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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY, AND STATUTE BOOK... Dr. Chalmers.

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From the Puritan Recorder.
The Lone Chimney.
Lonely and tall, in the moonlight dim,
Covered with ivy and mould;
Like a sentry wrapped in his martial cloak,
Stood a chimney dark and old.
The grey hearth-stone, which in years ago
Glowed bright with a genial ray,
All worn and broken by time's rude step,
At the foot of the chimney lay.

But while I gazed through the transient gloom
Which the drifting clouds threw o'er,
Slowly the shadowy pile was changed,
And living semblance bore.
Then a spirit voice, with plaintive tone,
Rose full on the midnight air,
And in mournful measures of long ago,
Bowed my heart with sorrow there.

It sung of a cottage, where sorrow came
And peeped through the open door,
All broken with struggles through cedar and pine,
And checked in its coming by clambering vine,
Till it kissed every blossom its clasp could
entwine,
Ere it fell on the sanded floor.

And it sung of a mother's holy love,
And a father's tender heart;
Of the lofty spirit and noble frame
Of an only son, who had borne his name,
And whose strength they should yet rejoice
to claim,
When Time bade their own depart.

And then of a bright and blooming bride,
With a gushing heart and free
Who came in her morning's early prime,
With the first wild rose of the summer time,
And tuned her spirit to sweetest chime—
The joy of that home to be.

But again, in sadder strains it sung—
Of a dark and treacherous foe,
Who crossed the threshold in angel guise,
To inflame a demon's heart;
The roiling step, that had once been firm;
Coldness, where love had reigned;
And the slow but certain race of all
Which the tyrant Want had gained;

A consoling scene, which the dying love
To his heart could brave,
Nor heeded grief bade the almond tree
Bloom for a father's grave;
Of the sun which came and went away
With the wedding-room's early pride,
But while it loitered not up the turf-roofed

Where the dead laid him by her side;
Of a little weeping, orphan pair,
Torn from their home away;
Till the hearth's fire on the hearth-stone
Glowed in decay;
Nor heeded his decay,
The voice of the hushed, and the form was gone;
But all in the moonlight lay,
The chimney kept watch o'er the old hearth-
stone,
And the hopes that lay buried there.

Pastoral Visitation.

"It always did my heart good to have a visit from my pastor. His visits were generally of a pastoral character, although he never stayed long—not so long as I could have wished. He would speak a few kind words to each member of the family, if they were present, and frequently would make a few remarks about some Christian doctrine or duty, and close with a word of prayer. I always thought that his sermons, after a visit of this sort, were more profitable to myself; and the children, too, would often say to me: 'Mother, it seems strange to me that I understand our pastor's sermon better after he has been to see us!' But our present pastor has never visited us, although he has been among us more than a year. Why it is, I don't know; but I suppose he thinks it isn't worth while to visit us. You see we are only ordinary people, and I would not think so hard of it either for myself; but my children' (and she sobbed aloud and proceeded), 'but my children feel estranged, and they say, 'What does he care for us, as long as the D's and E's flatter him, and invite him to their fine houses every week, where he spends whole evenings in parties of high-born ladies and gentlemen?' It is this that troubles my poor heart. I fear they will like others, become prejudiced against pastors, and finally against piety itself."

"Thus a good woman, in the humbler walks of life, said to one of my church officers one day; and he being a man of ardent piety and a sincere friend of mine, and a still greater friend to the cause of his Lord and Master, mentioned the words of this poor woman to me, and in a manner the most kind and affectionate.

I was then young in years, and still young in Christian experience. I had a desire indeed to be useful, but somehow I still had the too common notion of many of our pastors in Germany (and perhaps elsewhere too), that I had performed my whole duty by attending to the public services of the altar and the pulpit. Pastoral visitation was, as I then thought, of comparatively small account. Besides I had no natural gift for that duty. And so I visited very little, and let me humbly acknowledge it, when I did visit any of my parishioners it was a visit of friendly greetings and chit-chat.

