Religious Intelligencer,

BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

E. McLEOD, Editor. That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ —Peter. TERMS,---ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

VOL. IV.---NO. 8. ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 20 1857. WHOLE NO. 164

Family Reading.

"The Door was Shut."

OR,

THE CRISIS OF THE IMMORTAL SOUL.

In the well-known parable of the ten virgins, Matthew 25, it is recorded that, "while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT." So to every man living there is a moment, somewhere between the cradle and the grave, when "the door is shut," either including or excluding him for ever. "Afterwards came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily, I say unto you, *I know you not.*" When once the door is thus shut, it can no more be opened. Saved, or lost for eternity, is the result. It is the crisis of the soul, which has then passed from a state of probation to one of fixed and changeless retribution. And this doom of the unpardoned sinner may be passed by an offended God when the subject of it is unconscious of the fact, is in the midst of life, and perhaps is least apprehensive of such an overwhelming decision. Are there, then, any indications in the word of God, or in the facts of his providence, by which we can learn when we are, for the last time, approaching the open door of heaven?

Look at the history of wicked men in the Bible. When the blood of his brother cried to God from the ground against Cain, God did not kill him, but he set a mark upon him, and sent him out a vagabond and reprobate upon the earth. So with the old world: God said to Noah, "The end of all flesh is come before me." Gen. 6: 13. Yet it was a hundred years from the issuing of that decree and the command, "Make thee an ark," to the terrible catastrophe; and all the while Noah preached, and wept, and vexed his righteous soul for them; and they bought and sold, they planted, they builded, they married and were given in marriage; but they were doomed. So it was with Pharaoh. God sent his wonders upon him, to manifest his own glory; at the same time saying to Moses, "Pharaoh will not hear thee." There was no more hope for Pharaoh when the rod of Moses became a serpent before him, than when ingulfed in the Red Sea. So with Saul, when the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. So with Ephraim, and the Israelites on many occasions.

But in the New Testament, and under the plain and authorative teaching of the Lord from heaven, we have the most decisive examples on this point. Towards the latter part of his ministry, our blessed Lord was accustomed, when a crowd of scribes and Pharisees were about him, to impart his divine lessons in parables publicly, and afterwards to explain them to his disciples. And when it was inquired why he did so, he made this memorable reply: "That seeing, they may see and not perceive; and hearing, they may hear and not understand." When he had wrought wonders before them, they ascribed it to his intimacy with demons; and when he had spoken plainly, and as never man spake, they were enraged rather than converted; they had passed the point beyond which mercy would ever reach them. They were given over to judicial blindness, and consequent perdition. To them, as a class, he had but one more address to make. That was when he went up to Jerusalem for the last time, and stood in the temple at the great feast—the Jewish nation assembled around him—and pointing to the scribes and Pharisees, as they sat in Moses' seat, he portrayed their character, and eight times reiterated the terrible sentence, "Woe unto you scribes and Pharasees, hypocrites!" "Fill ye up, then, the measure of your iniquity. Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" "The door was shut."

On the same occasion, as he looked upon the city of Jerusalem, he wept and exclaimed, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." Luke 19: 42, 44. "Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Matt. 23: 38. This was *forty* years before the city was destroyed; but "the door was shut."

In accordance with these facts, are numerous warnings of the Bible. "There is a sin unto death." I John, 5: 16. "For if we sin wilfully, after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." Heb. 10: 26. "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." Heb. 6: 4.

That which the word of God so unequivocally declares and illustrates, HIS PROVIDENCE also still continues to affirm. None who have stood by the death-bed of impenitent sin, doubt that there are still multitudes who live their day of grace, and become vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction. Nor is it the abandoned profligate alone that takes up the lamentation: he who has "heard gladly" and "done many things," as well as the reckless sinner—the nominal believer as well as the scoffing infidel—is suddenly destroyed, and cries out in agony, "He will not hear me—it is too late—too late!"

