Mantist, Armswick

CHRISTIAN

Baptist Associated Churches. The Organ of the Eastern and Western New Brunswick

Published on WEDNESDAY.

Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will toward Men."

For Terms see First Page

VOLUME XIV.

SAINT JOHN, NEW-BRUNSWICK, WEDNESDAY, SEPEMBER 25, 1861.

NO. 38

Poetry.

For the Baptist & Visitor. BEHOLD NOW MY JESUS. BY REV. B. FRANKLIN BATTRAY.

How full of compassion is Jesus, How ready and willing to save! How kind are the offers of Jesus, To pluck us from hell and the grave!

Oh come and behold now my Jesus, Behold Him with sorrow oppress'd! Oh list to the groans of dear Jesus, As he bows his head on his breast!

The sun is in mouruing for Jesus!
The moon is ashamed to give light!
For the Jews have murderud King Jesus,
And hell's in ecstatic delight!
Behold now my Jesus.

Rent in twain was the vail when dear Jesus Cried aloud, "It is finished," and died! And the earth quaked in terror when Jesus Was for guilty man crucified! Behold now my Jesus.

But now no longer is Jesus A man of sorrows and pain, For high up in Glory is Jesus With his Father in heaven again. Behold now my Jesus.

Spurgeon's Sermon.

Jacob's Waking Exclamation.

A SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REV. C. H. SPUR-GEON, AT THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE,

"And Jacob awaked up out of his sleep, and he said, surely the Lord is in this place; and I knew it not."—GENESIS XXVIII. 16. Let us enter now the kingdom of Providence, again to rejoice that God is there. My brethren, let us walk the centuries, and at one stride of thought let us traverse the earliest times when man first came out of Eden, driven from it by the fall. Then the earth had no human population, and the wild tribes of animals roamed it at was then, save that we may suspect it to have been covered with dense forests, and perhaps inhabited by ferocious beasts ; but God was here, as much here as he is today; as truly was he here then, when no ear heard his foot-fall as he walked in the cool of the day in this great garden-as truly here as when to-day the songs of ten thousand rise up to heaven, blessing and magnifying his name. And then when our history began-turn over its pages and von will read of cruel invasions and wars which stained the soul with blood, and crimsoned it a foot deep with elotted gore; you will read of civil wars and intestine strifes between brother and brother, and you will say, "How is this? How was this permitted?" But if you read on and see how by tumult and bloody strife Liberty was served, and the best interests of man, you will say, "Verily, God was here." History will conduct you to awful battle-fields ; she will bid you behold the garment rolled in blood; she will cover you with the thick darkness of her fire and vapor of smoke : and as you hear the clash of arms, and see the bodies of your fellow men, you say, "The devil is here;" but truth will say,
"No, though evil be here, yet surely God was in this place though we know it not; all this was needful after all—these calamities are the revolutions of the mighty wheels of Providence, which are too high to be understood, but are as sure in their action as though we could predict their results." Turn if you will to what is perhaps a worse feature in history still, and more dreary far-I mean the story of persecutions. Read how the men of God were stoned and were sawn asunder; let your imaginations revive the burnings of Smithfield, and the old dungeons of the Lollards' Tower: think how with fire and sword. and instruments of torture, the fiends of hell seemed determined to extirpate the chosen seed. But remember as you read the bloodiest tragedy, as your very soul grows sick at some awful picture of poor tortured human flesh, that verily God was in that place, scattering with rough hands, it may be, the eternal seed, bidding perse-cution be as the blast which carries seed away from some fruit-bearing tree that it

ful may seem the circumstance of the nar-rative, surely God is in that place. You may say that you nation dep for its welfare upon a woman's will, or that its destiny hinged upon a child's life; that this dynasty rose and fell at the will of some far-famed adventurer; that another natien was rocked to its very centre by the fanaticism of a foolish We will grant you all this, for who denies the second cause when he vindicates the first?—but let me say, more present is God than even man himself; more truly is he King, than the kings of the earth; more seals shall be loosed, and the bo be read out before men and angels, you will have to say, "God was in it all." But you will please to recollect that while this is true of history in the mass, it is also true of it in the detail, and with reference to yourself and your own lot—God is there. You had a fire by which you lost your all, but God was there. By some fortunate circumstance, as you call it, you rose in life—God was there—but by a reverse, as you sate of the least of these, ye do it unto goodness for giving me such a parent."

