

The Presbyterian Witness,

AND EVANGELICAL ADVOCATE.

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

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NO 12.

Judea.

Blest land of Judea! three halloved of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like
throng;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy
sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.
With the eyes of a spirit I look on that shore,
Where the pilgrim and prophet have lingered
before;
With the smile of a spirit I traverse the sod,
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.
Blue hills of the sea! in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Genesaret, chime on my ear;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat
down,
And thy spray on the dust of his sandals was
thrown.
Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Galatene;
I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee!
Hark! a sound in the valleys, where, swollen
and strong,
Thy river, O Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in
vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the
slain.
There, down from his mountain stern Zebulon
came,
And Naphtali's star, with his eyes all of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled fearlessly on,
Near the arm of the Lord was Abinoam's son!
There sleep the still rocks and the caverns which
rang
To the song which the beautiful Prophets sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in triumph replied.
Lo! Bethlehem's hill-side before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valley be-
tween;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and they
The song of the angel rose sweet on the air,
And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still thro'
Their shadow, at noon, on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?
I tread where the TWELVE, in their wayfar-
ing,
trod;
I stand where they stood with the chosen of God;
Where his blessing was heard, and his lessons
were taught,
Where the blind was restored and the healing
was wrought.
Of here with his flock the sad Wanderer came,
These hills he tolled over in grief are the same;
The fens where he drank by the wayside still
flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed
his brow.
As throned on the hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead and chains on her
feet,
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath
gone.
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone!
But wherefore this dream of the early abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God!
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and
dim,
It could gaze, even now, on the presence of Him!
Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when,
In love and in meekness, he moved among men;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves
of the sea,
In the bush of my spirit would whisper to me.
And what if my feet may not tread where He
stood,
Nor my ear hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which bowed him to
hear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's garden of
prayer?
Yet, loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly, and penitent here;
And the voice of thy love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.
Oh! the outward has gone; but, in glory and
power,
The SPIRIT survives the things of an hour;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's sacred altar is burning the same.

The Pocket Bible.

BY CHARLES A. GOODRICH.
I was standing at the counter of a book-
store some years since, when a lady entered
and inquired for pocket Bibles. I knew her
well. A few years before she had married a
respectable young merchant, who, although
possessed of only a few hundred dollars, had
been started in business by a gentleman of
wealth, with every prospect of success. He
was active, honest, and enterprising; and al-
though he had married early after commencing
business for himself—perhaps too early—the
lady whom he had selected as his companion
was worthy of his choice. She had more
ambition, some of her friends thought, than
comported with their circumstances; and tho'
she contrived to repress it, in consideration
that her husband's income for the present
was small, it was apparent that her spirit
was aspiring, and that she was looking
forward with some impatience to the time
when she should be the mistress of a fine house,
with furniture corresponding. A friend of
hers, who was married about the same time,
had at once entered upon the enjoyment of
these objects of ambition, and had even re-
frained at her command. Quite possibly, Ma-
tilda Grant cherished the secret hope that she
might one day be able to receive that friend
in a similar establishment of her own.
The dispositions of God, however, not un-
frequently intervene to thwart our plans and
defeat our hopes of worldly good. He has
higher views respecting us than we ourselves
entertain, and a preparation therefore is neces-
sary, which requires sorrow here in order to
joy hereafter. Through much tribulation must
we enter into the kingdom of God.
For a few years Mr Grant went on well in
business. His purchases were made with im-
punity, and his goods were credited to those
who, he then thought, would be able to pay.
But unfortunately, and unforeseen, his prin-
cipal creditor failed, and in a single day Charles
Grant was a bankrupt.
At the time of this sad reverse, he was ill of

a fever. It was difficult to conceal it from
him; but the news had a still more unhappy
effect upon him than was anticipated; and
from that hour he continued to decline, and
in a few weeks was carried to his grave. It
was a grievous blow to his wife, with whom
her friends most sincerely sympathized, and to
whom they tendered for herself and two chil-
dren—a son and daughter—all the kind assis-
tance which their circumstances allowed.
On an investigation of Mr Grant's affairs,
his failure proved even worse than was feared;
and although the gentleman who had advanced
the capital was quite liberal in the settlement
of the concern, the widow and her children
had but a few hundred pounds, and for most
of that she was chiefly indebted, it was thought,
to the generosity of her husband's friend.

