

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD.

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.]

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## The Intelligencer.

(From Good Words.)

### THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON.

Luke xv. 11-32.

BY THOMAS GUTHRIE, D. D.

(Concluded.)

#### HOW THE FATHER RECEIVED HIS SON.

When he was yet a great way off, it is said, his father saw him. How did that happen? I knew a sailor's widow who had parted with her husband after some brief, bright days of marriage. He went to sea and never came back; his ship, probably foundering with all her crew, was never heard of. When the time expired for her return, but no ship came, this woman would repair to a rocky headland, and, looking out, watch every sail on the wide ocean in the hope, as some ever and anon made for the harbour, that each was his—bringing the lost one home. And at night, on her lone bed, she used to lie awake, listening to the footsteps of belated travellers, fancying that she recognised his step—but only, as the sound passed her door, to weep over her disappointment; and long after hope had died in the breasts of others, on rocky cliff or lonely bed she waited his coming who never came home.

Such love, I can fancy, often led this father's steps to some rising ground, where, others knowing his purpose but appearing not to notice him, he repaired; and, with a heart yearning for his son, turning his eyes in the direction the prodigal went off, hoping to see him return. One day when on his watch-post, he descries a new object in the distance. He watches it. It moves; it advances; it is not a beast, prowling lion, or hungry wolf; it is a man; it may be his son. His heart beats quick. One long, earnest, steadfast gaze, and, joy of joys, happy hour, often prayed for and come at last, the keen eye of love recognises it—it is the prodigal come back! Painfully, for he was footsore and weary; slowly, for he bent under a load of guilt; sadly, for the scene around reminded him of departed joys and blighted innocence, his mother mouldering in her grave, and his father with grey hairs he had almost, perhaps, brought down to his; tremblingly, for he was in doubt of his reception—with head hung down, and slow, halting, hesitating step, the prodigal comes on. Like one agitated by contending emotions, uncertain how to act, with what measure of indulgence to temper severity, does the father wait his son's approach? No. He does not stand on his dignity; nor say, Let him make the first advances, and ask forgiveness. His one thought is, This is my son, my poor son; his one feeling a rush of love; his only impulse to throw his arms around his child and clasp him to a bosom that has never ceased to love and hope for his return. As soon, therefore, as the wanderer is recognised, on flying feet the old man runs to meet him; and ere the son has time to speak a word, the father has him in his arms, presses him to his bosom, and, covering his cheek with passionate kisses, lifts up his voice and weeps for joy.

And this is God! the God whom we preach, as he is drawn by the hand and seen in the face of Him whom he sent to seek and save us, to bring us back, to open a way of reconciliation—the God whose Spirit inspires us with our first feeble desires to return—the God who, unwilling that any should perish, invites and waits our coming. "Therefore," like that father, often looking out for his son, "will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore," as was fulfilled by Jesus on his cross, "will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you. Blessed are all they that wait for him: the people shall dwell in Zion; thou shalt weep no more. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry: when he shall hear it, he will answer thee."

#### HOW HIS FATHER TREATED THE PRODIGAL.

"The king kissed Absalom"—an act that here as there expressed more than mere affection. As in David's palace, where Absalom was brought back after years of banishment, and his crimes were forgiven by a father who, all the time his face was turned from his wicked son, had, as David perceived and the Bible says, his heart toward him, the kiss here is a sign of reconciliation—a pledge that the past is all forgiven. Forgive, but deeply penitent; sorrowful, yet rejoicing; happy with his father, but more than ever vexed with himself that he should have wronged and injured him, the prodigal is conducted home. The tidings spread like wild-fire; the house is moved; the servants hurry to the scene; and the joyful father issues orders that teach them, and reassure his son, that the long-lost one is to be reinstated in all the privileges which his crimes had forfeited.

Bring forth the fatted calf and put it on him, says the father. It is done, and the rags of the swine-herd stripped off, the best robe in the house is thrown over his naked shoulders, and flows in rich beauty to his bleeding feet; and there now he stands—a beautiful type of the investiture of a sinner in the righteousness and imputed merits of the Saviour—that best robe in God's own house, a garment.

"Faster than ever angel went."