Nor is it certain that this crisis may not be reached long before the period of *old age*. It appears from the bills of mortality, kept in the most healthy portions of our land, that one half of all who are born, die under seventeen years of age; and of those who live, the mass of church members are received in youth. To them "the door is shut," and shuts them in, if they are true disciples. In almost every revival of religion the body of converts are from the circles of youth. In a sevival of religion in Jackson County, Ga., in the summer of 1846, out of eighty hopeful conversions, sixty-three of whom united with the church, not more than three or four were past the age of twenty-five. In the great work in Athens, which followed, there was a similar proportion of youth. In other revivals in the same State, in 1845 and 1846, including in all not far from five hundred additions to the churches, at least as large a proportion were from twelve to twenty-five years of age; and these facts are perhaps a fair average throughout the country. Ponder it, ye who are putting far off the evil day, and trusting to advanced life to enter the gate of heaven!

There is another view by which many seek to shield themselves from the arrows of truth. They are disposed to say, "If this crisis comes before death, and even early in life, it will be *in the commission of some atrocious act of wickedness*, or course of abandonment to sin. I am surely in no danger, in the calm, unruffled pathway of a moral life. But beware, lest a fatal delusion be practised upon you by the father of lies. Look at one or two illustrations of this matter. A greater distance can scarcely be conceived between two mere men, than there was between Geo. Washington in his last days, and a robber on the gallows. But what was the crises with each of them?

With the robber, it was not when he presented the pistol to his victim's breast, in that last act of infamy for which he was condemned to be hung When the chaplain inquired of him, what had brought him to that dreadful end, he replied, "When I was a school-boy, I stole a gold pin; and O," said he, "I would have given the world, the moment it was done, if it had been back again. But I was not detected, and did not return it. I was emboldened in sin. I next took a knife; then a roll of cloth, etc., and here I am." The struggle of conscience was in his first act of transgression, and he was lost to virtue from that hour.

Look now at Washington. How glorious his career in the Revolution, and how transcendently so the hour when he stood before Congress to deliver up to them his sword, his commission, and his authority, and return to his farm. But that was not the crises with him. With his character, he could not have done otherwise on that occasion. We must look far back into the nursery to find the moment that formed him for unparalleled greatness. When he confessed his fault in the matter of the cherry-tree; or ordered his trunks brought back, when his heart was set upon going to sea, saying, "I will not grieve a mother's heart;" then were established in him the principles of his future renown

In like manner, the soul may receive its character for immortality far back of those marked external acts which make it apparent to the person and the world.

Let it also be considered, that every sinner is *dependent upon the Spirit of God*, which may at any time leave him to himself.

In this respect, he may be compared to a ship upon the Niagara river, between lake Erie and the falls. The calm, still waters of the lake are above it, the thundering precipice below, and all the way between a constantly increasing current, bearing it downward; while a propitious breeze is blowing towards the lake, sufficient to overcome the power of the current and waft it upward to the lake. But the sails are all furled; the captain and all on board wish to enjoy the pleasant scenery around them. Some doubt whether there is any cataract; others think there is, but that it is so far off that it need not be feared yet; they *can turn at any time*. Thus they float merrily along, amid wine, and song, and dance, and revelry, so intent upon their pleasure that for hours they do not notice a fearful fact, that *the wind has ceased to blow*. At length they are roused from their dream of security, and look out upon the calm, blue heavens: not a leaf moves. They are filled with dismay. The captain cries out, "About ship—put on all her canvass." "Ay, ay, sir," replies the helmsman, and the helm is "hard up." The sails are spread, but they flap against the masts. There is no power in the helm. She turns her prow to the lake of safety; but it is only to float backwards down the stream. The current increases; they shriek aloud for help; but help cannot come. They ply their oars, but there is no perceptible check to the descent. Islands and green banks seem to be gliding past them like magic; the thundering roar of the cataract is heard; now they enter the curling and eddying rapids; a few moments of agonizing cries of despair, and a few of breathless, silent, shivering expectation, and the noble ship plunges into the abyss, and is dashed to atoms. But *when* was that ship lost? Not merely when it struck the foaming flood, but when *the wind ceased to blow* upon it, as it floated quietly on that smooth stream; when the only agency that could possibly arrest its downward course, ceased to act; then destruction was as *sure* as at the last moment.