God, in his wonder-working way, brings of times grace to bear on our human feels incs. and might be only in the limit of the least of th

may take root in distant islets which it had

never reached unless it had been carried

on the wings of the storm. Thou art. O

God, even where man is most in his sin

and blasphemy; thou art reigning over re-bels themselves, and over those who seem

to defy and to overturn thy will. Remember, always, that in history, however dread-

God is in this place." But we now come to the third great

kingdom of which the truth holds good in over them are bowing their knees to kiss the Son lest he be angry; where rocky, adamantine consciences, have at last begun to feel; where obdurate, determined, inthe error of their ways-God is there, for were he not there, none of those holy feelings would ever have arisen, and the cry look to a bleeding Saviour, where sinners eap to lose their chains, and oppressed and then she peacefully entered into her ones sing because their burdens have rolled away; where they who were just now sitting in darkness and in the valley of the where christians lay their bodies upon the altar as living sacrifices, where men with may die among the swarthy heathen; her, prospects that he may be the humble servant of Jesus; where vonder work-girl toils night and day to earn her bread rather than sell her soul; where yonder toiling laborer stands up for the rights of conscience against the demands of the mighty; whomay yonder struggling ballows will holds to God in all his troubles, saying—"Though he slav me vet will I trust in him"-God is in that place, and he that has eyes to see will soon perceive his presence there. Where the sigh is heaving, where the tear is falling, where the song is rising, where the desire is mounting, where love is burning, hope anticipating, faith abiding, joy o'erflowing, patience suffering, and zeal abounding, God is surely present. In the temple of the human heart, consecrating

earth is my footstool." You have seen, that the entrance of that Word had given perhaps, the drawings of those wonderful light, and that his only desire now was to statues which amid the ruined temples of devote his best energies to his Redeemer's Egypt, lift their heads into the very clouds. service. We have been permitted to read They sit upon their awful thrones con- this letter more than once with deep intinually, men of common stature reach no terest and adoring praise to that God higher than the pedestals of their feet, "whose ways are in the sea, and his paths while these gigantic ones tower upwards in the mighty waters, and whose footsteps into the very sky. Now consider these to | are not known." be seen in heaven, the skirts of his garis here, there, and everywhere; with you | ther's." and with me, very present at every time and in every circumstance. I cannot bring out the truth more clearly than that; therefore leave it to pass on to the second

that "God is in this place."

[To be concluded.]

Atliscellaneous.

My Mother's Bible.

On Richard Knill's return from his misonary labours, when visiting his native was accommodated with the same bed I had often had before, the furniture remained just as it was when I was a boy, but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep; I was thinking how God had led me through