When my friend first spoke to me about the above widow woman, I felt some little mortified pride bubbling up within me, and I was going to say to him that I had no time to visit everybody, and such like excuses. However, I restrained my tongue from saying it. I left him to go home. It was evening. The stars twinkled brightly and lovingly upon me as I passed B—, where this identical widow woman lived. There stood the dwelling, at the upper end of the doory, somewhat secluded, but very cleanly and neat-looking. I turned my head towards the house, and what did I see and hear in that humble house? The mother and her child were engaged in

prayer! I listened:—"And we beseech thee, O Lord most merciful, that it may please thee to bless the labours of thy young servant, the shepherd of the people in this place, to the salvation of all our souls. Grant him wisdom to win many souls to Christ, among high and low, among rich and poor. May he be instant in season and out of season,"—in the pulpit and under it. "I turned away and went home. I had a text to think about for the whole week. The night—yes, nearly the whole living night, that poor widow's prayer was sounding in my ears. O my God! what a struggle it cost me! I was humbled in the dust before my Redeemer. That neglected sheep of my flock prayed for me, her neglectful shepherd! O my Lord! it shall not be so any more. Thus I had resolved long before the morning light dawned upon me the next day. I first prayed for myself,—for grace to be enabled to watch over myself, and then also the blood-saved souls which were entrusted to my care and fidelity. You may be sure that I did not delay long to go to that widow woman. And I will say nothing more of the visit, than that I received like an angel of God, and that I believe I was made wiser and better by that visit. God imparted new blessings upon me which I possessed not before—or at least sanctified the gifts which were possessed in a very feeble way before. Yes, to the praise of God, and for the encouragement of my young ministerial brethren, I feel constrained to say, that that visit was to me a visit of mercy. And if I have been instrumental, in God's hands, to the ministry of more than thirty-five years, it was owing to that visit and what was connected with it. And therefore I allow myself to say to all my dear brethren: Whatever you do, do not forget the visitation of your people pastorally, to the extent that it is possible for you. You will win upon their hearts, and open them for the good seed of God's holy word on the Sabbath. You will bring joy and comfort to many a weary heart, which otherwise will pine away and die. You will learn better how to preach from such living text-books, than from all your pastoral theologies, rules and counsels put together. I speak that which I do know, and testify of that which I have seen. Let us take Christ and his holy apostles for our examples, and labour and preach as if we were in earnest to lead souls to the Lamb of God, both in the pulpit and out of it.—Translated from the German for the Scottish Congregational Magazine.

Crucifying the Son of God Afresh.

The Puritan Recorder, in giving an exposition of what the Apostle Paul meant by the expression, "crucifying the Son of God afresh," cites the following as an illustration of the phrase:

"Among the intellectual giants of this country stood Aaron Burr, a grandson of the giant theologian Jonathan Edwards, nurtured in the bosom of piety and prayer, with choicest privileges for a Christian education, with the master minds of the New England Church, such as Bellamy and Hopkins, corresponding with him in his youth, and endeavouring to secure him to the cause of Christ. At length all his early impressions of Christianity were effaced with violence. He went out an unblushing infidel, scoffer and blasphemer—gathering thick upon him the guilt of murder and adultery. He gave lessons in profaneness to his only daughter, who by nature was as good as himself. He was accustomed to bring her in to display her acquisitions and show her skill in blasphemy, for the amusement of his visitors, as we should do with performances in music—thus showing to what end he had devoted himself and educated his child.—Though elevated to the second civil office in the nation, nothing in the form of political crime was too mean or wicked for him. In social life he was a very monster. In the betrayal of confidence, and in the ruin of families, he scrupled nothing. Infidelity and malignity advanced with his years, in the form of spite against the religion of Christ.

"At length the judgment of God overtook him. His wealth vanished; his political fortunes were broken; his social position was lost, and he became a vagabond. Society thrust him out from its bosom as its sworn enemy. His daughter, then the wife of one of the State Governors—the daughter whom he had schooled to blasphemy—was, in a voyage at sea, taken by pirates. She begged for her life, and offered great rewards; but the stern reply was—'Dead men tell no tales.' She was bidden to walk the plank; she sunk to rise no more. Thus began the recompense on the parent and child—on her for the abuse of her splendid gifts and her defiance of the God above—on him for rearing his child for such an end. Here, too, was a recompense in kind for the domestic ruin and desolation which he had caused to others. Stricken of God, and abhorred by men, well nigh without a friend on earth—a Vice-President of the United States went down to an unhonoured grave. Such was a beginning, though only a beginning to him, of the results of crucifying the Son of God afresh."

To this the editor of the Presbyterian Herald subjoins the following.

