

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—PETER.

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## THE RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER

An Evangelical Family Newspaper,

FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. G. A. HARTLEY, Editor & Proprietor.

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pers, that we want.

### Pray On.

BY REV. DR. GUTHRIE.

It is easy to know the knock of a beggar at one's door. Low, timid, hesitating, it seems to say, "I have no claim on the kindness of this house; I may be told I come too often; I may be treated as a troublesome and unworthy mendicant; the door may be flung in my face by some surly servant." How different on his return from school, the loud knocking, the bounding step, the joyous rush of the child into his father's presence, and, as he climbs his knee, and flings his arm around his neck, the bold face and ready tongue with which he reminds his father of some old promise or favor? Now, why are God's people bold? Glory to God in the highest! To a father in God, to an elder brother in Christ, faith conducts our steps to prayer; therefore, in an hour of need, faith, bold of spirit, raises her suppliant hands, and cries up to God, "Oh! that thou wouldst read the heavens, and come down."

I think that I see the sneer curling on the skeptic's lips as he says, "How absurd! What presumption; as if we were not below the dignity of Divinity to come at king's or peasant's, prince's or pauper's call. Should the purposes of the Eternal be shaped by our petitions? Creature of a day and of the dust! what are you, that the universe should be steered—its helm moved this or that way for your sake?" Well, no doubt the language is bold; yet with God, a Father, our Father, his Father in Christ, I feel I can be bold and confident in prayer. I know a father's heart. Have I not seen the quiver of a father's lip, the tear start in his eye, and felt his heart in the grasp of his hand, when I expressed some good hope of a fallen child? Have I not seen a mother, when her infant was tottering in the path of mettled couriers, with foam spotting their necks, and fire flying from their feet, dash like a hawk across the path, and pluck him from instant death? Have I not seen a mother, who sat at the coffin head, pale, dumb, tearless, rigid, terrible in grief, spring from her chair, seize the coffin which we were carrying away, and with shrieks fit to pierce a heart of stone, struggle to retain her dead?

If we, that are but worms of the earth, will peril life for our children, and when they are mouldering in dust, cannot think of our dead, nor visit their cold and lonely graves, but our breasts are wrung, and wounds bleed afresh, can we adequately conceive or measure, far less exaggerate, even with our fancy at its highest strain, the paternal love of God? Talk not of what you suppose to be the dignity of Divinity. Talk of the calm, lofty, dignified demeanor which becomes a king, who sees his child borne off on the stream that sweeps his palace wall. The king is at once sunk in the father. Dying himself of his trappings—casting sceptre, robe of gold, and jeweled crown—he at once rushes forth to leap into the boiling gulf. Lives there a father with heart so dead that he would not, at the sight of a child falling overboard and struggling with death, back every sail, and, whatever might be the mission on which his ship was bound or whatever the risk he ran, would not put up her helm, and pale with dread, steer for the waves where his boy was sinking?

Child of God! pray on. God's people are more dear to him than our children can be to us. He regards them with more complacency than all the shining orbs of that starry firmament. They were bought at a price higher than would purchase the dead matter of ten thousand worlds. He cares more for his humblest, weakest, child, than for all the crowned heads and great ones of earth, and takes a deeper interest in the daily fortunes of a pious cottage than in the fall and rise of kingdoms.

Child of God! pray on. By prayer thy hand can touch the stars, thy arm stretch up to heaven. Nor let thy holy boldness be dashed by the thought that prayer has no power to bend these skies, and bring down thy God. When I pull on the rope which fastens my frail and little boat to a distant and mighty ship, if my strength cannot draw its vast bulk to me, I draw myself to it—to ride in safety under the protection of its guns, to enjoy in want the fullness of its stores. And it equally serves my purpose, and supplies my needs, that prayer, although it were powerless to move God to me, moves me to God. If he does not descend to earth, I—as it were—ascend to heaven.

