

Christian Guardian

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CONFERENCE OF THE WESLEYAN-METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA.

Vol. XV. No. 34.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1844.

Whole No. 762.

DAVID.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

It rose amidst the spacious plain,
In solitary pride,
The city's walls were wide,
The city's walls were wide,
From whence the fabric took its birth.
The eagle's winged glancing eye
O'er ridged galleries went;
Still up, and up, till with the sky
Its roofless height seemed bent.
And the thick-columned balustrade
Seem'd to dwell on a leoness' blade.
And he who scaled that height might hear
The city's distant hum,
Dying upon the atmosphere,
Till all around was dumb.
Then start at his own lonely breath,
So much it seemed the realm of death.
The rushing eagle deemed that tower
Only a darker rock,
And, borne on wing of fatal power
Against its summit proud,
With sudden shriek and shock was hurled
Down lifeless to the distant world.
And tower on tower and pile on pile
The monstrous building rose,
Still rising vainly towards the smile
Of heaven's blue vault above,
Till 'midst the tempest and the storm
Rearing unscathed its giant form.
How swelled the builders' hearts with pride
To see that tower of might!
"We will not ask for wings," they cried,
"Toward heaven to take our flight;
Some stone more, a little more,
By our own tower its walls we'll climb."
Vain hope! vain boast! the lightning came,
And wrapt the building round;
God sent his messenger of flame
To smite it to the ground;
And a great nation's impious trust
At once was levelled with the dust.
Are there not builders even now
Like those who build the tower?
Do they not hearken to the voice
By paths as false and low?
How many in their wayward will
Are building other Babels still!
And bitter must the anguish be
When that dread hour shall come,
When each will sudden find he sees
How high, how pure the dome
Of heaven is o'er them, whilst the clay
Of their poor work all melts away.
There is a higher, holier path
Unto that blessed realm;
Not mortal for our feeble breath
Its track to heaven to claim;
He who was slain, did He not say,
"I am the Life, the Truth, the Way!"

Selected.

From the Southern Christian Advocate.

A METHODIST BISHOP TRAVELLING IN TEXAS.

BISHOP ANDREW'S LETTERS.—No. 12.

On Saturday morning by 11 o'clock our arrangements were all complete, and we were under way for the Conference. Our company consisted of brother Summers, brother Shearn, an English gentleman, a resident of Houston, and myself. Brother S. left his bed to mount his horse. I opposed it, but with a genuine John Bull obstinacy, or, as he called it, resolute perseverance, he went ahead. We were all mounted on borrowed nags, and one of them came very near being drowned in crossing the Bayou just at the city. However, we saved her and she did good service afterwards. For the first three or four miles our road lay through a strip of pine woods, after which we entered upon an open prairie, which continued for nearly forty miles. Nine miles from town we came to the first creek which had been warned would be impossible; we crossed it, however, safely, the water reaching about to the middle of the knees. It was now about 3 o'clock, and four hours' arduous travel had brought us nine miles. From this to the next house on our route was about fourteen miles. This was our only chance for a night's lodging, unless we took it in the open prairie; and if we had attempted this, with all the appliances of food and fire, we could not have found in all that distance, dry ground enough to encamp on—so we had but one of three alternatives, to stop at Johnson's, sleep in the prairie on horseback, or go on to Big Cypress. We chose the last, and pushed ahead. As we anticipated, night overtook us long before we reached our destination. The whole prairie was aflame; the water, most of the time, was from knee-deep to the saddle-skirt, and occasionally we charged a slow which gave our feet a taste of cold water. To add to our trouble, we were strangers to the road. Brother S. had indeed travelled it once, but it had been some time since, and as it was a pretty dark night, we felt ourselves in some danger of getting lost, which would not have been by any means the most desirable thing which could have happened to us. It had been cloudy all day, and still the clouds predominated; but here and there a small patch of twinkling stars was visible in the blue vault above us, affording the only light which shone on our watery way; and, save the sound of our horses' feet splashing in the water, the shrill whoop of the crane, or the noise of numerous flocks of wild-geese and ducks which were started at our approach, there was no sound to break in upon the gloomy silence of the scene around us, unless we chose to keep our own voices employed, which we did pretty freely by way of cheering each other's spirits. Long and anxiously did we look out for some light ahead of us which might indicate the locality of our inn; but repeated disappointments had brought us all to the conclusion that the folks behind us were miserable hands at calculating distances. Finally, however, when we were just in the neighbourhood of getting a little ill-natured, the light appeared in the distance. We pushed ahead with new life, and at length rode up to a house on the bank of a large stream of water. I gave the usual salutation, and was informed we could lodge there all night. But when I proposed, in order to avoid the mud, to ride up to the steps and dismount, a voice of warning from within admonished me not to attempt it unless I wanted to bog down. And as I had no particular desire for so deep an acquaintance with the mysteries of Texan mud, we dismounted at the gate and trudged our way into the house as best we could. We found a good blazing fire on the hearth, and we were wet, muddy, weary, and hungry, so that we enjoyed the comforts of the fire, and were ready for the supper—and I was glad to see that even our invalid was prepared to join in the dining table, and to eat of the good woman's fried pork, corn bread, and, in short, of the good things of the prairie, although my bed was not the softest, nor was the bedstead low enough for me to stretch myself; however, I have long since learned to accommodate myself to circumstances; accordingly I made shift to deposit myself in such wise as to be able to procure needed repose, and arose the next morning refreshed, in good health, and with a heart deeply conscious of my obligations to my almighty Preserver, and grateful for his constant care over me ever since I was born.