"There were some facts connected with the closing scenes of Mr. Burr's life, which were told to us soon after they occurred, by one who received them from an eye-witness, which we do not remember to have seen stated anywhere in print. We suppose that we will not be considered as violating the privacy of the domestic circle in referring to them at this remote period after their occurrence. During Mr. Burr's last illness, he was very restless and impatient towards those who were about his person, often indulging in profane and abusive language. His physician, observing that mortification had commenced in the extremities, thought it his duty to inform him of the fact, and to assure him that whatever preparation he might wish to make for death,

should be made at once. In gentle tones as he could command, he broached the subject, assuring him that within twenty-four hours, at the furthest, he would be a dead man. Mr. Burr replied, 'Doctor, it can't be so. I feel easier and better than I have felt for several days.' 'That,' replied the doctor, 'is one of the surest evidences that what I have told you is true. Your limbs are free from pain because they are dead.' Turning his fiery eyes from the doctor, he said, 'Doctor, I can't die, I won't die, I shan't die. My father, and my mother, and grand-parents, and uncles, and aunts, were all pious and godly people. They prayed for my conversion a thousand times, and if God be a hearer of prayer, he is not going to let me die until their prayers are answered. It is impossible that the child of so many prayers will be lost.' The doctor replied, 'Mr. Burr, you are already dying.' He then went over pretty much the same expressions as were above, and sank into a stupor, and soon slept the sleep which knows no waking until the morning of the resurrection. We may not have given the precise language used by him, as years have elapsed since it was reported to us. Our informant received the impression that he had run the rounds of his iniquity, all the while indulging the hope that, like the celebrated Augustine, before he died he would be converted, in answer to the prayers of his pious parents and friends. God, in his divine sovereignty, disappointed his expectations, and made him a monument of his wrath, and a beacon to all godly children, who are building their hope of heaven upon the connection with a pious ancestry. When such a case, the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame, they must not be disappointed if he puts them to everlasting shame and contempt before his Father, and the holy angels, and assembled universe."

Friendly Remonstrance of the People of Scotland on the Subject of Slavery.

A friendly remonstrance, on the subject of Slavery, has been addressed by the people of Scotland, to the citizens of the United States. We trust it will not be without its effect. The appeal concludes in the following terms—

"We appeal to you on the sacred ground of our common Christianity. Shall our appeal here be unheeded? America proclaims itself to be a Christian land. And is not the very spirit of Christianity one of love? But where is the manifestation of that spirit in the United States? Is not this the teaching of Christ's Divine Author, 'Love thy neighbour as thyself'—'And who is thy neighbour?' 'Thy brother-slave is he. But where is your love, when you even deny him the right to be a man? Does not Christianity teach that God has 'made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth?' But how can you reconcile this great truth with your conduct in shutting out the poor slave from the brotherhood of humanity? Is not this the grand law for the regulation of conduct between man and man, as laid down by the Great Teacher himself, 'Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them? But if that law be honored in the midst of you, does it not follow that you will bid every slave go free? As you would that men should bind no fetters on your limbs, does not that law demand that ye bind no fetters on theirs? As ye would not be enslaved, Christ bids you enslave none. Have you not Bible and Missionary Societies, and do you not regard them as the glory of your nation? But why send the Bible to slaves of Satan in other climes, and deny it to the slaves in your own land? Why illumine India or China, while you doom to leathern darkness millions in your own country?—Americans, our holy religion we appeal to you to be consistent here. As you profess to be a Christian people listen to the Word of the Most High: 'Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them'—'Proclaim liberty to the captives, and open the prison doors to them that are bound'—'Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.'"

Americans: Shall slavery continue?—Shall the accursed system still live under the shadow of law—shall it be tolerated, fostered, propagated? Shall the foul blot still remain on your national escutcheon? Will you still forsake the good old paths of your fathers, and act as if you sought to undo the work of patriots, reformers, philanthropists, and to affiliate with tyrants, traitors, usurers and men-stealers? Surely, it cannot be. Surely, an indignant nation will say, it shall not be!

Americans: bear with us in our importunity. We love you as brethren; therefore do we plead with you. We love your magnificent country, your noble institutions, your spirit of progress; therefore do we plead with you. We love liberty, our dearest birthright and yours, for which our fathers and our fathers shed their blood—liberty, the birthright of all; therefore do we plead with you. We love the three millions who are infettered in the midst of you; therefore do we plead with you. We love Religion, and would see her divine and glorious form making divine progress through your land; therefore do we plead with you. We love the image of Jesus in his disciples of whatever colour, and would not see that image in chains; therefore do we plead with you.

