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AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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

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Uncle William's Advice.

If you wish to be healthy, be clean, be clean—
If you wish to be healthy, be clean—
And, so long as you may, don't slacken your
Nor forget to run oft on the green.
But, remember, fresh air will make you look
fair,
And will add to your healthfulness too;
But a dirty-faced child, in a dress that is soil'd,
Is a sight most distressing to view.

If you wish to be aged, be calm, be calm—
If you wish to be aged, be calm—
For passion and rage never lead to old age,
And bad tempers are fruitful of harm;
But, if gentle and mild, while yet but a child,
Amid meekness and peace you will grow;
Keeping under control every power of your
soul,
Until age shall encircle your brow.

If you wish to be happy, be good, be good—
If you wish to be happy, be good—
For a mind at ease, and a smiling face,
Are better than clothing or food;
But a naughty temper and angry looks
Mark a spirit that's wicked within;
On which God looks down with his awful
frown
For he never can smile upon sin.

If you wish to be god-like, be kind, be kind—
If you wish to be god-like, be kind—
And whatever you store, forget not the poor,
Nor be vain of the deed in your mind;
For the Father of love pours down from
above
His sunshine and showers upon all;
And to imitate this will bring you to bliss;
For his blessing upon you will fall.

If you wish to reach heaven, strive hard, strive
hard—
If you wish to reach heaven, strive hard—
Nor the conflict shun till the victory's won,
And you gain the eternal reward.
Be holy within, and keep spotless from sin,
Though the grace which in Jesus is given;
Then, near to the throne, you shall claim as
your own
A crown and a palace in heaven!

The White Woman among the Indians.

Among all the Indians of western New York, Mary Jamison, or the "white woman," is remembered as one who was taken captive when a child of ten years of age, and evermore an exile from her kindred.

Her parents emigrated from England, in the year 1742, and settled in Pennsylvania. Mary was born on the ocean, with the billowy sea for her cradle, and the tempest for her lullaby; and for ten years after their arrival, her family were the happy inmates of a little cottage in the vale of Wyoming.

The last meal they took together was a breakfast, after which her father and three eldest brothers went into the field, and Mary, with the other children, were playing not far from the house. They were suddenly startled by a shriek, and knew it must be from their mother. On running in they found her in the hands of Indians, who were holding her fast. A little boy ran to the field to call his father, and his eldest brother lying dead on the earth. The two others fled to Virginia, where they had an uncle, as Mary afterwards learned, and those who remained were made captive and hurried to the woods. After marching all day, night found them in the heart of the wilderness, not knowing whether they should see the light of another morning.

The mother thought perhaps they would spare the children, and Mary was the only one old enough to understand their condition, or appreciate her instructions. She was allowed to speak to her before they were separated for the night, and calling her she said, "My daughter, you, I think, will be permitted to live; but they will deprive you of your father and mother, and perhaps of your brothers and sisters, so that you will be left alone. But endeavour in all things to please the Indians, and they will be very kind to you. Do not forget your own language, and never fail to repeat your catechism and the Lord's Prayer every morning and evening, while you live." This she promised to do, and having kissed her child, the mother was removed from her sight, and Mary never more saw one of all the little party who were happy in the little cottage only a few hours before. All but herself were put to death. She was afterwards told, when she could understand the Indian language, that her friends would not have been killed if the captors had not been pursued, and that a little boy, who was the son of a neighbour, was given to the French, two of whom were of the party.

Mary was carried far down the Ohio, and found herself among the Shawnees, by whom she was adopted, and ever after treated like a child, having few tasks to perform, and those very light. Being so young, she very soon forgot her home and early associations, and became a veritable Indian. She was dressed in skins of animals, and had moccasins upon her feet. She was not allowed to speak English in the presence of her Indian mother and sisters, but when alone obeyed her mother's injunction, and repeated her prayers, and all the English words she could remember, thus retaining enough of her own language to enable her to easily recall it, when she should return to her kindred, as she sometimes thought perhaps she might.

At the age of fourteen she was married according to Indian custom, and as her husband was a noble man, whom she could truly love, she became very happy, and thoroughly reconciled to living evermore a forest life. She had two children, when she was called to mourn the death of her husband, and to experience various vicissitudes, which were the beginning of a long list of calamities with which her after-life was chequered. Her second husband, whom she married four years after the death of the first, was not a congenial companion,

and now the white people had come among the Indians with the fire-water and all the terrible vices of civilization, so that peace and happiness dwelt nowhere in their habitations.

