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The Right Must Win. Oh! it is hard to work for Cod, To rise and take his part Upon this battle-field of earth,

and not sometimes lose heart. He hides himself so wondrously, As though there were no God; He is least seen when all the powers Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour The fight is almost lost.

And seems to leave us to ourselves Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change To ill with greatest ease; And, worst of all, the good with good Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it locks; And we lose courage then; And doubts will come if God hath kept His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think; His ways are far above, Far above reason's height, and reached Only by child-like love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways Love's life-long study are; She can be bold, and guess, and act, When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own; Her step is firm and free; Yet there is cautious science, too, In her simplicity.

Workman of God! O lose not heart, But learn what God is like; And in the darkest battle-field Thou shalt know where to strike.

O, blessed is he to whom is given The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He Is most invisible!

And blessed is he who can divine Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blindfold eye!

O, learn to scorn the praise of men!
O, learn to love with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondre thing, Most strange in all its ys, And of all things on earth, least like What men agree to praise.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part!

God's justice is a bed where we Our anxious hearts may lay And, weary with ourselves, may sleep Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God; And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter, would be sin!

The Last Kiss.

wood, and the shadows swayed backwards and forwards on the chequered grass. On a clear-ed spot, a few broken sticks, the burnt and trodden-down grass, a few pots and pans scattered about, and a cart close by, marked the present the faging the control of the street about, and a cart close by, marked the present the clear of a gipsy encampment. What a pleasant life to lead, in the quiet woods, with the class heavens above, and the flower-covered the course which had been engaged,—that led to the crime which had so terrified him. He saw it down in the depths of that thick, dark wood; the saw the gipsies murder a man, a camehis night's rest amidst all the pleasant sights and sounds of the wood. He was not a gipsy, but he belonged to the gang; he had joined them out of love to that idle, roving life, and up to the last night, he was as well satisfied in it, as people ever are in the ways of six. But now, what would he not give, what would he not do, could he but change it? Did he but know where to go, or how to begin to earn his bread! Does he think of his nother,—does he think of his childhood? The does he think of his childhood? Scripture, "poverty cometh as one shart transcription." There

up for the night, he vowed he would not bear it,—no, he would not; he would go and get his own living, that he would. He did not know what getting his own living meant.

That night there was no Johnnie in the narrow cupboard. Where was he? No one could tell what had became of him. His mother came,—Where was her Johnnie? No one knew. From place to place she went searching for him in her anguish. One had seen him here; another had seen him there. When she got there, Johnnie was not there, but some one had seen him somewhere else. As soon as she got to the place, she was sent to another, then to nother, and so on. At length she heard some one had seen him near the river Lea, so to the river Lea she went. Yes he had been seen there and lately, but no one could say any thing more than that. no one could say any thing more than that.
The poor mother looked at the dark water; perhaps he had gone on the river in a boat, which was upset; but then some one would have known something about it. Perhaps he had gone down without leave to bathe, and was drowned. As soon as this frightful idea took possession of her mind, it seemed as though she must search the depth of the river. though she must search the depth of the riv- H-? One day as he rose from his knees, er. She was but a poor woman, what could she do? We know not now, but some one took compassion on her, and the river was dragged. In vain; Johnnie was not there; the body was not found; to his mother he was lost for ever.

He returned to the missionary, and said, he wished he could see his mother! Years had passed away since he left the little dirty court where she lived; it was not likely she was there now, and where and how should he find her? The misionary encouraged him in his

In his wandering life he sometimes saw the gipsies' tent. They seemed to sit very cheerfully round their fire; they always had enough to eat; it was pleasant living out in the woods; far better than the horrid holes he was obliged to hide himself in. Johnne bethought himself that he would like to be a gipsy. He was older now, too, and was getting stronger. He was no longer his poor mother's little Johnie. He left his companions, and became a gipsy.

For years he had followed the gipsy tent; he had learned their language, and all their cunning and wicked ways. He would go into the villages with clothes-pegs to sell, and short and short and short. fold at evening, he would kill a sheep, and then persuade the farmer that it had died in the night, and get it given to him, in consideration of taking off the skin. He would stea a hen or some game, and pop it under hi ragged coat, whenever an oportunity offered all these things and more he did, and yet he was content to lead this wicked life. that is, The sun glanced merily through the green wood, and the shadows swayed backwards and forwards on the chequered grass. On a clear morning we have described? That night down in the depths of that thick, dark wood; authful around us! It must be confessed, bowever, that no countenance of a poor bouseless boy, just waking from his morning's cleep under a butcher's block in Whitechapel, could present a more helpless expression of misery fear and discontent, than that visible face of a young lad, just rousing from this rest amidst all the pleasant sights us in another which is equally perile

was nothing to be had in the country: John H.—came to be a gipsy? Let us go Down H.—came to be a gipsy? Let us go back then a few years.