Child of God! pray on. Were it indispensable for thy safety that God should read these heavens, it should be done. I dare believe that

and, "I am not mad, most noble Festus." Have not these heavens been already rent? Eighteen hundred years ago, robed in humanity, God himself came down. These blue skies, where larks sing and eagles sail, were cleft with the wings, and filled with the songs of his angel train. Among the ancient orbs of that ancient firmament, a stranger star appeared traveling the heavens, and blazing on the banner borne before the King, as he descended on this dark and distant world. On Canaan's dewy ground—the lowly bed he had left, the eye of morning shone on the shape and form of the Son of God; and dusty roads, and winter snows, and desert sands, and the shores and very waves of Galilee, were impressed with the footprints of the Creator. By this manger, where the babe lies cradled—beside the cross, upon whose ignominious arms the glory of the universe is hung—by this silent sepulchre, where wrapped in bloody shroud, the body is stretched out on its bed of spices, while Roman sentinels walk their moonlit round, and Death, a bound captive, sits within, so soon as the sleeper wakes, to be disarmed, uncrowned, and in himself have death put to death—faith can believe all that God has revealed, and hope for all that God has promised. She reads on that manger, on that cross, deeply leered, and that rocky sepulchre, these glorious words, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" And here, lifting an eagle eye to heaven, she rises to boldest flights aloft on the broad wings of prayer.

"Faith, bold faith, the promise sees, And trusts to that alone, Laughs at impossibilities, And says, it shall be done."

### The Power of Prayer.

In a recent Fulton St. prayer meeting, New York, a clergyman related the following narrative. "I have been," said he, "for thirty years connected with the people of my charge."

I have seen many deep and powerful revivals of religion. I have witnessed the triumphs of the grace of God in the conversion of a multitude of souls. But I think I saw, last Monday morning, the happiest man I ever saw in all my life. I think I never witnessed such a marked and wonderful triumph of grace. It was the conversion of a lawyer—a man of marked ability and high standing. It occurred in a parish where there was no minister and no stated means of grace. It was in this wise.

"Three pious ladies, acting on a hint thrown out in this meeting—of which the people read in the Observer and the Evangelist, of the importance of united prayer for some specific object, agreed to pray for the conversion of this lawyer. They entered into solemn covenant with each other to make his speedy conversion the subject of early prayer, and many times a day. And beginning, as they agreed, they soon became deeply burdened with anxious desire—so much so that they could not rest, and they could not be satisfied with simple prayer. They went to the lawyer and told him what they were doing—that they unitedly and daily prayed for his salvation. They asked him if he would not pray for himself. He told them he would, without any distinct impressions of the responsibility which he was taking upon himself. He was a man of strict probity and honor."

"As night approached, this lawyer began to meditate upon the promise he had made. He at first thought he would not keep his engagement. Then again he said to himself, 'I am in the habit of keeping my promise to my fellow men; why should I not keep my word with these ladies? Why not? But I do not know how to make a prayer. I have not prayed, or tried to make a prayer, for years. I cannot pray. It is a mockery for me to attempt it. I ought not to have promised.'"

"But you have promised, and you must keep your promise," the voice within him seemed to say. "You must pray." He put it over to a later hour, postponing it as long as he could.

At last a late hour of the night was come. His mind was in a tumult. "Oh, what shall I pray for? Let me think what most I need. If I have got to look up to God and ask for something, what shall it be?" Then he began to think about his posture of prayer. "Am I to get down on my knees? I have not bent a knee for ever so long!" And when on his knees before God, he said, "What shall I ask for? What shall I acknowledge?"

It was a terrible conflict. Before this he had not the least idea what his promise involved. To pray was not a mere matter of form. It was something that must be honestly done. So he thought himself:

"I can ask God to show me that I am a sinner, for I am one." He already began to feel it. "I can ask God to bow this stubborn heart," for he already began to feel how stubborn it was. "I can ask God to show me how such a wretch as I can be forgiven," for already he began to feel that he was a wretch undone.

He knelt down, and such an overwhelming sense of sin and shame came over him, that he was filled with agony. What he had promised to do, in a light and thoughtless frame of mind, he was now trying to do in great heaviness of spirit. But he determined to be honest and earnest.

Who shall describe what followed?—said the earnest clergyman. Who shall say what passed

in that solitary chamber? Suffice it to say that last Monday morning my eyes beheld the happiest man they ever have rested upon in all my religious observation and experience.

As soon as I heard of these facts in my neighborhood, I left my own charge, to visit throughout this rural country place having no minister.

I visited fifteen families in one day and prayed in every house. And in every one of these fifteen families I found awakened persons. They had all heard of the conversion of the lawyer with much surprise. That lawyer had visited many of them, and I doubt not that now—yes, at this very moment when I am speaking, you may see him, if you see so far, in that neighborhood in Dutchess county, with a few tracts in his hand, going from house to house, persuading sinners to come to Christ: telling them what a dear Saviour he has found.