My landlady had followed the fortunes of her husband and settled in Texas long before the war of Independence. During that struggle they had been obliged to fly before the invading Mexicans. After the war was over they returned to their home, where, in the course of the last two or three years, she had buried her husband, and was now a widow. She had several children, and was possessed of a good deal of that sort of property which constituted so large a portion of "patriarchal wealth,"—she was rich in cattle. Of course, she was not much of refinement or polish about her, yet she possessed sterling goodness of heart. Her house was a preaching place, where the itinerant preachers staidly held forth the word of life, and she herself was a member of this little church in the wilderness. After prayer and breakfast we resumed our journey. We had to cross the Cypress, which was now becoming quite a formidable stream; we could not, of course, attempt to ford it, so we had to cross in a sort of temporary flat, which had been hastily put together to enable travellers to cross this otherwise (in its present circumstances) impassable stream. Our boat lay at anchor some twenty yards from the shore. We had, consequently, to ride in till we reached it, when we made our horses spring into it; and after navigating some fifty yards, they had to jump out again to enable our clumsy little craft to pass over the shallows for some thirty yards, when our ponies had to subside to a second compulsory embarkation, after which we accomplished the remainder of our voyage across the Cypress without further interruption. Six miles further on, we came to another creek called Little Cypress. Here we found a dozen wagons encamped, some of which had been lying here a fortnight, unable to cross the stream. There was a small raft made of poles tied together, on which we crossed and carried over our baggage; our horses we rode across. Our raft was barely large enough to carry two, so that my feet were wet nine miles to the widow M.'s, at whose house we intended to remain till next morning. Our road lay through an undulating prairie, through which the recent rains had washed large gullies,

along which the water was roaring and foaming quite after the manner of the wet weather branches among our hills in Georgia. The morning was cloudy and calm, and as our road was an unfrequented path, a herd of seven or eight deer started up, and went bounding away. These were the first deer that I had seen in the republic, though after this I met with them in larger or smaller herds every mile or two during this morning's ride. The wild-geese, too, were more abundant than I ever saw them. We were scarcely out of sight of them, and were constantly starting them from their feeding grounds; so that, with their cackling and the whizzing of their wings, they kept us in music during our morning's ride. Should I say that we saw several thousand during our nine miles ride, I think I should not at all exaggerate. Between twelve and one o'clock we reached our point, and took up our quarters till next morning. Does any body ask why we travelled over fifteen miles on the Sabbath? I answer, we were compelled to do it or fail in reaching the Conference in time. We were hospitably entertained by the good lady who kept the house. She, too, had come from "the States," and settled here in early time, and had for some years buried her husband. She had several children, most of them boys, and nearly all grown up. Her house was also a preaching-place, and the good woman was a Methodist of some sort, but whether she belonged to the Episcopal or the Protestant Methodist was not quite clear,—nor did the old lady seem to think it a matter of much consequence. There was something about this good woman which impressed me very strongly, a woman of stout frame and quite masculine in her disposition and manners,—long accustomed to the scenes of a wild and frontier life, she had contracted a fearlessness of expression and manner which told you at once that she was afraid of nothing: she was, withal, quite patriotic. She told me that, in the war of Independence, she had only one son who could "go the wars,"—and that, during the last round of Mexican invasion, a year or two since, she was only sorry that the "Mexicans" had not waited two or three years more before they began it, "because," said she, "in the other war I had only one soldier, but by that time I should have had five or six soldiers of my own little making to fight for my country." I understand there are many such mothers in Texas; it seems to me the sons of such mothers would be hard to conquer.

On Monday morning, after breakfast, we were again on the road. We crossed Spring Creek, and left the great prairie through which we had been travelling, and entered upon a poor country of sandhills and rapid creeks, some of which we barely escaped swimming. We travelled more than twenty miles without seeing any body, or passing a single human habitation, inasmuch that we began to fear we were passing through a desert. At length we came to a plantation, and, some distance up the creek, saw houses, toward which we urged our way, hoping to obtain assistance as to our route; but at these there was no human being to be started, although the smoke was still ascending from the chimneys, and two lazy dogs were on duty as sentinels. This was a sore disappointment to us. After consulting awhile, we resolved on our course, which, in a mile or two, brought us to a house at which we obtained directions from a servant, who told us the way to an Indian village, a few miles distant, where he said we would receive instruction in the way to our place of destination. After riding a couple of miles we came to a miserable muddy-looking swamp and creek; after working our way through the mud and cane for several hundred yards, we emerged from the swamp, and saw on the hill before us the wigwags of an Indian village. It consisted of some half-a-dozen huts, made, I suppose, pretty much in the primitive aboriginal style. The village was inhabited by about thirty souls, the sole remnant of the Bedeque nation. We were met by two or three little children, who could not understand, or at any rate gave no reply to any of our questions. Brothers Shearn and Summers, however, did not stand idle, and, after a short time, one of the children found an aged Indian man lying on a bed raised from the earth a little by boards; on these were spread some cane tops, and over them a few deer skins. The old man was very sick, and told them that he should die. He added that his son had been killed during the previous year by some of his own tribe, and he showed them a certificate of his own capture from some officer of the republic. Poor old Pilot, he had come to care for him: his child had been murdered by his own people; and now that he was dying, none of his countrymen were near him to minister to his wants. Such is paganism. We left the village with such directions as the poor old man could give us, and, after missing our way two or three times, found ourselves at the house of sister McCreary, formerly of Alabama, who gave us a most cordial Christian welcome. She was an old acquaintance of brother Summers, and withal a most excellent warm-hearted Methodist. Her children were, I think, nearly all of them converted, and in the church, and one of her sons class-leader of this good family. We passed a pleasant night with this good family, and the next morning, after breakfast, we resumed our march for the rest of the Conference, and distant now about thirty miles. One of the young men went with us to pilot us through Lake Creek Swamp, one of the worst in our route, and which we had been dreading all the way. We found it an ugly affair; but, under the direction of our excellent guide, we passed in safety to the hills on the other side, where our pilot left us. We passed some fine land in the neighbourhood of Lake Creek; in about five miles, we passed Montgomery C. H., quite a picturesque town. We rode about fifteen miles, through a country the most of which was hilly and poor, with now and then a miserable muddy creek, whose banks were so steep as to be almost impassable, and their swamps affording some of the finest specimens of very bad roads. When we reached the San Jacinto, a small but very rapid river, which was swimming, and might not be attempted on horseback. So we carried our luggage over on a log, and drove our horses across the stream; after as little delay as possible we were again in the saddle, and a ride of five miles more brought us to Robinson's settlement, in which the Conference was to meet. Brother S. and myself were conducted to the house of young brother Robinson, with whom we were to lodge, and where we found ourselves associated with the brethren Fowler, Clarke, Alexander, and Wilson—all old friends whom I had known in other days, and whom I was greatly rejoiced to take by the hand here in this far-off country. And now, as Conference begins tomorrow, I must bid my patient readers adieu till after the session is over.

