

# The Presbyterian Witness,

## AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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

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### A Psalm for the Times.

FROM "THE GLORY OF THE KINGDOMS."

The Father hath the judgment set,  
And now reveals the Son  
As King of kings and Lord of lords,  
His high anointed one—

Who has a name o'er every name,  
A throne o'er every throne—  
Who governor of nations is,  
Creator, God, alone!

The King who sitteth on the floods,  
Who now with iron rod  
Shall rule the kingdoms, fill their power  
Confess that He is God.

Now to the heavens He doth call,  
And to the earth below,  
That rulers may before Him fall,  
And all His power may know.

For He shall as a potter break  
The kingdoms of the earth,  
Till o'er the prostrate powers of hell  
The saints rejoice with mirth.

True heroes in immortal strife!  
The horse and rider strong,  
Do battle with the word of life,  
And rout the alien throng.

Now forth they ride; who may abide  
Their coming and their ire—  
The God-girt might of saints in light,  
With words of living fire?

For in the strength of God the Lord,  
Who rides in heaven high,  
They follow Him in righteousness,  
And dreadful majesty.

"In garments white,"—their sword, "the Light,"  
That cuts through error's maze,  
And deeds of darkness put to flight  
By truth's eternal rays.

Ye princes of the people! now,  
Arise! anoint the shield!  
All kingdoms must to Jesus bow,  
And Satan quit the field.

For nations that have bowed down  
To image great or small,  
Must to "our King" bring every crown,  
"And crown Him Lord of all."

Now, conqueror, He rideth forth  
In glory and in might,  
From east and west, and north and south,  
"The People's Lord almighty!"

Till all God's Israel are sealed,  
And o'er the Dragon slain,  
Our God in glory is revealed,  
And saints with Jesus reign.

From True Tales for Spare Hours.

### The Sea Boy's Grave.

"All tears wiped off from every eye,  
They wandered where the freshest pastures lie,  
Through all the nightless day of that unending sky."

As we drew near to the end of our voyage from the West Indies, the weather became squally, and we had occasionally a good deal of sea, which made things very uncomfortable on board. A sailor, who had behaved very ill at the outset of the voyage, and with whom the men had declined keeping company, had been seized with a fever; and although it had been in some measure subdued, yet the poor fellow was in a very dangerous state. He had been a bad and wicked man; and now that he was apparently drawing near to death, it was desirable that some care and kindness might be shown him in regard to his soul. The captain and crew were very indifferent upon the subject; and I had been so ill, that I was scarcely able to get out of my berth. There happened, however, to be a boy on board, who went among the sailors by the nickname of Pious Jack; or what was, perhaps, equally to his honour, or to the honour of the philanthropist from whom he derived it, they used to call him Jack Raikes, from his having been educated in one of the Sunday-schools of "Robert Raikes of Gloucester" of which city the boy, John Pelham, was a native. Poor Jack, however, cared very little for the sneers and scoffs of the seamen; and the meekness, patience, and temper, with which he endured the jibes and jeers of many on board, often gave me occasion to say, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, that thou mightest still the enemy."

When Williams, the poor sailor, was dying, and indeed all the time he had been ill, nobody had shown him any kindness except little Jack and a negro woman who was on board, the attendant of a child, whom she was bringing over to some relations in England. This woman, who was always called Cleo, ministered to the wants of the dying seaman, nursing him with great tenderness, and preparing with her own hands whatever she thought would be likely to tempt his sickly appetite. The little Creole whom Cleo had in charge was a sweet child, about four years old. I saw her very seldom, for she generally amused herself on deck, when the weather would permit, playing with a pet kid which had been spared for her sake, and which followed her wherever she went. She had taught it to go down and up the companion ladder; and she would bring it in her arms into my cabin, almost every morning, when she came to ask how I did.