The husband of a poor woman died, and left her with four children. The three elder zere soon able to do something for themselves, be little Johnnie, the youngest one, was left entirely to his mother's care. To maintain him and herself the mother went out charring.

The mother level her child, but, she was a conce we have set our feet upon a child. The mother loved her child, but—she was a conce we have set our foot upon a slide, we must go, and we cannot stop; but need we set our foot upon a slide, when we see that

drunkard. She neither knew what was good or right herself, nor did she, could she, teach her child; yet still the mother loved her Johnnie. Every day when she went out, she gaye him something to eat, and left him to play in the streets till she came back. Johnnie, of course, learnt only wickedness in his street play; he learnt to steal. His mother, frightened too late, began to think of finding him something to do; and though he was but a little fellow, not eleven years old, she got him a place with a chairmaker, who was to teach him his business.

The first day passed slowly. It was very disagreable to sit working at chairmaking when the sun shone through the dim window and the voices of other boys at play were heard in the streets. Johnnie felt he had rather be with them, and he had always been accustomed to be where he liked, and it was very hard. Again, we have said that Johnnie's mother loved her child, and poor though

he was, the best of everything she could get, to her, and she to him, in this world. In this strait, he heard of a Christian man a missionwho contains given him to eat. At the strait, he heard of a Christian man a missionary in the was harder still. Then when night came instead of stretching himself on the floor, on his hay or chaff bed by the side of his mother, he was put to sleep in a narrow cupboard, so narrow that he could not lie down. This was hardest of all. As Johnnie crumpled himself up for the night, he vowed he would not bear it.—no, he would not; he would go and get sionary pitied him, helped him, gave him

And where was Johnnie? out far away on the road from London, with a company of young thieves on a plundering expedition. Money, food, clothes, poultry; any thing they could steal with a chance of escape they stole. Nevertheless, the life was a hard and a wretched one. Johnnie found it worse by far even then sleeping in the narrow cupboard. far even then sleeping in the narrow cupboard, bad though that was. The Bible says, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked;" and certainly the hardest fare, with a good conscience, is better than the softest and sweetest without. one recollected, "there was a person of that name, but she had gone long ago to—." At length they came to a miserable little lodging; yes, here she had really been, she had only just left; but where was she gone? She was taken ill, and had been removed to the workhouse at Shoreditch. To the workhouse they went. The missionary obtained an orhe teared to give the news he brought. He light over her bed, and spoke not of her son, but of her soul, of her Saviour. At length, but of her soul, of her Saviour. At length, recalling his sad errand, he began to ask about nual grant is, that the Government is repreher family, how many children had she?
"Three," she replied. "One was married "Three," she replied. "One was married, one was working at a butcher's." "Is one of them," said the missionary, "called John?"
The sick mother started up, and clasping her hands, said, "Johnnie," The missionary, and clasping her hands, said, "Johnnie, Johnnie, Joh covern, she exclaimed, "Must I see my dear till Johnie before I die? Oh, if I could his see him, I could die in comfort!" Do," The tregulation, recognizing these idolatrons are continued, seizing the missionary's hand, may good gentleman, for God's sake, let me my child!" The voice of his mother had two her Johnine from the door, and creeping softly behind the missionary just at moment, he peeped over his shoulder, it said, "Mother!" She sprang up with the moment he peeped over his shoulder, the minument had been compelled to administer trusts to might look on it, she screamed, "This blanke, 'its Johnine!" The poor sick people was called upon as collector of the dwas poisoned the next week. The blanke, 'its Johnine!" The poor sick people was the collector was called upon to exclude was poisoned the next week. The blanke, 'its Johnine!" The poor mother, and lined. When she came to herselfagain, Assionary tried to calm the hearts and discovernment released bim from the grant that the Government released him from the part time the collector was called upon to exclude the manner of reign! What riddles are there in that off correct the due administration of such trust.'

Of the wonderful prodigies expected throm the specimens!—

"The wonderful prodigies expected from this piece of silly and idolatrous superstition, take a few specimens!—

"The Bishop of Nantz says that 'on the day of the proclamation, mercy will take the place of justice, ineffable sweetness will see could thing will be the more vereious that they must be the more vereious that the papers of an officer under the minust.'

