, as all men but atheists must admit to be most worthy? and such feelings, we may add, towards this God, such strong faith and affectionate reverence as exist in no human bosoms, except in those of Christians? Can it be possible that the true God could be thus clearly seen and apprehended and loved, only through a medium so false as idolatry? On the supposition, however, but on no other, that Jesus is really one with God, the knowledge and love of the Son must necessarily lead to this very knowledge and love of the Father. "He that seeth me seeth the Father also." "If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me!"

(3.) Once more. Consider the person of Christ in the light of *Christian character*, generally, along with *Christian con-*

sciousness as to its abiding cause. It will surely be admitted that, to whatever extent the term *Christian* has been misapplied as indicating *character*, and in however many cases it has been unworthily or only formally assumed, yet that it includes within its widest embrace the best men and women this earth possesses or has ever possessed. There is a certain *kind* of character which all men whose moral sense is not blunted, recognize as the culminating point and perfection of humanity. They may not themselves attempt to realize it, or they may deem it unattainable, but nevertheless the *idea* of what constitutes a good or perfect man is no sooner presented to their minds, than reason and conscience accept it as that which *ought* to be. Now, it will not be denied, that such an idea is embodied in the historical character of Jesus Christ, and in that of every man as he imitates His spirit, obeys His precepts, and walks in His steps. But there are, and have been in every age, persons who have done this, if not in a perfect, yet in a more perfect degree than any others among mankind. Or supposing it were admitted for the sake of argument, that, so far as we had the means of judging, there occasionally appeared, without faith in Christ, a certain product of character, apparently as pure, lofty, self-denying, loving, and devoted to God, as any which ever professed to owe its origin to Jesus Christ; yet, where has there been on earth such a *body* of living persons as those *Christians* who, during eighteen centuries, have manifested that kind of character which all men profess to admire and reverence? In vain one tries to conceive the flowers of moral beauty and glory that have sprung up within the garden of Christendom! Being rooted in the earth, they may have been soiled, indeed, by its dust, but they yet expanded a loveliness to the sky, and sent forth a fragrance to the air, peculiar to the plants raised by the great Husbandman. Number, if you can, the *saints* of the Christian Church; the young and old, the poor and rich; who in every age and clime have been *truthful, simple, sincere, patient, forgiving and compas-*

sionate; who have enjoyed an inward life of peace, maintained an outward conduct, possessed, in one word, a reality of abiding love to God and man, peculiar to themselves. Their lives have been a blessing to the world, a happiness to their own hearts; their death-bed has been freed from the fears of a dark future, and brightened by the pure prospect of continued life and joy. The Christian Church, and the Christian Church *alone*, contains such characters. We believe thousands, and tens of thousands exist at this moment within her pale, and that these are the lights of our homes, the salt of the earth, and the only security of the world's progress.

Now, to what is this great result owing? How is this product of *character* which is affecting the world's history, and gradually leavening the whole lump of humanity, to be accounted for? What power has originated it, or by what has it been sustained? Who are more entitled to give a reply to such questions than Christians themselves! They alone can know by what motives they have been actuated, by what strength supported, by what hopes animated. Ask them, then, and what will be their reply! Each and all will but echo the words of Paul, as expressing the secret of their life,—“I live, yet not I, but *Christ liveth in me*, and the life I live in the flesh, I live *through faith in the Son of God*, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.” “*The love of Christ constraineth us.*” “I thank *Christ Jesus, our Lord*, who hath enabled me.” “*The Lord stood with me and strengthened me.*” “*The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever!*” “I can do all things *through Christ* which strengtheneth me.” This is the experience of the living Church of Christ, of all lands, and of all time,—the creed of each genuine believer,—of the early martyr and mediæval saint; of the pious Protestant and Papist; of the cultivated Christian philosopher and half-taught Christian Negro; of the young man who has overcome the wicked one, and the old patriarch who departs in

peace, because his eyes have seen salvation; of the Christian Greenlander who died yesterday, and the sweet Christian girl who died to-day, leaving the bosom of her mother for the bosom of her God; of each and all the ten thousand times ten thousand who have so lived and died, with one conviction of truth the strongest in their minds, with one feeling of love the deepest in their hearts, ascribing their strength and peace and all they possess as true *life*, to the One source of life,—*the Lord Jesus Christ!* What are we to conclude from these facts, which can no more be denied than the realities of human history or of human experience? Have all Christians been deceived? Have they been believing a lie, and has this great life of all life in them been sustained by a delusion? Is there no such person as Jesus Christ, the Lord of life, the living Saviour of sinners? Is this not a fact but a fiction? Can it be that the moral government of God exists, and yet that it admits of such a moral anomaly as this,—the regeneration of human character by a falsehood, its growth in all truth and goodness, as faith was exercised in a fiction, and its love intensified as it clung to a person who had no existence? Impossible! We say it with deepest reverence,—as sure as there is a God of truth, *impossible!* The Christian Church has *not* been deceived. Unbelievers in Jesus have *not* had the light of truth given them, while those who have loved and served Him, have been permitted to walk in the darkness of intellectual untruth, and debasing idolatry!

It is no reply to this argument to point to what faith in a falsehood has accomplished, as in the cases, for example, of the followers of Mahomet, or of the pious devotees of the Virgin Mary. As to the first of these,—the time is past when the Christian will condescend to prove the differences in character produced by Mohammedanism and Christianity. That many professing Christians have been worse than multitudes of Mohammedans is certain, but, that Mohammedanism has never produced any

such character, far less a living body of many men, continuing from age to age, as has been produced by Christianity, is equally certain. Then as to the effect of faith in falsehood which, it may be alleged, has in Romanism given birth to an apparently most holy and beautiful life, we have no doubt that in all such cases where the Christian life is most truly manifested,—and, thank God for it, such cases are not a few;—we are persuaded that those who possessed it with the least hazard of its reality being called in question, would, from their heart of hearts, attribute it *ultimately* to Jesus Christ, though—in our opinion, falsely—bestowed *mediately* through the Church, or the Virgin, or the saints. For in no section of the Church, and by no Christian on earth, is the Christian life separated from the presence and power of Jesus Christ himself. But even granting, what we do not believe, that some anomalous cases might present themselves to our notice, in which we might find it difficult with truth to deny either the reality and peculiarity of this supposed character, or its independence of all *conscious* influence from a personal Saviour; yet this cannot alter the fact sufficient for our argument, that a vast and evidently increasing number of cultivated, thoughtful, learned, sincere, and truthful men in every country, have ever believed, and do believe, that they owe this spiritual life to Jesus Christ, and that their daily life of stability in good, and their enjoyment of peace, is maintained by faith in Him as their only Redeemer. And if so, we feel it again morally impossible to believe that they have no ground *in fact* for their faith; or, in other words, for knowing from experience that Jesus Christ is divine and alive, the same as when “declared to be the Son of God with power according to the spirit of holiness, by His resurrection from the dead.”

But if all this evidence is insufficient to prove the divine nature of Jesus Christ, it may be well to consider on what religious fact or truth the sceptic can fall back, as being based upon surer evidence and affording, therefore, a surer ground of faith and hope?

(1.) Can we fall back, for example, on the character of Jesus? That character has indeed been generally recognised as a bright spot amidst the world's darkness; as the only perfect model of goodness ever seen on earth—yea, as moral beauty itself! But unless the history we possess of Jesus is untrue, and He was, therefore, no historical but a mere ideal person; or if He was a real person, as represented in the Gospel, yet unless He was also divine, we cannot defend His character without losing our own. For we have seen how He certainly represented himself as one with God—as one who alone knew God and truly revealed Him—who demanded the same honour and love from man as were due to God—who required men to be willing to part with their dearest friends, even life itself rather than from Him—who asserted His right to assign to mankind their eternal destinies according to the relationship in which each man stood to Him—who, when standing before an earthly judge crowned with thorns, insulted by the rabble, with every sign of weakness, and as if literally forsaken by God and man, did not abate one jot or tittle of His claims, but asserted them in all their magnitude, announcing His return to the world in glory as its mighty judge; and a hundred times more to the same effect! Can any man, we ask, of common honesty defend such a character from the charge of wilful imposition and daring blasphemy, unless what He asserted was true? With reference to all the good words or deeds which His professed friends may claim for Him, yet so long as He claims to be divine if He is not so, we are constrained to reject Him as the Jews did, and to say with them, “for a good work we stone thee not, but *because thou, being a man, makest thyself God!*” It is not possible, therefore, to fall back on Christ's character, if we reject Christ's divinity; for His character was manifest untruth, and His claims a hideous and unprincipled deception!

