

# The Presbyterian Witness,

## AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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

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### The Voices of the Bells.

I stood on the side of a leafy hill,  
One summer Sabbath morn,  
When the fragrant air was so hushed and still  
It scarcely rustled the standing corn;  
And the sun shone so bright,  
And the trees looked so green,  
And such heavenly light  
Streamed the branches between,  
That an air of delight  
Seemed to dimple the scene—  
As of delight, as though the earth,  
And the trees, and the standing corn,  
Rejoiced together to welcome the birth  
Of that summer Sabbath morn.  
The fragrant air was hushed and still:  
Save the gurgling splash of the shallow rill,  
The song of the joyous bird,  
And the drowsy hum of glittering flies,  
Like drops of sunshine from the skies,  
No other sound was heard.  
All was so tranquil above, around,  
Such a sense of repose seemed to hang o'er the ground,  
So lazily still the cattle lay,  
It seemed as though Nature herself obeyed  
The word of the Mighty Voice which said—  
"Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath-day."

Why is it that, still 'mid the fairest scenes,  
The heart is touched with sadness?  
Why is it that grief o'er the spirit steals,  
When all around is gladness?  
And why, as I stood on that leafy hill,  
Did a nameless fear my bosom chill,  
That whispered to me, "Though the earth be  
Fair,  
And the sunshine bright, and the balmy air  
Be vocal with sweetest melody,  
And the flowers be beautiful to see,  
Yet a day will come when the wintry wind  
And the biting frost will not leave behind  
A vestige of all the bright array  
That smiles in the sun of this summer day."  
And as I gazed with saddened eyes,  
A cloud seemed to cover the bright blue skies;  
The beauty around me was all forgot,  
And I turned, in sorrow, to leave the spot.  
But, on the instant, a Sabbath chime,  
Like some bright angelic choir,  
Poured forth its melody sublime  
From a neighbouring village spire,  
And, wafted o'er the valley near,  
Fell sweetly softened on mine ear,  
And these pealing bells had a voice for me,  
Which rung through my heart, oh how thrillingly!

For they seemed to say, "Though the world  
You see  
Is as fair as mortal may be,  
We tell of a world more fair, more bright,  
Of scenes of holier, purer delight;  
Where no wintry wind, no piercing shower;  
Shall wither the bloom of the delicate flower;  
Where the sun, though bright, shall cease to  
shine,  
Eclipsed by the splendour of glory divine;  
And the music of earth be hushed to hear  
The strains of the celestial sphere.  
And we ask you to turn from the fleeting  
show,  
To lift your affections from things below;  
And, forsaking awhile the flowery sod,  
For the better joys of the house of God,  
There seek, on the wings of faith, to rise  
To the home prepared beyond the skies,  
When all shall be bright, yet no more decay,  
And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

Such voice had the pealing bells for me  
On that summer Sabbath morn,  
When the sun shone bright o'er meadow and  
lea,  
And the hushed air stirred not a leaf on the  
tree,  
Nor rustled the standing corn,  
And, truly as spake the bells that day,  
The glittering Summer passed quickly away;  
The golden Autumn more quickly flew o'er,  
And hoary old Winter returned once more;  
When, as I sat, one gloomy night,  
By my blazing bogwood fire,  
Basking in the ruddy light  
As the flames leaped higher and higher;  
And listened to the driving rain  
That pattered against the window-pane;  
And the hollow wind, that moaned around,  
Whirling the dead leaves that strewed the  
ground;

I shuddered to think how changed the scene,  
How little remained of what had been  
On that summer Sabbath morn,  
When the sun shone so bright on that leafy hill,  
And the fragrant air was so hushed and still  
It scarcely rustled the standing corn;  
And I sighed, as I felt how little of bliss  
We can hope in a world so changeable as this:  
When sudden, amid the rout  
Of moaning wind and driving rain,  
And whirling wind-swept leaves, again  
The pealing bells rang out;

And, though their tones was no longer glad,  
As on that bright summer-day  
Yet still a meaning voice they had,  
And thus they seemed to say;

"When all was light and loveliness,  
In sky, in earth, in air,  
We told of a better world than this,  
Of scenes more goodly fair;  
And we bid you hope and strive to win  
A place that heavenly realm within."