This excellent negress was kind and attentive to the sick and young; for we had two or three of both on board; and though she had little idea of the profounder doctrines of Christianity, yet she possessed some knowledge of the truth, and she had a deep sympathy for the soul of the dying man. She could not read herself, but she knew that the Bible revealed the Christian's God, and taught the way to heaven; and she would sit with devout attention, listening to every word which the dear boy, Jack, read from that holy book, not only from day to day, but whenever he could persuade Williams to hearken to it. Things had gone on in this way for some time, when one day Jack came into my cabin, his face bathed in tears, a look of horror on

countenance, his whole frame trembling with agitation, and himself unable to speak; I thought from his appearance that poor Williams was dead, and that he had left poor Jack no "hope in his death."

"What's the matter, Jack?" I said, starting up on my elbow in bed. "What has happened? Williams—is he dead?"

"Dear sir," said the boy, regardless of my question, "Williams—poor Williams! he is in agony of soul; he says he is lost—that he is a ruined sinner—that he must, he must—O! I cannot say the word—he says God will cast him into the place," continued Jack, in a burst of inexpressible anguish, "where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth! O! what shall I say to him?"

"Dear boy," I said, "do not afflict your soul so bitterly. It is well that Williams feels all this; take it, my child, as a token for good from the hand of your heavenly Father, who is not ungrateful of your prayers and labours of love for this trembling sinner. Go to him again, bid him call upon God; he has said, 'Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will deliver thee!' Tell him that God is indeed, as he believes him to be, a just God, who will by no means clear the guilty without an atonement; bid him believe in the blood of that atonement already made for the sins of many; tell him God can be just, even while he pardons all his sins, if he throws himself upon his mercy in Christ Jesus. Say to him, it is not too late to believe—neither is it too late for God to have mercy; the Lord delighteth in mercy; only let him seek repentance at the throne of grace, and faith in the blood that cleanseth from all sin. O! say to him, God waiteth to be gracious."

"Sir," replied Jack, "I have told him all this already; but he says he cannot believe it. He says every body's sins are forgiven but his. I have told him the history of the thief on the cross—of the labourer called at the eleventh hour—of the lost sheep—and all the parables about God's love to sinners—and how Christ came into the world on purpose to save sinners, even the chief. But he says he cannot believe it; and he will not pray!"

"Nevertheless, go to him again, my dear good boy; read to him, and I will come and pray with him." This I said, not knowing that the boy was able of himself to pray for another.

I rose with difficulty, and found my way into the place where Williams was sitting up in his hammock, his face pale and ghastly, his eyes sunk in his forehead, and his bosom labouring with the heavy respiration of death. Jack and Cleo were both on their knees beside his berth; and the little child, not well knowing the meaning of what she did, had crossed her face with her hands; but she was evidently looking through her half-closed eyelids. Jack was reading the office for the sick. Williams, deeply agitated, his hands clasped, and his emaciated fingers convulsively compressed against each other, was now and then attempting to pray. After every petition, the little seaboys paused for the dying man's response, saying, he would read no further if Williams still refused to pray to God.

"Open thine eye of mercy, O most gracious God," said the boy at last, closing the book, and speaking, I suppose, from memory, or perhaps out of the abundance of his own heart, "Open thine eye of mercy upon this dying man, who most earnestly desireth pardon and forgiveness, but will not pray for it."

"O, earnestly!" exclaimed the wretched man, with a voice so full of the bitterness of death, that it sent back the blood in a cold shiver to my heart.

"Renew in him, most loving Father," continued the little intercessor, "whatever hath been decayed by the fraud of malice, of the devil, or by his own carnal will; O, impute not unto him the guilt of his former sins."

The boy here paused again, and looked with an eye of supplication upon Williams, beseeching him, as if with the whole tenderness of his soul, to reiterate the petition; but Williams replied only with a look of horror, "For the sake of Christ," resumed the little suppliant, "who love our sins in his own body upon the cross, show thy pity on Harry Williams!"

The boy again paused, and taking the hand of Williams, attempted, by an act of kindness and compassion, to raise it into an attitude of supplication.

"He has no hope, O Lord, but in thy sweet mercy! O, visit him with thy benign salvation."