In like manner, the soul that God has left may float down the stream of time, and dream of safety and future repentance, while it is *lost*. Its day of merciful visitation is passed. "The door is shut"

If, then, we are liable at any moment to pass the boundaries of hope, and those bounds are not always made obvious by the commission of heinous acts of wickedness, how important is the inquiry, What circumstances indicate its approach?

The general principle is clearly laid down in the Bible. It is when one is brought, under the united energy of all the influences that God has appointed to effect the heart, to the very threshold of heaven's gate, and there deliberately decides to enter, or not to enter. He is enlightened—instructed in the Gospel—made to taste of the heavenly gift—to feel the reality of an atoning sacrifice—partakes of the influences of the Holy Ghost, and thus is convinced of sin. His conviction sends him to the good word of God for additional instruction; that word lays full before him the powerful realities pertaining to the world to come. Thus, with the voice of conscience, quickened by the Spirit of God, the cross of Christ, death, judgment, heaven, and hell before him, he decides, and that decision may be for eternity. It may be God's last call; and if slighted, these influences may never be renewed so as to lead that soul to repentance. But while the general principle is plain, its application is as various as the pursuits and characters of men. We will, therefore, look at some of the most common forms in which persons are brought to such a decision.

Many pass this crisis when brought ALMOST TO THE PURPOSE OF GIVING UP THEIR CHOSEN FORM OF SIN.

(*To be Continued.*)

Results of Mammon-Worship.

Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold—
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled—
Heavy to get and light to hold—
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold—
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled—
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould—
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand fold.

"The love of money," and not money, is the root of many, if not all, the seeming evils that harass and afflict mankind. It is a sin which editors are not often guilty of committing. But every age of the world's progress, as a contemporary truly says, has its foible and its predominant characteristic. One was measured by barbarian conquests; another witnessed the spread of Christianity; a third was memorable for the crusades; a fourth for its feudal sway; another for its spread of superstition; another was an era of conquest; another of discovery; another of settlement, &c. We have had the iron, brazen, silver, and golden ages; but, beyond all question, the mark of this nineteenth century is expressed by its pursuit of wealth more than by any other of its great characteristics. The pursuit in England and in the United States has been to a great degree an insanity. Previous to 1825 men laboured for competencies—from then to 1835 for fortunes—ever since for the love of moneyed power and pecuniary despotism; and despite all the dreadful lessons we have from day to day, and year to year, regarding this insanity, the pursuit continues, and increase its tenacity of purpose and scope of sway. Suicides, bankruptcies, disgraces, sudden deaths—one and all preach awful sermons to the votaries of wealth, yet how pointless of effect! Men make steam-engines of themselves, and from morning until night—even half through the night—work and dream of gold. This train of thought has been suggested by several newspaper paragraphs in some of our exchanges. A Columbus paper, for instance, relates the following circumstances, which should be a warning to our merchants and business men:—

"On the evening of the 13th of March, 1856, Mr. Abiathar Crane, a highly respectable citizen of Bainbridge, Putnam County, Indiana, arrived in Columbus in the care of a few friends, in a state of great physical prostration and utter mental alienation. He had been to New York on matters of business which had so engrossed his thoughts as to deprive him of necessary sleep and repose. In this condition he commenced his homeward journey, and little is known of him until his arrival at Crestline, when the malady was fully developed. He was cared for by a few friendly strangers, and a message dispatched to his relatives in Indiana, one of whom immediately repaired to his relief, and he again set forward for home; but on reaching Columbus it was found that travel aggravated his malady, and his necessities consituting an emergency appealing to human sympathies, he was hospitably received in the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, where he received every attention that sympathy can prompt or professional skill afford. After languishing for several days, without the return of a lucid moment, nature sank under the violence of the malady, and he died. His insanity was of the typho-mania form, and death from exhaustion was apprehended from his first reception into the asylum. He died the morning of the 24th, aged thirty-five years."