"And now, when all is dark around,  
And the wind, and the driving rain,  
And the whirling leaves, are the only sound,  
And each is a wound of pain;  
We bid you remember that, once again,  
The summer will brighten o'er hill and plain."

As we speak of thee, O weary heart,  
That struggles with sorrow or care,  
We bid thee, however depressed thou art,  
Not yield to despair;  
For, though dark the night may be,  
The dawn will come as certainly.

When you all from a world of  
a world of light,  
fading bloom,  
know no night;

Where the troubles of life shall no more assail,  
And joys shall be yours that shall never fail."  
Thus spake the bells on that winter's night,  
As I sat by my bogwood fire,  
And basked in the ruddy, cheerful light,  
As the flames leaped higher and higher.

And is not the voice of those bells, in sooth,  
An emblem meet of the Word of truth?  
Alike, when the summer's sun pours down  
His flood of golden light,  
Alike, when winter's angry frown  
Contracts the brow of night;  
Whether pleasure brighten the cheek with  
a smile,  
Or grief dim the eye with a tear,  
Its solemn voice is heard the while,  
Pealing for ever near;  
Telling the happy this is not their rest—  
Speaking of peace to the sorrow-depressed;  
Warning us all that time passes away,  
With the passing of each Sabbath day.  
—*Dublin University Magazine.*

### The Disobedient Son.

A DARK SHADOW UPON MEMORY.  
My father, after an absence of some years,  
returned to the house so dear to him. He  
had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have  
reached a haven of rest from the perils of the  
sea. During his absence I had grown from a  
child and baby of my mother's (for I was her  
youngest), into a rough, careless boy. Her  
gentle voice no longer restrained me. I was  
often wilful, and sometimes disobedient. I  
thought it indicated manly superiority to be  
independent of a woman's influence.  
My father's return was a fortunate circum-  
stance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of  
insubordination stirring within me. I saw  
by his manner that it displeased him, although  
for a few days he said nothing to me about it.  
It was an afternoon in October, bright and  
golden, that my father told me to get my hat  
and take a walk with him. We turned down  
an open field, a favourite play-ground for the  
children in the neighbourhood.  
After talking cheerfully on different topics  
for a while, my father asked me if I observed  
that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks  
that stood in the middle of the field.  
I replied that I did.  
"My father owned this land," said he. "It  
was my play-ground when a boy. The rock  
stood there then. To me it is a beacon, and  
whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in  
my life—an event so painful to dwell upon,  
that if it were not as a warning to you I should  
not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy,  
and learn wisdom from your father's errors."

My father died when I was a mere child.  
I was the only son. My mother was a gentle,  
loving woman, devoted to her children, and  
beloved by everybody. I remember her pale,  
beautiful face, her sweet, affectionate smile,  
her kind and tender voice. In my childhood  
I loved her sincerely. I was never happy  
apart from her, and she, fearing that I was be-  
coming too much of a baby, sent me to the  
high school in the village. After associating  
a time with rude, rough boys, I lost, in a  
measure, my fondness for home and my reverence  
for my mother; and it became more and more  
difficult for her to restrain my impetuous na-  
ture. I thought it indicated a want of man-  
liness to yield to her authority, or to appear  
penitent, although I knew that my conduct  
pained her. The epithet I most dreaded was  
*girl-boy*. I could not bear to hear it said by  
my companions that I was tied to my mother's  
apron-strings. From a quiet home-loving  
child, I became a wild, roistering boy. My  
mother used every persuasion to induce me to  
seek happiness within the precincts of home.  
She exerted herself to make our fireside at-  
tractive, and my sister, following her self-sac-  
rificing example, sought to induce me by plan-  
ning games and diversions for my entertain-  
ment. I saw all this, but I did not heed it till  
it was too late.

It was on an afternoon like this, that as I  
was about leaving the dining-table to spend  
the intermission between morning and evening  
school in the street as usual, my mother  
laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly,  
but firmly, "My son, I wish you to come with  
me. I would have rebelled, but something in  
her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet,  
and said to me, 'We will take a little walk to-  
gether.' I followed her in silence; and as I  
was passing out of the door, I observed one of  
my rude companions skulking about the house,  
and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneer-  
ed as I went past him. My pride was wound-  
ed to the quick. He was a very bad boy, and  
being some years older than myself, but he  
exercised a great influence over me. I fol-  
lowed my mother sulkily, till we reached the  
spot where we now stand, beneath the shadow  
of this huge rock. Oh, my boy, could that  
hour be blotted from my memory, which has  
cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly  
would I exchange all that the world can offer  
me, for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy.  
But not like this huge, unsightly pile stands  
the monument of my guilt for ever!"