"I have no hope!" at last exclaimed the man, wringing his hands in despair; "I have no hope!"

"O, look down from the height of thy sanctuary, and hear the groaning of this poor prisoner, and loose him who seemeth now to be appointed unto death!"

"O, I am appointed unto death!"

"O Lord! wilt thou not regard the cry of the destitute? behold, he is destitute! we can do nothing to help him—help thou him, O our God!"

"Help me, O my God!"

"O Lord, save! save this poor dying man; O, save Harry Williams!"

"Lord, save Harry Williams!" was uttered by all present; even by the little child; and Williams, softened by their affectionate sympathy, and doubtless also by the power of that word which is both spirit and life, melted into tenderness, and, falling back on his pillow, shed a torrent of tears.

These tears, the first that had moistened his burning brain since the commencement of his sickness, evidently brought relief to his overburdened spirit. As drops of rain to the bruised reed, or as the evening breeze to the smoking flax, they were just what nature required at this moment of deep extremity. I sat by him till the emotion that swelled his heart and filled his eye had somewhat subsided; and, commending him to the Father of mercies, withdrew to my cabin.

I did not see him again for many days after this, my own indisposition having increased,

but I heard of him often, both from Jack and the negro woman. Every moment the boy could spare from the duties of his station on board, was occupied in reading the Scriptures to Williams, who was now often engaged in prayer for himself; and he began by degrees to talk less of the justice of God, a subject which had always filled him with alarm, and more of his love.

After a few days, being considerably better, I told Jack that I would see Williams to-morrow. Cleo, however, said that she thought Williams was now too near his end for me to delay my visit; I therefore arose in the evening, and went again to his berth.

The horror, so strongly marked in every feature the first time I saw him, had dwelt upon my mind, and, on entering the little place where he was lying in his cot, I dreaded the idea of looking on him again. But how sweet was my surprise, when I beheld in poor Williams, no, in happy Williams, a countenance of the most touching placidity, and of a placidity so soft, that one would have thought that death, which was evidently upon the very threshold, was the object, not of fear, but of long-desired approach. He had suffered much in the interval between my former visit and this, from many doubts and fears; but now they seemed to have been all subdued; and he said to me, with the triumph of one deeply conscious to whom the glory was due, "I am a conqueror through Him that loved me! O! that wonderful love!"

I spoke to him for some time of the grounds on which he built his hopes, and was much satisfied with all he said in reply. He heard me with all the attention and courtesy which the subject demanded; but he seemed as if he thought—so grateful was he—that he wronged his young friend, in deriving consolation from any one's conversation but his. Every word the boy now uttered was as much a source of joy to Williams as it had formerly been to me. He said to him, two or three times that night, referring to the struggle he had had in the morning, "It is calm now, Jack—all calm. Is this peace?"

"Yes," replied he, "I trust it is peace, the peace of God, which the Bible says passeth all understanding."

"Who has given me this peace?" said Williams, as if he delighted in the ascription of praise to his divine Redeemer, "Who hath given me this peace?"

"Christ," said the boy, in a voice so solemn and so soft, that it seemed like the breathing of some ministering angel, rather than the articulation of a human voice. "Christ is our peace; he hath made peace for us."

"Yes," said Williams, "by the blood of his cross!"

Whether it was that the near presence of death naturally tends to unnerve us, or that my spirits were weak from long confinement, I cannot tell, but I felt compelled, at this moment, to steal away, to hide the emotion gathering around my heart, which I was unable any longer to repress.

I lay awake all night, meditating on the things I had seen and heard in poor Harry's berth. No sound disturbed the repose of all on board, except the man at the helm, as he chanted, from time to time, some doleful ditty. In the midst of this calm the spirit of Harry Williams winged its flight aloft, entering into the presence of Him whom the Heaven of heavens cannot contain, and mingling with the thousand of thousands of ministering spirits which, "thick as stars, surround his throne."