Montgomery, Texas, December, 1843.

From the Zion's Herald.

COLLEGES—REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

Dr. STEVENS.—The following incident strikingly illustrates the power of prayer. Fourteen years ago, on the green hills of Vermont, under the ministry of Rev. E. J. Scott, of the N. H. Conference, and in answer to the prayers of pious parents, a young lad, then only twelve years old, was converted to God. His father was a class-leader, and used constantly to take him to the weekly class-meeting. His mother was deeply pious, and was often accustomed to sprinkle her tears upon the midnight shade while praying for her son. Four years rolled away, and the young man felt inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel. His call was from God. It rung in his ears and sunk down into his soul. The church gave him license to exhort. And though very young, the divine blessing attended his word. In view of the demands of the age, the increased intelligence of the people, and the qualifications necessary to expand the Holy Scriptures and feed the flock of Christ, he resolved to have a collegiate education. It was a magnanimous resolution. But it was to all his friends and acquaintances a wild and imprudent step. His parents were unable to defray his expenses. All his wealth consisted of an iron constitution and an inflexible determination to drink at the fountain of knowledge and be refreshed for the race. By the blessing of God, he succeeded in preparing himself for college. This occupied three years. He defrayed nearly all his expenses during this time by manual labour. Many a weary affecting and providential opening occurred to him while at the seminary. Here he frequently improved his exhorter's license, and made many a neighbouring school-house resound with his youthful voice. In the summer of 1837, he might have been seen, at the age of 19, taking leave of his parents and friends, with a very few dollars provisionally placed in his hands, trusting in God, descending from the salubrious mountains of his native state, and threading the valley of the Connecticut some two hundred miles to the Western University. He was examined and admitted to the Freshman Class. By the fatherly counsel of Dr. Fisk, a man of precious memory and the special openings of providence, he passed the first two years of his collegiate course. He was now licensed to preach. And frequently, Sunday evenings, his voice might be heard in the adjacent villages, preaching Jesus and the resurrection. At the beginning of his junior year he wanted one hundred dollars. The sum was indispensable. He knew not where or how he could get it. He was completely hedged in. He first concluded to do and teach a year and earn it. But no. Though he, I am preparing to do the Lord's work. I am a child of providence. My heavenly Father is rich. He can feed the ravens when they cry. He can turn the mountains into gold and the stones of the street into bread. He has said, "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us." "Ask what ye will, in my name, and it shall be done unto you." "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Said he, this is God's word. I believe it. I have eaten it down into my soul and lived upon it for years. I will try it again. I will make known my wants and requests unto God with thanksgiving. It may be He will hear me. And it may be, too, that my dear mother is now praying for me! He prayed. He asked God for a hundred dollars. He prayed

with great fervency and faith.—God whispered peace to his soul. A strange, heavenly quiet came down into his heart. He was happy. He was sure of soon seeing the naked hand of God. He opened his books, relieved and tranquil in spirit. In about an hour a total stranger entered his room, and asked him if he would go and preach the next Sabbath in the town of W., about ten miles distant from the University. The young man said he would. He went and preached. A collection of seven dollars was given him, accompanied with a request that he would come again the following Sabbath. He went again and unexpectedly received another collection of about the same amount. Thus he went five successive Sabbaths and received in collections between thirty and forty dollars. Each time he went he expected it would be his last. The fifth time, however, to his perfect astonishment, a committee waited upon him and informed him that they had got on subscription four hundred dollars, and had collected one hundred of it; that they would pay him down the one hundred dollars collected, and collect the other three hundred for him, if he would just preach there two sermons a Sabbath for a year. They further stated that he need not interrupt his studies to be among them any during the week, that he might come Sabbath morning and return the same evening. Thus he could pursue all his college duties and serve the Lord. The young man received the hundred dollars, the precise sum he had prayed for, as from the hand of God. He punctually went every Sabbath during his junior year, sometimes walking and sometimes riding on horseback, and preached to the good people Jesus Christ, and him crucified. The other three hundred dollars were faithfully paid. At the close of the year the congregation proposed to give him four hundred dollars more and send him home, for another year's service. The service was rendered and the money received.—Souls too were converted to God—thus fulfilling the Scriptures—"He that receiveth reward wages and gathers fruit unto eternal life." Thus, in paying for one hundred dollars, he received over eight hundred in cash! All these facts came under my observation. I was a student in the University at the time, and was intimately acquainted with this young man. He graduated with honour and is now a minister and member of one of the N. E. Conferences of the M. E. Church.