Put a ring, says the father next, on his finger. And what to him was an unexpected honour, is to us, since rings were used of old as seals, a type of those graces whereby the Holy Spirit seals believers unto the day of redemption. That ring, as the diamond on its golden hoop flashes with many colours, may have other meanings; signifying here the espousals between Christ and his Church, it may be the token of her marriage, the passport of those who are blessed to go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb. Put shoes on his feet, says the father next—a command that indicates more than a tender regard for him, whose bare, bleeding feet touch his father's heart. In these days, the servants and slaves wear no shoes, and were thus distinguished from the members of the family. The naked foot was a sign of servitude. This order, meant far more than his son's comfort and a covering to those way-worn feet, was therefore tantamount to a declaration from the father's lips that the prodigal was not to be regarded as a servant, but as a son; that to him belonged all the privileges and possessions of sonship; that he who had never lost his place in the father's heart, was now to resume it at his table and in his house.

Nor is this all—"Kill the fatted calf, and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found." He shall be feasted. As these hollow eyes and sunken cheeks and wasted form bear witness, he had starved long; but he shall be filled now. So the board is spread, the wine-cup circles, joy abounds, pleasure beams from every face, music shakes the air, and dances feet the floor; and there is more joy in that house over the lost one than over the one that was never lost. Poor prodigal! he needed it—"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts." Thus some of the greatest sinners, on being converted, have experienced a joy and peace and sense of divine love with which others were never blessed—even as a poor cold, that has been brought down to the gates of death, receives the richest food, the sweetest cordials, and the tenderest nursing; hence the prayer which God delights to answer—

"According as the days have been  
Wherein we grieved have been,  
And years wherein we have sinned,  
So do thou make us glad."

And this God, Christ's Father and ours! Who, says David, shall not fear thee, O Lord! How may we, as we contemplate this picture, after the words, saying, who will not love thee, O Lord—all the more when we remember, that while it cost that father nothing to save and receive his son, we were fought with a price. With what a price! The story of redemption is written in blood; God having sent his only begotten and beloved Son to the far country, to become a bondsman to set us free—to suffer and to die for us. Ring and robe, feast and fatted calf, the sound of music, and the sight of dancers, as the scene swims before the prodigal's eyes, convey to him the happy assurance of a father's love; yet how far inferior that evidence to the bleeding form that hung and groined and died on Calvary! Love beyond parables and all images to express, God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life!

#### HOW HIS FATHER RECEIVED OVER THE PRODIGAL.

In Iceland are some springs called Geysera. Tilt, and rising from basin-shaped fountains, they present very remarkable appearances. Like the tides of ocean, they have their ebbs and flows. The water now flows from the spout, and then the light, leaves its basin to bury itself in the bowels of the earth—nor gives any intimation of its existence but an occasional groan, a low, deep moaning. At the flow, which alternates with the ebb, it rises in its funnel, overflows its margin, and, with noise like salvos of artillery, sends up, amid clouds of snow-white vapour, a flashing liquid column as high as a hundred feet.

So act the passions of joy and sorrow. Grief retires from observation. Hiding herself, she conceals rather than precludes the sorrows that she feeds on; and as the stricken deer leaves the herd, the bereaved court retires that they may weep in secret over their bleeding wounds. It is otherwise with joy. The Greek, on making a discovery, of which he had long been in pursuit, was so transported, as to rush naked into the street, and, leading the people to behold him mad, cry, Eureka, Eureka—I have found it. I have found it! Joy must have vent. A fountain which not only flows but overflows, it bursts up and out, seeking to communicate its own happiness to others.

Thus some have been moved to proclaim their conversion, and tell others of the peace which they enjoyed in believing. Come all ye that fear the Lord, says the Psalmist, and I will tell what he hath done for my soul; and it is just as natural for a heart full of happiness and God's love to do that, as for a through, perched in a summer evening on the top of a cherry-tree to pour out the joy that fills its little breast in strains of melody. It is the great President Edwards, I think, who relates how on one occasion, he had such a sense of God's love that he could hardly resist telling it to the woods, the flowers beneath his feet, and the skies above his head. No wonder, therefore, that when the pure and powerful joys of salvation are poured into a heart which sin had weakened, and never satisfied, the new voice should burst the old bottle—flowing forth in what seems to those who know better, but ostentation and parade. It is not so. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks.