This result, following the loss of a fond and
truly estimable husband, made the shock still
more terrible. She felt the calamity keenly,
and the more so as she had no near relatives
at hand to speak with her, and was ignorant
of the divine consolation of religion. The
Spirit of God came in to heal that troubled
spirit, and to sanctify those trials to her soul.
And at length she was enabled to bow in hum-
ble and quiet submission to the will of God,
and betake herself to the support and educa-
tion of her lovely children, now her solace and
delight.

At the time I saw her in the book-store, she
was in pursuit of a pocket Bible for her son,
named Charles, after his father. The pur-
chase was never made. A further circumstance
about this Bible I knew in after years. On
presenting it she turned the page in the atten-
tion of the happy little fellow to a blank page in the
beginning, on which, in a beautiful hand, she
had inscribed her own name, and under the
words, "To my son," followed the appropriate
and touching lines:—

"A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one
Mist to the other cling.
Remember 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift,—remember, boy."

And still a little below were printed, in small
but beautiful capitals, words which a mother's
faith might well appropriate:—

"HIS LOVING-KINDNESS CHANGETH NOT."

At the age of seventeen, Charles Grant was
a stout, strong, active youth. He was more
than ordinarily ambitious, but as his ambition
did not fall scope, he was restless, and some-
times thought unhappy. Had his mother, at
this critical era of his life, been able to find
him some employment suitable to his active
and ambitious genius, it would have been for-
tunate indeed; but she knew of none; and
besides, she needed his aid,—and more than
all, she was alone, and felt that she could not
dispense with his company.

About this time, a young sailor by the name
of Thornton, belonging to the neighborhood,
arrived home from a voyage. Charles natu-
rally fell in his way, and was delighted with
the story of his adventures. He listened long
and intently. His age and circumstances com-
bined in his ambitious bosom the desire for
similar exciting scenes. Without designing
any special wrong, young Thornton at length
proposed to Charles to accompany him on his
next voyage, which he should commence in a
few weeks. For a time he hesitated, or rather
declined,—his mother and Alice would never
consent, and to leave them by stealth was
more than he felt willing to do. Thornton did
not urge him, as it afterwards appeared, but
Charles was himself strongly inclined to go,
while the young sailor was quite willing to
have a friend and companion so bright and en-
terprising as Charles Grant. In an evil hour
the latter decided to go, and to go without the
knowledge of his mother.

On the night appointed for their departure,
Charles rose from his bed when all was still,
and softly feeling his way to the door, opened
it and escaped. It was a beautiful night; and
as he proceeded round the corner of the house
to get a small bundle of clothes which he had
concealed the day before, his heart beat with
unusual violence, and for a few moments a
faintness came over him at the thought of leav-
ing a mother and sister, the only objects on
earth whom he had ever truly loved. He
stopped for a moment, as if meditating a better
resolution, and then proceeded to the gate,
which he opened, and went out. Here he
paused,—turned,—looked,—lingered,—hesi-
tated,—and even put his hand again to the
latchet, half resolved to creep once more to his
little bed-room. But at that moment the low
call of Thornton, at some distance, reached his
ears,—he had lingered longer than he was
aware, and now the moment had arrived when
he must go, if at all. With a sort of despera-
tion, trickling down his cheeks, as the breeze
trickled down his cheeks, as the breeze al-
lured the humble cottage which contained all he
loved on earth. His bundle was under his
arm, and in that bundle, I am glad to say,
was "a mother's gift," the pocket Bible.—
Charles felt that he could not go without that;
and perhaps he felt that the discovery that he
had taken it might serve somewhat to assuage
a mother's sorrow.

Before morning, the young sailors were a
long way towards the seaport whence they ex-
pected to sail, and a couple of days brought
them quite there. The ship it so happened,
was ready, and Charles having been accepted
on the recommendation of Thornton, took up
his line of duty before the mast. Shortly after
the ship weighed anchor and stretched forth
on a far distant voyage.