After her second marriage, she had six children, who, most of them, grew up to be to her a grief rather than a comfort; for they had mingled only with the wicked, and having no religion to restrain them, when exposed to temptation, plunged into every species of iniquity. The mother had entirely forgotten even her prayer, and every Christian precept she had heard from her mother's lips.

Before her second marriage she had removed to New York, and lived in the beautiful valley of the Genesee, where the chiefs of the Seneca nation, after she became a widow, which made her rich in this world's goods. But all her sons were intemperate, and two of them became murderers, and her daughters were far from being all she desired. These afflictions made her miserable, and she knew not where to go for comfort or support. Her sympathies were entirely with the Indians in any time of trouble, and she continued to dress in the Indian costume all her life, and to till the ground and perform all the labour of Indian women, when she was able to live like a princess. She had it in her power to do much good to the early settlers in her neighbourhood, and her supplications procured the release of many from torture, and her sympathy was the solace of many a captive.

Let her lot and acre by acre the Indians sold their lands, and at length the valley of the Genesee fell into the hands of the white man, all except the domain of "the white woman," as she was always called, which could not be given up without her consent. She refused at the time of the sale to part with her portion, but when the Indians had removed to the Buffalo Reservation, and she was left alone, though "lady of the manor," and surrounded by those of her own hue, she prepared to take up her abode with those whom she now called her own people. Most emphatically did she adopt the language of Ruth in the days of old, "Entreat me not to leave or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou dwellest, there shall I abide. My people shall be thy people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried." She was as thoroughly pagan as the vilest Indian who had never heard of God, and exclaimed with him, that "his religion was good enough for her, and she desired no change."

She was ninety years old, eighty years she had been an exile from the land of her birth, she had forgotten the prayers her mother taught her, and knew nothing of the worship of her fathers,—when one morning she sent a messenger to tell the missionaries she wished to see them. She had once before refused to listen to them when they came to her dwelling, but they hastened to obey the summons, glad to feel that they should be welcome, though quite uncertain concerning the nature of the interview she proposed. Her face was scarcely larger than an infant's, and completely chequered with fine wrinkles; her teeth were entirely gone, and her mouth so sunken that her nose and chin almost met; and her hair not silvery but snowy white, except a little lock by each ear which still retained the hue of childhood; her form, which was always slight, was bent, and her limbs could no longer support her. She had revived the knowledge of her language since she had come in contact with white people; "But ah!" said she, as the ladies entered, "I have forgotten how to pray. My mother taught me and told me to remember this, though I should forget all things else," and then she exclaimed, "Oh God, have mercy upon me!" This expression she had heard in her old age, and now uttered in the fulness of her heart. There had come a gleam of light through all the dark clouds of superstition and pagan blindness, and this spark was kindled at the fireside of that little cottage home, and fell upon her heart from a mother's lips, and now revived at the remembrance of a mother's love and her dying blessing. It was eighty years since she had seen that mother's face, as she breathed out her soul in anguish, bending over her in the silent depths of the wilderness; eighty years since she listened to "Our Father, who art in heaven," from Christian lips; and now the still small voice which had so long been hushed, spoke aloud, and startled her as if an angel called. She tried to stifle it, and for many days after it awoke in her bosom she heeded it not; but it gave her no rest. No earthly voice had since reminded her that her heart was sinful, and needed to be washed in order to be clean. The seed which had been sown in it when she was a child had just sprung up. The snows of eighty winters had not chilled it; the mists of nearly a century had not blighted it; and the heavy hand of a hundred calamities had left it unharmed. The little germ was still alive, and proving that it had not been planted in vain.

The aged woman sat pillowed up in bed with her children and children's children of three generations around her, and lifting her withered hands and sunken eyes to heaven, once more repeated, "Our Father, who art in heaven," while a new light like a halo overspread her face, and tears flowed in floods down her cheeks, and in the dark eye of every listener there glistened the tear of sympathy in her new-found happiness.

For many years had she remembered her mother's injunction, and repeated her prayers and the catechism; but as she became more familiar with the language and could join in the thanksgivings of her new people, she ceased to care for the faith of her fathers.