In this parable, so true in all its parts to Nature, this feature of joy stands beautifully out. To these servants the father had never told his grief; but now the prodigal is come back, and his heart is bursting with joy, he tells them of it. He does not conceal it; he does not seek to conceal it. He says, let us eat and be merry—I am so happy myself, I wish all others to be merry. Banish all care; drop your tools; let the shepherd come from the hill, the ploughman from the furrow, the herd from the pastures, the meek servant come; and all wearing smiles and joining in the song, hold holiday with my heart. My son that was dead is alive again; that was lost, is found. And this happiest of fathers rejoicing over the returned prodigal, blotting out of memory all his offences, doating on him, drawing him to his side, clasping him in his arms, ever and anon bending on him looks of deepest love, pleading his cause with his unamiable brother, saying, It was meat that he should be merry—is Christ's picture of his Father!—so he rejoices over every repenting, returning sinner.

Who that elder brother stands for, it is not so easy to settle—whether for Jews jealous of the Gentiles receiving an equal share with them of the blessings of grace; or, still more likely, for the Pharisees, who, proud of their ceremonial righteousness, regarded themselves as injured by the favor shown to publicans and sinners. Proud and boastful, heartless, selfish and unkind, he makes an excellent background to the picture—bringing out into striking prominence the kindness of the father's heart. That is man's heart—turned by sin and selfishness into a stone; this is God's. Is there no kind Christian father or mother, did they, on a wild winter night, when the heavens were black with drift, and winds were pelting on the hill, and ships were sinking in the sea, and travellers were lost on the pathless moor, hear a prodigal child, knocking at their door, and with wailing, sinking, dying voice, crying, Open and let me in! but would rise—ay, would spring to the call? They know how ready God is to receive every poor sinner to his mercy, and poor penitent to his bosom. He

rejoices in his ransomed; let them rejoice in him! Rejoice in the Lord, says Paul away, and again I say, rejoice. The sun that shines on you shall set, and summer streams shall freeze, and deepest wells go dry—but not his love. His love is a stream that never freezes, a fountain that never fails, a sun that never sets in night, a shield that never breaks in fire; and who he loveth to the end.

Any alarmed lest such a picture of God as we have attempted to draw from this parable should lead penitents to think lightly of sin? There is no ground for alarm. God forgives offences; but the forgiven never forget them. Does the prodigal forget his sins so soon as they are forgiven—freely, readily, kindly forgiven? No. On the contrary, though now assured of his father's love, he drops out all mention of a servant's place, he confesses and deplores his sins—does that when he knows them to be forgiven. A sense of God's kindness is the spring of deepest sorrow; and the repentance that succeeds forgiveness is truer and deeper than any which precedes it. Therefore when God says, "I will establish with thee an everlasting covenant," heads, "then shalt thou remember thy ways, and be ashamed."

It was when Jesus, whom Peter had denied, turned a look of love and pity on him, that Simon, pierced to the heart, went out to weep bitterly. The repentance that needeth not to be repented of, has its true emblem in the rivers that, lending flowers and emerald verdure to their banks, wind through the valley of the Alps. It is not when stern winter howls, but in spring, and the sweet summer time, when birds are singing, and flowers are breathing odours, and the sun, from azure skies, pours down his beams on the icy bosom of the mountains, that the rivers, fed by melted snows, rising and overflowing all their banks, roll their mightiest torrents to the lakes. And so it is when a sense of God's love, and peace, and forgiveness is poured into our hearts, that they thaw, and soften, and melt into streams of fullest sorrow. "They shall look on him whom they have pierced; and mourn as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness, as one is in bitterness, for a first-born."

### STORY OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THEIR MISSIONS.

"The Isles shall wait for his law" (Isa. xli. 4).