I must leave my readers to imagine, if they
are able, the surprise and even consternation
of Mrs Grant and Alice, the morning following
Charles's departure, at not finding him in the
house, nor about the premises. What could
it mean?—what errand could have called him
away?—at what hour did he leave?—what
accident could have befallen him?

Search was made for him by the increas-
ingly anxious and terrified mother and sister,
and on an hour and more, before they ventured to
be known their solicitude to their neigh-
bors. My own residence was not far distant,

and before I had finished my breakfast, a mes-
senger in haste made known the truly distress-
ing situation of Mrs Grant and Alice. I hast-
ened to the house,—other friends at no distant
hour were there,—inquiries were instituted,
—messengers were dispatched around the
town, but not the slightest tidings could be ob-
tained, and even conjecture was baffled. At
length, however, Mrs Grant made the discov-
ery that his better suit was gone, and there
was a transient gleam of joy on her face as she
announced that his pocket Bible was also not
in his chest. Some days passed, long days,
and long and gloomy nights, before any satis-
factory intelligence was received, and then the
amount of that intelligence was in a short but
affectionate letter from Charles himself, just
then on the eve of sailing for the Pacific
Ocean. It was thus:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER.—Can you, will you,
forgive me for the step I have taken without
your knowledge or consent? My heart has
sought me every hour since I left you. I am
at sea,—and you have the ship,—which
sails in a hour for the great Ocean. Fond-
est—best of mothers, do not grieve, I will
one day return to you, and comfort you and
my dear Alice. I must do something for you
and her. Kiss me for me, Mother. I can write
no more, only this. I hope I shall have your
prayers. I have got my pocket Bible, and
shall keep it next my heart. Farewell.—Your
affectionate son.

"P. S. I have somewhere read, what I am
sure will prove true in my own case:

"Where'er I rove,—whenever I roam,
My heart, untravelling, turns to thee."

By some means the letter did not reach the
post-office as soon as it should have done, and
the uncertainty bore heavily on the heart of
mother and sister. The postmaster, on its ar-
rival, kindly sent me, and hoping that it
contained tidings of the lost child, I ventured
to break the seal. The truth,—so wonderful as
was,—was a great relief, and was felt to be so
by Mrs Grant and Alice. Yet, for a season,
—and who can marvel?—their hearts were
filled with a sadness which scarcely admitted
of alleviation; it was a dark and mysterious
providence; and when friends called in, as
they often did, to mingle their tears with
the weeping, and to administer consolation,
the most they could do was to weep, and to say,
"His ways are in the sea, and his judgments
past finding out."

But time does something, faith does more,
and a parent makes the darkest night bright.
So it did for them. They did not, indeed, re-
ceive their wonted cheerfulness, but they were
eaten and subdued. No murmur escaped the
mother's lips, and even Alice seemed to have
inbibed the spirit of a holy resignation. "Fath-
er, thy will be done."

But there were days of keen and bitter an-
guish, and in those nights when the storm swept
its angry blast across their humble dwelling,
and rocked their bed, it was impossible for a
mother's heart not to tremble for her sailor boy,
far off upon the stormy ocean, and perhaps
suffering the perils of the billowy tempest.—
But even at such times she was enabled to
commit herself and her wandering child to the
care and grace of a covenant-keeping God,
uttering the language of holy confidence. His
faithfulness was as the everlasting mountains.—
"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."
To be continued.

Boyhood of the Apostle Paul.