(2.) Can we then fall back on the character of the Apostles? That, too, has hitherto been considered worthy of our respect and regard. Never did men leave such a

record of moral teaching, and holy life behind them, so pure, wise, loving, and in every respect suited to bless mankind and to make a heaven below in proportion as it was received. In them we can detect no trace of avarice, ambition, or selfish aims of any kind. They lived, laboured, died, that man should be better and happier, and the world's civilization can never more be separated from their names. But what was the sum and substance of their teaching, the one grand object of their existence? I reply, without fear of contradiction, it was to persuade mankind to love Jesus Christ as God! The first Christian teacher who died a martyr's death resigned his spirit into the hands of this Jesus as his Lord in glory; and the last and oldest Apostle who first knew Him as his friend, represented Him as the *Alpha and the Omega*, the King of kings and Lord of lords. But if He was not so, how can such men be defended? As Jews they could not be ignorant of the being and attributes of God, nor as men of the earthly life and history of Jesus, yet they professed to preach Jesus as divine and to work miracles in His name! They could not possibly have been themselves deceived, and must therefore have attempted to deceive others; at all events they were the successful heralds of an idolatry which, we may boldly affirm, will never leave the world, and the apostles of a blasphemy whose praises will never be silent on earth. To defend such men is to be partakers of their evil deeds. Their characters must stand or fall with that of their Master!

(3.) On what then can you fall back? On the *morality of the New Testament*? No! for all that is *peculiar* to its morality are the duties which spring out of the assumed relationship of Jesus to mankind. The Gospel morality of supreme love to Jesus becomes *immorality*, if Jesus is not one with God. Nor is it necessary to add, that all those peculiar *doctrines* of the New Testament must also be given up, which have hitherto supplied a marvellous life and peace to millions of mankind, for which there is no substitute. There can be no hope of pardon of sin through Jesus, prayer to or through Jesus, sanctification

through the spirit of Jesus, or hope of immortality through Him; if He is no longer divine; whatever our "religion" is, it must be "without Christ."

(4.) Can we fall back, then, on the *Old Testament*? No! For who can rely upon Old Testament facts, or on anything there revealed regarding God, as distinct from what could have been discovered without such revelation, if our faith has been shaken in the facts and the characters of the New Testament? He who can reject the Christ of the New Testament, must necessarily reject the God of the Old; and he who cannot rely on the Apostles, cannot possibly rely upon the Prophets. All must be given up, and the Bible become a mere curious record of falsehood.

(5.) Is this all? Enough one would think! But can we even fall back on *God*? As far as we can see, there is no middle point between faith in Jesus and *Atheism*. For what evidence has any man of the existence of a living personal God, stronger than what he possesses of a living personal Saviour? Can any revelation of God during the *past*, and recorded in history, be received as worthy of credit, if *this* alleged History of Jesus is rejected as unworthy? Moreover, having lost faith in the character of Jesus and his apostles, from what evidence of moral character or moral design on earth can we henceforth reason upwards as to the moral character of the Creator and Governor of the world? If such a person as Jesus was wicked, and has deceived us, where on earth can we find any certain evidence of a *moral Creator* at all? And if such an impious person, with his apostles, has been the means for eighteen centuries of producing piety, where have we evidence of a *moral Governor*?

In what a position do we thus find ourselves! The Church of Christ must be given up as a great falsehood, a huge idolatry, a society of weak, deluded, or bad men. The character of its early founders, and the person to whom it owes its name, must, for the same reason, be abandoned. The Old Testament can form but a feeble barrier to the flood which has thus swept away the New with

all which has arisen out of the assumed truth of its history. And thus each man, cut off from the past, is left to discover a God for himself, from evidence which, to satisfy him, must necessarily be more overwhelming than that which he rejects, and on which the faith of the Christian Church has rested for eighteen centuries! Can any man be satisfied with such a basis of religion as this? Having rejected God as revealed in Jesus, can he peril his soul in peace on the God discovered by himself? Having fled from Christianity as a religion whose foundations are insecure, can he repose with confidence in the building which he himself has reared? Or must he not gradually slide into universal scepticism, and conclude that, since he cannot believe in Jesus, he can believe in no one else—that if deceived by Him he may be deceived by all—that if there is no such person as the divine Son there is no such person as the divine Being—that if he must be without Christ, he must necessarily be without God! Yes! It is *Jesus Christ the Divine Saviour or Atheism!**
N.

* Mr. Greig in his essays, which at first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, has the boldness to assert that any one who believes in Jesus as God is practically an idolater. His language is,—“To a philosophic inquirer there will appear little doubt that Trinitarianism and idolatry—the worship of Christ as God, the worship of saints, the worship of the golden calf, have one common origin, the weakness of human imagination and the unspirituality of human intellect.”—Vol. i, p. 61. We ask, then, yes, or nay, did Jesus claim, and the Apostles also claim and give this worship? If so—let Mr. Greig’s assertion be applied to them. If not, let the historical facts be accounted for or denied. Mr. Greig also says, in a note to the above—“To accept the orthodox view of the Christian Revelation” (i. e. Christ’s divinity) “is to our apprehension to deny the divine origin of the Jewish religion.” But was not “the view” of Jesus himself and His Apostles the “orthodox” one? And did they deny the divine origin of the Jewish religion? And is the evidence of the divine origin of the one, stronger than for the divine origin of “the orthodox view” in the other?

“He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to Eternity mourns that. ‘Tis an ill cure [mend. For life’s worst ill, to have no time to feel them. Where sorrow’s held intrusive and turned out, There wisdom will not enter, nor true power, Nor aught that dignifies humanity.”

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

A FIELD FLOWER.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field,
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honours yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to nature dear,
While moon and stars their courses run,
Breathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the cap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on its way,
And twines December’s arms.

The purple heath, and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O’er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox’s den.

Within the garden’s cultured round,
It shares the sweet carnation’s bed;
And blooms in consecrated ground,
In honour of the dead.

The lambkin crops its silver gem,
The wild bee murmurs in its breast,
The blue fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o’er the skylark’s nest.

’Tis Flora’s page; in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The rose has but a summer’s reign,
The daisy never dies.

MONTGOMERY.

SONNET OF SORROW.

Sorrow should visit us when we are young,
Not when the journey of our life has passed
Into the shadows, tremulous and vast, [sprung.
That from our own ill-governed hearts have
Are not the leaves in drooping Autumn flung
Upon the earth by the careering blast,
While in fresh spring, they bow to it, and last;
Young Spirits, thus can bend and rise unprung.
Come sorrow, while my heart all venture braves—
While to itself my mind is still a realm, [raves,
Then, though the thunder roars, the whirlwind
And hungry surges threaten to o’erwhelm,
Hope will unfurl the sail, lave grasp the helm,
And the good ship shall dash aside the waves.

T. B.

THE FRENCH PASTOR AT THE SEAT OF WAR.*

THE members of the last General Assembly will recognise the author of this little work as the clergyman who, along with his son, formed the deputation to the Church of Scotland from the Protestant Church of France, and who in so interesting and eloquent a manner fulfilled the object of their mission. That Church, he tells us, was concerned like ourselves at the idea that "her sons, engaged in the perils of a bloody war, would probably be exposed to a still greater spiritual danger if they were bereft of all pastoral protection, and deprived of all religious consolation. The Roman Catholic soldiers and sailors already had their chaplains and sisters of charity; the Protestant soldiers and sailors equally Frenchmen, and ready, as Frenchman, to shed their blood courageously in the cause of justice and the defence of order, had been forgotten."

After much time had been lost, the minister of war at length recognised the claims of the Protestant Church, and allowed their chaplains certain privileges which led to the combination of the different Reformed Churches, and the co-operation of their missionaries. Among others M. Froissard was called from his interesting charge at Bagnères de Bigoles where he has been long favourably known to English as well as French visitors, and under the impulse of a strong sense of duty, he consented to quit for a time his flock, his children and grandchildren, to organize the new mission, and on the 1st of January 1854, he left his home on his difficult and perilous undertaking, with a trustful confidence in the protection of his heavenly Father. Sailing from Marseilles, the missionaries experienced an uncomfortable passage, with the pleasant episode of a forenoon in Athens, and reaching Constantinople, at once commenced inquiries as to their field of operations. We subjoin an extract.

* *The French Pastor at the Seat of War*: being Letters written from the East, by Emilien Froissard, Protestant Pastor in the French army before Sebastopol. Translated from the French, London, James Nisbet & Co.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

"The field in which we are to work is very extensive, and difficult to gain a thorough acquaintance with. Constantinople—washed by the waves of three seas—Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn—extends like an amphitheatre over seven hills, undulating and gently rising eminences. The surface which this celebrated capital covers is immense. To have an idea of its vastness, one must recollect that most of the houses are occupied by only one single family, that the houses often open into large gardens, and that, at a short distance from the streets, are immense cemeteries. The population of Constantinople, comprehending that of Scutari, and of the villages of the Bosphorus, is computed at 1,000,000 inhabitants. To complete the picture, we must add, that there are upwards of 50,000 Turks and Franks living on the water. The French hospitals are scattered over this immense surface of ground; some are as much as twelve kilomètres, (about six miles) apart. Those hospitals are very large, and we were often obliged to spend much time in seeking our fellow-Protestants amongst 12,000 patients. . . . Having learned that the sick and wounded only remained in the Crimea if they are slightly indisposed, or if they are too ill to be removed, and that they are for the most part sent off to Constantinople, we judged it best to commence our work there, and to postpone, till a later period, our visit to the army, trusting to the advice of competent persons on the spot, to choose the best opportunity for us, in connexion with the orders and directions of the commission of Paris. The day following that of our arrival, we presented ourselves to the superior military authorities, furnished with our official documents. We had already been mentioned in the despatches of the Minister of War, and M. Angot, the military commissioner, received us with a kindness which was most encouraging; this courtesy, which was not a solitary exception in the manners of this distinguished functionary, never failed us. After the examination of our papers, our office was recognised and confirmed; and M. de Misy, the second in command, made out for us written permissions for visiting the hospitals conformably to the ministerial regulations of 1846. We were now in a position to enter vigorously upon the

vast sphere of duty which the Lord had placed before us."