Americans: We know that there are difficulties in your way; but these are nothing in comparison with the measureless good to be achieved; your moral influence, your position as all the more eminent and enduring if by one act of magnanimity, you trample the difficulties in the dust. Retrace, then, your steps, we entreat you! Give to the enslaved his inborn, inalienable rights.—Give to the toiler the fruits of his toil. Give to the husband the wife of his bosom, and the wife the husband of her youth. Give to the fond moth-

er the child whom God has given to her—Give to immortal minds the priceless blessing of education. Give to the weary, the wretched, and the lost, the light of life, and the hope of eternal repose. Give to man the right to be his own—free among his fellows, and accountable to his God. Then shall the Union Flag of Freedom float above a land without a Slave! and the noon upon earth will rejoice, and the God of Heaven will bless you. [Here follow numerous signatures.]

Sabbath School Institutions.

The Hon. Judge Wilmer delivered the first of a series of Lectures on Sabbath School Institutions, in the Wesleyan Centenary Chapel on Friday evening last. The Lecture was delivered extemporaneously, and the Lecturer commenced his discourse by saying that the subject of Sabbath Schools was one which he held nearest to his heart, and would continue to hold it there as long as he lived; that he entertained sincere affection for these institutions. He had made them a matter of prayer, and he hoped that in that way he might be useful in the service of his Divine Master. He appeared before the audience this evening in order that he might diffuse in the Superintendents and Teachers of Sabbath Schools additional zeal. The Officers and Teachers of Sabbath Schools, as well as fathers and mothers, should make these blessed institutions the subject of prayer. It was a beautiful theme—for it was a matter that concerned both worlds—the religious education of the youth of the land.—The lecturer said that there were two antagonistic powers at work—vice and virtue—truth and error—and there were also two classes of children of the wicked one, and the children of God, and the young are educated in one or the other of these ways, and in order to rescue the youth from the paths of error and vice was to get them in the Sabbath Schools, and when there, instruct them in the way of truth, in order that they may be clothed with righteousness, and fitted and prepared for the world above. He (the lecturer) considered that it was time for the members of the Church to work and not to be sleeping at their posts; they should take an interest in Sabbath Schools, in order that their children might receive Biblical instruction. Practical infidelity was stalking all over the land, and an extraordinary effort should be made to combat and defeat its progress, and he considered one of the most effectual means to this end was Sabbath School instruction. There was no time to be lost—no sleep in this great work.

The Hon. and learned gentleman then gave a brief history of the rise, progress and success of Sabbath Schools, and said about 74 years ago, Robert Raikes instituted the first Sabbath School in Gloucester, England, by gathering together a number of idle and worthless boys from the streets, and succeeded in instructing them in Biblical knowledge. Bishop Horne hearing of the success that attended the Institution, said that they were calculated to do an immense amount of good. Adam Smith laid aside, for the time, his political economy, and stated that it was the greatest achievement accomplished since the days of the Apostles, and gave in his adhesion to the movement. The Hon. Judge then gave a statistical account of the Sabbath Schools in England, Scotland and Wales taken in 1851. In England and Wales there were 23,514 Sabbath Schools, and on the 30th March, 1851, the day on which the account was taken—there were in attendance in these Schools, two million two hundred and eighty thousand scholars—more than the whole population of North America—the Teachers in these Schools numbered 302,000—one half more than the population of this Province—and the immense amount of good accomplished by these Schools no Statistician could unfold.—Nineteen-twentieths of the missionaries now abroad, and who were born in England, were instructed in Sabbath Schools. It was impossible to tell the number of conversions that were made through the instrumentalities of Sabbath School instruction,—thousands who received knowledge and light in these institutions had gone Home, and were now with the God of the Bible.

The Hon. Judge then gave a statistical statement of the condition of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, (it being the only Church in that country with which he was furnished with accurate information). The statistics did not take in the Southern portion of that country. The account was taken in 1854. There were in connection with that Church at that time 9,914 Sabbath Schools, 553,000 Scholars, and 107,000 Teachers. These Schools had Libraries containing in the whole 1,112,000 volumes, besides distributing yearly into the Schools 300,000 of the Youth's Advocate, and issued in that year 200,000 bound volumes, and in the year 1854, there were in the Sabbath Schools of that denomination 17,000 conversions.