ings, and meets, with an unlooked-for

pened to you but what has been under his blessing, the circumstances of a man's knowledge, his superintendence, and his life. Again and again He has made the ordination. Do not, I pray you, forget power of an early association the turning not come yourselve, while you are thinking of nations point of the heart's purpose, and the inyourselve, while you are thinking of nations and of kingdoms, for it is as true of a gnat strument, by the Holy Spirit, of bringing you," and the gay, beautiful girl skipped that God supports it in life as it is of an angel, and God is as certainly in the creep-touching instance of this came under our wrappings about her, and a little reticule to college to study, he knew very little ining of the aphis upon a rosebud as in the notice a short time ago, related by an emilin her hand. tumble of an avalanche from the mountain. nent minister of the gospel, who was a near It was a strange scene to one accustom-He is in all things. He is in you; he is and dear relative of the subject of the nar- ed only to the "sunny side" of life, which in your circumstances to-day. Take the rative. There lived in the far-off land of those four bare walls contained. It was earnest, the great object of his childish dethought home, and may God grant that it India a loved son, the child of earnest and Mattie's first real contact with wretchedmay have its due effect upon your minds. continuous prayer; his mother (a widowed ness, and her naturally kind heart was In Providence, then, we may say, "Surely one) yearned year after year for her son's deeply touched and the tear of sympathy conversion to the Lord. Though he filled with integrity and uprightness a responsible situation, yet his heart was not given a yet more evident manner-the kingdom to God It was mentioned that his moof grace. In yonder province of conviction, ther, though suffering from bodily weakwhere hard hearted ones are weeping penitential tears, where proud ones who said morning after morning, to wrestle with they would never have this man to reign God in prayer for this loved son. A few years more and the mother was sinking inyears more and the mother was sinking in-to her grave; the time of her departure little Tony played with it most delightedly drew near, yet her son was still dead to God, but her faith failed not; meekly she corrigible sinners, have at last turned from | bowed to God's will, hopefully she prayed on; she knew that He who had said, "Cast thy fatherless children on the Lord, and I will keep them alive, and let thy would never have been heard—"I will widows trust in me," would not disaparise and go unto my Father." And in point her hope; she was strong in faith, yonder province which shines under a TRUSTING where she COULD NOT SEE. In brighter sun, where penitents with joy a dying hour she bequeathed, as a sacred a dying hour she bequeathed, as a sacred sweetly. Will you sing over a few of legacy to her beloved son, HER BIBLE; these familiar hymns and I will join you as

rest! Now hear the blessed sequel.

The sad intelligence of the mother's death was sent to the son, with a message shadow of death have seen the great light that her legacy was forwarded to him .--God is in that place, or faith had never | Ere the tears of sorrow for her death were | will provide," sounded low and clear withcome and hope had never arisen. And dry a parcel arrived; with what deep into there in yonder province, brighter still, terest did he regard it? How eagerly did thy were in Mattie's eyes long before she he seize it! With trembling fingers he finished it. The poor woman's wants for unfolded its contents, and—HIS MOTHER'S the day were well supplied, and when the self-denying zeal think themselves to be BIBLE lay before him! yes, the same he nothing and Christ to be all in all; where had seen in his childhood, the very same had returned, the ladies rose to take their the missionary leaves his kindred that he that he well remembered was open before leave. Mattie stole be when, in his boyhood, he went lovwhere the young man renounces brilliant ingly into her room to comfort her in her first lone hour of widowhood, and ner weary fingers marked out for him those blessed lines. " Cast thy fatherless children on the Lord, and he will keep them alive, and let thy widows trust in me;" and the same alea that lay beside her on that sad morning when he had been the heart when he had been that sad morning where the heart which where the head ceived her last weeping embrace. He unclasped it; there were those numberless marks and notes which bore ample testimony to its having been deeply studied .-As the son turned over page after page, and saw continual impress of his mother's loved fingers, his heart melted within him, and he shed tears of bereaved anguish .-"Can I close this Bible," thought he; "it comes to me as from the dead! Can I allow this legacy to be laid aside? Can I it unto himself. In all these three king- permit the dust to gather over these sadoms then, my brethren, let us never forget cred pages, which were the joy of my dying mother? No! I will read them, I I shall turn from this point when I have will study them, I will pray over them, as just made the remark that we are still so my mother did." And so did he. Not apt to think that God is not here. You many months after her son wrote home, remember that splendid picture which God | and simply stated that HIS MOTHER'S BIhimself gives-" Heaven is my throne, and BLE HAD LED HIM TO HIS MOTHER'S GOD,

be but a minute representation, and let the colossal figure of Deity rise before your loved ones still far from God? And do Praying mothers, hope on! Are your mind. Heaven is his throne, and there he vou feel your days are numbered, and they sits; earth is his footstool, and here are are not saved? "Faith is the substance his feet; while higher than angels fly is of things hoped for, the evidence of things the head of the All-glorious One. We not seen." Is your faith less strong than cannot comprehend the Lord at all, but we | that of the Hebrew parent, who "by faith" may think of him as he represents himseif | hid "her goodly child" three months beto us; he does it, you know, under human | neath her sheltering love, and then put representations-let us then get the human him forth with confidence, though in reach representation into our mind. He is great- of the monsters of the deep, nothing doubter than the greatest thought—his head ing, and only watching "to wit what higher than heaven; his feet lower than would be done with him." Trust then the deepest heil; earth his footstool; your loved ones to a Father's care. "In heaven his throne. Do not let us think the morning sow thy seed, and in the eventhat he is ever absent here, for if his face ing withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either we are never at a distance from him; he alike good."—From "Su nbeams for Mo-