All this was in a country neighborhood. We read the reports of this meeting. We learn how the Lord blessed you, and when we read our own souls are refreshed and blessed. I cannot speak so as sufficiently to impress you with the importance of your meetings, and the accounts we get of them in the country. This lawyer, under God, owes his conversion indirectly to the published accounts of this meeting—and thus, to the meeting itself. What influence was it which moved those ladies to agree to pray for this man, and then to be so anxious for him that they could not rest till they had made him agree to pray for himself. God be praised for his blessing, which rests upon you here; and God be praised that we can hear from week to week of what the Lord is doing here among you.

### The Training of Children.

A farmer in central Ohio, writing to the Montreal Herald, gives his experience in the family government:

We have had eleven children; one is not; this lovely daughter left us at eighteen years old, for that house not made with hands. Ten of the eleven are hopefully renewed by grace, and are striving to live as servants of our blessed Savior.

My belief is, that of all the evils that afflict Christian society, the greatest is the wrong training of children, or the want of rightly bringing them up—in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Those who do not govern well, say first, "They are too young to begin now. What does this little thing know? You wouldn't punish such a child! Let him alone till he is bigger, then he will know what you mean."

Soon he is bigger, with an unsubdued temper, obstinate and wilful. He does as he chooses, regardless of father or mother. He is too big now. "Let him alone," they cry. "He will soon be a young man, and then he will be ashamed of such conduct." Now if you will not think it egotism, I will give you a few words as to our experience.

We both were waiting to begin right with our children. My time to easily bend the twig, was from eight to ten months old. My wife thought it too young, yet in no way resisted. All moved on well; our little fellows calmly submitted, and when once bent, easily continued so by a careful management. One day my wife, forgetting herself, said, "Strange how young a child will learn! If a light is kept up in the room the first two nights of its life, and the third night is put out, the little thing will kick and cry most piteously." "Well," I replied, "you are ahead of me! My time was eight or ten months; yours is the two first nights of its life." So we thenceforward acted together.

Our youngest is ten years old—a hopeful subject of renewing grace, within the last week—the oldest thirty-two years. It is my happiness to say, none of them were ever seen or known, at any age, time, or place, to quarrel with, or strike each other, or any body else.

No one of them ever said "I will," or "I will not," contrary to their father's or mother's request, or command. Profane language, or obscene talk they never use. In nothing else is there a more sure return of good or evil than in the bringing up of children. If done aright, there is a heavenly joy, a comfort, and satisfaction in life, a happy recollection in death, and a promise of their being heirs of heaven.

The reverse, O, how sorrowful! An unsubdued temper, an unyielding spirit, disobedient, turbulent, restless, a stranger to pity, rebellious to the will of our heavenly Father, domestic happiness destroyed, the Holy Spirit driven from the family circle! "There is no peace to the wicked; saith his God." Truly, "the way of the transgressor is hard"—hard through this life, hard in the trying hour of death, and a melancholy foreboding for the world beyond the grave.

### A Parable.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him, "What is your employment?" He said, "I am a blacksmith." "Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length." He went home; he occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the while he was making the chain, only the trouble and pain of making it. Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said, "Go and make it twice as long." He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said, "Go and make it longer still." Each

time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said, "Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." There were his wages for making the chain. Here is a meditation for you to-night, ye servants of the devil. Your master the devil is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years welding the links of the chain; and he says, "Go and make it longer still." Next Sunday morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sunday you will be drunk, and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action, and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say, "More links on still!" And then, at last, it will be, "Take him and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicines sometimes, when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.

### Why not To-day.

Reader, you hope very likely to be a real Christian some time, and fit to go to heaven. You hope to repent and believe on Christ, and have a good hope before you die. But why not to-day?

What is to prevent you? Why should you wait any longer? Why not this day awake and call upon your God, and resolve that you will sleep no longer? I set before Jesus Christ the Saviour, who died to make atonement for sinners, Jesus who is able to save to the uttermost, Jesus who is willing to receive. The hand that was nailed to the cross, is held out to you in mercy. The eye that wept over Jerusalem is looking on you with pity. The voice that has said to many a wanderer, "Thy sins are forgiven," is saying to you, "Come unto me." Go to Jesus first and foremost if you would know what step to take. Think not to wait for repentance and faith and a new heart, but go to him just as you are. O! awake thou that sleepest, and Christ will give thee light. Why not to-day?