The following interesting and instructive
remarks upon the boyhood of the Apostle
Paul, are from Conybeare's and Howson's
Life and Epistles of St. Paul:

"We have seen what his infancy was; we
must now glance at his boyhood. It is usually
the case that the features of a strong character
display themselves early. His impetuous,
fiery disposition, would sometimes need con-
trol. Flashes of indignation would reveal his
impatience and his honesty. (Acts ix. 1, 2;
xxiii. 1, 5.) The affectionate tenderness of
his nature would not be without an object
of attachment, if that sister, who was after-
wards married, (Acts xxiii. 16.) was his
playmate at Tarsus. The work of tent-
making, rather an amusement than a trade, might
sometimes occupy those young heads, which
were marked with the toil of years, when he
held them to the view of the elders at Miletus
(Acts xv. 34.) His education was conducted
at home rather than at school; for, though
Tarsus was celebrated for its learning, the
Hebrew boy would not lightly be exposed to
the influence of Gentile teaching. Or, if he
went to school, it was not a Greek school, but
rather to some room connected with the
synagogue, where a noisy class of Jewish chil-
dren received the rudiments of instruction,
seated on the ground with their teacher, after
the manner of the Mohammedan children in
the East, who may be seen or heard at their
lessons near the Mosque. At such a school,
it may be, he learnt to read and to write,
going and returning under the care of some at-
tentive attendant, according to that custom which
afterwards was an illustration in the Epistle
to the Galatians, (and perhaps he remembered
his own early days while he wrote the pas-
sage,) when he spoke of the law as a slave
who conducts us to the school of Christ.—
His religious knowledge, as his years ad-
vanced, was obtained from hearing the law read
in the arguments and discussions of learned
doctors, and from that habit of questioning
and answering, which was permitted even to
the children among the Jews. Familiar with
the pathetic history of the Jewish sufferings,
he would feel his heart filled with that love to
his own people, which breaks out in the Epistle
to the Romans, (ix. 4, 6,) to that people
"whom we have adopted, and that people
covenant, and of whom, as concerning the
flesh, Christ was to come"—a love not then
as it was afterwards, blended with a love to all
mankind—to the Jew first, and also the Gen-
tile—but rather united with a bitter hatred
to the Gentile children whom he saw around
him. His idea of the Messiah, so far as it
was distinct, would be the carnal notion of a tem-
poral prince—a Christ known after the flesh.

(2 Cor. v. 16.)—and he looked forward with
the hope of a Hebrew to the restoration of
the kingdom to Israel. He would be known
at Tarsus as a child of promise, and as one
likely to uphold the honour of the law against
the half-infidel teaching of the day. But the
time was drawing near, when his training was
to become more exact and systematic. He
was destined for the school of Jerusalem.
The educational maxims of the Jews, at a later
period, was as follows:—"At five years of age
children begin the Scripture; at ten the
Mishna; at thirteen let them be subjects of
the law." There is no reason to suppose that
the general practice was very different before
the floating maxims of the great doctors were
brought together in the Mishna. It may
therefore be concluded, with a strong degree
of probability, that Paul was sent to the Holy
City between the ages of ten and thirteen.
And it been later than thirteen, he could
hardly have said that he had been "brought
up" (Acts xxii. 3) in Jerusalem.

"The first time any one leaves the land of
his birth, to visit a foreign and distant country,
it is an important epoch in his life. In the
case of one who has taken this first journey at
an early age, and whose character is en-
thusiastic and susceptible of lively impressions
from without, the epoch is remembered with
peculiar distinctness. But when the country
which is thus visited has furnished the im-
agery for the dreams of children, and its im-
pression is more truly the young traveler's home,
than the land he is leaving, then the journey
assumes the sacred character of a pilgrimage.
The nearest parallel that can be found to the
visit of the scattered Jews to Jerusalem, is in
the periodical expedition of the Mohammedan
pilgrims to the sanctuary at Mecca. Nor is
there anything that ought to shock the mind
in such a comparison; for that localizing
spirit was the same thing to the Jews under
the highest sanction, which it is to the Moham-
medans through the memory of a prophet,
who was the enemy, and not the forerunner
of Christ. As the disciples of Islam may be
seen, at stated seasons, flocking towards Cairo
or Damascus, the meeting places of the Afri-
can and Asiatic caravans—so Paul had often
seen the Hebrew pilgrims from the interior of
Asia Minor come down through the passes of
the mountains, and join others at Tarsus who
are bound for Jerusalem. They returned
when the festivals were over, and he heard
them talk of the Holy City, of Hazael and the
city of David, and of the great teachers and doctors
of the law. And at length Paul himself was
to go—to see the land of promise and the city
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Missionary Intelligence.