Life Illustrated quotes from a Wall-street contemporary another paragraph in point, which it finds right under its "stock columns:" "The sudden death of Nelson Robinson, Esq., who is well known in New York City as one of the leading minds of Wall-street, forcibly arrests the public attention. Twelve o'clock, Sunday, we understand, he was at church, in his usual health. On his return home he was seized with apoplexy—the second attack—and he expired after an illness of six hours. These (many) sudden deaths from apoplexy among business men forcibly admonish us all that we must take more time for leisure, recreation, and enjoyment of some kind or other. Mind cannot stand the constant stretch of the street, and breaks down under it, and crushes the whole system with it. The brain is *over* worked, and the physique *under* worked. There is not enough physical to counterbalance the intense intellectual activity of the city. Play more and work less."

Here was a gentleman in the prime of life, says our contemporary of *Life Illustrated* (and a good illustration it is of spending our life in the too eager pursuit of gaining gold,) only forty-eight years old—with an income of $50,000 a year for the last ten years probably, living in grand style, with a loving wife and family, who committed suicide just as much as Sadleir did on Hampstead Heath, through the insanity for wealth—only the insanity of one ended in misfortune and that of the other in lucky turns. He retired in 1854, and was then told by his medical friend—"Stop business, or you will die!" He obeyed for a short time, and was renewing his youth and life; but, yielding to the insanity of Wall-street, he re-entered the race for wealth, *and died*.

Our esteemed friend, Walter Restored Jones (a memoir of whose life was published in this magazine), died of apoplexy, in the "harness," from overworking his brain. He, like Mr. Robinson, was told that he must moderate his application to business, or die. He heeded not the admonition, and New York lost a useful and valued citizen.

It was the insanity for wealth which drove Robert Schuyler, and James C. Forsyth to the miserable deaths of skulking exiles; and it is the same which brought Phineas T. Barnum to the mortification of a public bankruptcy, and an examination in court about his daily bread.

These are lessons which men grasping for wealth *may* profit by; but the probability is that they will be disregarded. It is the property of insanity to believe its possessor sane, cool, and steady, and in no need of reformation in mind or body; but the humble artisan, the merchant of snug means, the happier *literateur*, the merry milliner, the little labourer, the hearty farmer—one and all, who ever sigh for wealth, and often fain would essay to try for the gigantic fortunes that they hear about, *will* take heed by these teachings and ask only for competence—remain contented with competency, when it is acquired. For them the warning of suicide, bankruptcy, disgrace, and sudden death, will not be thrown away.—*Hunt's Magazine.*

The Sabbath School.

Hush! 'tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while you soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clustering locks, untouched by care,
And bowed, as flowers are bowed with night, in prayer.

HEMANS.

THE prejudices which many have against the benevolent operations of the present day, usually arise from ignorance of their effects. I have seldom known a candid man to dislike them after seeing their tendency. A few years since, I knew a man strongly prejudiced against most of our benevolent societies. He was respected, and was usually agreeable and polite. But, when an Education Society or a Sabbath School was mentioned, he made no scruples in manifesting his antipathy. It so happened, that one summer, a student from college, a charity scholar, established a Sabbath School in the neighborhood of this gentleman. As he was winning in his manners, he soon collected all the children in the vicinity, except the only child of this man, who for some weeks refused to permit his little daughter, a lovely child of eight years old, to attend the school. But as all her playmates attended, and were delighted with the privilege, and as no bad consequences were seen to result from their instructions, what by entreaties, and what by a kind request from her mother, it so happened, that on the fifth Sabbath after the school was opened, little Clarissa ——— was at school, with her blithe rosy countenance, happy among her happy companions. She continued to attend regularly through the summer, and to improve very rapidly. The teacher of the school encouraged his little pupils to make any inquiries about the texts of Scripture which they could not understand. It was at the close of a pleasant Sabbath day in August, when the father called the child to him, and addressed her very mildly—"Clarissa, my love, are you not tired of going to that Sunday School? I don't think you learn any thing—I mean nothing that you understand." "O, yes, father, I do, a great many things!—for to-day I asked my teacher about that beautiful text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days;'—and what, father, do you think?" "Why, child, it must mean that we ought to be charitable to the poor." "Yes, father, but do you know why it is like casting bread on the waters?" "No, my love." "Well, my teacher explained it to me. He said that in the Eastern country, rice and all kinds of grain are called bread, even before they are cooked. He said that every year the river Nile, and so of some other eastern rivers, rose up high, and had its waters overflow its banks, and all the country round. While the waters were thus covering the country, the people went out in their little boats and scattered their rice (or bread) on the waters. This was sowing it. It sunk down in the mud; the waters covered it. Yet the people knew it was not lost; for in due time the waters went off, and then the rice sprung up, and then they usually had great crops. This is casting bread on the waters; and true charity is just like it. Isn't it a beautiful verse, father? "Yes." "And don't I learn and understand what my teacher tells me?" "You may go and tell it to your mother, my dear."