Yet it was the connecting link between her and those who are called Christians, and the sole means of enabling her to revive and again acquire the knowledge of her native tongue. Without this the missionaries could not have communicated with her, as they had not then learned the Seneca, and those around her who understood both, cared very little, and knew scarcely more than she, of the Redeemer of

A few days after the new light dawned upon her spirit, Mrs. Jamison was numbered with the dead. She had embraced Him who makes no difference between those who come at the first and those who come at the eleventh hour; and those who were present at the dissolution of soul and body, doubted not Jesus had whispered to her the same consolation which fell upon the heart of the thief upon the cross.—"To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."—Independent.

Religion in Geneva.

Geneva is one of the smallest, and, in a military point of view, one of the least important of the Cantons belonging to the Swiss Confederation. But for ages an influence and a power have been associated with Geneva, which have given it an importance which cannot be attributed to the extent of its territories, its revenues, or its armaments. Its influence sprang up with the Protestant Reformation, and ever since that period Geneva has been, in the eyes of Papal Europe, either the glory or the reproach of Protestantism.

Three centuries ago, when the Marian persecution raged in England, Geneva received within its hospitable gates many who fled from the fires of Smithfield and the cruelties of Bonner. During the remainder of the sixteenth, and nearly the whole of the seventeenth centuries, Geneva remained what it was in the days when Cramer, Parker, Whitgift, and the fathers of the English Reformation, consulted in holy brotherhood with the Genevese theologians, on every point of difficulty which arose in connection with the liturgy, the Articles, or other ecclesiastical affairs of England. But by degrees a spirit of declension passed over all the Reformed Churches in the eighteenth century, and, as none had stood higher than Geneva, so none fell lower at the time when the infidel philosophy of Rousseau and Voltaire was preparing that terrible storm which scared away the atheistic dreams of philosophers, and startled them into the belief that there is a God.

At the time of the French Revolution, the godliness was in effect nearly extinguished in the Genevese Church. Their Articles and Confession of Faith had long been abandoned; the Bible had become a dead letter, and all the distinctive doctrines of the gospel had been trampled in the dust. The ministers of Geneva, with scarcely an exception, were Arians, Socinians, philosophers or unbelievers. But under the blessing of God, a new day had dawned on Geneva. The old persecuting Arian Consistory having cast out of their synagogue all who dared to preach the divinity of Christ, all who refused to teach their Arian Catechism, a new Evangelical Church has sprung up, on which the blessing of God has rested; whilst a new Evangelical college has sprung up under the teaching of such Professors as Gausson and Merle D'Abnigne, brought back to Geneva somewhat of its ancient renown.

Ever since Professor Gausson was excommunicated for refusing to teach the Arian Catechism, the old Socinian pastors have felt more and more that their influence was gone, that their standing amongst the Churches of the Reformation was lost, and that the true Church of Geneva was no longer to be found within the desecrated temples of Calvin and of Farel, but beneath the humble roofs where the ministers of the "Evangelical Church" dispense the bread of life.

This state of things has become very odious to the Arians, but it has not led them to repent of their apostasy and return to the true faith. Some, indeed, of their leading pastors, headed by Professor Munier, are most anxious to change matters as still to retain their own Socinian and heretical doctrines, and yet to derive that influence which may be obtained from the countenance and recognition of the orthodox Church of England. Through the policy of one or two English laymen, they succeeded in obtaining a partial and temporary triumph, at the consecration of the English chapel, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Canon Burgess and other sound Churchmen, who saw the snare laid for the unwary. That affair did not, however, redound much to the credit of the Arian Church of Geneva, for the chapel, after all, was dedicated to the blessed Trinity, and it might have been supposed that they would have abandoned all attempt to claim our recognition or sympathy, so long as they continue to reject the doctrines of the Church of England and cleave to the Arian or Socinian heresies. But this is not the case. Setting up the standard of infidelity to all creeds, and fancying that their recognition by the Genevese Government is more important than their heresies, they still seek to fraternize with the Church of England, and are trying to recover their credit by alleging that they have laid down their bold and avowed denial of the divinity of Christ.

If the Arian and Socinian Company of Pastors at Geneva had really returned to the true faith, what would be easier for them than to put forth some plain and simple confession of their return to the faith on which they have so long trampled? But, alas! the old Church of Geneva remains as corrupt and heterodox in doctrine as it was when in 1818, on the institution of Professor Chenevier, then Professor of Divinity, Dr. Malan was excommunicated for preaching the doctrine of the Trinity, as corrupt as it was twelve years afterwards, when on the institution of Professor Munier, the present Professor of Divinity, it ejected Dr. Gausson for refusing to teach the Arian Catechism; as corrupt as it was when Dr. Merle D'Abnigne found himself, in 1831, compelled to unite with Professor Galland and Dr. Gausson in establishing, on the old foundations, a new Evangelical Church, which is, in fact, in point of doctrine and position, the true successor of the old, venerable Church of Calvin, Farel, and Beza.