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat  
down, and beckoned me to sit down beside  
her. Her look, so full of tender sorrow, is  
present to me now. I would not sit, but still  
continued standing beside her. Alfred, my  
dear son, said she, 'have you lost all love for  
your mother?' I did not reply. 'I fear you  
have,' she continued, 'and may God help you  
to see your own heart, and me to do my duty.'  
She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the  
dreadful consequence of the course I was pur-  
suing. By tears, and entreaties, and prayer,  
she tried to make an impression on me. She  
placed before me the lives and examples of  
great and good men; she sought to stimulate  
my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to  
show it, and remained standing in dogged  
silence beside her.

"I thought, What will my companions say,  
if, after all my boasting, I yield at last, and  
submit to be led by a woman?  
"What agony was visible on my mother's  
face when she saw that all she said and suffer-

ed failed to move me! She rose to go home,  
and I followed at a distance.  
"She spoke no more to me until we reached  
our own door.

"It is school-time now," said she. "My  
son, and once more let me beseech you to  
think upon what I have said."  
"I shan't go to school," said I.  
She looked astonished at my boldness, but  
replied firmly, "Certainly, you will go,—Al-  
fred, I command you."

"I will not," said I, with a tone of defiance.  
"One of two things you must do, Alfred,  
either go to school this moment, or I will lock  
you in your room, and keep you there till you  
are ready to promise implicit obedience to my  
wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get  
me up stairs."  
"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who  
laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled  
violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said I,  
in a terrible rage.  
"Will you go, Alfred?"  
"No," replied I, but quailed beneath her  
eyes.

"Then, follow me," said she, as she grasped  
my arm firmly. I raised my foot, and kicked  
her—my sainted mother! Oh, my head reels  
as the torrent of memory rushes over me! I  
kicked my mother—a feeble woman—my mother!  
She staggered back a few steps, and  
leaned against the wall. She did not look at  
me. I saw her heart beat against her breast.  
"Oh, heavenly Father," she cried, "forgive him;  
he knows not what he does!" The gardener  
just then passed the door, and seeing my mo-  
ther pale and almost unable to support herself,  
he stopped; she beckoned him in. "Take  
this boy up stairs, and lock him in his own  
room," said she, and turned from me. Look-  
ing back as she was entering her own room,  
she gave me such a look,—it will for ever fol-  
low me. It was a look of agony, mingled with  
the intensest love; it was the last unutterable  
 pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in  
my own room. I thought for a moment I  
would fling myself from the window, and dash  
my brains out; but I felt afraid to die. I was  
not penitent. At times my heart was subdued,  
but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and  
bade me not to yield. The pale face of my  
mother haunted me. I flung myself on the  
bed, and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight,  
stifled with the damp night air, and terri-  
fied with frightful dreams. I would have  
sought relief in the open air, but I remem-  
bered my mother's command, for I remem-  
bered that she had said, "With the dayly  
dew, and the dews of heaven, I became  
and I became a man of good impulses.  
The servant brought my meals, but I did not  
taste them. I thought the day would never  
end. Just at twilight I heard a light footstep  
approach the door. It was my sister, who  
called me by name.

"What may I tell mother for you?" she  
asked.  
"Nothing," I replied.  
"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our sakes,  
say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive  
you."

"I want to be driven to school against my  
will," I replied.  
"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Al-  
fred," my sister said pleadingly.  
"No, I won't," said I, "and you needn't say  
another word about it."  
"Oh, brother, you will kill her, you will  
kill her! and then you can never have a happy  
moment."  
"I made no reply to this. My feelings were  
touched, but still I refused their influence.—  
My sister called me, but I would not answer.  
I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and  
again I flung myself on the bed to pass another  
wretched and fearful night. Oh, God! how  
wretched, how fearful I did not know.

