

The Presbyterian Witness

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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

VOL. VIII.

HALIFAX, N. S., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

NO. 35.

Labour and Rest

"Two hands upon the breast, and labor is past."
—Russian proverb.

"Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest—
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute
And wrath at peace."
"I may we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not."
"Two hands to work address
Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe his love,
Never more fears."
So cry we afterwards, low at our knees:
Pardon these erring prayers! Father hear these.
Anonymous.

A Plea for Union.

(To the Editor of the Montreal Witness.)

Sir,—The efforts recently made, by the Synods of the United and Free Presbyterian Churches, towards arriving at such an understanding as might lead to their eventual amalgamation, must have been observed with interest, especially by those who like the writer entertain the conviction, that the time has come for taking the initiatory steps towards the reunion of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. I have long been impressed with the firm and conscientious belief, that the divisions in the Presbyterian body were injurious to its efficiency and detrimental to the cause of true religion. Situated, as Presbyterians are in Canada, possessed of the broadest political liberty, and the widest latitude for the exercise of freedom of conscience, there can be here, no room for the discussion of questions unlikely to rise, and in fact excluded from arising, and no reason for remaining at a distance from the cause of the enticement of diverse views abstract questions, adapted to the circumstances of Scotland. There are, then, in Canada, three prominent sections of the Presbyterian Church, all acknowledging in the main the Westminster standards, and holding the same general views of Divine truth, the United Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Free Presbyterian Church of Canada or Free Church, and the United Presbyterian Church of Canada. Although these bodies approximate so nearly, there has been, and there is, keen opposition to each other, and the result is injurious in the extreme, as I view it. While I am no advocate for that semblance of unity—that dead uniformity which would serve but as an extinguisher to all vitality, yet I believe, humanly speaking, a real essential union, possessed of vitality and productive of good, might be effected among these Churches; and in the present paper, I will jiljy urge three reasons in favour of such a union.

1. We have here before us three churches, which may number in all some 200 ministers. There is spread out before them a wide field, ripe to the harvest; divided as they now are they cannot occupy it, but holding as they substantially do, the same standards, and inculcating the same doctrines, in view of the position of our country, do not these ministers and their people incur the guilt of selfishly remaining asunder? Do not their differences cause the adversary to triumph, and can they put from them the responsibility? This is a solemn question for the consideration of Christian ministers and people, and I much fear it is susceptible of but one answer. May such a spirit of christian accommodation, and such a closer resemblance to our great Head and Master be given to us, that we may be enabled to put this sin away from us all. But as I only desire to suggest topics for reflection, I submit another reason.

2. Does not the present position of the three churches restrain and hinder their usefulness? I admit freely, for instance, that the secession of 1843 has, under God, proved of great service to the church and the world, that it has exhibited a great spectacle of Christian liberality, that it has exerted a wide spread moral influence, that it has resulted in quickening both the old church and the new to increased efforts in the home and foreign fields of the world; but, admitting all this, I firmly believe, that a severance which may still be justifiable in Scotland is unjustifiable in Canada, and I humbly trust that Christian men will yet see it to be so. Just look at the result of the present state of matters. The pastorate is confessedly less remunerated of all the professions, and there is the cry from all the churches of the want of men to fill the vacancies occurring from time to time in the sacred office. In a rising country like Canada, with a scattered population, and with a people untrained to giving, the difficulty is increased, and the available men we have, instead of being planted in such a manner as to meet the wants of the population, are too often congregated upon a limited field, interfering with and thwarting each other. Go into many of our small towns or settled townships and you find a pastor of each of the three sections of the church, where, perhaps, there is room and comfortable support for but one. All this is wrong, and I earnestly trust events may be so ordered that this unseemly division may be healed, and that all may be led to the conclusion, that they are brethren in support, and so ought to be one.

3. I submit that the cause of religion demands the burying of our present unseemly differences. Our differences are a stumbling block in the way of the Romanist, and a jeer to the infidel. Our differences destroy that wholesome moral influence, which a united church might exert upon the mind of the peo-

ple—they impede the progress of the truth; they, I fear, cause many in the outskirts of our country to be deprived of ministerial teaching; they suffer many of our youth to grow up, careless of the Sabbath and unattached to the house of worship, not learning "to assemble themselves together." In short, I very much fear, that our differences are detrimental to our highest interests, and detrimental to the spread of true and undefiled religion.