Towards the close of summer, the teacher was taken sick, and was obliged to leave his Sabbath School and college. As he was indigent, the ladies of the neighborhood kindly made him up a small purse to bear his expenses. One evening little Clarissa came to her father with a very earnest look, and says, "Father, will you please to give me a ninepence?" "What will you do with it, my dear?" "Oh, I want it very much, and will not waste it, father." "But what do you want it for?" "I wish, father, you would please to give it to me without asking—I do want it very much." "I can't give my daughter money, unless she tells me to what use she is to apply it," "Well, father, I fear you will not give it to me, but I will tell you. You will know that Mr. ———, my schoolteacher, is sick, and must go away. O, he has been so kind to me. He is going away, and I am afraid I shall never see him again—I wanted to give him the ninepence! you remember how he explained to me that beautiful text, 'Cest thy bread upon the waters.'"

The little girl sobbed, and a tear stood in the eye of the father. He put a bank note in the hand of his child for her sick teacher, and turned aside and wept. He thought how he had been taught a lesson of charity by his little child! how he had opposed the very school where she had been thus instructed; and how he had ever been supremely selfish and sinful. From that hour he became awakened, and was in great anxiety of mind for some time. He then found peace in believing. He is now a firm friend of education societies and Sabbath schools; and never thinks of either without thinking of the teacher whom he opposed—of his daughter's improvement—and of his own hopes of immorality.—*Rev. John Todd.*

Not Sectarian.

Donominational, you may be; have a church, a donomination, that you call yours; but do not, at this age of the world be sectarian. A disposition that seeks to build up one's own church and denomination, without regard to other churches and denominations, ought never to be indulged. Christ prayed that his people "may all be one," as he and his Father are one. All denominations of Christians are to endeavor to live, and they are to help others to live. Co-operation to preach the gospel to every creature ought to be the watch-word and not the Shibboleth of partyism. We are journeying, Judah, Ephraim, Levi, Benjamin, all the tribes, to the land of which the Lord hath said, "I will give it you." "Come thou with us and we will do you good." This should be the feeling of all the churches and ministers of Christianity.

Be denominational; as a Christian, have a home, and don't be always running away from it. Love your church, and its faithfulness and love, seek to build it. Do not fret against another church; do not say any evil of another church. Do not carry a cold shoulder toward a fellow disciple; love him just as much, if he belong to another denomination. This is right—duty—the better way. Missions have tended greatly to unite denominations. As Christians grow older, and become better, they are less sectarian. Progress is in the right direction—let it go. Let all Christians love one another—it is the law of Christ. And let the true brotherhood of religion be cultivated and cherished more and more.—*Morning Star.*

At Jesus' Feet.

The Rev. W. Jay one day attended the dying bed of a young female, who thus addressed him:

"I have a little," said she, "to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but this is my sheet anchor. He has said, 'He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out!' I know I come to him, and I expect that he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it would be beneath his greatness as well as his goodness; I am at his feet as you have often said:

'Tis joy enough, my all in all,
At thy dear feet to lie;
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,
And none can higher fly.'

An Example for Christians.

"The Hindoos, when gathering in their harvest, before it is removed from the threshing floor, take out the portion for their god. However poor, however much in debt, or however small the crop may be, the god's portion is first taken."