Of the wonderful prodigies expected from this piece of silly and idolatrous superstition, the act was the same and idolatrous superstition, the day and idolatrous superstition, the day and idolatrous superstition, the beginning of home the or the british of overnment heads to the wonderful prodigies expected from the loop of perhaps the story of the returning al—and kneeling down, he commended nother and son to the mercy of the

But all the poor mother uttered, in accents, was, "It is my child I I am t is—is it not you, Johnnie? Bless God, die. I've seen him—I've seen him—I've seen his face—I can die now!" It was the last kiss; when John H—— came to the workhouse again, his mother was dead. He asked to look upon her face once more be the lid of the coffin was nailed down, and the entreaty was granted. He wept some bitter tears when he looked upon her,

My Times are in Thy Hand. Eather, I know that all my life is portion id out by thee,
And the changes that will surely come.
I do not fear to see;

But I ask thee for a patient mind, Intent on pleasing thee.

"I ask thee for a thankful love, Thro' constant watching wise, To meet the glad and cheerful smiles And wipe the weeping eyes—A heart at leisure from itself, o soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro. Searching for some great thing to do, Or secret thing to know—
I would be dealt with like a child, And guided where to go. Wherever in the world I am,

'n whatsoe or estate,
Gwe fellowship with other hearts,
To keep and cultivate.
A work of holy love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

ask thee for the daily strength, To none that ask denied, A mind to blend with outward life, While keeping by thy side, Content to keep a little space, So be thou glorified.

And if some things I do not ask In thy cup of blessing be, Levould have my spirit filled the more With gratitude to thee— To please thee perfectly."

British Patronage of Idolatry in

India. had existed far too long. Very many attempts has been made to get the sum withdrawn, and the connection of Government with the temple dissolved. There had been a series of trials, difficulties, and disappointable in the property of the distribution which are respected by the matter, but he believed it was now brought to a point. Government pay \$11,500 a year to the temple of Juggernaut, and they pay it on the plea that they owe it! The reply to this was that it was a question of debts are church curses, usually self-impossible to a point of the consequence assigned to it by the replier against God, reject it; others appear to have no objection to the consequence itself, stamped as it is with infamy, by the manner in which the Apostle repelled it, and therefore admit the doctrine as connected with it; but so did not Paul! He held The reply to this was, that it was a question of debts are church curses, usually self-imposaccount in which the balance is in favour of the Government, but if there is any debt it true religion.—Christian Intelligencer. sented as supporters of the temple, and in point of fact that is the case. He believed

ence to Mohammedanism; and the case was simply this:—At Calcutta there was a very large and important Institution, called the Madrisa College. This College was supported by Sovernment, under the pretext that it was A young man of eighteen or twenty years of

knew of at least one. He took occasion lately to ask a gentleman high in the service of the East India Company, to inquire whether it was true that in a certain salt district 500 countenance. He gazed upon the dollar, turned it around, and looked again and again; then he looked around him on all sides, but could see no one. rupees were given to the Brahmins to pray for rain. He at first scouted the idea as a rumour, but on inquiry it turned out to be true. It turned out that there was regular worship for rain, and there were also regular prayers for success upon the Company's first shipmants of animn."

Could see no one.

He put the money in his pocket, and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but how great was his surprise when he found the other dollar! His feelings overcame him; he saw that the money was a present; and he fell down on his knees, looked up to heaven, and proceed aloud a fervid thanksgiving, in which ments of opium."

Church Debts.