Several important lessons may be learned from this touching story.

Bangor, Me., April, 1844.

SIGNING OF SCOTLAND'S COVENANT, 1638.

From Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland.

At length the important day, the 28th of February, dawned, in which Scotland was to resume her solemn covenant union with her God. All were fully aware, that on the great transaction of the day, and on the blessing of God upon it, would depend the welfare or the woe of the Church and kingdom for generations to come. By day-break all the commissioners were met; and the Covenant being now written out, it was read over, and its leading propositions deliberately examined, all being invited to express their opinions freely, and every objection patiently heard and answered. From time to time there appeared some slightly doubtful symptoms indicative of possible disunion; but these gradually gave way before the rising tide of sacred emotion with which almost every heart was heaving. Finally, it was agreed that all the commissioners who were in town, with as many of their friends as could attend, should meet at the Grayfriars church in the afternoon, to sign the bond of union with each other, and of covenant with God.

As the hour drew near, people from all quarters flocked to the spot; and before the commissioners appeared, the church and churchyard were densely filled with the grave-diggers, the wisest and the best of Scotland's pious sons and daughters. With an hour approached the men; Rothes, London, Henderson, Dickson, and Johnston appeared, bearing a copy of the Covenant ready for signature. The meeting was then constituted by Henderson, in a prayer of very remarkable power, earnestness, and spirituality of tone and feeling. The dense multitude listened with breathless reverence and awe, as if each man felt himself alone in the presence of the Hearer of prayer. When he concluded, the Earl of London stood forth, addressed the meeting, and stated, explained, and vindicated the object for which they were assembled. He very judiciously directed their attention to the covenants of other days, when their venerated fathers had publicly joined themselves to the Lord, and had obtained support under their trials, and deliverance from every danger; pointed out the similarity of their position, and the consequent propriety and duty of being to the same high tower of Almighty strength; and concluded by an appeal to the Searcher of hearts, that nothing dishonest or unreasonable was meant. Johnston then unfolded the vast sheet of parchment, and in a clear and steady voice read the Covenant aloud. He finished, and stood silent. A solemn stillness followed, deep, unbroken, sacred. Men felt the near presence of that dead Majesty to whom they were about to vow allegiance; and bowed their souls before Him, in the breathless awe of silent spiritual adoration.

Rothes at length, with subdued tone, broke the silence, stating that if any had still objections to offer, they should repair, if from the south or west parts of the kingdom, to the west door of the church; where their doubts would be heard and resolved by London and Dickson; if from the north and east, to the east door where the same would be done by Henderson and himself. "Few names, proposed but few doubts, and these few were soon resolved." Again a deep and solemn pause ensued; not the pause of irresolution but of modest diffidence, each thinking every other more worthy than himself to place the first name upon this sacred bond. An aged nobleman, the venerable Earl of Sutherland, at last stepped slowly and reverentially forward, and with throbbing heart and trembling hand subscribed Scotland's Covenant with God. All hesitation in a moment disappeared. Name followed name in swift succession, till all within the church had given their signatures. It was then removed into the churchyard, and spread out on a level grass-plot, to obtain the subscription of the assembled multitude. Here the scene became, if possible, still more impressive. The intense emotions of many became irrepressible. Some wept aloud; some burst into a shout of exultation; some, after their names, added the words, *let death*; and some opening a vein, subscribed with their own warm blood. As the space became filled, they wrote their names in a contracted form, limiting them at last to the initials letters, till not a spot remained on which another letter could be inscribed. There was another pause. The nation had framed a Covenant in former days, and had violated its engagements; hence the calamities in which it had been and was involved. If they, too, should break this sacred bond, how deep would be their guilt! Such seem to have been their thoughts during this period of silent communion with their own hearts; for, as if moved by one spirit,—and doubtless they were moved by the One Eternal Spirit,—with low heart-wrung groans, and faces bathed in tears, they lifted up their right hands to heaven, avowing, by this sublime appeal, that they had now "joined themselves to the Lord in an everlasting Covenant."

THE "TRAINING" OF CHILDREN.

To the Editors of the Watchman.

Sirs,—The subjoined example of the manner in which an intelligent Wesleyan master works the Glasgow Training System, has been kindly furnished to me, by a respected friend in Norfolk. It deserves, I humbly think, one of the best places in your paper, as well on account of its own interest, as because it may give your readers, who have not turned their attention to the subject, a very pleasing exemplification of the value of the training system, as distinguished from mere teaching.

Your's truly, JOHN MACLEAN.

The routine of the Schools conducted upon the Glasgow System, allows an interval of about five or ten minutes, once or twice during the morning, for relaxation, in which the boys amuse themselves as they please, under the eye of the master. It was in one of these intervals, in the School recently established in Power Street, that two of the boys, while at play, quarrelled with each other, and from words, they soon got, as is frequently the case, to blows. The master did not take notice of it particularly at the moment, but, at the proper time, calling the School to order, he formed the boys into a circle, with the two delinquents in the centre, and instituted a sort of trial, in which it was elicited, chiefly by the boys' own admissions, that they were very angry,—that they struck each other,—that the blows were given, not with the open hand, but with the clenched fist,—that they were aimed at the head and eyes, and that they were intended to hurt. These facts having been established, the master described to them in a plain and simple manner, the structure of the human eye,—the care which had been taken by the Great Creator, for the defence of this most beautiful part of His works,—how he had enclosed it nearly all around in a strong, bony case or socket, and for its protection in front, had provided it with a delicate membrane, or lid, which, by being frequently swept across its surface, preserved it constantly bright and clear, and prevented the smallest speck of dirt or dust from lodging upon it and irritating it; and, for its further protection, he had placed the eyelashes like a hedge, around and above it, that not even a drop of perspiration might fall upon it. If God, then, had been so careful of the eye, how sinful must it be, and how offensive to Him, that any of His creatures should endeavour to injure that, over which He had shown such a watchful tenderness. He then adverted to the hands, and explained the uses for which the various other members were intended. Then, appealing to the boys, what should be done to the offenders? he said,—they had souls as well as bodies; if he caned their backs, it would make their hearts,—he feared, if he flogged them, it would make very little improvement in them,—they would still have the same bad feeling towards each other,—God alone could