The next day but one the body of Williams was committed to the mighty deep. The poor boy on this occasion, seemed to feel as if, for the first time, that his friend and pupil was no more. But when he heard the heavy plunge of the corps in the water, when he heard the waves, with a gurgling sound, close about the body, and shut out forever all that remained of Harry Williams, the boy, unable any longer to control the violence of his feelings, uttered a piercing cry, and, so infectious is unfeigned sorrow that many an iron countenance, that gave little indication of a kind heart within, was that day bedewed with tears.

I look upon the whole circumstances of this day's scene as a merciful and providential preparation for what followed; for, three days after, as we drew near the Land's End, a strong gale of wind from the west south-west sprung up, and, missing the port in the Channel for which we were bound, we made for the Downs, expecting to have come to anchor there; but the wind shifted, and, continuing even more boisterous than at the first, we were glad to stand out to sea. We sprung a leak, and were driven at the mercy of the wind and waves for three days and three nights, until we knew not well where we were. It would be in vain for me to attempt to describe the feelings of those on board. The moment of danger is not the time for any one to seek peace with God; and that which dare to accomplish. Now, indeed, is always an acceptable time, and God forbid that I should limit the mercy that is measureless; but they who have neglected the great salvation in the day of sunshine and of calm, come with a load of aggravated provocations before God, when they draw near to him only in the whirlwind and the storm.

The wind being somewhat abated, in the course of the fourth day from our leaving the Channel, we made the Firth of Forth, and came to anchor. But the storm, which during the last two or three hours had subsided into a sullen calm, burst out again, towards sunset, with tremendous fury, and driving us from our moorings, it carried us among the islands of the Firth. At half-past eleven o'clock, in the absence of moon and stars, and amid cries of "Breakers ahead!" we struck upon a sunken rock, the mainmast coming down with a fearful crash.

In the midst of all this outward misery and distress, I felt a keener edge set to my own sufferings by witnessing the affliction of the affectionate negress, and the anguish with which she gazed upon her "Massa's child."

Her own fate she seemed to meet with heroic firmness, sustained, I hope, by her confidence in God, and her trust in the Redeemer. "But Massa's child, my Missis' little girl!"—she wrung her hands over her in unutterable agony! Her deep despair was strangely contrasted by the infantine composure of the child. For the last half hour she had held her little bleating pet in her lap, saying she would not have Nanny to be drowned; and when she saw Cleo, and Jack, and I, and all, I may say, engaged at intervals in prayer, she would try to imitate us, saying, with a most solemn look, "Lord, let me die with Cleo, and Jack will pray for me to Jesus Christ!"

The flood-tide set in, the breakers on the rock became more and more tremendous. The boat was hoisted out, but the shore presented no hope whatever of safety, for it was one unbroken reef of rocks and shoving stones, on which the sea was dashing with a noise like thunder. I determined to abide by the wreck; and seeing I could but die, while I had life I left no means of self-protection unimproved; so, lashing myself to a spar, I silently witnessed the embarkation of Cleo and her child, dear Jack, and some other of the sailors, in the boat. With much difficulty the men were enabled to get a little bit of sail, and made for the shore, in the presence of hundreds of spectators, who were looking with anguish upon our miserable situation. When they put off from the wreck, they went pretty well for about a quarter of a mile or so, the sail keeping them buoyant, and the boat standing with her head against the waves. But as she drew nearer and nearer the surf, a tremendous squall involved them all in darkness, and torrents of rain quite shut them out from our view. But, O! how shall I relate what followed?—the sky cleared away as suddenly as it was overcast—the squall subsided—the sun shone out—we looked, and looked again till our eye-balls were almost bursting from their sockets—we strained our vision again to look; and the cry, "Where's the boat?—where's the boat?"—the shriek from the spectators on the cliffs, and the groans from my fellow-sufferers on the wreck, came at once with a louder and more fearful sweep than even the wildest ravings of the tempest.

Again it returned, in one simultaneous burst of anguish. The sea, indeed, answered the demand, and gave up the boat; but she gave not up the dead;—the boat appeared, driven with her keel above the waters; but her interesting freight was gone for ever!