The Sunday School Union of Philadelphia had furnished 300 missionaries, who were scattered throughout the land—from Maine to Florida—from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The learned lecturer in beautiful and eloquent language showed the duty and responsibility which rested upon Superintendents, Teachers and Parents, in regard to the proper training of the youthful mind—and related several instances of the effect either for good or evil, that early impressions produced upon the minds of the youth. The duty of the Church in regard to Sabbath Schools was also ably brought before the notice of the audience, and also portrayed in glowing terms the effect of effort and perseverance of Sabbath School teachers, and related the following incident in corroboration of his statements, which is as follows:—A young lady called upon a Superintendent of a Sabbath School in England, and requested the privilege of becoming a teacher in the Sabbath School. All the classes were sup-

plied with teachers, and the Superintendent of the School said to the lady, if she could procure scholars, she could teach them. She went forth into the streets and procured a sufficient number and formed a class, but on accosting one dirty ragged little boy, and requesting him to attend a Sabbath School, he stated he had no clothes; she, 'Food,' his case to the Superintendent, and the Superintendent, who on hearing of the boy's case, requested the lady to send the boy some clothes, and he would furnish him with a suit of clothes. The boy called on the Superintendent and got the clothes, and on the Sunday attended the Sabbath School. The Sabbath after his first appearance in school, the boy absented himself, and the lady seeing him in the course of the week, found that the clothes which were given him were dirty and ragged, and on that account the boy again excused himself. She related the circumstance to the Superintendent, who replied—send him again and I will give him another suit. The boy called and got the second suit, and on the following Sabbath was present in his class—he became interested—shot ahead of all the other boys, and got to be one of the most eminent men in the country. The name of that boy was Morris, now the great Chinese Author and Linguist, and one of the most celebrated missionaries of any day.' Show me, said the Hon. Judge, a young man who is educated in his Bible, and he would show you a man who is fit to take his stand by the side of a Bacon—a Locke—a Newton. The lecturer alluded to the establishment of the Young Men's Christian Association in this city, and said he thanked God for it. The Association was calculated to accomplish an incalculable amount of good in connexion with Sabbath Schools. It was an Institution that he believed would take hold of the young man after leaving the Sabbath School, and surround him with Christian influences, and save him from the perils of that middle ground—between youth and manhood, the allurements and temptations of which had proved fatal to so many precious souls. He referred to the time he had devoted to Sabbath Schools, and said if he had one thousand lives he would spend them in the same way. The learned Judge concluded his eloquent, interesting and powerful address by appealing to his Christian friends to arouse themselves, and be in earnest about the matter, and fill up the measure with wheat, or the enemy would fill it up with tares. The Sabbath School was the field, and it was only properly cultivated, it would redound to the praise and glory of God, and

We are sorry that want of room prevents us giving a more lengthy report of the Address; having taken notice at the time, for that purpose.—St. John, N. B. Temperance Telegraph.

The Religion of Japan.

The letter below is exceedingly interesting, as revealing the religious practices of the Japanese. It is from W. C. Reed, one of our countrymen, who has made the first and successful attempt there to establish a commercial house. It is published with others in the Journal of Commerce. Mr. Reed says: "The religion of this country is as strange as the people themselves. Our short stay here has not afforded us much opportunity to become conversant with all their various and religious opinions. So far as I know of them, I will write you. First, they have no Sabbath or weeks, but divide the time by moons and half moons. Hence the first and middle of each month is observed as a day of rest or recreation. On these days no appearance of activity is to be seen. All the houses are closed, and the inmates spend their time in eating and licentious enjoyments, to such an extent the Russians say, as to become perfectly abhorrent to an enlightened mind. What takes place in their houses on those days I am unable to say, but I have noticed their excluding themselves from the streets on those days.—Temples are built all over the country, when there is a spot sufficiently picturesque to meet their idea of a temple site. In the temple a Priest lives, with as many wives as he wishes, and to all appearances leads a life of licentious debauchery. In front of each temple is a large bell which is sounded at certain hours of the day, or according to the pleasure of the Buns or Priests, and that a signal that he goes to prayer. None come at the sound of the bell, nor does it appear that the object is to call the people in. The Priest sits down in front of an altar with a small paper burning, and with a small mallet in one hand and a string of beads in the other, he begins to hum or half sing a certain number of words—'Am Jan Am,' at the same time rapidly striking a wooden bell or tub, and then a copper one, and so on alternately for an hour or so, except sometimes he ceases to strike with the mallet, and rubs the beads together with both hands, and renders his voice finer or more slow and plaintive. This appears to be all the worship they have, and their beliefs, that the priest can and must do all the praying. There appears to be no solemnity attached to this service by the people or the Priest; for he goes into a temple during prayer, and the Priest gets up and begins to laugh and ask questions, the same as though we entered a shop. In short, I am informed that the people in general have no respect for their priests, but treat them as we would some outcast from society. The field for missionary labor must be unlimited here. I trust ere long that we shall see American enterprise exhibiting itself in Japan. Not long since, some of the leading officers of this Government came to visit me on business, and their attention was attracted to a sacred picture or painting hanging on the wall. They asked me what it was intended to represent. Our Saviour in his mortal arms. They asked if people in our country had wings. I said no, they represented angels. 'Aha!' said they; 'angels! we have none in Japan!' manifesting the most perfect surprise and ignorance of beings like us, having wings. I asked if they would not