Sun, moon and stars, are all witnessing against you; they continue according to God's ordinances, and you are ever transgressing them. The grass, the birds, the very worms of the earth, are all witnessing against you; they fill their places in creation, and you do not. Sabbath and ordinances are continually witnessing against you, they are ever proclaiming that there is a God and judgment, and you are living as if there were none. The tears and prayers of godly relations are witnessing against you; they are sorrowfully thinking you have a soul, though you seem to forget it. The very grave stones you see every week are witnessing against you; they are silently witnessing that "life is uncertain, time is short, the resurrection is yet to come, the Lord is at hand." All are saying, awake, awake, awake! O! reader, the time past may surely suffice you to have slept. Awake to be wise. Awake to be safe. Awake to be happy. And why not to-day?—Ryle.

### The Empire of God.

Now, my friends, I must close this long course of lectures. We have passed from planet to planet, from sun to sun, from system to system. We have reached beyond the limits of this mighty stellar cluster with which we are allied. We have found other island universes sweeping through space. The great unfinished problem still remains—Whence came this universe? Have all these stars which glitter in the heavens been shining from all eternity? Has our globe been rolling around the sun for ceaseless ages? Whence, whence this magnificent architecture, whose architraves rise in splendor before us in every direction? Is it all the work of chance? I answer, No. It is not the work of chance. Who shall reveal to us the true cosmogony of the universe by which we are surrounded? Is it the work of an Omnipotent Architect? If so, who is this August Being? Go with me to-night, in imagination, and stand with old Paul, the great apostle, upon Mars' Hill, and there look around you as he did. Here rises that magnificent building, the Parthenon, sacred to Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom. There towers her colossal statue, rising in its majesty above the city of which she was the guardian—the first object to catch the rays of the rising sun. There are the temples of all the gods; and there are the shrines of every divinity. And yet I tell you these gods and their divinites, though created under the inspiring fire of poetic fancy and Greek imagination, never reared this stupendous structure by which we are surrounded. The Olympic Jove never built these heavens. The wisdom of Minerva never organized these magnificent systems. I say with St. Paul, "O, Athenians, in all things I find you too superstitious; for, in passing along your streets, I find an altar inscribed, To the Unknown God—Him whom ye ignorantly worship; and this is the God I declare unto you—the God that made heaven and earth, who dwells not in temples made with hand."

No, here is the temple of our Divinity.—Around us and above us rise Sun and System,

Cluster and Universe. And I doubt not that in every region of this vast Empire of God, hymns of praise and anthems of glory are rising and reverberating from Sun to Sun and from System to System—heard by Omnipotence alone across immensity and through eternity!—Prof. Mitchell

### The Weevil in the Heart.

Yesterday afternoon, as we were sitting on the piazza of a beautiful farm mansion, the "lord of the manor" brought us a "handful of wheat-eaters" from a neighbouring field. They looked fair and promising. To outward appearance there was no defect. But when the farmer rubbed open the little sheathes in which the ripe berry should have been, lo! there was nothing but a tiny, orange-coloured worm! Instead of the golden grain, the destructive weevil. So stealthily had the parent fly deposited her egg in that wheat-ear, so stealthily had the worm hatched from that egg done its work of mischief, that the whole ear contained little else than weevils and barren chaff.

A sad emblem this, thought we, of the human heart. Eternally the appearances are fair. The profession is good. But no gracious fruits are produced.—There is a weevil in the heart. With one man the weevil is covetousness. It gnaws away the very kernel of piety. At the household altar, or at the communion table, he looks like other Christians. But there is no growth in grace, no outflow of holy influence on his family or his circle of associates. God reaps nothing from that man's life. The church gets no revenue of blessing. For in the inner core of his soul the all-seeing Eye detects a destroying worm, the love of mammon.