> "WEEP WITH THEM TH'AT WEEP." "Will you go with me, Mattie, to see that poor woman I told you of yesterday?" asked Aunt Caroline as she folded her

"I think not, auntie, it alway's makes me feel so unhappy to see such w retchedness. I am sure I should not get over the impression all day, I have such weak nerves,

Alas, how often is that plea m ade to hide the unwillingness of an unfe eling heart to make a little self-sacrifice for the

comfort of the suffering.

"But, my dear Mattle, it is just the is sorrow and sympathy with the suffering which makes our hearts nofter and better. was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of morning streamed through the little window, and my eye caught the sight of the very spot where my sainted mother, MORE

of sympathy would do her good. Will you taking for his text, "Let brotherly love

dimmed her light brown eye. The little weary babe was fretting for its morning bath, and Mattie took it on her lap while Aunt Caroline made the poor woman's bed. The little blue eyes opened with wonder at the bright roses in her velvet hat, and the tiny hands were raised to grasp the costly jewel sparkling on her breast. A jet braceuntil Aunt Caroline was ready to dress

"A blessing on the kind young lady," said the poor mother, "I haven't heard Tony's laugh before for many a long day." "How easy it is to give pleasure,"

thought Mattie. "Here is a little hymn book, Mattie," said the good auntie; "you can sing well as I can, while I prepare Mrs. Goodman's breakfast. She loves singing dear-

Tears fell fast on the white pillow, as the words of that sweet hymn, "The Lord wasted hand of the astonished widow, was of Boston. When I called at his house gone before she had time for a word of adjoining the large cathedral, the Bishop

thanks. "Do you feel very wretched?" asked Aunt Caroline, with a smile, as her niece sat musing with a very happy face beside the glowing parlor grate do not know when I have been so happy. I hope we can go to some such place, where we may relieve the suffering every day I stay with you.'

"The poor ye have always with you, replied the aunt, "and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

The Last Reading.

In one of the coal mines of England, outh about fifteen years of age, was workno by the side of his father, who was a pious man, and governed and educated his family according to the Word of God.

The father was in the habit of carrying with him a small pocket Bible, and the son, who had received one at the Sunday school, imitated his father in this. Thus he always had the sacred volume with him, and whenever he enjoyed a season of rest from labor, he read it by the light of his lamp. They worked together in a newly opened section of the mine, and the father had just stepped aside to procure a tool when the arch above them suddenly fell between them, so that his father supposed his child to be crushed. He ran toward the place and called to his son, who at length responded from under a dense mass of earth and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?" "Yes, father, but my legs are under a

"Where is your lamp, my son?"

"It is still burning, father." "What will you do, my dear son?"

"I am reading my Bible, father, and the Lord strengthens me.

These were the last words of that Sunday scholar; he was soon suffocated.

The Rescue.

Several years ago, when the waters o our river were swollen to a flood, a man who had valuable timber in danger of being swept away, ventured into the mad current with his light boat, to save it, if possible, from the threatened ruin. He was drawn into the rushing tide, and in a moment was at the mercy of the wild waters. A friend saw his peril, and, mounting a fleet horse, started for a bridge a few miles below, as the only chance to rescue

Reaching the bridge before the skiff which came like an arrow toward the arch. he dropped a rope over it, to the surface of the stream, and called to the imperilled man to seize it as his only chance of escape. The trembling hand was extended. the boat sped by, and the inmate was in the arms of his deliverer.

We have often thought of the incident as a forcible illustration of spiritual life, especially in time of revival. To every sinnor there comes a last offer, from the sact ed hand of Him "who is mighty to save." But with startling frequency is the arch of mercy passed for ever, and the soul left to drin. away to the ocean of wrath.