FOUR STUDENTS LICENSED TO PREACH THE
GOSPEL, BY THE FREE CHURCH PRESBY-
TERY OF MADRAS.

(From the Madras Native Herald, January 6.)

On Wednesday, December 27th, 1854, the
Free Church Presbytery of Madras met for
the purpose of bestowing license on four stu-
dents. Their names are Messrs J. Frost,
S. Ramanojiam, R. Soondram, and G. Appa-
sawmy. All of them have been connected
with the mission for many years, three having
been brought out of heathenism, and the fourth,
though baptised in infancy, having come to
feel the gospel in its saving power during
the period of his education by the Free Church
missionaries. Through their course, after
their own school instruction was finished, they
have taught in the institution; and for a num-
ber of years they have been engaged in studies
directly bearing upon preparation for the
Christian ministry. These have been carried
on alongside of their work as teachers. All
the missionaries have taken part in the work
of training them, some to a greater, some to a
less extent. Mr. Anderson and the Rev. P.
Rajahmoolah have been chiefly engaged in
the Bible training, and in their study of
Theology in the Reformation, in the monitori-
al class. In systematic theology, and the pe-
riod of works on experimental religion, as well
as in Hebrew and Greek, the late Mr. John-
son superintended their progress, and labour-
ed much with them. Mr. Braidwood contin-
ued their studies in Hebrew, and materially
aided them in their theological readings and
work. More recently they have studied dis-
tinctly, especially that of Calvin's Institutes,
under the Rev. A. Venkataramiah. Mr.
Blyth has for more than a year given
them instructions in Hebrew, to which has
been added some Logic. During the same
period Mr. Campbell has taught them Greek,
and lately Church History; and Mr. Mack-
intosh has been connected with them during
their recent examinations. These have been
conducted chiefly in writing for hours together
at different periods during the last two months.
They have also each read a discourse before
the Presbytery. It should not be forgotten,
that they have been much accustomed to
address the heathen, sometimes in English,
and more frequently in Tamil, and in the case
of one of their number, in Telugu. The
results of their various examinations have been
that the Presbytery resolved to proceed with
their license, as they were anticipated to do
by the Foreign Mission Committee in Scot-
land, and appointed the Rev. John Anderson,
the founder of the mission, and the father of
the Presbytery, to address on the occasion.—
Three of the candidates, it may be mentioned,
passed through their examinations not only
credibly, but with distinction.

A very large congregation was gathered
together on the evening referred to. It con-
sisted of several Europeans, a considerable
number of East Indians, the native church
connected with the Free Church mission, and
a large assemblage of Hindus, with a few
Mohammedans.
[Mr. Blyth was Moderator of the Presby-
tery. Mr. Anderson licensed the candidates.]

The First-Born and the Second.

The first-born! Oh, other tiny feet may
trip lightly at the hearthstone; other rosy faces
love to soothe their childish pains and share
their childish sports; but "Benjamin is not,"
is written in the secret chamber of many a be-
reaved mother's heart; where never more the
echo of a childish voice may ring out such li-
quid music as death hath hushed.

At the window of a large hotel in one of
those seaport towns, the breeze of the in-
valid and pleasure-seeker's health; the fresh
sea-breeze lifting her hair, her temples thin-
ner and paler than of yore, she looked with
a holier beauty. From the window she might
see the blue waves of the sea, sweeping to the
sunlight, while many a vessel, hither and
ward bound spread its sails, like some joyous,
white-winged sea-bird. But Ruth was not
thinking of the sapphire sea, decked with its
snowy sails; for in her lap lay a little half-
grown shoe, with the impress of a tiny foot
upon which her tears were falling fast.

A little half-grown shoe! And yet no magi-
cian could conjure up such blissful visions; no
artist could trace such vivid pictures; no harp
of sweetest sounds could so fill the air with
music.

Eight years since the little Daisy blossomed!
And yet to the mother's eye she still blossomed
fair as paradise. The soft, golden hair waved
over the blue-veined temples; the sweet, cur-
ved eyes still beamed with their loving light;
the little fragile hand still stretched for
maternal guidance, and in the wood and by
the stream they still lingered. Still the little
hymn was chanted at dawn, the little prayer
lingered at dew-fall; still that gentle breathing
nudged with the happy mother's star-lit
dreams.