change their hearts. Something, however, must be done.—"Boys! what shall we do?—I leave it to you." A pause ensued, at the expiration of which, the boys, who had become very serious, upon the matter, replied—"Pray for them, Sir." The master agreed that that would be the better way. They all knelt, with the exception of the two offenders, who were desired to remain standing; the master offered a short, but fervent prayer for the lads, and requested a visitor who was also present, to pray for them. When they arose he took the two boys, and addressing them individually, said—"Salmon! will you forgive Burton?"—"Yes, Sir," replied—"Burton! will you forgive Salmon?"—"Hesitating, he replied—"No."—"Well," said the master, "I am very sorry to hear you say so, but I cannot help it—I cannot make you forgive him." He then talked with him on the sin and wickedness of indulging a spirit of revenge. The boy seemed to feel it, and the master again said—"and won't you forgive him, Burton?" After a pause, he replied—"Yes, I will." "When God forgives us," the master replied, "he makes us to know it, and after briefly explaining to them the doctrine of the witness of the Holy Spirit, he told them, that when a reconciliation took place between men, who had been at variance, it was customary for them to signify it by shaking hands together, and invited them to do the same. Salmon held out his hand, but Burton was still backward; but, at last, he did put it out, and the other shook it heartily. Burton's heart then seemed relieved of a load—a great load, over his countenance, which was instantly followed by a gush of tears. The other boys were affected with the scene, and a general weeping showed the emotions of their youthful hearts.—The master struck up a lively tune—the boys caught it and joined him in singing a few lines of an appropriate hymn, which they all knew, and returned to their lessons, cheerful and happy, and it may be hoped, bettered by this salutary act of moral discipline so beautifully administered.

From Zion's Herald.

"WHY NOT MORE REVIVALS?"

To promote a revival we must have faith in God. We must have more light, and heat of a better kind; it is often too moon-shining; we want a sun, a world of light and heat within us. We want the life, power, and spirit of religion. We must feel, more deeply, the importance of a revival. Our own souls must be in the work; the holy fire must be burning in our hearts, our light must shine and burn, to light and warm those around us who are dark and cold; all the public and private means to revive God's work must be used, and used faithfully. Things must be well timed, subjects well chosen, clearly stated, plainly and pointedly pushed home to the hearts and consciences of men. We as ministers are not particular enough, we do not touch in general, we are (like some of our congregations) afraid of plain, pointed Gospel preaching. We have more form than power, more letter than spirit, too mechanical, dry, tedious, long, or so short we do nothing, destitute of feeling and without faith; well arranged, well delivered, more from the head than the heart, our course is a studied one. It pleases men; it must be so, or some rich, honourable, knowing one will leave us. If we do not do just so we displease them, we lose their custom. Our course and conduct must be changed; there must be a reformation before there will be a general revival. It must begin in the church with ministers; there must be a coming out from the world and a coming up to God's help; sacrifices must be made of time, talent, ease, pleasure, profit. Self must be denied, passions, appetites, needless self-indulgence, &c. The cross must be borne, patience must have its perfect work, our flag must be nailed to the mast-head, we must show our colours, we must work and believe, believe and work, watch and pray, &c. Don't work for "you know not what"; to your post; there is light and conviction enough in the church to sanctify it wholly, and in the world to convert it. If, though, if men would seek out that God works in them, both to will and to do of his own good pleasure. I repeat it again, it is *that* we want, not light. We all, saint and sinner, know better than we do.

We must do as well as say. We want the apostolic fire, God's burning love in our souls; we want Scripture measure, we want to be filled, running over. Such a man, a minister, we want the world on fire while we are lighting our matches; we want the religion of Paul, Peter, Wesley, Fletcher, Benson, Abbot, Summerfield, &c. &c.—men of God, like Stephen full of faith and the Holy Ghost. God Almighty warm up our hearts with celestial fire, make us feel our great commission, and help us to carry it in our hearts instead of our pockets. Here is where we fail. Let us be sensible of it, amend our ways and doings, humble our hearts before God, look to him and him alone for help. Vain is the help of man. Then, we shall see old-fashioned religion enough, and this new religion which is but skin-deep go down.

From the Vermont Observer.

WILLIAM CAREY.