O vo yager to a sea of fire, or of fathom-

"No fear of that. Mattie : even a word his first sermon with a chair for a pulpit,

continue. Thomas was a steady and noble-hearted lad, with a sincere love for the best things: deed. After a while, however, his fine mind seemed to wake up; early and late he toiled at his books, and pursued in good sires. He became one of the most learned. talented, eloquent, and useful preachers of his time; and his short but glorious life was spent in preaching, by word and pen, the great truths of the Bible to men of all classes and ranks. Let the name of Dr. Chalmers ever remind us of the lesson-Choose a good object, and then steaaily

It was a wise and a christian speech of Charles the Fifth to the Duke of Venice, who, when he had showed him the glory of his princely palace and earthly paradise, instead of admiring it, or him for it, only returned him this grave and serious memento. "These are the things which make us unwilling to die."

A Lesson for Protestants.

The following paragraphs, copied from the "Home Missionary," are from an address delivered by Rev. George A. Oviatt, of Somers, Ct., at a Conference of Churches recently held in Willimantic, in that State, for consultation in reference to 'Home Evangelization":-

"When I was labouring in Boston, in the capacity of Secretary of the Boston City Missionary Society, by the request of the pastors I made a very thorough investigation of the matter, and preached on it, not only in Congregational, but in many other evangelical churches. In order to be accurate, I resolved to call on Bishop ed States where this bird was stupidly al-Fitzpatrick, of the Roman Catholic diocese was in his room, wearing his canonical robes, and engaged in a private interview with some person of high consideration. waited until he was disengaged, and then to see him. I introduced myself as a plain Congregational minister, and told him frankly that I had come to make inquiries as to certain things in his Church.

" Here are our records,' replied the Bishop, 'fully kept; they are at your service; but in order to help you, I will sit down and turn to them, and talk the matter over.'

"I asked him how it came about that so many people went regularly to church. ". The secret is power. You cannot do what we are doing. We have authority, and you have not. There never goes into Boston, or any town, city, or village, with in the limits of this diocese, an individual from any part of the world who is a Roman Catholic, who is not found out by Committees of Vigilance in less than two

". Then we have a system like this We have in our churches four different congregations every Sabbath; one is for servants in families, who cannot attend in the forenoon or afternoon, because the have to be at home to get dinner, etc. then we have two or three priests who have been specially trained up to preach to the children-and all our children are regularly catechized and disciplined in the principles of the Church. In the basement of the cathedral is a room, seating 2,000 persons, which is devoted particu-

larly to children.' "Now this system is vastly in advance of any that we have. They mean to have no population that do not attend public worship. Not only so, but the Bishop said to me : 'If ever there is a young person brought up in a Protestant family, who is not at all likely to be worked upon, who shows any inclination toward our Church. he is found out.' It is well nigh impossible, such is their system, for a young person to have misgivings in regard to the faith in which he was educated, but their hands are upon him. We have no system tem, and reduce things to such definite or der that the strength wat highlying unde veloped in our churches may be brought

"One grand difficulty with us is, that the minister is expected to do every thing What is wanted is, that the talents of the Church should be brought out in a welldirected effort to build up the Redeemer's kingdom; every person who presents himself for admission to the communion should have this as one of the evidences of your piety, to say before God and man-as for me, all the talent I have, if it is but one, I devote to the service of the Church, and I will work just where I can, as the path of duty may be made plain to me ! We have lititudes in our churches who are doing nothing at all. They are offering, not the prayer, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' but that other prayer, 'I pray thee, have me excused.'"