A little bright-eyed creature crept to Ruth's
side, and lifting a long, wavy, golden ringlet
from a box on the table near her, laid it be-
side her own brown curls.

"Daisy is in heaven," said little Katie, mu-
singly. "Why do you cry, mamma? Don't
you like to have God keep her for you?"

"A tear was the only answer."
"I should like to die, and have you love my
curls as you do Daisy's, mother."

Ruth started and looked at the child; the
rosy flush had faded away from little Katie's
cheek, a tear stole slowly from beneath her
long lashes.

Taking her upon her lap she severed one
strand of her brown hair, and laid it beside lit-
tle Daisy's golden ringlet.

"A bright and sunny fit for little Katie's face,
and she was just showing her arms about her
mother's neck to express her thanks, when,
stopping suddenly, she drew from her dimpled
foot the little shoe, and laid it in her mother's
lap."

And smiles and tears Ruth complied with
the mute request, and the little sister shoes lay
with the twin ringlets, lovingly side by side.
Blessed childhood! the pupil and yet the
teacher; half-angel, half-sinner, what a desert
world without thee!—*Parsons Magazine.*

Devotional Exercises at Presby- terial Meetings.

Any one who has enjoyed the privilege of
engaging in prayer and praise, and in mutual
exhortation with ministers and elders, in con-
nection with the usual congregation of the
place, during the Sessions of Presbytery, can-
not fail to remember the happy effect pro-
duced. In former days it was the custom in
many parts of our Church to have the meet-
ings of Presbytery opened with religious ser-
vices, and to have devotional exercises ming-
led to a large extent with the regular business
of every day. The results were often most
beneficial. The fountains of christian love
were opened. The hearts of brethren were
knit together. The pastor where they were
assembled was encouraged, and his people
were gladdened by the spiritual feasts they
enjoyed. Ministers and elders separated for
their respective fields of labor greatly strength-
ened, and alive with zeal for the salvation of
souls and the glory of God; and not unfre-
quently most precious revivals followed such
Presbyterial meetings.

In some parts, especially in the southern
section of our Church, the same custom still
prevails, and the happy effects are seen in the
plentiful showers of grace that descend from
time to time upon their churches. But it is
to be feared that in many places the habit has
fallen into disuse, and the great measure of
blessings have become in a great measure
obscured. The ordinary routine of business is
hurried over, and the members hasten to leave
for their homes satisfied with merely a short
prayer at the beginning and close of each ses-
sion. There is scarcely any opportunity for
members to impart any spiritual gift one to
another; they do not unitedly confess their
sins nor seek wisdom and power from on high,
consequently the bonds of christian affection are
not cemented any more firmly by their
meeting together, nor do they return quick-
ened in spirit and longing for man's salvation.
The aged private members of the church com-
plain—and justly in this instance,—that the
former times were better; the people at large
take but little interest in such assemblies,
and everything about them becomes cold and
formal. Now is a proper time for improve-
ment; at the autumnal meetings let special
religious exercises be held for conference and
prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit
upon ministers, elders, and people. In
some places it may be thought best to appoint
a special meeting for this purpose, or to make
arrangements that the winter meetings may
partake largely of this character. At all
events, at this time of spiritual declension and
providential chastisement, let us search our
hearts and try our ways. Let us seek to
know our sins and to repent of them; let us
pray that the Word of God may be "quick
and powerful," that the Holy Ghost may come
down from above, that the times of refreshing
may come from the presence of the Lord, that
saints may be revived and sinners saved.—
Presbyterian Banner.

Secret of Christian Union.