On review then of the whole matter, is there not room for a careful examination of this subject in all its bearings? Is there not a call for earnest supplication for more light, that if the union of the churches would be productive of real good, it may be entered upon? I do not indeed anticipate a speedy settlement of our present differences. I believe that time, that earnest prayerful working will be needed, but I do humbly trust that I may yet be privileged to see a Presbyterian Church, not for Canada only, but for British North America, meeting together in general assembly and consulting for the good of the people entrusted to their charge, in spiritual things. Such a church, training up at its Divinity Hall, ministers, and independently after examination, if it thought fit, receiving licentiates of the Church of Scotland, the Free Church, United Presbyterian Church, and the Irish Presbyterian Church might, under God's blessing, prove an honoured instrument in His hands for good in this rising country. To this, I believe events are tending. The Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, I understand, long ago placed on the record, an avowal of its willingness to heal the breaches in the walls of our Zion. The United Presbyterian Church has declared in favor of cultivating a union with other evangelical Presbyterian bodies, and appointed a committee to treat with the Free Church, who on their part have appointed a similar committee. The work then is in progress—difficulties will no doubt arise but they may be surmounted, and I trust that though the day may be distant, yet the standard of union now unfurled and displayed to view may be kept floating upon the breeze, until it is permitted to surmount the walls of the Presbyterian Church of British North America.

I am, yours faithfully,
A Layman and Member of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland.
A. S., 1855.

Home Work.
"I should love to be a missionary!" said Lizzie, as she stood leaning on the window-sill, apparently watching the falling flakes of snow, but in reality looking at nothing in particular, but merely indulging her own fancies.

Mrs Barton sat by the fire sewing diligently, and occasionally rocking the cradle in which lay a sleeping infant. She took no notice of Lizzie's remarks; indeed it did not seem to be addressed to her, though Lizzie fully intended she should hear it. At length, leaving the window, she seated herself on a low seat by her mother, saying as she did so, "Mamma, should you like to have me be a missionary when I grow up?" "I can answer that question better some years hence, my dear, when I see what are your qualifications for the missionary work."

Lizzie had never experienced that change of heart, which alone could qualify her for the arduous and self-denying duties of a missionary, and she supposed it, was that to which her mother referred. Not caring, however, to hear any thing said on the subject of personal religion, she turned at once to another topic. "The idea of being a missionary had, however, taken full possession of her mind, and she at last came to speak of it quite as a matter of course."

Lizzie's parents were good people, and warmly interested in all the religious objects of the day. With the missionary enterprise they had been familiar from the beginning. Lizzie, who had every fertile imagination, often pictured to herself the pleasure of a home in beautiful classic Greece, or beneath the shadows of Lebanon, or the spreading banyans of India. It was the romance of the thing that she loved, not the work itself. The thought of denying herself to do good to others had never entered her mind.

One day, when Mrs Barton was going out, she said to her daughter, "Lizzie, I want you to lay aside your book now, and attend to your little brother until I return."

"Why, mamma, I can read and take care of him too. It is too bad to have to leave this interesting story just in the midst."

"I prefer that you should lay aside your book," said her mother, gently but decidedly; "Willie has had a long nap, and now that he is fully awake he wants to be amused."

Lizzie threw down her book, exclaiming impatiently, "Well, it is too bad."

Mrs Barton saw the motion and heard the words, but said nothing. Her daughter was evidently in no mood to receive reproof, or profit by advice. Meanwhile, Willie, seeing his mother go out, set up a loud scream, and it was some time before his impatient sister could pacify him. She probably would not have succeeded at all, if he had not stopped crying from exhaustion. "Dear me," thought Lizzie, "what a trouble children are; I do wish mamma could afford to hire a nursery maid." Lizzie forgot that she had once been as young, and probably as troublesome as Willie.

Before Mrs Barton returned, the children came home from school, and rushed into the sitting room, expecting to find their mother. "What do you come in here with your things?" said Lizzie, angrily. "See there George, your boots are all mud, and you have left some on the carpet. Emma, why did you not take off your bonnet in the entry?" "The string is in a hard knot. Do untie it, Lizzie."

"I can't, I have got Willie to take care of," was the unkind reply. Emma's little red

hands were too full to undo it herself, and she began to cry. "Willie, don't cry," said his mother with a sigh, as she sat always on the floor. "Don't cry, Willie, don't cry," said his mother, as she sat always on the floor. "Don't cry, Willie, don't cry," said his mother, as she sat always on the floor.

"I do not see that they were to blame," replied her mother. "Poor little Emma could not possibly undo her bonnet string with her cold hands. If you had done it for her she would not have cried." Her crying made Willie cry, and George, who is very fond of Emma, was crying because she was neglected.

"You always blame me, mamma, when anything goes wrong with the children," said Lizzie, pettishly.