The proof of this assertion is very simple. It is found in the fact that the "Company of Pastors" has recently refused to withdraw its Arian Catechism from the public schools of

Geneva; that it still countenances the Socinian version of the new Testament, and that it has never made one official declaration condemning to render homage to the divinity of our Lord.

These are plain and simple facts which no sophistry can pervert. Are they true, or are they not true? If true they settle the question, and ought for ever to silence the attorney of two or three English laymen, to which we have referred. It is no strange thing for "the world to love its own." There would not be the least danger of mischief being done among true Christians were it not for the fact, that which we most sincerely rejoice, that, in spite of the Arianism of the Company of Pastors, there are several young ministers who have been forced into the Churches of Geneva by the votes of the people, who really preach the truth which Professor Munier and the great majority have laboured to destroy. It may be that in time the old Socinian leaven may be purged out of the Company of Pastors; it may be that the Arian Catechism may be withdrawn; it may be that the old Helvetic Confession of Faith, or some other equally orthodox, may be resumed—in short, it may be that the old Genevese Church will be recovered out of its God-denyng apostasy, and restored to its pristine glory.

When that shall happen, we venture to predict that none will be more rejoice than those holy men whom MM. Chenevier and Munier cast out and excommunicated. But till then no right-minded, true-hearted minister or member of the Church of England can hold out the right hand of fellowship to Professor Munier and his Arian or Socinian coadjutors, or bid them God-speed without incurring the condemnation pronounced on such by the inspiration of the Apostle of Love, and becoming the guilty partakers of their evil deeds.—London Record.

Infidelity in England.

It seems to be growing daily more evident, that the flood of Tractarian literature, which covered the land a dozen years ago, is now to be followed by a worse calamity, namely, by a torrent of infidel speculations, of various forms and aspect, but all having one fundamental character, one distinctive principle—namely, that the Bible is not the word of God.

It is but a few days since that the London Times newspaper, spreading into all circles, published a warm eulogium on the works of Chevalier Bunsen. And immediately after these issues from Messrs. Longman's house a work by Professor Baden Powell of Oxford, in which we find such language as this:—"Even at the present day there are not wanting occasional attempts to keep up the hopeless chimeras of erecting theories of geology on the Mosaic narrative. It is needless to observe that, as all notions of an accommodation of the facts of the text, has long since been given up by all sane inquirers, these attempts are now merely directed to explaining away the sense of the text; in which they no doubt succeed by such principles of verbal interpretation as, if fairly applied to other parts, would readily enabled us to put on any given passage any required construction."

All inquirers, possessing at once a sound knowledge of geology, and capable of perceiving the undeniable sense of a plain circumstantial narrative, now acknowledge that the whole tenor of geology is in entire contradiction to the cosmogony delivered from Sinai; a contradiction which no philological refinements can remove or diminish; a case which no detailed interpretations can meet, and which can only be dealt with as a whole."

I have adverted to the question of discrepancies between science and the language of Scripture generally, and have referred more especially to that notable instance of it—the irreconcilable contradiction between the whole view opened to us by geology, and the narrative of the Creation in the Hebrew Scriptures, whether as briefly delivered from Sinai, or as expanded in Genesis. In the minds of all completely-informed persons at the present day, after a long struggle for existence, the literal belief in the Judicial cosmogony, if it may be said, has died a natural death. Yet many are still haunted by its phantom, which perpetually disturbs their minds with apprehensions equally groundless on collateral points.

In a word, those who accept geological truths at all, must admit the palpable contradiction to the Old Testament, without prejudice to their faith, cannot, with consistency, make it a ground of objection to any hypothesis of the nature of the changes indicated, that they are contrary to Scripture. They are in no way more so than all geology is."

Thus, from a professorial chair in one of our great Universities, we hear it broadly asserted that facts recently discovered make it quite clear that the Bible is not all true!