Amongst the islands that stand the great Pacific in its northern division, none have been more powerfully influenced by their contact with civilization than the Sandwich or Hawaiian group. Their story since the day that Cook touched their shores has about it all the charms of a romance, with all the certainty of truth. Within the brief period of eighty years they have passed from a condition of barbarism and the most abject idolatry, to a rivalry with ourselves in the arts of life—to the enjoyment of a constitutional government, and of equitable law, to a profession of Christianity with many of its marked and distinguishing fruits. The simultaneous energy with which they threw off, as an intolerable and degraded burden, their national idolatry, when as yet they knew of no substitute, and were strangers to a true and better faith, is a transaction that stands alone in the history of man. It was an evidence of elements in the native character, capable, when placed under wise and influential Christian culture, of receiving high and permanent impressions.

It was in January, 1778, that Captain Cook's two ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, approached for the first time the islands of Kauai and Nihoa, the most westerly of the Sandwich group. The appearance of the ships, the wondrous and curiosity of the natives, they looked upon the ships as floating islands, the masts as trees, and on Captain Cook and his crew as gods who had come down to earth in the likeness of men. With some of the natives it was a question whether the ships as well as the men were not animated beings, the latter appearing to them at first view as parasites attached to the former, and the two as having much the same relation to each other which the coral insect bears to the common coral branch. The spies sent to examine the ships added by their report to the idolatrous wonder of the natives. They described those on board as having heads, "lustrated like the moon"; the appearance presented by the cooked huts then worn by British seamen; as having fire, burning at their mouths—the cigars smoked by the sailors; and that they took anything they liked out of their bodies—an idea suggested by the pockets of the sailors. It needed but the thunder and lightning of the ships' guns to rivet the native conviction that their visitors were gods.

The most humiliating and idolatrous homage was in consequence paid to Captain Cook, as he landed at Kealahou Bay; where treated at first as a god, he was, alas! to die like a man. As he stepped ashore, heralds announced his approach, and opened a way for him through the crowds that ventured to draw near. The more fearful amongst the people peeped at him from the houses, from behind stone walls, and from the tops of trees. As he moved, the assembly covered their faces, whilst those nearest to him prostrated themselves on the earth in the deepest adoration. As he passed, they sprung to their feet, and uncovered their faces; but only again to prostrate themselves when they came within sight of the object of their mistaken worship. All this the great navigator might have endured as a harmless ovation; but it cast a stain upon his memory, that he should have submitted to the profane apotheosis which followed. One is ashamed that a Briton should have allowed himself to be enacted the god, and so practised upon the credulity of the untutored heathen. Led after the procession to the chief kahekahe's temple, he was presented in great ceremony to the idols, and placed on a scaffold, ten men, bearing a large hog and bundles of red cloth, prostrated themselves before him. Encircled with cloth, the hog was offered to him in sacrifice; two priests the while chanting an antiphonal hymn in honour of Lono, the god whose return in his person they celebrated. Led by them to the chief kahekahe, he followed their example, and kissed it. In that brief hour, Cook's own degradation seems to have been equal to that of his ignorant worshippers. To perpetuate the delusion, all presents of fish, fruits, vegetables, and such articles as the ships required, were subsequently accepted as sacrifices, and offered with religious rites and responsive chants. When Cook landed, a priest attended him and regulated the religious ceremonies which constantly took place on his account.

The illusion of the divine descent of their visitors

was speedily broken by the conduct of the sailors and an indiscretion of Captain Cook, who had presumed too far on their submission. Their confidence and homage gave way to a prevailing irritation. They felt the burden of the continual offerings exacted by the strangers, and began to make reprisals. Disputes followed; and in one of these, in which the English had fired on the natives, Captain Cook perished, stabbed in the back with a *pahoa* or dagger, a spear at the same time being driven through his body.

Grim stories were circulated in Europe, in consequence of Captain Cook's death, of the Sandwich Islands. The natives were reported to be savage barbarians, cruel, revengeful, and addicted to cannibalism. In spite of the ardent description given in the journals of the continual offerings exacted by the strangers, and began to make reprisals. Disputes followed; and in one of these, in which the English had fired on the natives, Captain Cook perished, stabbed in the back with a *pahoa* or dagger, a spear at the same time being driven through his body.

During these years the islands passed through a political revolution that prepared them for taking full advantage of intercourse with Europeans, when it should again be renewed. The true history of the Sandwich Islands takes its rise from the fierce wars of that period. It was then that one of those natural born leaders of men, in whose personal history is wrapped up the revolutions of nations, appeared to give a new direction to his countrymen—a man of powerful talents and will, who ultimately united the separate islands into one kingdom, and became the founder of the dynasty, that now occupies the throne of the Alps.