The Army Worm and its Natural Enemies.

enough to engage the attention even of the London Times, suggests many considerations which we in Canada ought not to overlook. We all delight to see and hear around us the melodious songsters, "sweet play at racket, and kill time as best they denizens of hill and dale" of which our fel- can. low-townsman, Mr. Lemoine, has furnished us an interesting account in his Oiseaux du Canada, but we should have more than an æsthetic interest in their preservation if we were sure that they were as necessary to the success of agriculture here as they are proved to be in France and the rest of the old world. We have been periodically troubled with insect plagues: the Hessian fly, the wheat midge, the weevil, have all destroyed their myriad bushels of ripening grain. They have generally disappeared, owing to the attacks of parasites; but they never might have appeared in such numbers as to be hurtful if the feathered tribes were more numerous here. Another evil of frightful magnitude is now appearing amongst us; we are menaced at no great distance with such a visitation as we read of in Holy Writ; the American journals teem with accounts of a new scourge, his own. Let us add that Messrs. Farquwhich, because it presses forward in a resistless line, destroying golden harvests, the proper persons to receive the donations green meadows, luxuriant trees alike, they of sympathisers. call the army worm; and detachments from the main body of this terrible host have already invaded several parts of Canada. Now it may happen that although men cannot arrest the march of these in-

sects, birds can do so. The French report states that a single tom-tit was found to eat 200,000 insects eggs a year. A swallow devours 553 insects a day, eggs and all. A sparrow's nest in the city of Paris was found to contain 703 pairs of the upper wings of cockchafers, The familiar crow, which, like the proverbial Scotchman, is everywhere to be met with, is so necessary to the husbandman that in certain parts of the Unit-The Ottawa Citizen has already remarked that the bob-o-link, otherwise called the rice-bird or reed bunting, which congregates in Virginia in countless myriads, and is common here, but which has not until this season appeared in the Ottawa valley. hood of that city in swarms, feeding greedily upon it. At present there is a constant war between our rural population and little birds of almost every kind. It might be found that this is contrary to the imerest of the country. And we direct the attention of our ornithologists to this special

An Imprisonment for Life.

The stream of civilization flows on, but not without interruptions; and now and then we are reminded of the existence of a relic of barbarism. Punishment for crime we can understand : it is for the safety of society at large that the manslaver and the felon should be restrained but punishment for breach of contract is not so appreciable. It may be right to hang murderers, transport burglars, and send coiners to penal servitude, and thieves to hard labour, but the policy of imprisoning debtors, whose conduct is untainted with found, is open to the gravest question Imprisonment for debt is not intended as a penal punishment, but it always acts as such, and stamps disgrace upon the prisoner. We are getting clearer notions on the subject of credit, and amongst them comes the idea that the incarceration of some twelve or fiftexn thousand of our fellow-subjects for non-payment of debt every year is at best but useless, if not altogether foolish. The new Bankruptcy Act, without abolishing the right of imprisoning debtors, so far limits the duration of the period of incarceration as practically to put an end to the exercise of the power. come before the court and give an account of his property, on doing which honest act, he is to be discharged from custody; this much is certain at least as to debts; the discharge of contempts founded on of the country would be for the states

Bench, whose imprisonment commenced in the year 1814, the year before the battle of Waterloo, now forty-seven years ago. The old man's story is, that he was sued upon a bond forged by a man who wronged be asked, 'Are you willing, and do you his sister. Perhaps it may be so; let us assume that the debt was a real and bona fide one, in order to estimate the wrong less, bot indiess love—

"Mi rey knows the appointed bound, and vields to justice there."

The recent failure of the grain harvest in different portions of the European continent, and the consequent enquiries into its causes, bid fair to re-affirm the axiom that though birds can live without men, the wheel of life was stopped. All around the walls of the Luropean con time, and the walls of the Queen's B

the subject, and while it possesses interest afflicted with rheumatism in his hands, and from that year has continued to be a county debtor, fed at the expense of the country but shut out even from the sunshine which penetrates into the yard where debtors

> This story does not come from Naples, or Rome, or Venice, for if it did we should add it as an item of misgovernment to the already long accounts of Francis II., Pio Nono, and Francis Joseph. The sto-ry can be told in very good English as having occurred in England; and it is, perhaps, one of the strangest elements of the whole case that Miller is a Freemason. so that he seems to have been as much forgotten by his brethren as by the law. That law now is going to deny the home which the country provides in the prison, and points to the work-house, and the old man in his seventy-seventh year has no other prospect before him except that of dying amongst strangers administering public charity, unless the subscription suggested by Sir William Fraser is successful in providing the poor pensioner with a home of har, the bankers, in St. James's-street, are