Another church member grows indifferent to the claims of the closet, the prayer-meeting, the Sabbath school, and of every enterprise of benevolence. When the brotherhood gathers for communion and devotion, he is the silent chaff. The reason is clear. There is no kernel of heart-love to Christ. Some weevil of inward sin has consumed it. It is all in vain to look for the daily outcome of a spiritual life, for the soul is as hollow of inward grace as the worn-out wheat ear. Occasionally the weevil of worldliness and unbelief infests a whole church, as the worm infests a grain field; and however fair the outward work in either case, the course of chaff is upon them. Nothing but the most summary reformation, followed by reviving showers of God's Spirit, can produce any after-growth; even then it is but a thirty-fold yield instead of a sixty-fold.

In the second book of Samuel we read of a sad case of mischief produced by the egg of lust deposited by Satan in a royal heart. On a summer eve the owner of that heart walks on the roof of his palace. The wife of Uriah comes unexpectedly athwart his vision. The lust was there, we fear, already; the temptation brings it forth just as a July sun brings the deadly worm from the egg. And fearful havoc does the lust-worm work in David's heart, for adultery in the darkness ends in murder in the daylight. Even in Hezekiah's heart there was a weevil of pride. "God tried him," that he might see it. Peter had an insect of presumption. Lot, of sensuality. Judas, of avarice. Paul must have been troubled with some species of insect, or else he would not have needed the "thorn in the flesh" to correct him.

Reader! has Satan been depositing the egg of some stealthy sin or lust in your heart? Search for it. Watch unto prayer. Crush the egg, or else when it hath conceived it will bring forth the weevil, and that worm will bring certain death to your piety and your peace.—T. L. Cuyler.

### Where is the Church.

A.—Have you a church in this town?  
A.—Yes; we have a church of about one hundred members, and I am its pastor.

A.—I am very glad to hear it; and as I expect to spend a little time here, I hope to have the privilege of becoming acquainted with your church.

B.—Certainly—and you will have a good opportunity. This evening we have our stated weekly prayer-meeting;—Friday, our monthly church conference, and a meeting for special business; and next Sabbath our communion. We shall be happy to see you present on those occasions.

Sue!, Mr. Editor, you may consider as my introduction to pastor B. Well, I was glad to accept his invitations, and accordingly went to the prayer-meeting. There were only about a dozen present, so I did not see the church. Friday came and found me at the place of the church-meeting, where there were the pastor, one deacon, five brethren, and fourteen sisters, twenty-one, all told. They had a comfortable season; two related their experience and were received, and some special business was transacted, by the vote, not by the church, for the majority were not there. Sabbath—a pleasant day—the ordinance of baptism was administered, the hand of fellowship extended, and forty-five sat down at the table of the Lord—it was a good day. Monday morning I called on the pastor, as I had concluded to leave town sooner than I anticipated, when he remarked—"Well, brother A., I am happy to form your acquaintance, and my church has been very much gratified by the aid you have rendered them."

A.—I have had a pleasant time; but as for your church, I have not seen it. You said it consisted of about one hundred members. At the prayer meeting there were about a dozen; twenty-one at the church-meeting, and forty-five at the communion. The largest number present on any occasion, was only a minority. The majority I have not seen.

B.—Well, I have never seen more out on similar occasions; I thought we had pretty full meetings.

A.—And yet the church was not at the prayer-meeting—nor at the conference and business meeting, nor at the communion!

Now, Mr. Editor, I find on inquiry, that similar accounts might be given of very many churches. The minority, and sometimes a small one, sustain the meetings, transact the business, and exclude members. The majority have little to do with these matters.

Then, I ask again, where is the church?—where is it to be found?—where does it meet? True, there may be a few of every church that meet, but are these the church? Where then is the church to be found? Is its visibility to be seen anywhere but in a list of names in what is called the "church records"? If minorities really compose the church, then I am at fault.—Zion's Advocate.

### RAILWAY REPORT.

Mr. Gray, from the Select Committee to whom was referred the various Reports and Documents relating to the European and North American Railway, communicated to the House by command of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, submitted their Report; and he having read the same, it was handed in at the Clerk's Table, where it was again read, and is as follows:—

"The Committee appointed on the 28th day of February last, to examine and report upon the Reports and documents relative to the European and North American Railway Works, laid before the House by Message from His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, report—

"That having, as far as was in their power, examined the Reports and documents submitted to them, they proceeded on the 17th March last, (that being the earliest day on which the Chief Commissioner of Railways, with the Chief Engineer could attend,) to the examination of the several witnesses who had been summoned before them, and have continued without intermission from that day to the 9th instant inclusive examining such witnesses and taking evidence: That in anticipation of the immediate prorogation of the Legislature, the Committee closed their examinations on the 9th inst, leaving their investigations incomplete.