From the first they experienced much difficulty in discovering the Protestants among the much greater numbers of Roman Catholic soldiers. Many of the Protestants were afraid of confessing themselves as such, and a reason for this reluctance was afterwards afforded by a soldier in the following remark to a chaplain in the Crimea—"Well, sir, we, too, have a chaplain now, and we shall not any longer be afraid of avowing ourselves Protestants lest we should be called dogs without a master."

These visits to different hospitals, day after day, presented no very striking features of variety, except in the different scenes into which the narrator was cast in passing from one to another, and in the opportunities thus afforded of observing and recording Turkish customs and habits, which he does in a very pleasing manner.

The following is a specimen:—

"Going to the hospital of Ramistchiflik, situated on an eminence on the other side of the Golden Horn, we took a caïque, which is a boat rowed with oars, very narrow, very long, extremely light, of a graceful form, and adorned with carvings, often gilded. These fragile barks glide over the water, a single rower sufficing thus to propel three or four passengers. The nobility generally have several pairs of rowers, but ordinary people are contented with a single caidji. It is not an easy thing to enter a caïque: one must first place one's right foot exactly in the middle of the boat, then spring into it, and sit down on a carpet spread over the bottom; if there are two people, they must place themselves so as to maintain a perfect equilibrium; for three, this is still more difficult; once seated, they must take care not to move, as the least leaning to one side would capsize the boat, and throw the passengers among the porpoises of the Bosphorus. There are thousands of these pretty caïques on the Constantinople waters, gliding past each other with the most graceful lightness, sitting, or rather flying along with the speed of sea-swallows. Seated in our caïque, we rowed amongst large vessels, French, English, and Turkish; for the depth of the port is such, that three-deckers can be moored close to the houses. We observed many fine ships

in a state of decay—the remains of the disastrous day of Navarino. Clouds of sea gulls floated idly on the waves; some obscured the sky, and deafened us with their cries; while others perched on the Turkish hulks. We remarked one of these dismantled vessels, which was literally covered with these voracious birds. With the gulls were mixed black cormorants; one, the largest of the flock, was stationed majestically on the lion which generally ornaments the poops of the Turkish ships. This immense hulk was filled with Russian prisoners, guarded by English soldiers."

GENERAL GUYON.

"In the evening, while sitting by the fireside, in the hotel of the ambassadors, between a Jewish captain of artillery, who has rendered signal services to our army, and a colonel of dragoons, whose father was distinguished during the wars of the empire; feeling behind me a draught of air, I rose to shut a half-open door, when a deep and commanding voice from the adjoining room said, 'Stop, not so fast!' and as I apologised for my involuntary rudeness, a Turk entered, walking slowly, dressed in the modern costume—plain, clean, neat. The stranger took his place amongst us, and, to our surprise, addressed us in very good French; a moment after, he spoke English with a correct accent, while he gave orders to the servants, without hesitation, in the Turkish language. This person was General Guyon, of French origin, born in England, and serving in the Turkish army—a clever and enterprising soldier of fortune, who, after having commanded the Croats against the Austrians, now commands the Turks against the Russians. He has been made a pacha, and bears a Turkish name, which I have forgotten. He has adopted the habits of the country, speaking with a low voice, in a slow mysterious manner. I was able to hold with him a serious and interesting conversation."

We are next introduced to a Dr. Millingen, a Scotchman, but long settled in Constantinople. In youth he was the friend and physician of Lord Byron, but he has been spared to come through a period of infidelity, to the faith of the Gospel. He was of the greatest service to the missionaries.

M. Froissard carried an introduction from France, to Miss Nightingale, to

enable him to renew an acquaintance with her, begun when she had visited Nismes fifteen years before, but she could not afford time to see him, and he had too much good feeling to press for admission, as numbers of idlers had done, and thereby robbed her and her work of much precious time. He describes the services of the English sisters, and pays a high compliment to Florence Nightingale, and to Dr. Blackwood, the devoted chaplain at Scutari. He seems also to have derived pleasure from the preaching of Mr. Blackstone, the chaplain at the English embassy. And it was not the least of the benefits resulting from M. Froissard's mission to the East, that he secured the use of a long disused chapel in the Dutch embassy, for a service in the French language, which he had the pleasure of opening in the presence of a number of ministers and missionaries, of all Christian denominations.

"Seventy brethren from different parts of the town were assembled there. Five of us took part in the service, as a token of our fraternal union. The sermon was entrusted to me. The attention of the congregation was sustained, and their emotion was visible. I saw old men shedding tears. It was like the resurrection of a church which had been buried for half a century. We had a fine and happy day, the recollection of which will not be soon effaced."

It was now necessary for him to set his face to go to the Crimea, to survey the field of labour, observe the spiritual wants, and organise a mission at the seat of war, as he had already succeeded in doing at the seat of the hospitals. This brings us to the most interesting part of the book, the letters are full of stirring and affecting incidents, and at once the pious trust, and the wise and active energy of the servant of God are seen to full advantage. The anxieties of the simple minded village pastor from the Pyrenees about the purchasing, conveyance and erection of his tent and other furnishings, his horse Tchabouk (a Turkish word signifying make haste, a name of his own imposing), and all the trouble that that creature gave him—his sickness in crossing the Black

Sea, as before on the Mediterranean, related with all the horror which an inhabitant of an inland district of the Continent never fails to show towards our national element—the mutual services which he and the tall Protestant soldier rendered to one another, are told with a modesty and ease and a naturalness which quite put us in love with the amiable man, and for which we refer the reader to the book.

Once settled in the French camp he seems to have found a ready welcome from many Protestants in the army, and to have experienced the greatest kindness from some of them. He had a tent of his own, but he shared the table of a Baron de Berchein, a commanding officer in the artillery, by whom he was introduced to General Canrobert, and otherwise greatly assisted. He occupied himself from 6 to 10 a.m., with his correspondence regarding Protestant soldiers, which was immense. During the remainder of the daylight he rode from hospital to hospital, and spent the evening in the hut of the Baron.

One of his earliest rides was to the quarters of the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers, a brave regiment, which had lost nearly all its officers on the field of Alma, the colonel of which was a relative and former pupil of his own. This Colonel Lysons acted himself as chaplain to the regiment, and had the spiritual interests of his brave men very near his heart.

The scenes which the good man had to witness were necessarily dreadful. He seems to have been much affected by a visit to

THE CLOCHETON.

"This is a small house of singular structure, surmounted by a little belfry, from which it takes its name. . . . It was not without emotion that I heard this house had been the residence of a Protestant Minister. It was first dismantled by the Cossacks, then by our own soldiers. The worthy commander arrived just in time to save it from total destruction. He found several articles in a cellar, which he collected carefully. He has made an inventory of them, and has put them in a safe place, wishing to restore them to the proprietor, should it ever be in his power to do so. . . .