Another footstep, slower and feebler than  
my sister's disturbed me. A voice called my  
name; it was my mother's.  
"Alfred, my son, shall I come in? Are  
you sorry for what you have done?" she asked.  
"I cannot tell what influence, operating at  
that time made me speak adverse to my feel-  
ings. The gentle voice of my mother that  
thrilled through me melted the ice from my  
obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself  
on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I  
did not. But my words gave the lie to my  
heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard  
her withdraw,—I heard her groan. I longed  
to call her back, but I did not.

"I was awakened from an uneasy slumber  
by hearing my name called loudly, and my  
sister stood by my bedside.  
"Get up, Alfred! Oh! don't wait a mo-  
ment! Get up and come with me. Mother  
is dying!"

"I thought I was dreaming, but I got up  
melancholy, and followed my sister. On the  
bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother.  
She had not uttered, she had thrown her-  
self on the bed to rest; arising to go again to  
me, she was seized with a palpitation of the  
heart, and borne senseless to her room.

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked  
upon her; my remorse was tenfold more bit-  
ter from the thought that she would never  
know it. I believe myself to be a murderer.  
I fell on the bed beside her, I could not weep.  
My heart burned in my bosom, my brain was  
all on fire. My sister threw her arms around  
me and wept in silence. Suddenly we saw a  
slight motion of my mother's hand,—her eyes  
unlocked. She had recovered consciousness,  
but not speech. She looked at me and moved  
her lips. I could not understand her words.  
"Mother! mother!" I shrieked, "say only that  
you forgive me." She could not say it with  
her lips, but her hand pressed mine. She  
smiled agonically, and, lifting her thin, white  
hands, clasped my own within them, and cast  
her eyes upward. She moved her lips in  
prayer, and then she died. I remained still  
kneeling beside her, till my gentle sister  
reminded me, and she knelt beside me, for  
she knew not how to rise. I was at my mother,  
—heavy laden grief, and a mother,

for it was a load of anguish for sin. The joy  
of youth had left me for ever.

"My son, the sufferings such memories  
wake must continue as long as life. God is  
merciful; but remorse for past misdeeds is a  
canker-worm in the heart that preys upon it  
for ever."

My father ceased speaking, and buried his  
face in his hands. He saw and felt the bearing  
his narrative had upon my character and  
conduct. I have never forgotten it. Boys  
who spurn a mother's control, who are ashamed  
to own that they are wrong, who think it  
manly to resist her authority, to yield to her  
influence, beware! Lay not up for yourselves  
bitter memories for your future years.

### Moral Courage.

"An old excellent friend of ours," says the  
editor of an American paper, "had been,  
until within the last four years, bound by the  
fetters of intemperance, until every trace of  
his former self was lost. On one occasion he  
was brought, by some means or other, to stop  
and reflect upon his situation. He asked  
himself the question, 'Has all this dissipation,  
loss of character, estrangement of friends, and  
loss of property, done me any good?' The  
answer was, 'No.' That momentary pause  
in his downward course saved him. He re-  
solved to drink no more. He stuck to his re-  
solved, and was a man once again. From the  
moment that he made this wise resolve, he  
determined, from that time forward, to deposit  
in a little box a five-cent piece for every dram  
that he had been in the daily habit of taking.  
That man has now laid up 1,350 five-cent  
pieces, which amount to 67.50! A sum large  
enough to buy several acres of good land,  
all of which, had it not been for that courage-  
ous resolution to 'sin no more,' would have  
been guzzled down in that 'poison that de-  
stroys both soul and body.' So much for the  
courage that says, 'No!' to the tempter, and  
the will that perseveres in the course deter-  
mined on."

The Spirit of the Lord's Prayer.  
The Spirit of the Lord's prayer is beautiful.  
That form of petition breathes a filial spirit—  
"Father."  
A catholic spirit—"Our Father."  
A reverential spirit—"Hallowed be thy  
name."  
A missionary spirit—"Thy kingdom come."  
An obedient spirit—"Thy will be done  
on earth."  
A dependent spirit—"Give us this day our  
daily bread."  
A forgiving spirit—"And forgive us our  
trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass  
against us."  
A cautious spirit—"Lead us not into tempta-  
tion, but deliver us from evil."  
A confidential and adoring spirit—"For  
thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the  
glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

PREPARING PIPES.—The *Caledonian Mer-  
cury* says that a lady, connected with one of  
the principal churches in the New Town of Edin-  
burgh, having become entangled in health,  
and unable to leave her bed, felt her inability  
to join in the public exercises of devotion,  
one of her greatest deprivations. An ingeni-  
ous friend suggested that she should take a  
house adjoining the church, and have one of  
her Guita percha conductors actually led to  
her bed. The suggestion was carried into ef-  
fect, and now in the solitude of her sick  
chamber, she listens to the public ministrations  
of her spiritual adviser!