Whilst yet a youth, Kamehameha, who was designed to play so important a part in the history of these islands, had been amongst the wandering awe-stricken chiefs introduced to Captain Cook. As he emerges on our view in Captain King's narrative his appearance is not prepossessing. He describes him as having the most savage face he ever beheld, his natural ugliness heightened by a dirty brown paste or powder plastered over his hair. The diamond was still in its rough state. Even then, however, Kamehameha was conspicuous amongst his countrymen for a quality never undervalued amongst a rude people—extraordinary physical strength; and his mental conformation was in keeping with his physique. Energy and decision of character, and that power so essential to success—an unswerving perseverance in the prosecution of his objects, distinguished him amongst his young contemporaries.

In his first great battle with the sovereign of the four large islands lying between Hawaii and Kauai, his extraordinary powers fully discovered themselves. Commanding physical strength and daring courage had hitherto rallied followers around his standard; but in the conflict of that day, he displayed the higher qualities of the great general: the observing eye—the cool sagacity that, watching the contest from a commanding point, enabled him to issue clear and judicious orders; or, if his own men reeled or wavered, to plunge, like some descending Mars, into the midst of the fight, and inspired them with new life by his animating presence.

The victory that on that occasion declared in his favour, placed him without a rival at the head of the chiefs, and opened his way to the supremacy which was the great object of his ambition. When Vancouver visited the islands in 1793, that object had been attained. Their separate governments were abolished. One strong sceptre ruled the islands. The sceptre of Kamehameha, whose achievements by that time obtained for him from the Americans and Europeans who visited the islands during the struggle the title of the Napoleon of the Pacific. In his intercourse with Kamehameha, Vancouver was struck with admiration of his unusual qualities and extraordinary sagacity. His countenance, described by Captain King as marked by a stern ferocity, had changed with years into an expression of firmness mixed with dignity. Disregard was majestic; all his motions indicative of an ever-active restless mind; his eyes dark, penetrating, seeming to read the thoughts of those about him, and causing the most courageous to quail before his angry glance. The observations and suggestions offered by Vancouver for the improvement of his country he seized with an instinctive promptitude. He seems to have become impressed with the idea of the possibility of lighting in his native land the lamp of civilization from the torch brought to him by the English navigator. Intercourse with other white men afforded him new and wonderful glimpses of the world beyond the horizon of his own group. What he saw or heard were only as rays from the great distant light; but he learned from them something of the grandeur of nations that had enjoyed civilization through the dreary ages in which his own people had existed in darkness. These strangers were strong; they were enlightened; and he heard them always spoken of as Christians. Could he not introduce Christianity to his own people, and civilization and Christianity? Impressed with this thought, he besought of Vancouver that on his return religious instructors should be sent from England. Vancouver did not forget the earnestness of this appeal; and on reaching England urged on the minister, Mr. Pitt, the advantage of sending clergy to Hawaii. The revolution was then raging in France, and Mr. Pitt's thoughts were otherwise occupied than with the interests, temporal or spiritual, of the Sandwich Islands. The age was not missionary, and none were ready to give the impetus to spiritual help. More than twenty years passed before the first missionaries landed on the islands; and when they came, it was not from England, but from America.

Denied Christian instruction, Kamehameha continued his devotion to his native idols, though probably a sceptical worshipper. The Christian profession was not presented to him in an attractive aspect. The seamen who frequented the harbor of Hawaii, nominally Christians, were no men to illustrate the meekness or purity of the gospel; nor the converts that, from time to time, escaped from their penal settlements, found their way to Oahu, and turned their liberties into a saturnalia. The standing miracle of Christianity—a *holy life*—was not in those days to be seen amongst the traders and whalers visiting the Sandwich Islands. In the only attempt made by the English or Americans to convince the king of the truth of Christianity, the good intentions of the party appear more conspicuous than their wisdom. Instead of presenting to him the simple objects of Christian faith—Jesus and his cross—a discussion was opened in his presence on the power of faith. Kamehameha, an acute reasoner, caught up the argument of the parties, and declared his willingness to become a convert to their religion, if they would throw themselves in faith from the top of a neighbouring precipice and arrive safely at the bottom.