They consist of some furniture, theological books, sermons in German, civil and parochial registers, ecclesiastical rules and instructions. There was also the portrait of a child, perhaps the beloved daughter of the pastor. . . . This pastor was the evangelical chaplain to the German garrison of Sebastopol. The aspect of this dilapidated house, which a minister of peace had amused himself by ornamenting with paintings and flowers, where he expected to end his pious mission in tranquil security—the thought that he, too, had sought in these distant regions a ministry similar to that which had led me here, and that, although strangers to each other, we were united by the same object and the same faith, in the midst of those horrible scenes—affected me deeply. May the pastor Hildenhagen know, if war has spared his life, that although Cossacks and Frenchmen destroyed his humble presbytery, there was yet found amongst us a brave general who carefully preserved some remnants of his property, and a brother minister to shed a tear of sympathy over his misfortunes. The general gave me a written authorization, and an orderly to accompany me to the hospital,—‘where, he said, you will find no wounded men, perhaps three or four corpses not yet buried, but at all events you will see the doctor and the chaplain.’ . . . I met two doctors, young men, who came to gain their first experience in this struggle between art and mortality. ‘We have no one to introduce you to,’ said they, ‘One hour the hospital is empty, the next it is overcrowded; we live in the midst of terrible vicissitudes.’ I addressed a few words of encouragement to these gentlemen, and requested an introduction to the chaplain—he was not far off. After waiting a few minutes, a young man came to me, who had nothing very ecclesiastical in his costume, except a silver cross on his breast. He wore his beard, as do ministers of all persuasions in the East. His countenance, at once cheerful and mild, attracted me instantly. By an irresistible impulse, I extended my hand to him, and after announcing my official title, I said, ‘I should have been sorry to leave this place without pressing the hand of a man whose devotion has sustained him for six months in this frightful solitude, whose silence is broken only by the cries of the wounded, and the crash of cannon balls. I honour your courage; and if there are some points on which we differ, there are some important ones on which we are united by charity. Yes, and I hope

also by the love of the same Saviour, who has shed His blood for us, and who is the author of all true sacrifice of self.’ I then added, ‘I wished also to see you, Sir, to consult you on the best means of making my ministry here as useful as possible.’ This question, by a Protestant chaplain to a Roman Catholic chaplain, may surprise some people—but there are countenances which at once inspire me with confidence, and on this occasion this instinctive feeling did not deceive me. The chaplain, without hesitation, suggested to me a plan nearly the same as the one which had been proposed by Dr. Scribe, namely to have three chaplains, one at head-quarters, the others stationed as near as possible to the two hospitals at the trenches. . . . This chaplain of the dying was at his post before the organization of the service, going about everywhere, lodging wherever he found a shelter, eating whenever he was given a meal. He is not sure even of keeping his present humble lodging in the hospital of the Clocheton. I pressed him tenderly in my arms before we separated; and it is with joy I acknowledge that this interview was a real pleasure to me, with but one drawback—that springing from those inflexible principles which separate an evangelical Protestant from a Roman Catholic. I am thankful to God that I am able thus to appreciate a really good man, in spite of the prejudices and errors of his birth and education.”

M. Froissard was enabled to commence a French Protestant service twice a week in the Crimea, as he had done at Constantinople—and having now fulfilled the object of his temporary mission he prepared to return to Constantinople. So, buttoning the front of his tent, and leaving his horse and furniture for his successor, he took leave of his kind friends and sailed from Kamiesch in the Athenian, a Clyde steamer with a Scotch captain and crew, among whom he seems to have felt quite at home. He was succeeded in the Crimea by a French and a German pastor, the latter of whom was soon cut off by fever; and after completing his other duties, and winding up his mission at Constantinople, he returned in safety to his family and flock, never, we feel certain, to regret the six months’ labour and sacrifice which he devoted to the cause of truth and charity in the East. In the

name of humanity we thank the good pastor for his labour and the singularly modest narrative which he has given us of it, and which we trust will be received by the British public as it deserves. And we beseech the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to

honour and reward him more and more by giving success to the labour of himself and his children, and that when the Chief Shepherd shall appear they may receive a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

G. C.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE G. B. THORNEYCROFT, ESQ.*

We began this book with a prejudice against it; we have finished it with some interest and profit. Our prejudice seemed not without good grounds. Mr. Thorneycroft was a highly respectable Christian gentleman, who had raised himself from the condition of a labouring man, "an iron-worker," to some wealth and local influence in Wolverhampton. He was a pushing, energetic, clever man of business, and a man of God. But there was nothing very remarkable about him. We have in Glasgow many men fully as able, as energetic, as godly, about whom we should not expect to see a large volume written when they die. We must confess to a very strong dislike of big books about small men. Biography is becoming a nuisance, which men of sense should combine to abate. And though the *book* before us is a good one, we are not so sure it is a good *biography*. There is not much to be found in it concerning its subject; and what bears upon this is devoid of interest. The world really cares very little what were Mr. Thorneycroft's opinions on politics, on the currency, and on agricultural distress; yet on these points we have papers of considerable length. The world cares very little about the Rev. J. B. Owen's speeches concerning Mr. Thorneycroft, and Mr. Thorneycroft's replies to Mr. Owen, of which we have five or six specimens on each side. The world cares very little about what Mr. Thorneycroft said at the great Wolverhampton Banquet, when he was unanimously elected first mayor, and gave a dinner to one hundred and seventy people at his own expense in the Corn Exchange in that town. The world cares very little for what Mr. Owen said when Mr. Thorneycroft's portrait and the portrait of a neighbouring squire were placed facing each other in the same Corn Exchange, and for what Lord So-and-so and the

Bishop wrote to the bereaved relations of the Thorneycroft family. This is all very interesting, no doubt, to personal friends and local readers in the "new borough;" but it is just as well that the world cares little about it. It would be very suitable for private circulation; it is very unnecessary in a book given to the world. And we protest against all such book-making, and swelling out the bulk of little men, because of private friendship and personal esteem.

Such were some grounds of prejudice against this volume, and these have been strengthened rather than removed by the perusal of it. But there is a good deal in it *not* about Mr. Thorneycroft, and a little about him, which are worth knowing. We cannot advise our readers to buy the book; but we shall try to extract from it what is worth reading and worth remembering.

Concerning Mr. Thorneycroft himself we have marked three extracts from the volume which are interesting. One is a description of his public speaking by a working man. "There's no spaker like George," observed a rough sledge-hammer critic to a brother workman, "he spakes up and spakes to the pint; and that's what I call spaking out. He makes no noise on the anvil but what hits his metal." Not a bad photograph of a business man upon his legs in a public meeting. It reminds us of the remark of a beadle after hearing a sermon on a public occasion. Coming into the session-house with a more important air than usual, and setting down the Bible with an emphatic knock upon the tables, "Weel, sir," said William, "that's what I call a *raie ticht sermon*,—strong, firm, to the pint."

One or two things of a more spiritual cast are to be found regarding Mr. Thorneycroft. After nine months' severe suffering and prostration, he remarked:—"What if I should lose all this suffering, by missing some spiritual improvement by it? My fear is lest it should harden me instead of bringing me down more and

* A Memoir of the late G. B. Thorneycroft, Esq., of Wolverhampton. By the Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

more broken-hearted and humbled to the feet of my Saviour. See," said he, pointing to his wounds, "the bones are healing and the flesh returning as the flesh of a little child—Oh! for a child's heart—as one of those little ones, of such as whom is the kingdom of heaven."

The question of Sabbath labour in our large iron works has often been mooted. It is a question of the gravest importance. To the earnest Christian it gives not a little pain, to see in many parts of Scotland the great furnace of fire blazing on the Sabbath evening. Its mighty roar like the rushing of a great wind—its heat and power like the belching of a volcano, grieve the soul of the people of God, as one dark figure after another is seen cast out into relief by the flame. Most public works are now closed on the Sabbath; but we believe that the iron furnaces still blaze and burn without the seventh day's rest. To those who are engaged in this business we recommend the study of the following extract:—"It was attempted some few years back to induce the iron masters of Staffordshire to *blow out* their iron furnaces on Saturday nights, in order to give opportunity for a better observance of the Lord's day among their labourers, a certain number of whom were always engaged in systematic Sabbath-breaking. A public meeting was called—much was urged on both sides—it was pronounced impracticable to stop the blast furnaces—though some few expressed their willingness to make the attempt. A meeting to hear the result was again called at the end of two years. The clergy pressed the duty of keeping the Lord's day, and were again met by many objectors on account of the impossibility. The meeting was nearly breaking up in despair, when the manly form of the individual whose character I am recording, rose slowly up. The room was in a moment hushed. Each party was eager to know what side he would take. Nor were they long in doubt. He looked at the chairman, then round the room, and gravely, I may say solemnly, uttered—"He who has said, I am the Lord thy God—has also said, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and shall men dare to say against Him, and to Him, it cannot be done? I call fact to witness that it can be done. I call that High God to witness that it can be done. For two years past my furnaces have not once blazed in desecration of the Lord's day; and I solemnly declare that I am a gainer by my obedience, and that I have worked more iron, and that I have realized more money in those two

years than in any two years besides in my whole career. Gentlemen, it can be done. Fellow-Christians, God says it shall be done; and with this testimony, where is the man who will not do it?' The earnestness, the sincerity, the right, the obedience to God, which was on his side for the time prevailed; his firmness for God's command, his evidence that God honours them who honour Him, was for the time successful; and that meeting broke up with the unanimous resolution that with them and their men 'the Sabbath should be kept holy'"—pp. 143, — 145. We quote this extract because it is practical—because it may do good—because God may put it into the heart of some one, influential in such quarters, to commence a movement among iron masters for the hallowing of the Sabbath. We pray that He may do so, and that this paragraph, like a seed dropped by the bird in passing, may bring forth a precious return many days hence.