Correspondence

Canada Correspondence.

MONTREAL, Feb. 2nd, 1857.

Mr. Editor,—It will require some determination to write this week's communication without alluding to the Anniversary meetings which occupied every evening of this week just closed, Saturday excepted. We have had a succession of meetings unsurpassed, to say the least, by any former Anniversaries in this city, if the testimony of large numbers, well qualified to speak correctly, be accepted:—Some assert that they were never equalled, but this may be only the expression of lively interest, which knows no other method of giving emphasis to a conviction of their value, and may find explanation upon the principle of proximity and freshness of impression, just as we continually hear persons declaring, under the pressure of an intense frost, that they never knew of so cold a day. The simple meaning is, the day is very cold; and we feel it. So with the meetings. They were exceedingly interesting: and felt to be so. There was one delightful feature in the meetings, remarked by many as the first instance in which it occurred. Quebec, on the East, Ottawa on the North, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, and Chatham on the West, were represented. Before the opening up of our magnificent lines of Railway this would have been, if not impossible, at least so formidable, involving such an expenditure of time and means, as to make it unwise to attempt it. Thus the facilities of commerce promote Christian co-operation, and advance the interests of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

The Temperance meeting on Monday evening was acknowledged as one of the best ever held in the City. Its agreeableness was somewhat marred by the fading of the gas lights early in the evening, and eventually the extinction of all below. The dimness did not obscure the conceptions of the speakers, who followed up their attacks upon the vile traffic in rapid succession till time, and not the speakers, became exhausted. Among the points brought out, one was insisted upon streneously, namely that the opponents of Total Abstinence and the Maine Law are under obligation to give us something better to prevent drunkenness, before they denounce these measures. The hardihood of our enemies on this point is astonishing. They are like men who refuse to work an engine of moderate force, and do nothing to put out a fire because it does not throw a volume of water sufficient to quench the flames in a few moments. How often must we insist upon fair play, without securing it. Why should a law be regarded as a failure, because it does not secure obedience on the part of every individual? If this be the test of a law's value, then even the Divine law—with reverence be it spoken—is a miserable failure!

Tuesday evening was devoted to the Tract Society. Its issues during the year were of the value of £1,073, of which £190 were gratuitous. The speakers were fewer this evening than at any of the other meetings, but the speeches were very good. Principal Dawson, of McGill College gave an excellent address, in which he illustrated at considerable length the curious fact that the literature of every age and nation has been largely a religious literature. The Society employs several colporteurs, one of whom has, during the year, been blessed with great success, having through an accident to his arm suspended for a little his usual labors, and thus began a work of religious instruction in the house where he was destained, which by God's blessing led to a revival, in which from forty to fifty were brought hopefully to Christ.

A crowded house on Wednesday evening indictated the popularity of the Bible Society which held is thirty-sixth annual meeting. The enthusiasm was great, the speaking excellent, the spirit fraternal. The *True Witness* may perpetrate its jests after the manner of the worldly press of England, but the fact stands recorded, and no well-informed person of any pretensions to honesty would deny that there is something sound in the Protestanism which hold fast its integrity in the Holy Scriptures. It was well remarked during the evening that something more than applaus was demanded from Christians respecting the Sacred volume.

It was a sight worth seeing on Thursday evening to look upon the vast audience assembled in this Roman Catholic City, to celebrate the Anniversary of the French Canadian Missionary Society. Nowhere do Protestants speak their sentiments more frely respecting Romanism than in Montreal. An interesting report was read which shewed the Society's movement to be of considerable value. A debt of £600 is a barrier to its comfortable working. It was suggested that this debt, be annihiliated on the spot; and although only a little more than two hundred pounds were subscribed, yet it was hoped the movemement would continue till the desired result is reached.

Want of space prevents me from enlarging on this interesting occasion, as also on the Friday's meeting on behalf of the Sabbath Scool Union. One change I remarked which seemed a receding from last year's practice. A devotional meeting concluded the series last year; this year such a meeting was not held. This omission was almost the anything to regret.

A. B.