INTEMPERANCE IN THE SANDWICH IS-  
LANDS.—The Chief Justice of Hawaii, in his  
report to the Legislature says:—"The num-  
ber of natives fined for drunkenness in Hono-  
lulu during the last year, has increased from  
113 to 986. This fearful increase has arisen  
from a variety of causes, among which are  
the increase of small beer shops, the greater  
facility of procuring spirituous liquors by na-  
tives, and the effect of evil examples in high  
places. I have consulted with the Police  
Justice, Marshall, Prefect of Police, District  
Attorney, and others of this Island on the  
subject, and they agreed in recommending  
the prohibition of the sale of small beer, and  
all like drinks to natives, under the same penalty  
imposed for the selling or furnishing of spirit-  
uous liquors to natives. The beer is drugged  
with poisons of every sort, and nothing could  
be more injurious to the natives than its use."

CONVERSION OF A GAOLER.—Our readers  
are aware that by the revival of old laws in  
Sweden, many faithful christian brethren are  
subject to fines and imprisonments for alleged  
"mockery of the sacrament," &c. We learned  
in a recent letter, that in the month of June,  
1854, whilst fourteen persons were, on their  
way to prison, they arrived one Sunday morn-  
ing, at a town where there was a small con-  
gregation of the Free Church. At their  
earnest request, the conductor allowed them  
to attend Divine service of their brethren.  
The power with which the Lord blessed his  
word made so deep an impression upon their  
conductors, that he broke out into a confes-  
sion of his sins, and, before they separated, was  
received, at his earnest request, as a partaker  
with them of the precious supper of our Lord,  
and as one of those who "do show the Lord's  
death till he come!"—*English paper.*

MORMONS.—The Mormon priests appear to  
be very busy and assiduous. Brother Phelps  
having made a sort of circuit of the settlements,  
returned to Salt Lake city—"having," as he  
says, "been absent twelve days, travelled one  
hundred and fifty miles, and preached fifteen  
hours, attended two plays and one dance, and  
settled many minor difficulties." The people  
of Utah are busy fasting and putting in their  
grain." They have commenced to adopt a  
mud wall as a field fence.

For the Witness.  
TRURO, JUNE 26TH, 1855.

MR. BARNES.—  
You will oblige by inserting for the infor-  
mation of those Congregations and localities  
which have contributed to aid Protestantism  
in the South of France, the subjoined extracts  
from a letter received from the Pastor to whom  
the contributions were remitted. For reasons  
which many Protestants will understand, the  
name of the Pastor, and his residence are sup-  
pressed, while the date of the letter is retain-  
ed.

Yours truly,  
WM. McCULLOCH.

Diarris, near Bayonne, Pyrenees.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,—