Mrs Barton looked reproachfully at her long, pale, faded cheeks. After a long pause, her mother resumed the conversation. "You Lizzie, as the elder sister, occupy an important position in the family. You might be a great help to me in training the younger children, if your influence was what it ought to be."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say." Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

"Why, mamma, I do not see how any one can practise them at home?" "It is the best possible place to practise them," replied her mother. "Self-denial, earnest desire for the welfare of others, and willingness to bear trials cheerfully, go to make up the character of a missionary. Where can you practise these virtues better than at home?" "I do not believe, mother, that the missionaries have much more to try than I have. It seems as if things were always going wrong with me."

"I hope, my dear, they meet their trials in a different spirit. And what trials have you, my child, that do not spring from your own ungoverned passions? Be assured, if you are not a good daughter and a good sister, you will never make a good missionary. Change of place, of climate, of associations, will not change your heart."

"As might be expected, several things went notwithstanding their watchfulness. He congratulated herself that she had succeeded as well as at first. She had yet to be continued her fruitless efforts and the trials of life in her own heart. For to be with such results as she prized herself on what she did make, and attributed to her peculiar situation. She then talked as much as ever of a subject of missions, and was frequently hinted on the subject by other members of the family. If she complained of the heat, she was told that she would never do to live in India. Her French verbs tried her patience, she reminded that they were not learning in comparison with the unlearned dialects in which missionaries were obliged to converse. She went on for about three years, when Lizzie became a hopeful convert, to the great joy of her parents. The change which was a radical one. Not that her selfishness and irritability were overcome at once, it required many a painful struggle, and prayer and watchfulness; but she had learned now to whom to look for aid, and she took new views of life and life's duties."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say." Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

"Why, mamma, I do not see how any one can practise them at home?" "It is the best possible place to practise them," replied her mother. "Self-denial, earnest desire for the welfare of others, and willingness to bear trials cheerfully, go to make up the character of a missionary. Where can you practise these virtues better than at home?" "I do not believe, mother, that the missionaries have much more to try than I have. It seems as if things were always going wrong with me."

"I hope, my dear, they meet their trials in a different spirit. And what trials have you, my child, that do not spring from your own ungoverned passions? Be assured, if you are not a good daughter and a good sister, you will never make a good missionary. Change of place, of climate, of associations, will not change your heart."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say." Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

"Why, mamma, I do not see how any one can practise them at home?" "It is the best possible place to practise them," replied her mother. "Self-denial, earnest desire for the welfare of others, and willingness to bear trials cheerfully, go to make up the character of a missionary. Where can you practise these virtues better than at home?" "I do not believe, mother, that the missionaries have much more to try than I have. It seems as if things were always going wrong with me."

"I hope, my dear, they meet their trials in a different spirit. And what trials have you, my child, that do not spring from your own ungoverned passions? Be assured, if you are not a good daughter and a good sister, you will never make a good missionary. Change of place, of climate, of associations, will not change your heart."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say." Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."

"Why, mamma, I do not see how any one can practise them at home?" "It is the best possible place to practise them," replied her mother. "Self-denial, earnest desire for the welfare of others, and willingness to bear trials cheerfully, go to make up the character of a missionary. Where can you practise these virtues better than at home?" "I do not believe, mother, that the missionaries have much more to try than I have. It seems as if things were always going wrong with me."

"I hope, my dear, they meet their trials in a different spirit. And what trials have you, my child, that do not spring from your own ungoverned passions? Be assured, if you are not a good daughter and a good sister, you will never make a good missionary. Change of place, of climate, of associations, will not change your heart."

"I am sure I have not much influence over them, mamma. They do not love me much, and they never mind any thing I say." Lizzie did not speak angrily at this time, and her mother replied, "It is your own fault if they do not love you. Ask yourself honestly, Lizzie, whether you have ever tried to win their love. Have you taken an interest in what interests them? Have you been kind, and gentle, and patient with them? Have you ever willingly given up your own pleasure to try and make them happy?"

Lizzie's conscience, however, told her that her mother was right, and she began to think that her little prying fingers were busy with the mysteries of her work. So she generally sent them out of doors, or somewhere, she did not care where, so they were out of her way. It was just as her mother had said—Lizzie's brothers and sisters did not love her, because she would not let them.

She knew that she was selfish, and irritable, and impatient, and she began to feel vexed with herself to think it was so, when her mother quietly resumed, "Your influence over them is very great, whether they love you or not. Every day you are unconsciously moulding their characters,—making impressions for good or evil, which will never be effaced." You talk a great deal about missionary life, but, my dear child, you have not yet begun to cultivate at home those traits of character and disposition, which alone could fit you for such a work."