"They would state, however, that there is in the mode of keeping the Books a marked improvement. The system now adopted is very similar to that in use on the Grand Trunk in Canada, and is apparently calculated at all times to afford ready and correct information of the Receipts and Expenditures connected with the Railway in every department and under all circumstances.

"That it is established by the evidence before them, that the whole Road from Saint John to Shediac, assuming the remaining portions thereof to be completed in as efficient a manner as are those now completed, will be a first class Road, of superior description, well and skilfully built.

"That the cause of the apparent discrepancies between the Accounts of the Commissioners, the Chief Engineer, and the Auditor General's Report thereupon, has been satisfactorily explained, and that such discrepancies are not likely to recur again.

"That according to the evidence before this Committee, there is no ground whatever for imputing fraud or malpractice with the public moneys either to the former or present Commissioners, and that both Bards have to the best of their knowledge endeavored to act judiciously and prudently in the management of the important interests entrusted to their care.

"In page 12 of the Report of the Commissioners there will be found,—"Statement shewing the actual cost of construction, grading roadway, &c. of Station grounds, from Mill Street to Gilbert's Lane, Saint John, to 30th April 1857; Labour of grading, of permanent works, &c. paid Walker, Brookfield & Myers, £4, 191 18 8." The testimony of the Chief Commissioner before your Committee, on the same subject, was—"That there was a direct loss on the grade at Gilbert's Lane of £4,100, and that the work that was done between Gilbert's Lane and Mill Street amounted to £4,000, and the greater portion had to be abandoned, and that for this loss the Government in 1856 and 1857, of which the Chairman of this Committee was a member, was responsible.

"The testimony of Mr. Light in reference to the same work, is as follows:—

"I do not consider the £4,191 at all extravagant for the work done between Gilbert's Lane and the Mill Pond.—It is a heavy division of the Road, and that expenditure was all necessary to ultimate completion of the Road, some part temporary and some part final:—the whole cost of the work done during the Winter of 1856 and 1857, between Gilbert's Lane and the Mill Pond, including £244 of permanent works, as per contract exhibited to House of Assembly in 1857, was £2,530.—The portion of that I conceive to be permanent, including the pile bridge into the pile bridge into the Mill Pond is necessary for a freight track, is £1,679, leaving for temporary purposes £851;—and in my opinion then and now that temporary expenditure was justified for the final purposes and objects of the work; had that expenditure not been made there would have been no dividends."

"That owing to a short period of time at their command, and the voluminous and conflicting character of the evidence, it is impossible for the Committee to determine whether, taking the whole line into consideration, the Road might or might not have been built cheaper, or whether one less expensive would not have been in accordance with the wants and necessities of the country.

"That the Committee have had no opportunity of enquiring into the prudence or economy of management, or of the probable returns of traffic, and therefore abstain from expressing any opinion on those and other points, to which, had further time been at their command, it would have been their duty to have turned their attention.

"The Committee, considering the immense expenditure under the control of the Chief Commissioner—his also being the head of one of the most important departments in the public service—in view of the time occupied each Session by large Committees of the Legislature with the affairs of this department, and in furtherance of the public interests, would also recommend that the Chief Commissioner, or some member of the Railway Board, should be a Member of the Executive Council, and hold a Seat in the Legislature; and that the necessary legislation to accomplish that object be forthwith adopted.

J. H. GRAY,  
E. A. VAIL,  
JOHN A. M'DAM,  
P. MITCHELL,  
J. WALKER, Brookfield & Myers,  
B. BOTSFOED,  
JOHN M'ILLAN.

The undersigned members of the Committee appointed to report upon matters relating to the Accounts and construction of the European and North American Railway, having had under consideration the Report of the Railway Commissioners, referred to them on the 3rd ult., beg leave to offer the following observations:—

First. "They regret that it is not in their power to submit a full report upon the Questions referred to them. The subject is, in itself, one which must necessarily require much time and attention; more, in fact, than can well be devoted to it during the sitting of the Legislature, with a due regard to the general business of the Session.

They have further to remark, that two of their number having been obliged to return home some time ago, those remaining naturally feel a delicacy in expressing their views upon points