These are fearful things,—far more fearful than all the Romancing of Pusey and Keble. They strike directly at the foundation. If the Bible is not "truth without any mixture of error"—then have we no distinguishable word of God. But if we have no word of God, then are we on the ocean, in darkest night, with neither rudder nor compass. The whole of this school, from the plausible Marquis down to the restless and unscrupulous Donaldson and Lowell, are striving at one point—to take away from us the Divine message to man by Scripture. And when this is done, hope is gone; hope, either for this world or the next. The morals and the happiness of infidel France or infidel Germany would soon be ours; and with their morals, their peace, their liberty, and their security.

Meanwhile, it becomes a duty in every Christian family to use a special vigilance in selecting from the present productions of the publishing houses, and we were grieved to see that nearly half the works now announced for publication were books of a decidedly dangerous tendency.—London Record.

The Work of Missions.

This enterprise of mercy the Son of God came down from heaven to commence, and in commencing it he laid down his life. To us has he granted the high privilege of carrying it forward. The legacy which he left us, as he was ascending to his Father and our Father, and to his God and to our God, was, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. With such an object before us, under such a Leader, and supported by such promises, other motives to exertion are unnecessary.

Blessed be God, this is a work in which every one of us is permitted to do something. None so poor, none so weak, none so insignificant, but a place of action is assigned him; and the cause expects every man to do his duty.

1. You may assist in it by your prayers.—We know that everything will be in vain without the influence of the Holy Spirit.—Paul may plant and Apollus water, it is God who giveth the increase. And these influences are promised, and promised alone in answer to prayer. Ye then who love the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, until he establish and make Jerusalem a praise in the whole earth.

2. You may assist by your personal exertions. This cause requires a vigorous, persevering, universal and systematic effort. It requires that a spirit should prevail in every one of us, which shall prompt him to seek himself every morning, What can I do for Christ to-day? and which would make him feel humbled and ashamed, if at evening he were obliged to confess he had done nothing. Each one of us is as much obligated as the missionaries themselves, to do all in his power to advance the common cause of Christianity. We, equally with them, have embraced that Gospel of which the fundamental principle is, None of us liveth to himself. And not only is every one bound to exert himself to the utmost, the same obligation rests upon us to direct our exertions that each of them may produce the greatest effect. Each one of us may influence others to embark in the undertaking. Each one of whom we have influenced may be induced to enlist that circle of which he is the centre, until a self-extending system of intense and reverberated action shall embody into one invincible phalanx, the sacramental host of God's elect. Awake, then, brethren, from your slumbers. Seek first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. And recollect that what you would do, must be done quickly. The day is far spent; the night is at hand.—Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.

3. You may assist by your pecuniary contributions. And here, I trust, it is unnecessary to say, that in such a cause we consider it a privilege to give. How so worthily can you appropriate that substance which Providence has given you, as in sending to your fellow men, who sit in the region and shadow of death, a knowledge of the God who made them, and of Jesus Christ whom he hath sent? Enthroned in the high and holy place, he looks down continually upon the heart of every individual, and will accept your offering, though it be but the widow's mite, if it be given with the widow's feeling. In the last day of solemn account, he will acknowledge it before an assembled universe, saying, such as ye did it unto one of the least of my children, ye did it unto me!—Dr. Wajland.

Luther's Prayer for Melancthon.

At a certain time Luther received an express, stating that his bosom friend and co-worker in the Reformation, Philip Melancthon, was lying at the point of death; upon which he immediately set out upon the journey, of some 150 miles, to visit him; and on arrival he actually found all the distinctive features of death—such as the glazed eye, the cold clammy sweat, and insensible lethargy upon him. Upon witnessing these livid indications of speedy dissolution, as he mournfully bent over him he exclaimed with great emotion, "O, how awful is the change wrought upon the visage of my dear brother!" On hearing this voice, to the astonishment of all present, Melancthon opened his eyes, and looking up into Luther's face remarked, "O Luther, this is you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" Upon which Luther replied, "O no, Philip, we cannot spare you yet." Luther then turned away from the bed, and fell upon his knees, with his face towards the window, and began to wrestle with God in prayer, and to plead with fervency, for more than an hour, the many proofs recorded in Scripture of his being a prayer-hearer, and prayer-answering God, and how Melancthon in need of the services of Melancthon in furthering that cause in which the honour and glory of God's great name and the eternal welfare of unnumbered millions of immortal souls were so deeply interested; and that God should not deny him this one request, to restore him the aid of his well-tried brother Melancthon. He then rose up, and went to the bed side again, and took Melancthon by the hand. Upon which Melancthon again remarked, "O, dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" To which Luther again answered, "No, no, Philip, we cannot possibly spare you from the field of labour yet." Luther then requested us to go and make him a dish of soup according to his instructions; which being prepared was brought to Luther, who requested his friend Melancthon to eat of it. Melancthon again asked him, "O Luther why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" To which Luther replied as before, "Philip, we cannot spare you yet." Melancthon then exhibited a disinclination to partake of the nourishment prepared for him. Upon which Luther remarked, "Philip, eat, or I will communicate you." Melancthon then partook of the food prepared, and immediately