The secret of all union in the Church of
Christ is not diplomacy, not management, not
trying to screw down our differences, and so
develop in contrast our points of coincidence,
however useful or however proper that may
be; but the secret of true union, sensibly felt,
is love to Christ.—The reason of division,
the secret of harmony in the Church is near-
ness to Christ. If we can suppose a large
circumference, or periphery, and in that circle
a number of lines all coming from the centre,
each radiating from the circumference, ap-
proach each other just in proportion as they
approach the centre; the nearer they are to
the centre, the nearer each is to his fellow;
the nearer, to use a more familiar expression,
each spoke is to its axle, the nearer each is
to its fellow-spokes. It is so in the
Christian Church; the nearer we come
to Christ, the nearer we come to each other;
and the man who lives most in Christ lives
in the highest harmony, in the greatest happi-
ness, in the nearest approximation to him who is
his fellow.—*Ann. Mess.*

Proportion of Romanists in the United States.

MARYLAND, one of the oldest states in the
Union, was settled by a colony of Papists, who
fled hither from England in 1633, on account
of political disturbances, which rendered their
condition in the mother country uncomfortable.
Florida was settled by Papists from Spain.
The whole country west of the Mis-
sissippi, now embracing Louisiana, Arkansas,
and Missouri, extending north, belonged origi-
nally to the French, and was settled by them.
The Jesuits were the first Europeans that trod
those extensive regions. The whole of our
northern frontier, from the mouth of the St.
Lawrence to Fond du Lac, has ever been ex-
posed to the influence of Popery from Canada.
The more settled by Papists. The state of Tex-
as, until its annexation to the United States,
was closed against Protestant influence. The
same was true of New Mexico and California,
previous to their conquest and their incorpo-
ration into the American domain. In addition
to these advantages, the wonderful tide of em-
igration for the last fifty years from the Pa-
pal countries of Europe is to be remembered.
Several millions of Irish Papists, have come,
and now German Papists, with equal, if not
with greater numbers, are pouring in upon us,
in view of these facts, we cannot wonder that
Protestant Christians are alarmed for the
safety of our free institutions.

Yet there is no great occasion for alarm, as
the following census will show: In Maryland there
are about 800 Protestant churches, and only
65 Papal. Out of 152 churches in Florida,
there are only 5 Papal. In Louisiana there
are 229 Protestant churches, and only 35
Papal. In Texas there are 164 churches,
only 13 of which are Papal; and at the pre-
sent time, the Protestant is greatly the pre-
dominant influence in California. The cen-
sus just published reveals the fact, that in all
the country the Papists have but 1112
churches, accommodating 621,000 persons,
which is not one-eleventh of the Methodist
churches; scarcely one-eighth of the Baptists,
and not one-fourth of the Presbyterians. The
Protestant population of the United States is
to the Catholic population as 12 to 1.—*Christian
Advocate.*

Don't be anxious about the Future.

1. Because all the future is in God's
hands. An infinitely wise and good Being
is sovereign over all its events. Not
one of them can escape his notice or elude
his control.

2. Because you have no right to put
into one day what belongs to another.—
The future will have its own cares and
anxieties—plenty of them, likely—and
they will be along in due time. But they
have no business among the cares and
anxieties of the present time. You must
not put them there.

3. Because it is ill-treatment of the
best advice. Just read the following ad-
vice and think who was the adviser:—
"Wherefore, take no thought for the
morrow, for the morrow shall take thought
for the things of itself. Sufficient unto
the day is the evil thereof."

4. Because it implies want of confi-
dence in God. Has He not hitherto
dealt well with you? Could you have
taken as good care of yourself as He has
taken of you? If you can reflect on
goodness, can you not anticipate good-
ness? Has not God laid a noble basis
for confidence in all his faithfulness?

5. Because anxiety will needlessly aug-
ment present care. Are you so well
out of trouble now, that you need more
by way of variety? Or would you like
more than you now have? Do you wish
a new stroke of the lash on a place already
sore? Go into fidgets, then, about the
future, and you can get accommodated.
But all this is a superfluous addition to
present troubles. It makes all present
burdens heavier, while Christ and reason
bid you do no such thing.

6. Anxiety about the future can do you
no possible good. It cannot better fit you
to meet it; but contrariwise. It will ne-
cessitate anything that is appointed to
overtake you.

Therefore, all these voices in your ear
proclaim to you that it is very poor be-
sinees to tease and trouble your soul abo-