O! the horrors of that moment! And yet, amid them all, while I clung shivering to the shrouds of the vessel, expecting every moment as I followed up by the merciless sea, I felt, as if it were, a beam of light cross my soul as I followed in spirit the sailor boy, and beheld him, with his ransomed companions, enter into the joy of his Lord!

The wreck, contrary to all human calculation, continued to hold together till next morning, when the storm having been succeeded by a calm, that smiled, as it were, on the ruin its predecessors had accomplished, my fellow-sufferers and myself were brought, by the kind care of the fishermen on the coast, safe to land.

Being much exhausted, I went to bed in a little cottage, whose generous owner hospitably opened her door to receive me. In the evening I arose, and went to view the bodies of those who had been washed ashore. On the low but decent bed of the little village ale-house, Cleo and her "Massa's child" were lying. They were clasped together in an inseparable embrace—the child's hand resting on the bosom of her nurse; and the swarthy arms of Cleo were locked around her little darling; while death itself, which severs the sweetest and fondest ties of human tenderness, here appeared only to have rendered their communion more indissoluble. They were buried in each other's arms.

I was turning away from the last view of their remains, when I perceived that poor Nanny the pet kid, who had survived by swimming ashore, and who had followed me into the room, had clung with its fore-feet upon the bed, and was licking the hand of its sweet little playmate.

Poor Jack—less honored, but surely not less worthy of honour—was laid out on a sheet on the floor, a blue checkered shirt his only shroud! On his hands and face a few scratches were visible, which he had received from the rocks. Yet his countenance wore a heavenly expression; and, stooping down, I robbed his head of a little lock of auburn hair. His effects—alas! how poor! and yet how rich!—were spread upon a table in the room, and consisted of a little leathern purse, in which was a well-kept half-crown and a solitary sixpence! His Bible, which he had ever accounted his chief riches, and from which he had derived treasures of wisdom and knowledge, was placed by his side. I took it up, and observed, engraven on its clasp of brass, these words:—"The gift of Robert Raikes to J. R. Pelham, Gloucester." O Raikes! this is one gem of purest light, indeed; but it is but one of the many thousand gems that dash and circle their radiant head in that day when the Lord of hosts shall make up his jewels! For they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.

**Affairs in Italy.**

The following communication of the French correspondent of the *New York Observer*, pointing out the present condition of the different States of Italy, is interesting:—

"Amid the great crisis which is agitating Europe, and which may lead to the most momentous events, what is passing in Italy? There are more than twenty million inhabitants in this country. If they were united under one central government, they would surely have great weight in the balance of Europe. The Italians are naturally intelligent, generous, open to noble ideas and chivalrous sentiments. They formerly gave proofs of moral energy and military courage; but now, with the exception of the Piedmontese, they are

doing nothing, and how can they do anything? Some suffer beneath a foreign yoke, others no less unhappy, are subject to petty despotic sovereigns. The system of the political and religious chiefs is to enervate their poor subjects, to keep them as ignorant as possible, to check their communications with other civilized nations, to discourage commerce and industry, to enjoin silence upon the enlightened, and punish mercilessly those who express a thought of independence. What race of mankind could always resist a system so demoralizing?"

Mazzini, it is true, appeals earnestly and constantly to his compatriots. He is indefatigably active, and fears not to expose himself to personal danger in order to attain his end. He has numerous partisans, especially among the middle class of society. I would not like to judge Mazzini and his friends too severely. They have, in their misfortune, a special title to sympathy; and in striving to emancipate their native land, they believe they are performing the first and highest duty. Justice, however, must stand before pity. Mazzini does not appear to possess the qualities requisite for the eminent position assigned to him. He is an enthusiastic dreamer rather than a able statesman. He does not consider sufficiently either the obstacles or the means, and so far he has compromised the Italian cause without effectually serving it. His motto: *God and the people*, is too vague. Mazzini wants firm principles, consistency and authority. He may have in some degree the talent of a revolutionist, but not at all that of a powerful liberator. He is not a Washington, and Italy will require another man to achieve her liberty, if it ever is achieved.