give them more efficiency in publishing the gospel. There is a most paralyzing power in a church debt. It discourages the pastor, oppresses the officers, and contracts the benevolence of a people. Its whole influence is deadly, especially if permitted to grow to an amount so large as to be burdensome. In that case it causes the minister to feel that he is regarded very much in the light in which the manager of a theatre regards an artist whom he may have employed to fill his boxes. The officers, in turn, are compelled to look more after finances than the spiritual condition of the congregation, and, what is sometimes the congregation, and, what is sometimes worse, are obliged, according to the present system of things, to raise the pew-rents to a mark so high as to exclude the poor from the church. This is growing to be more and more an evil, especially in our city churches, and is a tremendous barrier to the spread of the gospel among a city population; for when it has become impossible for a person of moderate means to procure a seat in the house of God, he and his family are virtually desired the price. he and his family are virtually denied the pri-vileges and benefits which they have a right to receive from the institutions of the gospel The evils growing out of church debts ore exceedingly mischievous, and are in general without any palliation or excuse. In a coun-In moving the General Assembly of the Fred Church of Scotland to petition against Government encouragement of idolatry, ML. Wile of Calcutta gave the following clear precise of the facts of the case :—"The points enbraced in the petition were very definite and very few. The first point was in respect to the continuance of the annual grant by Government for the support of the temple of Juggernaut. That was a grievous wrong, and had existed far too long. Very many at-rious corporations that promise as our own, where so great prodigality prevails in private, and the ostentiation of wealth is so glaring, it is a shame shat the church of God should ever be embararssed by incumberances upon its property. A people content with such incumbrances may, perhaps, be unconscious of the injury that they inflict in various ways upon the intersts of religious and the welfare of society. But it is a reproach to our Christianity, that while we have so much money to invest in various corporations that promise precuries of wealth is so glaring, it is a shame shat the church of God should ever be embararssed by incumberances upon its property. A people content with such incumbrances may, perhaps, be unconscious of the injury that they inflict in various ways upon the intersts of religious and the welfare of society. But it is a shame shat the church of God should ever be embararssed by incumberances upon its property. A people content with such incumbrances may, perhaps, be unconscious of the injury that they inflict in various ways upon the intersts of religious and the welfare of society. But it is a shame shat the church of God should ever be embararssed by incumberances upon its property. A people content with such incumbrances may, perhaps, be unconscious of the injury that they include the continuance of the annual grant by include the content with such incumbrances may, perhaps and the welfare of society. try so prosperous as our own, where so great

Apostate Romanism.

Inands, said, "Johnnie!" The missionary tried to calm her, and in part succeeded. "Would you like to see your boy?" Resaid. The mother wept. As soon as she could speak, she said, "Oh, let me see my child!" Then raising her hands and eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Must I see my dear little Johnie before I die? Oh, if I could die in confort!" De." The next point was the connection of the Government with idolatrous endowments generally. There was a regulation of the Benerally. There was a regulation of the Bonerally. The would was now decreed it to be an article of faith, to be believed, on pain of damnation, that Mary, too, was conceived and born immediately was conceived and born immediately was a regulation of the Bonerally. There was a regulation of the Bonerally. The would was now decreed it to be an article of faith, to be believed, on pain of damnation, that Mary, too, was conceived and born immediately was conceived and born immediately was now decreed it to be an article of faith, to be believed, on pain of damnation, that Mary, too, was c

inted. When she came to herself again, had been created by Hindus, the administration of which had been undertaken by the sof all. He read a portion of God's Gov enment under these regulations.

When she came to herself again, had been created by Hindus, the administration of which had been undertaken by the ner, will prosper; the earth will render her new and hitherto unknown homage, and she selves with the disquisition of thy personal The next point in the petition had referof to Mahammedanism; and the case will be dear the description of the self."

will pay her debt to the world in a way worthy of herself."

An Unexpected Gift.

of the preservation of Indian oriental learning while in point of fact it was an Institution or maintaining Mohammedanism. In short, is a sort of Indian Maynooth; and all we one day with a professor, who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men it was his office to instance of principle, in point of practice this Inness to the young men it was his office to instruct. While they were walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in their path, which they suppose to belong to a poor man who was at

uttered aloud a fervid thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife sick and helpless, and his children without bread, whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from

The pecuniary or financial constitution of our churches should be reformed in order to give them more efficiency in publishing the

I do not crave bright gems of earth, Or gold of dazzling hue; But ask for something of more worth-A heart that's pure and true.

Though earth may yield her costly gems, That look so fair to view; I ask not for such diadems, But for a heart that's true,

A heart that glows with noble deeds, For this I e'er will sue; A guileless heart from envy freed-A heart that's pure and true.

A heart like this is real worth-It, nothing can outshine; 'Tis all I ask for here on earth-A heart that's pure and kind.

Divine Decrees.

There were those in the Apostle's day who objected, that if things be as God had decreed, why doth he yet find fault, for who hath resisted his will? This was no other than suggest. ing that the doctrines of decrees must needs operate to the setting aside of the fault of sinners; and this is the substance of all that has fast the doctrine of decrees, but held it as comporting with the fault of sinners. After all he had written upon God's electing some and rejecting others, he, in the same chapter, assigns the failure of those who failed, to their not seeking justification through faith in Christ,

to make sure of my personal reign with thee in heaven—to all eternity." 29.1

Personal Appearance of the Pope.

and this entreaty was granted. He wept and kneedbitter tears when he looked upon her, and kneed her better that from sin.

It is prayer was heard. The missionary of the Council of Education this corp, and he students are of an objection of the students are of an objection of the students. A long type of the council of the students are of the processor, and conceal outselves on the result of west as that the present of the present