But the case suggests many pertinent observations. When the habeas corpus

was issued to inquire why William Miller

was imprisoned, the prisoner would travel by stage coach from Hampshire, for in 1814 railways had not been invented, and even George Stephenson had not dared to conceive of the network which would soon overspread the land. Stockton and Darlington, and Liverpool and Manchester, had not been connected by roads of iron, for in 1814 no man had calculated the possibility of crossing Chat Mars. William Miller would have to return by a conveyance such as he never saw, through a country which he would no longer know, to a place which no longer knew him. For forty-seven years, that is beyond the period when most of us were born, when George III. was king, when London witnessed the days of the Regency, and fast-like ac-knowledged Carlton House as its head, this man has been the denizen of an enclosure within four brick walls, the comnarianate hor weed; who who rabe rakeld back into the world, or gone down in death and in prison; but he remains to show the cruelty of the laws which make possible the chance of an imprisonment for a whole lifetime. Six years of the life of George the Third were passed in prison: and during those six years the world outside was agitated by the great continental war, the banishment of Napoleon to Elba, his escape, the Battle of Waterloo, which threw his spasmodic grasp of power down into the dust; the great Sovereigns of Europe met in London; the Queen, the Princess Charlotte, and at last poor old King George-all died, and St. Paul's great bell might be heard in prison announcing the death of the royal ones. Sometimes, too, the revelries of the coronatian, and of royal progresses into the city, might be heard: the deaths of ministers, such as Liverpool, Canning, and Huskisson might be mentioned as rumours floating in from the outside world. There were political contests, too, which have been noted in history. When William Miller was first incarcerated nobody every thought of emancipating the Roman Catholics, or repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. But all this has been done more than thirty years ago, and if William Miller had then passed out again into the world he would

not have known the new generation.

Another generation has come and gone; the generation which began and carried the Reform Bill, and a third generation which refrains from asking for another, according to our non-reforming statesmen. When Earl Russell took leave of public life he Now the law is that every debtor must before the court and give an account years ago. Lord John Russell entered the House of Commons, and William Miller entered the Queen's Beuch, in 1814. The best test of the political and social progress debts is not yet provided for; but it doubt- to ascertain from the prisoner the differless will be in a subsequent Session of Parliament.

The prospect of the new law has brought 1861, as certainly he must in the autumn. up some of the anomalies of the old sys- The impressions he would faithfully record tem. Sir William Fraser writes, for integration of his recollections before 1814, and the stance, to the Times of Tuesday, to tell us evidence of his senses in 1861 would surof the discovery of an old man, named Wil- prise us all, for but few of us have acculiam Miller, a prisoner in the Queen's rate ideas of the gaps which humanity has leaped in the course of forty-seven years. leaped in the course of forty-seven years. In 1814 there was no cheap newspapers or books, no penny post, no railways, no electric telegraph. In 1814 the people were, politically, of no importance, and the powers of the King were but ill-defined. Now, Parliament is acknowledged as a power in restraint of the prerogative, and the peo-ple's House is omnipotent. In 1814 ably long since gone to receive the judgment of the court above, and has answered for the wrong done upon earth; but his victim, if forger the creditor was, or the the victim of the law, as William Miller certainly is, remains in the Queen's Bench in 1861, to remind his fellow creatures of the wisdom of abolishing a power which consigns an industrious man to durance for life. Miller was born at Christchurch in in land speech were fettered, and were, therefore, seditious; now, thought and speech are free, and therefore loyal. In 1814, we were waging war with Napoleon; in 1861 we are in alliance with the nephew, and have fought wars with him as allies. In 1814, the laws restrained the import of food; in 1861 the laws encourage it, and we have now an again the laws of the import of food; in 1861 the laws encourage it, and we have now an again the laws of the laws and speech are free, and therefore loyal. In 1814, we were waging war with Napoleon; in 1861 we are in alliance with the import of food; in 1861 the laws encourage it, and we have now an again the laws of the laws. consigns an industrious man to durance for encourage it, and we have now an include. Miller was born at Christchurch, in riculture and commerce which more the