It was his misfortune, except during his brief intercourse with Vancouver, never to have come into contact with men capable of directing aright his religious aspirations. It was reserved to his successors to break the chain that bound him. If not the religious, he was a poetical and social reformer of his country—his Peter the Great, the instrument in his hand, who was preparing better things for these "islands of the sea," for rescuing them from barbarism, and uniting them under one powerful, well-compact government. The progress made during his lifetime became at once apparent at his death. When in the agony of their grief it was proposed by one of the chiefs, as they stood in the chamber of death, that they should eat the corpse raw of their beloved lamented king, the response given to the proposal showed that that mode of testifying the intensity of their affection had passed for ever. And instead of the usual offering of human victims to the names of a distinguished chief, the substitute was proposed and accepted by the priests of the sacrifice of three hundred dogs. A new day was breaking upon the islands. It had not yet risen when the sun of their great chief set. Another event had yet to prepare the way for the teaching of the Christian missionary, which, from its strangeness, forms a new page in the history of nations, and gives an interest all its own to the progress of civilization and Christianity in these islands.

### SIX SHORT RULES.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers.—(Heb. xi. 6)
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of those two rules.—(John v. 39.)
3. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself what I am doing for him.—(Matt. v. 13-16.)
4. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it.—(Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong.—(Rom. xiv. 23.)
5. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such people do so and so, that therefore you may.—(2 Cor. x. 12.)—You are to ask yourself, "how would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him.—(John x. 27.)
6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar.—(Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.)—Brownlow's Note.

PULPIT ZEAL.—No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, is as bad as it is, so grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and soars back again. A surly devil will bear perhaps to be stroked, though he will grow even under the operation, but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ when he is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own; and he thinks he is shining the more in the lot of all grace that he may shine the more in his own eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted; he has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in him of a truth, he gives them up as reprobates, incorrigible, and lost forever.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.—Elliott, visiting a merchant in his counting house, saw his books of business on the table, and those of devotion on the shelf, and gave him advice thus: "Sir, here is Earth on the table, and Heaven on the shelf; pray don't sit so much at the table as to forget the shelf. Let not Earth thrust Heaven out of your mind."

### For the Religious Intelligencer.

#### Second Annual Report of the Home, or House of Reformation, for Fallen Women.

In presenting the second annual Report of the proceedings of this Institution for the reformation of the fallen, the Directors desire to record their humble gratitude to a God of mercy and grace, for that success which has been granted to the undertaking during another year.

The difficulties attending the commencement of such an establishment (especially at a time when a general commercial depression has prevailed), have been struggled through, and are now nearly overcome. In great measure the Institution is becoming able to meet its daily expenditure by proceeds of washing and other work done for the inmates, under the constant and indefatigable care of a committee of Lady Directors, in providing for its wants and managing its concerns. The greater part of the purchase money for the building (which has been found most commodious and suitable for the purpose required), has been obtained by general contributions; a balance of eight hundred dollars remains to be paid. Bills for medical attendance for two years have also to be discharged. The salary of the Matron, groceries, and fuel, besides clothing for the inmates, have to be met from sources beyond the present income from work. The probable amount to meet these items for the year, supposing they continue as they have been, would be about six hundred dollars.

The number of inmates that have been admitted into the institution from its commencement is as follows:

During the first three months, at a Temporary Home, from January to March, 1861,..... 9  
During year ending April, 1862,..... 21  
During year ending April, 1863,..... 25

Total,..... 55  
Of the above there were discharged at their own request, or left shortly after their admission,..... 14  
Dismissed for insubordination,..... 8  
Restored to parents or friends,..... 13  
Placed in respectable situations,..... 1  
Sent to Alms House for Medical treatment,..... 1

Total who have left,..... 41  
At present in the House, and which is a little above the past average number of inmates,..... 14

The average age of those admitted have been twenty-four years. Of the whole number admitted, who have left the Home (viz. 41), though many of them did not remain the necessary time for probation, we fear some ten or twelve may have relapsed into their former vicious habits, but we have good reason to believe that of the twenty-one who have been restored to friends or placed in respectable situations, as many as eleven have been permanently benefitted in the reformation of their character. A very good report may be also given of all the present inmates.