The year 1761 is memorable for the birth of an extraordinary man. In the obscure village of Patterbury, England, and from a family in humble circumstances, arose a man distinguished for the most mighty achievements—a man in whose mind originated the great idea of *Modern Missions*. Such was William Carey. Enjoying but limited advantages for early education, by a perseverance perhaps unequalled, he became one of the most efficient men that have ever lived. In early life he became a Christian, and was baptized by Dr. Ryland in the river Nen, at Northampton. At the age of 21, he was settled over a small Baptist church at Monmouth, where his compensation did not exceed £60 annually. Consequently he was obliged to resort to his former occupation of shoemaker as a means of support. His sign-board is now preserved in the library of Stepney College, and reads as follows:

BOOTS AND SHOES

MADE AND MENDED HERE BY

W. CAREY.

As a shoemaker, however, it is believed that he never excelled, for he never made two shoes alike. It is related that Dr. Ryland having ordered a pair of him, found them too long, and returning them, the rustic auction cut off the toes and sewed them up again. This deficiency as a workman arose from his intense engagement in the study of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, ever having his book before him at his work, and thus forgetting to fit his shoes to the last. In this respect he was greatly favoured by having considerable employ on shoes for the army, which did not require the greatest nicety. Every two or three weeks he walked eight or ten miles to a distant full of shoes on his shoulder, and returned the same day laden with leather, for fulfilling family engagements. But all this was insignificant as compared with his family—his addition, he was obliged to take an evening school. From such circumstances as these, came forth a new age. To him belongs the honour of originating the India Mission. He was the first instrument of forming a Missionary Society for giving the gospel to the heathen. Says Fuller, "the origin of the Society will be found in the workings of Brother Carey's mind." Says Dr. Ryland in one of the first sermons on a Baptist Missionary Anniversary in London:—"October 5th, 1783, I baptized in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's meeting-house, at Northampton, a poor journeyman shoemaker, little thinking that, before nine years had elapsed, he would prove the first instrument of forming a society for sending Missionaries from England to preach the gospel to the heathen." His mind seemed first to have been directed to the "poor heathen," by means of an old copy of Gutierrez's grammar. Thus his attention was arrested by the great portion of the world lying in wickedness. The prints of his waxen fingers are still perceptible on the map which he kept before him while working at his bench. In this tracing out different localities he thought of the heathen, and sympathies were aroused in their behalf. It is related that in 1784, one of the meetings for prayer and discussion then held, a subject was required. With considerable hesitation and modesty Carey remarked that he had thought of one, but unless it was agreeable to the brethren he did not wish to press it. This subject was the *conversion of the heathen*. "Young man," said the senior Ryland—the venerable Moderator shaking his head, and looking sternly at him, "do you expect a second Pentecost?" But the hand of God was in this matter. He was working upon the mind of Carey, for the salvation of the heathen. At length the attention of the brethren was awakened to those claims which were pressing so heavily upon this apostle of missions. In October, 1792, the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, and the June following, Carey embarked as a missionary to India, where he was instrumental in translating the Bible into more than forty different languages, some of which are the most difficult in the world. Through his influence twenty-seven millions of the East for the first time read the word of God in their own tongues. How glorious must be his eternal crown of rejoicing! How joyful his future harvest! In the hour of his departure he said, "I have no regrets, but I have no fears; for the cross and stonement of Christ are my all-sufficient grounds of hope and joy." He died, June 9, 1834. With the spirit of Carey, possessed by the 700,000 Baptists of America, and soon "the kingdoms of this world" would "become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.—A lady in genteel but moderate circumstances, when presenting the clergyman of — with a small sum for a charitable object, said, "You may put it down as the widow's mite, Sir." "Not so, my friend," replied the worthy parson. "I beg you may," the lady earnestly added; "it is but a trifle." "I am aware of that, madam, but it is not *all* your giving." How very few have in truth presented the widow's mite, although many apply the passage to themselves.

From the Christian Mirror.

DAVID.

Raised by the immediate intervention of the Almighty from the lowliness of pastoral life to the grandeur and dignity of a throne, the humble son of Jesse soon experienced, as King of Judah, all the cares and anxieties which commonly mingle wormwood and gall with the wine of regal enjoyment. The path by which he arrived to eminence was thorny and dangerous; for, while his military achievements obtained for him the admiration of his countrymen, the monarchy for whose well he displayed his prowess and hazarded his life, frequently conspired to destroy him. And though that Providence which called him from tending sheep in the plains of Bethlehem to occupy a distinguished station among the warriors of Israel, ultimately assailed him to the throne of his inflexible enemy,—still, though the legal successor of Saul, though wearing his diadem, and wielding his sceptre, it appears that, in the same proportion as royalty bestowed its honours, so did it inflict its curses.

Surrounded by alien foes, and disturbed in his borders, he was obliged to live in the tented field, and endure many an arduous campaign. His children, violating the parental law of nature, rose up against his person and government; and, in order to uphold his crown and dignity, he had to suppress the sympathies of a parent, and contend in deadly strife with the offspring of his own bosom.

In short, the life of the Royal David was deeply chequered by all the varieties of sunshine and shade, storm and calm, that usually distinguish an eventful career. His course resembled the progress of the sun while tracing its brilliant path along the firmament. In the morning its dawning glory faintly streaks the East; but growing in beauty and in strength, ever vapour and shadow retreat before it, as a conquering enemy flees before a conqueror, and then it bursts upon the world, clothed in all the splendour and majesty of noon. Suddenly, however, the clouds, gathering blackness, try to veil its beauty and radiance; the fierce tempest, rushing upon it, endeavours to disturb its tranquillity; the thunderbolt tries to plough up its even path; and the skies pour down torrents of rain, in order to quench its fires. But the assailed luminary goes onward, walking up to his tabernacle with grace and majesty—and then the evening comes, and holy quietude reigns all round; and, as it sets, its orb expands, its rays brighten, and, before it disappears, he stamps the shining impress of his mellowed light upon all around it.

So it was with David; his life and character shone resplendently among the nations. And, although vicissitudes marked the one, and crime degraded the other, yet the close of his life was crowned by a most felicitous consummation. Tranquillity pervaded his kingdom; victory established his residence in his camp; the peace of God smoothed his dying bed; his exulting soul breathed its last efforts in prayer and praise; and his happy spirit entered within the everlasting gates, playing on his harp of solemn sound, and singing, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things!" and blessed be his glorious name for ever, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen and Amen.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY REV. J. W. CUSKINGHAM.