We now take the liberty of passing from Mr. Thorneycroft altogether to the more general, and we take leave to think the more interesting portions of the book. There is a description of colliers and their work which has pleased us much. We fear the writer has drawn them in somewhat of a fancy colour. He loves them evidently, and may have softened evils and exaggerated good. We trust not. That they have constrained the writer to love them is not a little in their favour, and let us hope that we have been thinking too hardly of them in time past. There is a fine description of them and of the district they inhabit, closing with a hymn which has touched us not a little. "Lying in the centre of the great South Staffordshire coal-field, it has been described as 'the black country.' Black it is by day, but a fire country, an interminable *terra del fuego*, by night. The glare reflected on the clouds (and there are generally clouds to reflect it) from the blast furnaces and leagues of coke-hearth, are visible at radial distances of twenty miles before you reach their lurid foci. There is a fierce sublimity in the panorama of the district by night, which sinks into vulgar bluster by day. The moral and physical aspects of the collieries have been over-painted by tourists, inspectors, commissioners, 'own correspondents,' and other caterers for the nonce; but with much to deplore, there are some things to admire in the moral courage of the population. Their courage in danger, endurance of toil, mechanical and manufacturing skill, vague rever-

ence for religion in spite of their neglect of its ordinances, their kindness and self-sacrifice for each other on the occurrence of accident or calamity, and rough liberality in contributions of money or personal service to the pleas of religion or charity are among their bright spots. The obverse presents scenes of waste of time, and of their large earnings, in feasting and drinking, playing and low sporting, general improvidence, ill-clad families, untidy homes, addiction to quarrelling and 'justicing,' disregard of the Sabbath and means of grace, and a loose standard of chastity and domestic decencies. Still the writer has known among the colliers many a bright sample of earnest simple piety and virtue; and it is not a bad sign in favour of the latent impressions of something better in the district, that such characters are generally respected and even influential among their neighbours. It is far from uncommon to hear the families of such men, as you pass their cheerful abodes at night-fall, joining together in domestic prayer, and singing some such stave as the following:—

MINER'S HYMN.

When the day of labour's o'er
Twilight closing o'er the moor,
Closing every cabin door,
Dear Lord, remember me!

When the morning stars grow dim
Daylight rising like a hymn,
Whispered soft by seraphim,
May I remember thee!

Hard and homely though our fare,
Garb and lodging scant and bare,
All in all, if thou be there,
Dear Lord, remember me!

Thou the lowly joiner's son,
Toiling till the setting sun,
Feeblest for the weary one,
Dear Lord, remember me!

In thy sight a valley clouded—
Shed in my poor heart abroad,
Son of Mary, Son of God,
The love that yearns for thee!

From the mine-depth will I cry—
Cloud and smoke obscure the sky—
Still by faith I see thee nigh,
Dear Lord, remember me!

p. 21—23.

One or two extracts more as to colliers, and they shall be confined to the question of social improvements. "What are among the most immediately pressing wants of the manufacturing shire? The three significant words—*water, air, and homes*, comprise the heaviest grievances." As to water, says Lord Ward, "I could tell you that it is come positively to this, that in some of the towns of that South Staffordshire district, whose great wealth you hear of every day, that from the ne-

cessity of keeping the mines free from water, not families alone but whole districts are glad to get what waste water filters away from the canals through the impurities of their banks. I know that in some of these towns the want of water produces a fever which never ceases from among the poor; and if we add the accidents that must always attend a large and laborious district like that, we shall find that these causes reduce in the aggregate the average duration of human life in particular places to below twenty years."—p. 261. A remedy for this evil has been provided in the "South Staffordshire Waterworks' Company." The want of *pure air* is mentioned as the second evil, and the remedy is the "Anti-Smoke Association;" as it is called, (and a very *distinct* name at least it is.) Better and more comfortable houses for the colliers are the next thing required; and though not specially conversant with the colliery districts of Scotland, we can easily enter into the feeling of this want. There is hardly anything which the working classes need more, whether in town or country than better houses. Whether we look to the vile bothy system among agricultural labourers, or to the close pigeon-holes of two rooms down a deep close, and up three stairs, which are the abodes of the city workman, no man with a man's heart can help feeling that something ought to be done in this direction. Every town minister and missionary knows that very little good can be done on a large scale among our city populations, until a society be found in every district in Scotland which shall provide for the working classes comfortable, well-aired, and well watered houses. Nor need this be a question wholly of charity. As a monetary speculation, few things have succeeded better; and we do not know many undertakings in which monied men, having the interest of working men at heart, ought more heartily to engage.

We turn now to a portion of the book, which certainly has a very remote connection with the professed object of the volume; but which is of very general interest and importance. We refer to the subject of excessive *labour*, its *evils* and its *remedies*. The fact of excessive labour, no one can help admitting. In this country we are living at high pressure. Hurry, excitement, struggle, compose the life of the man of business. The flush is hardly ever off his brow—the throb is hardly ever absent from his heart. His life is a race, with few prizes and many competitors: it seems to be

the fastest runner that is supposed to gain the prize. Vain are generally the whisperings of conscience—vain the warnings of Scripture. "The race is *not* to the swift." Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, in city life, seem to disbelieve this utterly. But the spectators who stand aside, and see the competitors in the race, pushing on amid such feverish excitement, who see the most eager drop half way almost unnoticed, or see them clasp the prize with a palsied hand, they feel the truth sinking silently into their hearts—it is not the *swift*, not the *enthusiastic*, not the *devotee*, who use life aright. "The end of these things is death." The successful merchant pays dearly for his prize. The price is, for us at least, too great. It is not long since a tragedy took place in Scotland, reading us one of the lessons of over-work. One of the finest nervous intellects of late years, whose services in science, and whose graces in literature, had won him a distinguished and an honourable name, departed beneath a dark and terrible cloud. A great work had been elaborated, spun from that busy brain. Precious thoughts dug from the deep mine of that noble mind had received an imperishable form. The dim night-lamp had watched over the slow completion of the work. The fine-wrought fibres of the brain had been subjected to constant tension for months. And at length the book and life were done together; with his own hand the author wrote "Finis" to both; and his fellow-countrymen stood shuddering beside the self-made grave! Of mind and body it is equally true, extreme labour is sooner or later death. But let us see how well Mr. Owen illustrates the evils of over-work. "The exhaustions of the long hours minister to vice. It is the testimony of the workmen themselves that their jaded spirits crave a temporary lull of relief in the excitement and drink of the taproom. An abnormal state of depression is produced, which craves an equally artificial stimulant, and the poor operative sets the inflammation of his brain to recruit his exhausted physical energies, thereby burning the candle both ends, and accelerating the wreck of the self-destroyer. On that rock are too often foundered home, honour, health, honesty, and happiness; and in the case of the poor slave of her needle, or of the factory, the system is the wholesale seducer of female virtue, the virtual panderver to prostitution. 'Whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent will bite him.' (Eccles. x. 8.) The hedge of opportunity

for moral and religious self-culture, for the morning and evening prayer, and meditation on the word of God and with God, and for the associations of the Sabbath—keeping the fence round a maiden's principles, the precious influence of the sanctuary is broken down by the slavish lash of severe labour, and the serpent of seduction coils round her broken spirit, till he abandons her to the sting and the shame of a ruined honour and a broken heart. The Retrospect and Twelfth Report of the Early Closing Association, observes, "The weaker sex in the workrooms of the fashionable milliners and dressmakers are made the victims of a system in the operation of which humanity has no voice—feminine weakness no advocate. The inhumanity of man to man is outdone by that of woman to woman. Fashion is more despotic than mammon itself, and worse tortures are inflicted at the shrine of vanity than greed ever had the hardihood to demand. It is proved by unquestionable testimony that the largest amount of labour ever continuously exacted from human energies has been exacted, often from mere want of consideration, from feeble and delicate women, at the fiat of woman herself, feeble and delicate, but equally the slave of fashion. Man behind the counter, or in the workshop or warehouse, toils on, it may be, till the last chance customer has left the streets and midnight is at hand; but woman, long after the midnight bell has tolled, still plies the flying needle, night after night and day after day; sixteen, eighteen, twenty hours out of the twenty-four are ruthlessly exacted, so long as the pressure of business calls for the sacrifice, and sisters and daughters swoon at the needle; and fair young maidens pine on sickbeds, and sink into youthful graves; or else seek a refuge from the mammon lust which has already demoralized their heart and mind, in its next step, the prostitution of body and soul."

Theft is another evil proved to proceed from overwork. "The unnatural thirst for stimulants which the system creates, is too strong to withstand the temptation, as opportunities occur, to pilfer the means of its hideous indulgence from the master's till, or from the accounts of his customers or clients. An indefinite sense of some wrong done them prompts any available shape of plundering an employer in time, material, or workmanship, as an intuitive right of retaliation, or a wild mode of adjusting the balance between their task-work and its inadequate wages." These

last are well-weighed words, they embody a truth—and a terrible one for a society like ours!

Disease is another product of an over-worked brain. Mr. Grainger asserts "he would pledge all he knew of the constitution of the human frame to the assertion, that protracted labour is nothing else than another term for sickness, suffering, and death." Dr. Copeland "believes no less than three-fourths of the diseases to which human life is liable in the metropolis actually arise from this cause." Dr. Lancaster finds "there is in this metropolis a sacrifice of a thousand lives annually, through the practice of keeping in shops for a greater number of hours than the human constitution can bear. But this is not all—where a thousand persons die from this cause, there are at least eight thousand whose health suffers from it."

