

The Presbyterian AND EVANGELICAL

Witness, VOCATE.

THE BIBLE IS OUR GREAT CHURCH DIRECTORY

D STATUTE BOOK... Dr. Chalmers.

VOL. VIII.

DAY, N. S., SATURDAY,

DECEMBER 15, 1855.

NO. 50.

Hymns for Sabbath-School Teachers.

Met on the Sabbath eve to pray, Lord, pardon what was ours this day; And what was Thine, O God of love! Crown with Thy blessing from above. Wherein we led Thy little flock By pasture green and smitten rock, Not unto us, but unto Thee. The praise, and power, and glory be! If Thou, O Lord, wilt bestow rain, The labour of the field is vain; And vain the Teacher's Sabbath toil, If Thou preparest not the soil.

God of mercy! God of love! Shine upon us from above, As at eventide we raise Songs of gratitude and praise; May our Sabbath efforts be Owned, sustained, and blessed by Thee! Bless the labours of the day; Give within Thy pasture ground May our little flock be found; Lead them where the waters flow; Do their Shepherd here below. Holy Spirit! bless our toil— Bless the seed, and bless the soil; Make the budding flowers to blow, And the tender vines to grow; Bless the children of our care; Sanctify every prayer.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! When we join the heavenly host, With our children round the throne, Know them, and by them be known; Then in unison we raise Songs of everlasting praise.

A Talk about Believer's Baptism.

THE STAGE COACH, heavily laden inside and 'on deck,' when it left Newark, Delaware, had gradually discharged its living freight until none were left but four—my venerable Baptist friend, two others, and myself. The first mentioned showed some eagerness to lead the conversation, which had hitherto been general and desultory, in the direction of "much water." I put in a caveat, remarking, "My friend, I never talk in a public conveyance upon disputed points in religion, unless I am very sure of the good temper of my man. Are you so intemperate?" "O yes, sir; I think I can speak without getting angry. I think I can." Very well, then, I have no objection to the conversation, and will try to do my part with good temper, aiming more at truth than victory.

you charge them with unbelief—indeed, with incapability of faith, and upon the ground of this charge you exclude them from church membership, and deny them the initiatory seal of the Church, although all through the patriarchal and the Mosaic dispensations this seal was administered to them. Now I do not think that, before you exclude more than half the human family from the visible Church, and its visible seals, you ought to prove the charge upon which you base this sentence of exclusion. I do not deny it. True, Jesus speaks in Matt. xviii. c) of "little ones that believe in me," and we cannot limit the Holy One of Israel as to assert that he is unable to work that faith, which is his gift, in the heart of an infant. We can hardly believe that a child can be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb, as John Baptist, Samuel, and others were, and yet that Holy Ghost work no good—no faith nor anything else in them; but still, as we do not rest the baptism of our infant offspring either upon the ascertained or the presumed faith of the infant itself, at the time, we do not feel that in holding to 'believer's baptism' as we do, we need to prove that infants can believe. How, then, do you make it out to be 'believer's baptism?' We hold, sir, that one great function of the Church of God is to believe and pray for a lost world; and that it is the duty of every parent or guardian to believe and pray for his children. How can one believe for another? There it is again; how? Why, friend, it is the simplest thing in the world; you are under obligations to believe for your children. "Can't see it, frankly, can't see it." You have children have you not? "Yes; I have raised a large family."

These things are important. They are full of good fruit for the future. Yet how few hands of converts and pupils among the of the world's woe! I travelled 734 miles, and visited 110 of the villages in 100 of which had not so far as could be ascertained made known. Then it is in my mind that the proportion of space to population in Bengal is more than 1000 square miles containing upwards of 500,000 souls, it will be readily admitted that the same places cannot be visited to the same places.

Missionary Summary.

THE religion of Jesus is one of peace. Yet it necessarily leads the Church into a strife with the world, and its abounding iniquity. In this contest the Church occupies a similar position to that assumed by the Western Powers during the present war with Russia. Her greatest victory will be the attainment of lasting quietude in the midst of the campaign. The Crimea singularly resembles that great contest, warring between light and darkness. We know that an important part of a citadel of tyranny has fallen, that the Allies are continually making movements for the purpose of hemming in, or overthrowing their antagonists. We read of marches here and of counter-marches there, of fleets sailing and of batteries firing; yet we remain in profound ignorance of the how or the when of the decisive moment. We believe in a coming triumph. One of no ordinary renown is expected, yet we wait without knowing the plans of our generals or the day of complete success. So it is with the Church in her warfare. Her scattered members hear but little of each other's duties. It is sometimes a question with them, they make progress in the world. They head of a congregation gathered here, of another scattered elsewhere, of persecutions to keep down zeal in one place, and of tranquillity that encourages sloth in another. Missions and missions are removed by death, yet the sons of the prophets hasten into the schools of learning. These changes perplex the beholders. They can mark the conquest of a large portion of such a citadel as Britain, but no small part of it remains in possession of the Sabbath-breaker, the infidel, and the superstitious. Sunny islands in the south and savage tribes in the north are seen to forsake their ancient abominations; still the foe holds his strong positions in almost unbroken force. We have not read the plan of the campaign. The Captain of salvation has called us to his council of war. Yet we know He has a purpose of victory, and we expect its accomplishment. It is not necessary that we should understand how it will be done, or preknow the hour of triumph. We are combatants, not advisers. It is enough for us to know that the scheme is wisely laid and will be perfectly executed, by which the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ. Then shall be heard the voice of a great multitude, hymning the nation and people and tongue, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

These things are important. They are full of good fruit for the future. Yet how few hands of converts and pupils among the of the world's woe! I travelled 734 miles, and visited 110 of the villages in 100 of which had not so far as could be ascertained made known. Then it is in my mind that the proportion of space to population in Bengal is more than 1000 square miles containing upwards of 500,000 souls, it will be readily admitted that the same places cannot be visited to the same places.

The Moravian Boy.

ABOUT seven years since, a pious Moravian and his gentle-hearted wife left their country to plant the banner of the cross in heathen lands. With hearts full of love to the Saviour, they willingly gave up the comforts of home and the privileges of Christian and civilized society, that they might carry the glad tidings to the dark and degraded children of Ethiopia. But there was one tie which it was very hard to sever. They must leave behind them their darling little son, a fair-haired, blue-eyed, sweet-tempered child of six years. It was a hard trial to the father, whose affections were warm and glowing, but the mother, the almost adoring mother—she who can describe her feelings! As she smoothed the silken ringlets on her boy's open brow, and looked into

his bright expressive eyes, her faith was sorely exercised, and her resolution almost faltered. "Oh, it is hard to part with him, and he so young!" she murmured, as she clasped him in her arms, and wept aloud.

The Late Captain Hammond.

THE following extract is taken from a letter from Staff Assistant-Surgeon Walter Clegg, attached to the Light Division, which appeared in the Illustrated London News, Sept. 29, 1855.

gentleman of mild looks and soft blue eyes had just alighted from a carriage. His eyes were the well known eyes of our country.

The Moral of the Story.

Years, many years have rolled away, since that sunny-tempered and ardent-spirited Moravian boy worked hard in his master's shop by day, and studied still harder when business was over; and now we will turn to a very different scene.