I duly received your kind letter, which af-  
forded us very great pleasure and comfort.—  
We thank the Lord for the Christian sympathy,  
and active love which he gave you to-  
wards us. We cannot ascribe, but to his gra-  
cious mercy, the more than six thousand miles,  
and he is able to do great things in order  
to show his glory. We thank you also dear  
brethren for the 5124 Francs which we re-  
ceived through the house McCulloch of  
Tarare. May the Lord bless most abundantly  
your churches, and crown what he did  
among you by new mercies. Tell your church-  
es that we feel a bond of gratitude which u-  
nites us with them, and adds to all the others.  
We have the same faith, the same kind of or-  
ganization, the same creed, and over all love  
binds us together. You tell me Revd. and  
dear Brother that we will prefer to receive  
from you a less large sum, but with the hope  
of getting a similar help every year. We  
think you are perfectly right, and we thank  
you also for that good scheme. You wish to  
know how we are getting on. We are at this  
moment struggling with many difficulties, and  
want the help of your prayers. At first the  
priesthood had got, by a very disgraceful  
means, one of the circulars which we send ev-  
ery six months to our friends abroad, and it  
was roused by it to an excessive fury. One of  
the canons of the Primate, wrote a book against  
us called "The Methodism at Lyons according  
to the report of Pastor ——" It is a most  
violent commentary on our report, in which he  
endeavours to prove that I lie in all my asser-  
tions, and that we are socialists and enemies of  
public order. He attacks also the prefect who  
has hitherto protected us and authorized our  
eight places of worship. But not satisfied to  
attack us with that pamphlet which they dis-  
tributed at the door of our Chapels to the whole  
audience: they drew up a memorial to the  
minister of worship in order to excite the  
severity of the government against us, for  
they affirm that we are revolutionists and dan-  
gerous people. This is not all, we are now in  
great anxiety about financial matters. Our  
largest and central Chapel is to be destroyed  
by the opening of a new street. It is indeed  
a very meritorious fact, for that Chapel has be-  
come too small, and we could not think of  
building a new one. Who would have given  
us a farthing for a building, which was only fit  
for a chapel? The Lord had provided for it.  
The city has decided upon a new street which  
crosses our building, and we got for it the sum  
of 6400 pounds sterling, (160,000 francs).—  
We got them in another cause of anxiety.—  
How can we find in the center of Lyons, ground  
for building a new chapel? The ground indeed  
is so dear that the house near our  
chapel will be sold, 25 sterling the square  
foot. We found a piece of ground of 5400  
feet, and we had hope to get it for 12,000  
sterling, but what an enormous sum for the  
ground alone! The Lord has also provided  
for it. We found most providentially a piece  
of ground of 4500 feet, for the sum of 55000  
sterling. We will be able to build there a  
new Chapel large enough to hold 1200 per-  
sons (our former holds only 700) and a house  
for our several schools. But we must build it  
and we cannot expect (materials being so  
dear) to have our two houses without an ex-  
pense of 25400 sterling. It is on the whole  
110,400 sterling, and consequently we have  
24000 sterling to find immediately. This  
is not all, we had two heavy cares beside.—  
Will the government allow us to build that  
large establishment? Can we expect to be  
able to buy that ground which belongs to a  
bigoted Roman Catholic? The Lord had al-  
so provided. We got from the Prefet the  
gracious permission, and we found a gen-  
tleman who bought the house for us, so that  
everything was ordered by our God. Now,  
how can we find that large sum of money  
which we need? The very day when we  
were in the greatest anxiety about that sum,  
God sent us our dear friend the Rev. Dr. Rob-  
son of Glasgow, I expounded to him our  
distress. He answered, "Dear friend; do not  
care about that sum I pledge myself in the  
name of my congregation for 240 sterling. If  
you find a hundred ministers who will do the  
same, your sum will be found. You can use  
my name, I hope my example will stir up the  
zeal of others." What an answer to our anx-  
iety? How the Lord is merciful! We do not  
doubt to get our 24000 sterling by the way  
which Dr. Robson pointed out to us. We  
will have in the very centre of our large city,  
close to the square where the town-hall is, a  
chapel, where more than a thousand people  
will be able to hear the news of salvation. It  
is not a wonder that the priesthood is in a  
fury, but it will be a call to our friends to help  
us through. At last I thank you Revd. and  
dear Brother for the account which you give  
me of your present state and doings. Please  
continue to do it, for I will read these accounts  
to our church, and they will pray more direct-  
ly for you. And now may the Spirit of the  
Lord Almighty rest upon you all.

I remain, my dear brother,  
yours, very faithfully,  
Wm. McCulloch.

For the Witness.  
WILMOT, JUNE 28TH, 1855.

MR. EDITOR.—  
I find, in the *Nova Scotian* of the 19th, a  
communication from a person subscribing him-  
self "Blue Nose," suggesting the propriety of  
running a train from Sackville to Halifax on  
the mornings of the Sabbath. The object is  
not ostentatiously put forth, not to suggest a  
suspicion that there is unsound timber, over  
which the paint must be thickly laid. This  
train is to run "for the purpose of bringing  
in to their respective places of worship the hun-  
dreds of laborers, &c;" "it is surely the duty  
of Commissioners to give these poor men an  
opportunity of coming in to divine services,"  
"there are likewise many residents in that  
vicinity who would take that opportunity of  
coming to Church." The reply to the objec-  
tion against Sabbath labor is, "the benefits  
that would result."