But it is needless to add to this sad list. We have said perhaps enough as to the evil—what as to the remedy? Again we quote Mr. Owen—"In a word, as the case stands, man's holiday seems indis-

pensable to the protection of the Lord's holy day. At all events, if we should secure a vacation from heavy labour on the half day preceding the Sabbath, there will not only, under God's blessing, be a better hope for the Sabbath's profitable observance, but the apology for popular Sabbath-breaking, 'that it is their only day,' will be taken out of the mouths of those who advocate on such grounds the opening on Sundays of public places of amusement. . . . With the same view, we contend for an early closing of places of business. Get the public out of its desultory habits of purchase into the rule of procuring their requirements within reasonable hours, which can only be taught them by the unanimous adoption of an early closing, tending to their own convenience, as well as to the comfort and economy of dealers, and once become the settled custom, all parties will be advantaged by the change. 'Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour, until the evening,' is the rule of Scripture, and with the evening, not the midnight, should his labour cease." C.

PSALMODY.

No. IX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the bitter opposition which was given to the Psalter of King James as uncalled for and faulty,—notwithstanding the indignant and stout assertion which was made of the excellence of the old version, there was at the same time in Scotland a deep conviction of the necessity of an amended translation. It is by no means a difficult thing to account for this contradiction. But the fact was sufficiently proved by the private and laborious preparation of several versions, and the anxiety which soon was openly manifested to take advantage of these. The same conviction was prevalent in England, though there the agitation on the subject was promoted not only by those who sincerely longed for a better version, but also by some who expected that the movement would bring about the total suppression of psalmody in divine worship. I have no reason to suspect that such an idea was entertained by any party in Scotland; and I

purpose now to say something of two of the metrical versions produced at that period, and which are not commonly known.

Before setting out to discharge his duties as a Commissioner from the Church of Scotland to the Westminster Assembly, Baillie (afterwards Principal of the University of Glasgow) wrote the following letter. It is dated at Kilwinning, of which parish he was then Minister, October 9, 1643. "For the right worshipfull his assurit Friend, Sir William Muir of Rouallan. Right Worshipfull, If it be God's will that our intendit voyage towards London hold, it is liklie that on of the points of our conference will be anent a new Psalter. Your's I did lyk better than any other I have sein. If you think meet to send to me a perfyte copie thereof, I shall assure to mak that use of it which you shall direct, or the best I am able. Expecting your mind heeranent, I rest, your loving

friend to serve you, R. BAILLIE.* This request, however, was not complied with, as we shall presently see. The version to which it refers was never published, and exists only in manuscript. Yet it was so well known at the time, that it was not only adverted to in Baillie's general correspondence, but was specially mentioned and commended in an act of the General Assembly.† It may be observed in passing that Baillie had a high opinion of the political service which Sir William Mure rendered to the cause of the Church: but though this may have led him to regard with partiality anything done by the learned Knight of Rowallan, he was not only heartily sincere but apparently correct in the estimate he had formed of Sir William's version. Again and again he publicly stated this preference and regretted that he was not in possession of the treasure. As he had anticipated, the subject of a new Psalter was considered in the Westminster Assembly. Complaint was made of "the obsolete version of the Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins," and the Parliament desired the Assembly to recommend some other version for public use.‡ In an official communication which Baillie made from London on January 1, 1644, to the ecclesiastical authorities in Scotland, he gave an account of the version which after many alterations was subsequently adopted by the Church of Scotland. His favour for the Rowallan version remained unaltered. "One of the Committee matters is the Psalter. Ane old most honest member of the House of Commons, Mr Rous, hes helped the old Psalter, in the most places faultie. His friends are verie pressing in the Assemble that his book may be examined, and helped by the author in what places it shall be found meet, and then be commended to the Parliament, that they may injoyne the publick use of it. One of their considerations is, the great private advantage which would by this book come to their friend: but manie do oppose the motion; the most because the work is not so well done as they

think it might. Mr Nye did speak much against a tie to anie Psalter, and something against the singing of Paraphrases, as of preaching of homilies. We understand will mightilie oppose it: for the Psalter is a great part of our uniformitie, which we cannot let pass till our Church be well advysed with it. I wish I had Rowallen's Psalter here: for I like it much better than anie yet I have seen."§ In the course of the following year, Baillie formally applied to Sir William Mure to revise and suggest improvements on an amended copy of Rouse's version, and took care that similar applications should be made from various influential quarters. He wrote to Douglas, one of the most eminent and learned Ministers in Scotland, in these terms,— "I remember I have seen many years ago a translation of some Psalmes by the Laird of Rowalland, which then did so affect my mind that I did ever since conceive the gentleman to be one of the most fit instruments for that work I yet have knowne. I wish from my heart that more means had been used to have sett him on that employment than now I know can be. Only, Sir, if so yow think it convenient, for truely I am deceived if you mind not this service more than any other in that land: I could wish that either the Committee or yourself, might be pleased to write to him, and send him a copy of the Psalmes which you receive from us, intreating him that he would be pleased to return you his observations thereupon. He did promise to me, at my last meeting with him, that he would be glad, upon a calling, to contribute his best endeavour for that which he confessed did concern both the honour of God and the good of his Church: by a calling I found he understood an invitation from that Committee to whose care the Generall Assemble had recommended the review of Mr Rouse's last translation."¶ I am not at present occupied with the history of Rouse's version, which will require a separate sketch, but the best evidence that Sir William Mure's assistance was obtained and that his sug-

* Baillie's Letters and Journals, vol. ii. p. 101. † 1637, Sess. xx.

‡ Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, cap. xvi.

* Baillie's Letters, &c., vol. ii. p. 120.

† Baillie's Letters, &c., vol. ii. p. 332.

gestions were in many instances adopted for amending Rouse's translation, is to produce a Psalm from this version and the same Psalm from Sir William's. By comparing these with the present Scotch Psalter we can easily see how much we are indebted to the Rowallan revision. I purposely do not quote from the edition of Rouse's Psalms published in 1643, but from his revised edition in 1646, issued immediately before the assistance of Sir Wm. Mure was obtained.

ROUSE'S VERSION OF 1646.

PSALM I.

The man is blest that in th' advice
Of those that wicked are
Walks not, nor stands in sinners' path,
Nor sits in scorner's chair.

But in God's law delights; on's law
Both day and night doth think;
He shall be like unto a tree
Set by the river's brink;

Whose fruit's in season, leaf fades not,
All that he doth shall thrive:
Not so the wicked—but like chaff
Which wind away doth drive.

In judgment, therefore, wicked men
Shall not stand justified,
Nor in the assembly of the just
The sinners shall abide.

Because the way of righteous men
The Lord with favour knows;
Whereas the way of wicked men
Unto destruction goes.

SIR WILLIAM MURE'S VERSION.

PSALM I.

The man is blessed varily
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way:

Nor sits in scorner's seat: but sets
On God's law his delight,
And stedfastly his law doth mind
And muse on day and night.

He shall be like unto the tree
Set by the river's side,
In season due which fruit brings forth,
Whose leaves ay blooming bide.

His works shall prosper all. Not so
Ungodly men, for they
Shall be like chaff, which stormy winds
Sweep suddenly away.

In judgment, therefore, shall not stand
Men wicked and profane;

Nor sinners where the righteous flock
Assembled do remain:

For, whose righteous paths pursue,
The Lord doth know their way
But perish shall the way of sin,
Wherein the wicked stray.

I quote one other specimen of Sir W. Mure's version.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord my Shepherd is; of want
I never shall complain;
For me to rest on he doth grant
Green pastures of the plain.
He leads me smoothest brooks beside,
And doth my soul reclaim;
Yea me by righteous paths doth guide
For glory of his name.

The valley dark of death's abode
To pass I'll fear nought ill,
For thou art with me, Lord, thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
For me a table thou dost spread
In presence of my foes;
With oil thou dost anoint mine head;
By thee my cup o'erflows.

Mercy and goodness all my days
With me shall surely stay,
And in thy house to dwell always,
O Lord, my count I'll lay.

I have already mentioned that Sir William Mure's version was never published. Some of his psalms are printed in the Appendix to "The Historie and Descent of the House of Rouallane, by Sir William Mure, Knight of Rouallane. Written in or prior to 1657." Glasgow, 1825.

In passing to the other version which I have now to notice, the beautiful and impressive lines of Cowper on John Bunyan come so vividly before me, and are in some respects so curiously apposite, that I cannot deny myself the happiness of repeating them.

O Thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, will ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose hum'rous vein, strong sense and simple
style,

May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile,
Witty and well-employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables his slighted word;

I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sneer at thy deserved fame ;
Yet e'en in transitory life's late day
That mingles all my brown with sober grey
Revere the man whose *Pilgrim* marks the
road,
And guides the *Progress* of the soul to God.