The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom remains quiet. There are no movements—no public manifestations. Old Marshal Radetzky is there, with his iron arm and inflexible system. He is not naturally a cruel man. On the contrary, he has often tried to mitigate the sentence pronounced by the military tribunals. But he occupies a position which blinds his judgment and hardens his heart. Every man who refuses to accept the Austrian domination docilely is criminal in his eyes.

The police of Radetzky were recently informed that some Mazzinians were assembled in a private house in Milan, and were forming a plot against the Austrian authorities. The agents presented themselves at the door of the suspected room, and demanded admittance. No reply being made, they forced the door, and found twenty conspirators, some say sixty, who were immediately taken to prison. Among them are some young men of high families, lawyers, writers, &c. Unhappy victims of their patriotism; they revive the memory of the sufferings of Silvio Pellico!

The inhabitants of the kingdom of Naples are perhaps in a worse condition than the Lombards and Venetians. Their king Ferdinand, who belongs to the degenerate race of the Bourbons, is perfidious and cruel, bigoted in his religious persuasion and practice, violating the most solemn oaths, and committing every imaginable injustice through fear or cruelty. He has numerous Swiss regiments which defend him from the just indignation of his subjects. The honorable Mr. Gladstone has disclosed to Europe how many noble captives are confined in the dark dungeons of the Neapolitan States, and what cruel tortures are inflicted upon them. The journals relate that some political prisoners recently intended to appeal to the royal clemency; but before executing this purpose, they advised with other prisoners belonging to the highest class of society; and these having discouraged them from doing so, the government redoubled its cruelty towards them.

The *Republique de Cabul* was led from his cell to *Naples* under a strong escort, and no one knows what has become of him!

There is nothing new in the Pontifical States. The priestly government continues to be the worst and most demoralizing in Europe. The Pope is surrounded with foreign troops because he dares not trust his own subjects. The administration of justice is committed to the arbitrary power of a secret Inquisition. The public finances are in a disordered state; intrigue and venality everywhere prevail; agriculture and all branches of industry are neglected. Barlesque spectacles are exhibited in the churches to amuse the populace. This is the condition of the once proud Romans!

The grand duke of Tuscany, Leopold, is a good man, but destitute of political abilities, ignorant of the wants of the people, feeble and undecided in character, surrounded by priests who take advantage of his narrow-minded scruples, and he is completely subject to the Austrian influence. The Tuscans would excel in the arts and sciences, and in commerce, if they were under a liberal government; but they were under an oppressive and apathetic under the present regime.

The chiefs of the small duchies of *Modena*, *Parma*, and *Placencia*, are the servile instruments of Rome and Vienna. Their authorities of Rome and Vienna. Their instruments is so hateful that insurrections have broken out in these countries although there was not the least hope of success. These revolutionary attempts have been repressed, and the vanquished were cruelly punished. Let us hope that the blood of the political victims will not have been shed in vain.

Piedmont and Sardinia are the only portions of Italy which enjoy some liberty. The press there is independent; the different religious communions have the right to celebrate their worship; and the schools have been reformed. Piedmont, therefore, is described by the priests as the kingdom of *Satan*. Poor Italy! when will she rise from her grave?

**The Power of Prayer.**

The efficacy of prayer, to bring light and wisdom into the mind, peace into the conscience, submission into the will, and purity into the affections; to keep our garments clean, our armour bright, and our hearts joyful; to make us strong for the conflict, for service, or for suffering; to obtain sufficiency for our