like some here. They said, 'no: we like not angels.'

'Yesterday, while these same officers were here discussing some questions about my right to stay here, &c., the interpreter accidentally picked up the Bible lying on the table, and began to read aloud to me from the 1st chapter of Genesis; and he read four verses quite plain and stopped, looked to me and said, 'What book is this?' I told him it was the Bible, the American book of religion; that all families had one, and it was the only book in the world that told how the world and he and I originated. I asked him to take it and keep it, but he declined, saying, 'I cannot, although I would be glad to do so,' and at this time he got such a look from the other officers as obliged him to close it at once, and put it away. From what I have seen and what I can learn, I am convinced that the Bible and its teachings would produce a most wonderful and speedy change here; but whether or not the Emperor would allow of its promulgation here, is more than I can say; I am under the impression that before this year ends, some will attempt to teach its principles here.—N. Y. Observer.

Confirmations of Scripture.

We are bound to recognize the special hand of Providence in producing from the ground which covers the ruins of ancient cities the records of empire, which so exactly confirm the truth of sacred history. The present age abounds in every variety of scepticism; and no form of scepticism is more common than that which under a pretence of a belief in christianity, sets aside the Old Testament as unworthy of credit. There is, therefore, a special Providence in the fact, that now, upon this sceptical age, God is bringing forth confirmations of Scripture history, which were unknown to many previous ages, and which no one dreamed of as being in existence. No one till recently could have thought that the actual original records of Babylon could be in any form extant to the present day. It was regarded as a great thing, to have dug up from the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon, images and symbols which might indicate something of the events of those remote times. But this is a small thing compared with what has been realized. It seems the records of the Empire were kept—written in the ancient Hebrew character—on plates of clay, which were hardened by burning; and that these plates, containing the chronicles of the times, have been to a great extent dug out from the ruins of the city—

It is, in some cases, more than an assertion that the facts were so and so, as related in the sacred records. In some instances the information comes in, to clear up a seeming discrepancy between sacred and profane history. Take the following as a specimen: Profane history makes the last king of the last Persian history says that Nabonidus met the Persians under Cyrus in the open field, and being defeated, fled, and shut himself up in Borsippa; while the Bible says the Persian army under Cyrus besieged Babylon, and slew the king there.

Now records have been found of all the important events of the reign of Nabonidus, written by his order. From this it appears, that Belshazzar was his son, and according to a custom of the times associated with his father in his reign. Hence each of them was called king. It were no remarkable occurrence, therefore, if one of them should be shut up in Borsippa, and the other slain in the capital.

Confirmation which comes in this form, clearing up discrepancies before existing, has a double force. And confirmation of the truth of the Old Testament is likewise confirmation of its divine origin and authority. Some would fain separate the history from the religion of the Bible. But they are so connected, that they must stand or fall together. Admit that the history contained in the Old Testament is true, and you have admitted premises, from which its divine authority, as an inspired book, irresistibly follows.

Providence is now laying the foundations for a new structure of arguments to confirm his written word. As infidelity becomes more bold and rife, and as science falsely so called is brought into the conflict with inspired truth, God is causing true science to raise new fortresses around his word.—Puritan Recorder.

THE EVANGELICAL CONFERENCE AT PARIS AND THE ROMANISTS.—The Paris correspondent of the London Atlas makes the following remarkable statement:—"The success attending upon the meeting held last week by the evangelical missions of all nations in favour of free preaching, has inspired the most ungodly authorities who had sought to oppose it, and on Monday news arrived of the arrest of three priests from Burgundy, who had come up to Paris to attend the meeting, while the Hotel of the Ave Maria, inhabited entirely by provincial ecclesiastics visiting the capital, has been twice subjected to a search by the police, it is supposed in quest of other inquiring curas."