The present excellent Matron, Mrs. Maxwell, gives entire satisfaction, and in all respects promotes the interests of the institution, having been very successful in her management of the persons under her charge, giving every attention to their moral conduct and general behaviour, and in which she finds great encouragement, and seldom has any difficulty.

Regular religious instruction is given by ministers of the Gospel, of different Protestant denominations, and two or three lay instructors. During the past year services for the worship of God have been conducted twice on the Sabbath, and on one evening in the week; and there has been cause to believe that the Divine blessing has accompanied these means of grace, and that in more than one case has there been true conversion of souls as the result. The inmates have also attended instruction in the Scriptures on one or two days in the week, and when those needing it are taught to read, by a lady who has kindly undertaken the task, and who states that she uniformly experiences much pleasure and satisfaction in it, always finding the women most attentive, their manners becoming respectful, and expressive of their gratitude.

It had been found difficult to get at the parties for whom the Home is intended as a refuge; but efforts in that way, made during the past year, have been attended with some success, and as the institution is becoming more generally known, persons present themselves unsought, thankful for the opportunity of reforming their lives; and such always prove themselves deserving of what is done for them, and in this way, it may be remarked, is the object of the institution most effectually secured.

In seeking the welfare of the unhappy class of your fellow-creatures, those let we deplore, however much we would desire its extinction, we can only expect to be able to mitigate the evil by the rescue of but comparatively a few individuals in the vortex which is whirling them down to perdition; and but a small result in this way well amply repays the outlay that may be made either in trouble or money to obtain it.

The true Christian, or even any moral person, must deplore the existence of the enormous evil arising from a vice which, it is to be feared, has of late been much on the increase in this city, though the sad consequences resulting from it are little thought of or supposed, while, alas! they are but too fatally finding their way into different, if not as is generally reported, into almost all classes of the community. But the very enormity and universality of the evil is regarded by many as useless to contend against; and that, should any of the fallen be recovered from their vicious ways, the ranks they leave would be quickly filled up by others in their stead.

Is, then, the world to be forever going on in this particular vice, and no exertions to be made to stem the torrent? Are efforts to be made in the restraint of other crimes, and this most lamentable one, which, though exempt from the grasp of human laws, so generally entails its own punishment by a divine retribution, be suffered to go on unchecked? Shall the teaching of the pulpit, and the voice of public opinion, be extended to others, and the unhappy victims, for whom we would plead, be left to run out their vicious course, to meet its direful consequences here and hereafter? Are they to be left in their sad state of ignorance and sin, without anything to arouse them to a sense of their danger, or any Sabbath instruction to encourage them in their wishes or efforts to forsake their evil paths? But if this were not the case, and the kindly influences that are brought to bear upon other parts of the community were extended to them, but little benefit could thereby accrue without special aid, since they could never leave the position to which they are degraded and rise to one of moral respectability; for in vain would they look for any door of admittance, however much they might desire to find one opened to them.

Little, indeed, is it supposed (that which has been fully tested), what painfully trying circumstances have been endured by some before this refuge was provided, and of which they afterwards availed themselves, who despairing, longed and prayed, and struggled to extricate themselves from their wretched and detested ways.

The great evil against which we would contend, we may indeed be forced to confess, cannot be effectually arrested, but we are confident of rescuing some of our unhappy fellow-creatures from its hold, and of affording a peaceful shelter and opportunity for amendment to those who, but for such means, would have no other home but that which despair or recklessness would otherwise have opened to them.

Now, such a refuge as the above statement shows, has been gladly fled to, in this city, by not a few of the class for whom it is intended, who have received the benefit it was designed to secure them in a moral point of view, and some also, it may be fully believed, to their spiritual gain, thus carrying out the fullest intention of the institution in the promotion of their eternal as well as temporal welfare.

Having then given a good trial for more than two years of the object sought for, and being able to point to that degree of success that has attended the efforts made, the Directors feel that they can justly appeal to the sympathies and liberality of the public to enable them to carry on the undertaking free from embarrassment.

Saint John, N. B., April, 1863.