deavour; to secure peace with our enemies or protection against them; to carry every point that is truly good for us; to bring down blessings on our families, friends, and country; to procure peace and prosperity to the Church, the conversion of sinners, and the spread of the gospel; and for all things which we can desire or conceive—must be allowed by every man who reverences the Scriptures, or knows what it is "to talk with God." Did men speculate and dispute less, and pray more, their souls would be "like a watered garden," fruitful, joyful, beautiful, and fragrant. Prayer is the first breath of divine life; it is the pulse of the believing soul, the best criterion of health or sickness, vigour or debility. By prayer we "draw water with joy from the wells of salvation;" by prayer faith puts forth its energy, in apprehending the promised blessings, and receiving from the Redeemer's fulness; in leaning on his Almighty arm, and making "his name our strong tower;" and in overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil. All other means of grace are made effectual by prayer; every doctrine and instruction produces its effect in proportion as this is attended to; every grace revives or languishes according to the same rule. Our grand conflict with Satan and our own hearts is about prayer; the sinner feels less reluctance, and meets with less resistance, in all other means of grace, than in retiring to "pour out his heart" secretly before God; and the believer will find his child, to consist in continuing instant and fervent in this spiritual exercise. If he succeed here, all else will eventually give place before him, and turn out to his benefit and comfort.—Rev. T. Scott.

### The Missionary Income of the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland for 1854.

As three-fourths of this double number are occupied by the accounts of the Treasurer for 1854, we shall, for the sake of those who may not be accustomed to study such documents, state here what the sums are which have been raised for our ordinary missionary purposes, for extra purposes, and for other missions:—

1. *Our Ordinary Missionary Purposes.*—The sums sent in for our ordinary missionary operations amount to £16,258. These have come from the following sources—Congregational contributions, £12,245; schools and societies, £257; individual donations, £279; legacies, £131; collections and donations for Continental Churches, £282; and contributions for Australia, £324. It will be observed that the sum of £16,258, raised for our ordinary missionary purposes, is about £700 less than the sum collected in 1853. The deficiency is accounted for by the fact that we had £873 less from legacies in 1854 than we had in 1853, and that during last year there was no collection for the Continental Churches. It is very encouraging that the two main sources of income—namely, congregational contributions and individual donations, are both larger than they were in the preceding year.

2. *Extra Purposes.*—This head includes the contributions for the extension of the Calabar Mission, and the collection for supplementing stipends—the former amounting to £2104, and the latter to £1872, or altogether to £3976. And,

3. *Other Missions.*—Under this title may be put £817 for Ireland, £208 for additional missionaries for China, and £1751 for Chinese Testaments; or together, £2271.

The missionary contributions for 1854, as reported in the following accounts, will therefore be found to stand thus:

1. For Ordinary Missions,	£16,258 --
2. For Extra Purposes,	3,476 --
3. For Other Missions,	2,271 --
	£22,005 --

Being the noble sum of TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED, which is fully Two Thousand Pounds more than our Church has raised in any previous year for strictly missionary purposes. This a result for which it becomes us to be devoutly grateful to God, which should induce us anew to erect our stone of remembrance, with the inscription,—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us; and which should prompt us to beseech God to pour out his richest blessings upon the contributors, and to make them feel both in their spiritual and temporal interests that it is indeed a high privilege to have a share in the good work of sustaining and extending the blessed cause of the divine Saviour.—Record.

### Fashionable Christians.

There may be fashionable men and women who profess to be christians, or there may be real christians who are ranked amongst fashionable people; but the traits of character described by the two terms never really co-exist in the same person at the same time. A definition of the terms will make this manifest.—A christian may be defined to be one who follows Christ, who aims to imitate his example, embraces his doctrines, and takes his precepts as the rule of his life. A fashionable man is one who makes the manners, habits, maxims, and principles of the society in which he ningles the rule of his faith and practice. The one places before him Christ and his law as his guiding star, the other makes the opinions and habits of a circle of society about him determine his conduct. Now, unless that circle be a thoroughly christian one, the fashionable man cannot be a christian. Wherever Christ's law comes in conflict with the law of fashion, he must either follow it, and by so doing cease to be fashionable, or he must follow the law of fashion, and by so doing forfeit his title to being a christian. If he is willing to be one of fashion among his neighbors rather than to break Christ's laws, then he is a christian in the high and only real sense of that term; but if he will incur the frown of Christ rather than to appear straightened and singular in his opinions and actions, then he may be a fashion-