Although angelic ministry is no longer openly continued, we are nevertheless taught to believe that it exists, and that many of the blessings that fall upon our daily path are shed from hands which have been lifted amidst the choirs of heaven in holy adoration to the God of all principalities and powers. As Christians we are come to this "innumerable company of angels"; ye are united to them by a bond which binds together every member of the happy family of God; you are blended with them into one vast and harmonious society. The discordance necessarily subsisting between these pure spirits and the sinful inhabitants of a fallen world is destroyed. Clothed in the merits, and washed in the blood of the Redeemer, you no longer present to them that impurity with which their holy nature could hold no alliance. They perceive, in the redeemed of the Lord, hearts blotted indeed by much imperfection, but yet impelled by the same principles, hopes, tastes, and affections as their own. Your song is at last the faint echo of theirs. Your Father is in every sense of the word their Father; your God is their God. Touched by these considerations, although once they watched at the gate of the earthly paradise to prevent your entrance, now they stand on the golden walls of the heavenly city, to invite you to a participation in joys, of which they alone, of all created beings, know the fulness, the intenseness, and the perpetuity.

ANECDOTE OF GEORGE HERBERT.

Walking to Salisbury one day, he saw a poor man with a poor horse, that was fallen under his load; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man; and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse; and told him that, "if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast." Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed; but he told them the occasion. And when one of the company told him "he had disparaged himself by so dirty employment," his answer was, "that the thought of what he had done would prove to him music at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whenever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all those in distress, I am sure that I am bound to do so, as it is in my power, to procure what I pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

GUIZOT, PRIME MINISTER OF FRANCE.

At M. Suard's, in whose saloons all the wise and distinguished men of the time were wont to assemble, and where M. Guizot had his *entree*, a very romantic incident occurred. One young lady was a frequent and privileged visitor at these conversations—her name was Pauline de Meulan. Having lost her family and her inheritance by the revolution, she had found resource in her excellent education, and her sole means of support arose from a journal of which she was editress, called *Le Publiciste*; but her over-exertions, and in a branch of literary writing of so trying a character, had brought on a serious indisposition, much augmented by the apprehension that soon the imposs

OPPOSITION, PERSECUTION, DETRACTION.

[illegible]

Ann Martin, *Fever and Ague.* David Greig, *Bilious attack.*
W. C. Macbry, *Jaundice.* John Cowan, *Indigestion.*
Michael Dillon, *Jaundice.* R. A. Parker, *Fever and Ague.*
Thomas Graham, *Tape Worm.* Reese Davis, *Pain in the back, &c.*
William Tylor, *Dropsy.* John Dobson, *Dumb Ague.*
M. Handerson, *Worms.* C. Quin, *Chronic disorder, stomach.*

Mrs. Sigsworth, *Indigestion*. Charles Grant, *Dropsy*.
 S. Wurd, *Pain in the Breast*. Mrs. Craig, *Bilious attack*.
 W. Lee, *do*. H. Cunningham, *do*.
 Alexander Craik, *Bilious attack*. C. Fairley, *Fever & Ague, 3 yrs.*
 W. Ketchum, *Hydrothorax*. Mrs. Hilliard, *Nervous derange't*.
 Henry Green, *Tape Worm*. Mrs. John Atkinson, *Dropsy*.

Jos Rogers,	<i>Bilious attack.</i>	Wm Kent,	<i>Flow of blood to head.</i>
John Bell,	do.	W. Early,	<i>Dyspepsia, old standing.</i>
Mr. McCollum,	do.	Mrs Brand,	<i>Rheumatism.</i>
&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.

Sold, Wholesale and Retail, at No. 69, Yonge Street, by S. F. BURLINGHART, and by the Agents for Dr. Sherman's Medicines.

See list of Agents. 744 26

COUNTERFEITS, FRAUD, AND IMPOSITION.

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND, that in future it will be safe to purchase only of those
whose names are advertised as Agents. The following is a list, and as soon
as others are appointed their names will be added. These purchasing of any
others hereafter must take the risk and blame themselves.

AGENTS.

Jas. Harvey, *Niagara* and *St. John Hunter, Town Line Store.*

Catharines. M. F. Empey, *Newmarket.*
T. Bickle and C. H. Webster, W. & R. McFarlane, *Stone-*
Hamilton. *bridge, Port Colborne.*
James McFeeters, *Bowmanville.* William Tyler, *near Whitby.*
James H. Smith, *Lloydstown.* J. Mitchell, *Simcoe.*
Andrew Oliver, *Galt.* Lesslie & Sons, *Dundas.*
John Rutledge, *Toronto Townsp.* William Early, *Esquecing.*

THE TIGER PILL and **RUSH'S PILLS** are sold by the same, and by none else till advertised as Agents.
743 S. F. URQUHART, *General Agent for Canada.*

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Spitting of Blood, Whooping-Cough,
Group or Hives, Consumption, Pleurisy, hoarseness, pains and
soreness of the breast and lungs. Bronchitis, a disease that
is sweeping hundreds to a premature grave, under the fictitious
name of consumption, can be cured by this Medicine. The
usual symptoms of this disease (Bronchitis) are cough, soreness
of the lungs or throat, hoarseness, difficulty of breathing, asthma

hectic fever, a pitting up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes of the fine skin. It is nothing more than an inflammation of the fine skin, which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels which run through every part of the lungs.