The article can hardly be regarded in any  
other light than that of a feeler. There is  
little doubt that at least some of the Commis-  
sioners would desire nothing better than to be  
furnished with a good excuse for putting the  
Cars in motion on the Lord's day. Men, who  
have no objection to travel for pleasure on  
that day, would have no objection to see oth-  
ers adopt the same course, or to afford the fa-  
cility. It may be the duty of christians to be  
upon the alert, and to meet the first proposals  
that point to such a desecration of the Sab-  
bath as is witnessed in other lands by Sabbath  
trains. We are allowed to see nothing in the  
letter of "Blue Nose" but the labors and  
others going to Church on the Sabbath morn-  
ing. Would it not be ungenerous to bring  
the poor people to the city, and leave them to  
go home as they best can? A train must be  
ordered out to bring the people home. As  
there are morning and afternoon and evening  
services, and persons might have a choice of  
the time of attendance, would we not require  
three trains to afford equal and impartial ac-  
commodation?

Again, as the Cars must proceed from Hal-  
fax to bring or carry home the "poor men,"  
there surely could be no objection to carry  
out the inhabitants of the city. There would  
be no additional labor, and if they could not  
be accommodated by the Cars, they shall find  
other means of seeking their pleasure in the  
country, and no sin is saved by refusing them.  
The pleasure-seekers being in the country,  
and the train returning, it is just as well to  
bring them home in the evening as not.

The barefaced manner in which the writer  
introduces the doctrine that "the end just-  
ifies the means," betrays the society which  
the writer belongs, or the company with whom  
he associates. The Bible is not his rule. Let  
the suggestion of "Blue Nose" be acted on,  
every person who is able to trace the connec-  
tion between means and ends will be aware  
that, in this case, the end shall be as bad as  
the means. I do hope the Clergy of Halifax,  
and others who venerate the Sabbath,  
will be ready to meet the first movement to-  
wards Sabbath trains, on any pretext whatever,  
with prompt and decided opposition.

I am, &c.,  
SENEC.

For the Witness.  
A meeting of this Presbytery was held at  
Wood Islands on the 9th June. At this meet-  
ing, Mr. Sutherland, of New London, reported  
that, according to the appointment of Presby-  
tery, he had preached at Long Creek on the  
22nd May, and at Charlottetown on the 23rd  
May, and that after sermon a call in favor of  
Mr. Murdoch Sutherland of Pictou was signed  
at Long Creek by 53, and at Charlottetown  
by 33,—also that a bond securing to Mr. Sutherland  
£150 of P. E. Island currency, on his  
accepting the call.

Mr. Donald Munn stated to the Presbytery  
that the people of the Wood Islands district  
have resolved to finish a place of worship in  
that locality in connexion with the Free  
Church. The Presbytery highly approved of  
this object, addressed the people on the sub-  
ject, and encouraged them to proceed with  
the performance of the work as a duty to  
which they are bound to the Lord. A com-  
mittee was appointed in order to see the ne-  
cessary steps taken immediately to forward  
the work. Application was made by the people  
for such a measure of supply of ordinances  
as the Presbytery might be able to give; to  
this the Presbytery agreed, and appointed Mr.  
Munro, Brown's Creek, to preach there on the  
24th June, and Mr. McKay, Murray Har-  
bor, on the 22nd July.

A meeting of Presbytery was held at Char-  
lottetown on the 25th June. The call from  
Charlottetown, Long Creek, &c., in favour of  
Mr. Murdoch Sutherland, Pictou, was under  
the consideration of the Presbytery,—it was  
carefully examined, and the Presbytery sat-  
isfied that the said call is so respectably and  
numerously signed as to warrant its transmis-  
sion to the Presbytery of Pictou, to be dealt  
with by that Presbytery according to the  
Laws of the church, resolved accordingly, and  
the Clerk was instructed to transmit it with-  
out any delay. The Rev. Mr. Sutherland,  
New London, was appointed a Commissioner  
for the Presbytery, and a Sergeant Henderson,  
a Commissioner for the congregation and Ses-  
sion of Charlottetown and Long Creek, in  
order to prosecute the call before the Presby-  
tery of Pictou.  
The Presbytery adjourned to meet at  
Charlottetown on the last Wednesday of July.