Alas! I cannot conceal the name of my author—a name associated only with every thing ludicrous, burlesque, uncouth—the name of the munificent, learned, witty, amiable, honest, pious ZACHARY BOYD. And now that I have named him, and thus stirred up most amusing recollections of sundry alleged stanzas ascribed to him, let me entreat a moment's truce while I try, like a voice crying in a wilderness, to vindicate the memory of a good, accomplished, shrewd, defamed man. The whole Bible in verse by Zachary Boyd, preserved with unusual securities in the Library of the University of Glasgow is—a mere fable. The absurd and ribald verses usually ascribed to him are spurious. He undoubtedly wrote in the quaint and peculiar style of his own age: but if we judge his works by a more recent criterion, he was a more correct writer than Baillie, as he was a more talented and accomplished man. His works commanded the homage of the generation in which he lived, and still claim and secure the regard of every man of intelligence who has perused them. He translated the four Gospels into metre, a very useless and unwise task, and he published a large number of Scriptural poems. Indeed he was a profuse author in prose and verse, but the work best known among his admirers is "The Last Battell of the Soule in death." This curious and excellent work represents a solemn and faithful conversation carried on in a sick chamber between a dying parishioner and his minister during the course of eight days. Doubts are suggested, discussed, and removed. Mistaken ideas of the Gospel are rectified. The nature and operation of saving truth are developed. The temptations, the dangers, the advantages of a sick-bed are minutely and practically considered. And all this is done so scripturally, so faithfully, so devoutly, so pointedly, that no

christian can read it without receiving healthy instruction and no christian minister can peruse it without deriving professional benefit. I wish I had space to transcribe pages from the conversations and prayers of that dear book. Let me, however, give one specimen, though in selecting *one* I shall immediately suspect that I might have made a better choice. "THE SICK MAN. But I as yet have no sense of such a mercy: while I seek and cry for help, God either answereth not at all, or when he maketh answer, it is like that which Elisha said to Jehoram seeking comfort upon extremity, 'What have I to do with thee: get thee to the prophets of thy father and mother, and desire them to help thee'—get thee to thy pleasures and profits and preferments which, in forsaking me, thou didst so eagerly pursue. This maketh all the wounds of my remorse to bleed afresh. THE PASTOR. As Samuel took the voice of God to be the voice of Eli, so many take the voice of a temptation to be the voice of God. We must try the spirits. Satan is crafty. He can wind himself wonderfully into the heart of men, sometimes by sleepy security, sometimes by fearful despair. While he enticeth unto sin, he maketh God to speak nothing but mercy to a sinner. Thou mayest sin, will he say, and repent again. But while he accuseth for sin, he maketh all God's words to be words of wrath, that the sinner may be swallowed up with despair. Take heed, sir, who it is that answereth to your cry. Though God should draw you through hell, be ye still assured of heaven. His wrath is but for a moment, but His mercy endureth for ever. Settle your heart in the secret God, lest it be carried away with every light wind and gale of temptation. Seek, out of yourself, in Christ, the grounds and warrants of your salvation, &c."

Zachary Boyd was ordained minister of the Barony Parish of Glasgow in 1623. For 30 years, the term of his ministry, he preached in the crypt of the Cathedral, which was then, and till the very end of last century, the Barony Church. He was a generous patron of learning, a man of no com-

mon wit and humour, an accomplished scholar, a diligent minister, a godly man. He was one of the earliest and most munificent benefactors of the Glasgow University. Among many other works he was the author of a metrical version of the Psalms, now very rarely heard of, but which, in spite of Baillie, was nearly adopted by the Church of Scotland. And when the General Assembly of 1647 appointed a committee to revise Rouse's amended version, they specially directed their committee "to avail themselves of the Psalter of Rowallan and of Mr Zachary Boyd." Baillie, who seemed to be always jealous and suspicious of Boyd, complains that "some had more regard than needed to the Psalter of Mr Zachary." This Psalter, however, will speak for itself.

PSALM XX.

The Lord God hear thee in the day
When He doth trouble send!
And let His name that is the God
Of Jacob, thee defend!
And from His holy sanctuary
A help send unto thee,
And that out of Zion by Him
Thou mayest strengthened be.

Thy offerings all remember, and
Burnt sacrifice accept—
Thy counsel all fulfil and grant
Thee after thine own heart.

In thy salvation we'll rejoice,
In our God's name we will
Set up our banners, and the Lord
Thy prayers all fulfil, &c., &c.

This is by no means one of the happiest specimens of our author; but the first and last stanzas shew that the Scottish version was sometimes indebted to Mr. Zachary's Psalter.

PSALM XXIII.

The mighty God my shepherd is,
Who doth me daily feed;
Therefore I shall not want the thing
Whereof I stand in need.

He makes me in the pastures green
Lie down by His good will;
He in His mercy doth me lead
Beside the waters still.

My wearied soul He doth restore;
He also doth me lead
Into the paths of righteousness men
For His name's sake indeed.

Though through the valley of death's shade
I walk, I'll fear no ill;
Thou art with me, thy rod and staff
Me comfort ever still.

Thou sett'st in presence of my foes—
A table me before;
Mine head with oil thou dost anoint,
My cup it runneth o'er.

Godness and mercy all my life
Shall here me follow still,
And in the house of God the Lord
For ever dwell I will.

I can fancy some reader reflecting with complacent happiness on the superior excellence of our modern version, and selecting perhaps for special admiration one stanza,—

Yes, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For thou art with me; and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

Now, dear reader, this stanza, which you have repeated a thousand times, and which is consecrated with all your holy recollections of a mother's love, is after all not so good, not so intrinsically valuable, as Zachary Boyd's. Our version dilutes the passage, or rather fails to render it: and in this respect errs with a multitude. Our prose version, however, is accurate; but both the Septuagint and the Vulgate fail. So do Sternhold and Hopkins; so does King James; so do Tate and Brady; so does Rowallan; so does Buchanan's Latin version; so do many others. The Psalmist speaks of something more than walking "in death's dark vale." He refers to an experience extraordinary. The terms which he employs are remarkable; and nothing else than walking "through the valley of the shadow of death" will satisfy the original. Zachary Boyd saw this, and carefully attended to it. His version must indeed have cost untiring labour—his translation of difficult passages is always deserving of attention—his versification is about equal to that of the Scottish Psalter. Yet his work has been practically lost—his name has been cruelly brought into disrepute—his memory has been wantonly wronged and insulted—his character and gifts have been offered to posterity in a portrait which his

worst enemy when alive would have refused to recognise. His *printed* version of the psalms is now not so well known as even the *manuscript* translations of Sir William Mure. An humbling chapter might be written—don't think that I will now write it—on the sudden, violent, and early entombment of many works of high genius and untold labour. Who,

within the last hundred years, has cared to know that the most learned and accomplished men in Scotland in the seventeenth century, in labouring for the metrical version of the Psalms which we still use, resolved to give solemn and respectful heed to "the Psalter of Row-allan and of Mr Zachary Boyd!"

PATAGONIAN MISSION.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM THE REV. G. PAKENHAM DESPARD, TO THE TREASURER OF THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION OF THE PATAGONIAN MISSION IN GLASGOW.

90 Miles South of Monte Video,
October 20, 1856.

I should have preferred dating my letter from Gregory Bay, in Patagonia, or Banner Cove, Terra del Fuego, but have not been permitted by circumstances, to be explained anon. My design on leaving England was, first, to settle my family under the wing of the friendly Governor of Stanley,—then to convey and settle the missionary party at Cranmer, Keppel Island, and proceed in our schooner to the strait to find out Casuñiro, the Patagonian, but this has been frustrated in a way not anticipated. I did settle my wife and children at Stanley, in tolerable comfort, considering the place, in a fortnight, but the use of our own vessel was denied us by the Captain Snow of whom I spoke so well. He would not be under my direction. He was to judge what ought to be done with the vessel. His opinion was against the plan of a mission colony at Keppel Island, and for taking the 'Allan Gardiner' home to England at once, and leaving us without her services. I conciliated, reasoned, and expostulated in vain; his arrogant spirit would not yield, till at last I was obliged to bring legal power to bear upon him, and then he was compelled to succumb and give me up the vessel. In such a small place, however, as Stanley, a permanent suitable captain and crew were not to be had, (Snow's were paid off, and would not serve, except to be discharged three months after in England,) consequently I was driven to take a master and men for the voyage, and came up to this port (Monte Video) as the nearest, for the purpose to get the 'Allan Gardiner' supplied. I was obliged to hire another schooner to take our mission party and property to Cranmer.