The peculiar virtues of this compound have for a long time attracted the attention of the medical profession and public; and its medicinal interest has recently been directed to the treatment

a lively interest has recently been directed to the development of their active powers and pulmonaric qualities, which the proprietor is now able to gratify, and presents this medicine to the public with full confidence of its being the most safe and valuable remedy ever discovered and adapted to all diseases of the lungs when any of the functions do not perform their natural or health action.

It is universally believed that God in his providence has afflicted his children with pain and disease, without at the same time giving them something in the garden of nature that will not only mitigate, but in many cases entirely relieve them. With these views strongly impressed on our minds, every one should feel a great desire to investigate, to the utmost of his power, the great arena of nature, and to draw from that source that instruction

In presenting this article to the public, the proprietor was influenced by the hope that a medicine prepared with much care and strict regard to the chemical properties of its several ingredients, should take the place of thousands of irresponsible nostrums of the day, with which this country is deluged.

1 The use of one bottle of the Syrup will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of its beneficial effects.

2 Directions accompanying each bottle, with the signature of the proprietor, without which none are genuine.

3 Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by J. WINEY, Chemist and Apothecary, King-St., Hamilton, C. W.

N. B.—A liberal discount made to those who purchase 10 or more bottles.

again.—Price 2s 6d.
For sale by LYMAN, FARR & Co., No. 5, City Buildings
King-Street, Toronto.

DR. SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES
Give immediate relief in nervous or sick headache, palpitation of the heart, lowness of spirits, fainting, oppression or sense of sinking of the chest

D. R. SHERMAN'S CATHARTIC LOZENGES

an active and efficient remedy as common peppermint; they are
 strong and efficient, especially those which will at once correct morbid secre-
 tions. A large proportion of the diseases that affect mankind, arise from
 some derangement of the stomach or bowels, which a timely use of these
 lozenges would prevent entirely.

For sale wholesale and retail by S. F. URQUHART, 60, Yonge Street
 General Agent for Canada West.

It is undoubtedly the best of all strengthening plasters: it is also a sovereign remedy for pains or weakness in the back, loins, sides, breast, neck, joints or limbs—it is invaluable in rheumatism, lumbago, &c. &c. The enormous number of cures over one million and yearly of it, is sufficient evidence of its superiority over all other plasters, whatever their price may be.

For Sale, wholesale and retail, at 60, Yonge Street, by S F BURGHART

SUPERIOR HAIR OIL
for Sale at No. 60, Yonge Street, by S. F. URQUHART.

MEDICINE TO SUIT THE TIMES.—Dr RUSH'S infallible HEALTH PILLS. Only 75d. per box.

Among the remedies suited to all seasons of the year, none have deserved so high a reputation, or can be more confidently recommended.

liva lads, that these celebrated Pills, which were once known as the "Poor Man's Friend." It is well known that the human frame is subject to numerous maladies, which, though slight at first, may prove fatal in the end, if not seasonably arrested; for this reason, every family throughout the province should be supplied with these truly valuable Pills; the cost is so trifling and they never fail to give relief when timely administered.

THE HEALTH PILLS are mild, never gripe, or give the least pain, and yet are so efficacious, from the superior combination of medicinal

genia, that they carry off all morbid secretions from every part of the body, and restore a vigorous and healthy action of all the organs. These Pills are a sovereign remedy for *Dyspepsia, Headache, Bilious and Zined Complaints, Erysipelas, all Catarrhus Eruptions and Hemorrhoids, Heartburn, Nausea, Dizziness, Pleurisy, Salt Rheum, Scald-Head, Pileation of the Heart, all kinds of Inflammation, Asthma, Pains in the Stomach and Heart*,—in fact for every disease not coming within the province of the Surgeon.

Sold at 60, Yonge Street, Wholesale and Retail, by S. F. URQUHART, General Agent for the Canada. AGENTS—Dr J O Orr, Yonge Street and Leaslie Brothers, Toronto; John Rutledge, Toronto Township; James Harvey, Niagara and St Catharines; P. Eickie, Hamilton; J. Muirhead, Sarny, and McMoran, Windsor.

DOCTOR SHERMAN'S PAPILLARY OIL
 a warranted cure for sore nipples, without taking the child from the breast, in any case, no matter how bad it may be,
 For sale by S. F. Urquhart, at 60, Young Street.

BE ADVISED TO GET RID OF THAT COUGH
DR. SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES
 Are universally admitted to be the best remedy in the world for speedily removing Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Chest, &c. Often six or eight Lozenges cure severe cases in a few hours. Beware of cheap imitations.

A FEW SETS of Wilson's Tales of the Border
for Sale, at R. BREWSTER'S, 108, King Street, Toronto.

Christian Guardian,
DEVOTED TO
RELIGION, MORALITY, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, COMMERCE, AGRICULTURE, &c.

CULTURE, DOMESTIC ECONOMY, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.
Published every Wednesday, in the City of Toronto, Province
of Canada, at No. 9, Wellington Buildings, King Street.
The price of this paper is *Fifteen Shillings* a year, exclusive of Postage
payable in advance.
Subscribers commencing after the beginning of a volume, will pay

No subscription discontinued except at the end of each quarter of the volume. Agents will be careful to attend to this, and in all cases of discontinuance calculate the amount due to the close of the then current quarter.

The Paper will not be continued to any Subscriber longer than one year after without payment; those who have not paid will have their papers stopped at the close of such volumes and their names sent out for collection.

** * **
** * **

All communications, under authorized Agents, must be post paid.

The proceeds of this Paper will be applied to the support of the Christian Fund of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church in Canada, for making up the deficiencies of poor Circuits which are unable to support their Preachers &c., and to the general spread of the Gospel.

OF Books, Bibles, Maps, Good Circulation, Bibles.

J. H. LAWRENCE, PRINTER.