grew better, and was speedily restored to his wonted health and strength, and laboured for years afterwards with his coadjutors in the blessed cause of the Reformation.

Upon Luther's arrival at home, he narrated to his beloved wife Catherine the above circumstances, and said, "God gave my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer;" and added further with patriarchal simplicity, "God on a former occasion gave me also you back, Kate, in answer to my prayer."

Size of the Ark.

Infidels have objected to the size of the ark, and have asserted that it is quite absurd to suppose that ever there could be a vessel constructed large enough to hold all the creatures which must have been placed in it, together with sufficient food—it may be, for six or twelve months—water for the fishes, corn for the four-footed animals, seed for the birds, and so on. Now we will take the dimensions of the ark from the record of Moses, and calculate them on the lowest possible scale. There are two definitions given of a cubit: one, that it is eighteen inches, or a foot and a half; the other, that it is one foot eight inches. We will take it only at the lowest. Moses states that the ark was three hundred cubits long; this would make it four hundred and fifty feet long, or about the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The breadth of it he states to be fifty cubits; we then have it seventy-five feet in breadth. He states it to be thirty cubits high; so that it was forty-five feet in height. In other words, it was as long as St. Paul's Cathedral, nearly as broad, half as high. The tonnage of the ark, according to the calculation of modern carpenters, must have been thirty-two thousand tons. The largest English ship-of-war, the St. Vincent, for instance, which is of a size altogether unimaginable to those who have never seen it, is two thousand five hundred tons burden; so that the ark must have been equal to seventeen first-rate ships-of-war, and if armed as such ships are, it would have contained much beyond eighteen thousand men, and provisions for them for eighteen months. Buffon has stated that all the four-footed animals may be reduced to two hundred and fifty pairs, and the birds to a still smaller number. On calculation, therefore, we shall find that the ark would have held more than five times the necessary number of creatures, and more than five times the required quantity of food to maintain them for twelve months.—Dr. Cumming.

How Paul and Peter Looked.

It is allowable to mention that general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition, and was represented by the early artists. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of the finer lines indicative of Greek thought. His stature was diminutive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expression of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The characteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright grey eye, under thickly overhanging unfed eyebrows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenance, which invited the approach of strangers, which he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone to the greatest exertions; and his own was no more than ordinary. He showed that he laboured much from bodily health.

Peter is represented to us as a man of larger and stronger form, as his character was harsher and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a dark eye. The complexion of his face was sallow; and the short hair, which is described as entirely grey at the time of his death curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the two apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditional pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination.—Congreve and Houston.

The Troublesome Neighbour.

A few years ago, a poor mechanic of a very quarrelsome disposition settled near a Christian farmer, whose friends expressed to him their sympathy in the annoyance he was likely to receive. "Never mind," said the good man, "I never yet quarrelled with a neighbour, and I am too old to begin now."

Some six months passed, and then began a series of pretty annoyances, which the farmer bore uncomplainingly; but this only irritated his neighbour the more, until meeting the farmer one day in the height of passion, he poured upon him a torrent of insult and abuse. "Friend," said the farmer gently, "no man under the influence of passion can reason clearly; come to me calmly, and we will discuss your grievance." The angry man raised his clenched hand to strike him, but was restrained by some unseen influence, and both went on their way.

About a week after, the mechanic was passing the farmer's house with a load of grain. It was at the foot of a hill, and the load was heavy. He coaxed, threatened, and beat his oxen, but all to no purpose. He must leave his load, or ask aid of the man he had injured. Presently he saw the farmer unlock his oxen from a load of hay and come towards him. With kindly words the farmer proffered his assistance, drew him safely to the submit, and without waiting for thanks departed as he came. Here was a simple act, but mighty in its influence. The mechanic was humbled, acknowledged the purity and power of that religion that could "bear and forbear," and has since that time never willingly provoked his