Three weeks from our landing at Falklands had not elapsed before my brethren were in their destined home, and set about the important preliminary employment of building themselves in—with that home I was much pleased. If you get a map (just published by the Admiralty) of Keppel Island, you will see the situation of it—not just where it is marked 'Cranmer' in that, but further to the north-east. The Mission-house (9 rooms complete) stands on rising-ground, just at the head of a sheltered warm vale. A brook runs down the side of the elevation, and through the centre of the vale into the creek. The soil is very good, and there is peat in the place for fuel. Round the base of Mount Keppel, and towards Gascoigne Point, is a fair watered plain covered with grass, and by the shores plenty of tussac for

winter food and shelter to cattle, whilst Despard Vale is four miles in extent and will feed 1000 head. Across the Comunita Bayagani, between Cove Hill and Lancaster Point, is another wide pasture-ground, and from the plain along the high land, from Mount Keppel to Entrance Hill, a distance of two or three miles, there is a summer pasturage for numerous flocks and herds. Wild geese, I ought almost say swarm on the island, and are as good, though not quite so large, as tame, and other eatable wild fowl are easily and plentifully had. Then for six months the excellent fish of the bass kind—as large as cod nearly—smelts and sprats, are to be caught in our bay; and mussels of gigantic proportions are in any quantity to be picked up at low water on the sandy shore. At Stanley all the ordinary English garden vegetables can be raised with moderate care; and as here the climate and soil are both better, I expect we shall flourish in these. All the experienced out here say, trees properly selected and attended to at first will grow well, so we are going to try beech, larch, Scotch firs, and oak; and hope by and by both to beautify the landscape and to supply the timber for various purposes. The party now there have a six months supply of all provisions necessary for health and comfort in their store-house, and they have the elements of farm stock in seven sheep, two goats, five pigs, five geese (tame), six ducks, seven fowls; they have seed enough to sow the whole island, and they have ammunition and guns enough for seven years' war on the wild birds of that and the neighbouring islands, so that I think our friends may be easy about their lives.

All this you say is only secular work. True; our plan requires this to be somewhat advanced, before our spiritual labours for the amelioration of the heathen can be effectually begun, wherefore in this my introductory letter I have dwelt much upon it; and by I hope to detail how proper missionary work progresses. Let us find men to navigate our ship, and then first with one catechist, then with another, I shall visit the native tribes, and by the mighty power of kindness compel them to give their sons and daughters in trust to us to bring up for Christ. Ask of me and I will give the utmost parts of earth for thy possession. He that receiveth you, receiveth me. Why persecutest thou me? Put these texts together, and do they not show that God regards us as one with Christ, and hence, that if we ask, he gives Christ the utmost parts, &c. Now, truly and literally, these regions to which we look are the utmost parts, &c.; we do ask them for Christ; God gives them; have we not then reason for strong confidence that our missionary labour will succeed? I have no doubt that you and our dear Glasgow friends will hopefully co-operate with us, and share in the joy of the harvest home by and by.—I am, &c.

G. PAKENHAM DESPARD.

Notices of Books.

The Tongue of Fire; or, the True Power of Christianity. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., Author of "A Mission to the Mysore, &c." Fifth edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THIS is a popular book. When a volume on religious subjects reaches a fifth edition, we may be sure there is something in it which has touched the hearts of the country. A great name may carry a book to the second edition, but if the name be its only recommendation, people find out the true state of the case, and the sale stops accordingly. We know few higher testimonies to the true popular power and interest of any volume than its reaching a fifth edition. There may fairly be a question how much this power is worth. Some would reckon it as among the highest, and some as among the lowest gifts. We regard it as most valuable when considered as a means; as contemptible when regarded as an end. Popularity is an engine of the greatest influence, but if employed only to exhibit itself, puffing and blowing to show that it is well oiled, and *moving nothing*, it is deserving of no respect. It is when we see the engine propelling the steamer through Atlantic waves, that we feel this is power, worth having and (if anything were so) worth envying. Mr Arthur's book has the popular power. Has it anything else? Is the engine doing any work? We think it is.

What is the object of the book? What would make a man sit down to write it? and then send it to the press? The author gives his own object. It was "to lessen the distance painfully felt to exist between my own life and ministry and those of the primitive Christians;" and, of course, to help others to do the same. To revive something like the spirit of the primitive church in the midst of our present Christian life, is the aim of the author. It is a worthy aim. It justifies him in adding another to the countless books on religious topics.

How has he sought to attain this object? By seeking to bring into prominence the influence and operations of the Holy Ghost. He teaches that we are living now under the dispensation of the Spirit, and recalls the church of Christ to this, as a cardinal truth. He regards, and well he may, the actings of the Holy Ghost as the chief characteristic of the primitive church. "The Tongue of Fire"

is the Pentecostal gift. The miraculous workings of the Spirit of God are beautifully illustrated, but more weight is justly given to His spiritual influences on the souls of men. His influences on preachers and on hearers are dwelt on with much power. It is the permanence of those influences that occupies the chief part of the volume, and is made the means of uniting the church of Christ at the present day to the primitive church. It is this which (in Mr Arthur's view) bridges the gulf between our teaching and that of the Apostles; which "lessens the distance between our life and ministry and those of the primitive Christians." The presence of God the Spirit in His church as the fulfilment of the Saviour's promises, and the condition of all spiritual life, this is the truth which Mr Arthur's book preaches. The Spirit as the power—the truth as the instrument—Christian men as the means—a living church as the end here, and a holy family as the end above. Such is the theory of this book.

We think Mr Arthur is right. The great want of the church of Christ (as we have often felt it) is the absence of a realizing faith in the presence and power of the Holy Ghost. Until the presence of the Spirit be as dear to all believers as the presence of Jesus Christ was to the apostles, the church will never truly live. Until in the inmost souls of all Christian men, the Holy Ghost be realized as the sustaining fountain of their whole religion, earnest piety will never pervade the church, and self-sacrifice will be unknown. Until the whole body of the faithful come to believe with the deepest earnestness that this is the dispensation of the Spirit, and that *He* is to convert the world, our missions will languish and decline. But when the Comforter is given more largely, when the Holy Ghost is poured out without measure on the whole church of Christ, then shall the world see the noblest spectacle that it has ever seen—then shall the tide of Christian love be like the rolling sea—the world shall be "convinced of sin," and Christ's dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth. Come, blessed Spirit! hasten on thy errand, and rouse thy slumbering church till, as at Pentecost, thousands are converted by one sermon, till nations are born in a day!

Such being the object of this volume, and

the mode in which it seeks to attain it, we need hardly add a word as to very minor matters. It is admirably executed. The illustrations are fresh, striking, and just. The philosophy is deep and generally true. There is a wide acquaintance with man's heart. There is very beautiful description. And if the argumenta-

tive parts of the volume are not so conclusive as we could wish, it is only because we cannot find everything equally good. We had marked for quotation a long and most eloquent extract as to the necessity of lay-agency in the church at the present time, but our limits do not permit of its insertion.

TO MY READERS.

It is not easy to part with one's own child; and so I find it difficult to part with the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, now entering upon its ninth year under my roof. They say parents are most attached to the child who has a marked bodily or mental defect;—"a want," as we say in Scotland, and that in many cases the "ne'er-do-weel" in the family is for some unaccountable reason a peculiar favourite of father and mother. Let unfriendly critics remember these generous instincts, or morbid tendencies of human nature, when disposed to wonder how I could still cling to this Magazine, and that, too, in spite of several threats to dismiss it from my house. The fact is, that I have been so harassed with other things, and so afraid that my child might be neglected and turn out ill, that I resolved last year to hand it over for a time to a friend. A few well-disposed, but rather meddling anonymous correspondents, (alas! I fear, of the fair sex, and whose piety it would be dangerous to question,) advised me to do so, no doubt from the affection which they manifestly bore towards me and my blue coat offspring; and some of these accused my innocent one of being cross and ill-natured (!); some of being wanting in respect to constituted ecclesiastical authority, and to its superiors in age and wisdom; while others, again, declared that it was too timid and should speak out, hold up its head, and not be afraid before people, for silence often looked, they remarked, like sulks or stupidity. Sundry have been the advices given to

this eight-year-old! It has, for example, been asked, with much sense and no small indignation, what should such a small thing know about home or Indian politics? These should be left, so said the adviser, to men of age, presence and "principle." One old lady even threatened it with a scold from a reverend D.D., if it did not hold its tongue! Well, in spite of all this, or probably because of it, I have resolved to keep it under my eye for another year, and perhaps longer, if my parental heart cannot then stand the shock of parting. And I hope by devoting more time to its education, making it learn its lessons more perfectly, teaching it better manners, to take off its bonnet to old gentlemen, and to courtesy to old ladies, training it to be more useful and obliging in its own house, and more attentive to advices given it by good relatives and friends, and by all the influences of a wise Home School, to obtain from those interested in my child's welfare the pleasing verdict of "much improved," "really much more interesting," and the like, at the end of its ninth year. This I have resolved to attempt by the advice of a wide circle of well-wishers, who think my child not so bad. Now, good reader, especially if a parent yourself, will you bear with me and encourage me?

I cannot conclude without tendering my most grateful thanks to those who have assisted me during the past year. Had it not been for the supply of wholesome food which they generously sent me from month to month, the child would have been dead and buried.

END OF VOLUME EIGHTH.