

gradually descended, until the range was continued by arable hills, covered with green fields. In some places the villages were very numerous. The want of trees was the principal defect in the scenery, although there were some most luxuriant exceptions. Numerous willow-plantations were scattered over the cultivated hills—the water being used in irrigation. Whole villages appeared to turn out to see the strange object as she passed; indeed the hills were frequently darkened with spectators. From the tops of the rocks which crown the highest elevations, they were watching our movements. Even the women could not restrain their curiosity, but stood gazing at us in little groups. Our steamer drew but four and a half feet of water, and of course we could go where no sailing vessel of any considerable size would have ventured. We proceeded about seventeen miles, when we grounded; we then took boats, and went two or three miles farther. The tide was so excessively low that the smallest boats could not approach within two miles of Tang Wa. Had we waited, we might have went up to the town in eighteen feet of water. On our way back we landed at one of the villages where the crowd of spectators were the greatest. Some of them recognized me, and were very civil.

"7. This morning I had the great gratification of welcoming back to this field my friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Boone, accompanied with his family, Mr. and Mrs. McBryde, and Dr. Cumming. After being so long alone, it is a delightful change. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon us all."

The following extracts show not only that the missionary in China may preach the gospel without let or hindrance, but that there is also an encouraging willingness to hear.

"19. To-day we saw the fruits of inviting the people during the week to come on the Sabbath. An unusually large number were present. Among them were two Buddhist priests in their vestments.

"27. Yesterday the room was nearly full of worshippers; all the seats we could furnish were taken up: fifty or more must have been present. Some went away for want of accommodations.

"July 3. Congregation larger than ever. I had supplied the room with an additional number of cheap bamboo stools, and found them necessary. I do not remember to have seen such close attention before.

"10. Our number somewhat reduced to-day. The inhabitants of the western village were engaged in gathering the produce of their fields. I had before endeavoured to prove to them that this was not a sufficient reason for absenting themselves; but they are not alive, either to the law of the Sabbath, or to its invaluable privileges."

Doctor Cumming, almost immediately after his arrival, had a large number of patients.

"10. We have been kept exceedingly busy to-day in our different spheres of labour. Several respectable persons were present at our family worship. I endeavoured to make known to them the leading truths of the revelation. The application for books have seldom been so numerous or pressing. Among the patients were fifteen who had been taken by pirates, some of whom were shockingly mangled. They had been a week in the hands of these cruel men, during all which time their wounds had never been dressed."

On the following day, Mr. Abel and his missionary brethren, were invited to dine at Amoy, where they met a company of very respectable and intelligent Chinese. The way was soon prepared for an interesting conversation on the religion of the Bible; the simple and reasonable doctrines of the gospel seemed

to commend themselves to those who were present.

(To be concluded.)

PROCRASTINATION AND PERDITION.

A SOLEMN WARNING.

In one of my walks about my parish some years ago, I passed the place where one of my parishioners, who was a stonecutter, was at work upon a large block of granite. He was about forty years of age, a hard-working, prosperous man, a warm personal friend, a constant attendant on the means of grace; but utterly indifferent, as far as I could judge, about the concerns of his soul. Having so good an opportunity, I determined to speak to him plainly and earnestly upon the subject of religion.

"My friend," said I, "you have a hard subject for your chisel there." "Yes," he replied, "very hard, indeed; I don't know that I ever saw a more difficult stone to cut than this." "But," said I, "there are harder things than blocks of granite." "I suppose so; and granite grows harder by exposure to the air. I can work a stone much easier when it is first taken from the quarry." "I refer to the heart," said I. "It is harder than stone; and, as you say of granite, it is growing harder every day. Hard as this stone is you can make it assume any form you please. You can mould it like clay. But God has been many years at work upon you by his word, and Spirit, and providences, yet not a feature of the image of Christ yet appears upon your heart of adamant."

"I know it, I know it," he replied, "but it was not always so. Ten years ago, the Holy Spirit visited my soul, and melted it like wax. You never saw me weep, but I wept then, and I thought the time of my conversion was come. But the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things entered in, and grieved away the Spirit, and hardened my heart against the truth. The Spirit left me; but I believe, and am sure, that it was only for a season. I am confident that he will again return, and I shall become a Christian."

"Ah, my friend," said I, laying my hand upon his shoulder, "you are cherishing a most dangerous confidence. You are not grieving but insulting the Spirit of God; and your heart may be withered by his wrath, instead of being melted by his love. But God is merciful, only be sure you live until the Spirit returns. Be careful of your life, for you stake your salvation on its continuance."

I never saw him again. A few months after this interview, during my absence from the place, he was found in his barn, suspended by the neck, and quite dead. No reason could be assigned for this act of self-destruction. He met with no heavy affliction. He had an affectionate wife and several small children. His business was prosperous. His earthly condition was in all respects happy. But he could not wait for the return of the Spirit. Abandoned of God, and tempted by the great adversary of souls, without strength to resist, he madly cut short his own probation, and quenched his presumptuous hope in the blackness of darkness.

Reader, have you grieved away the Spirit, and still expect his enlightening and converting influence? Make a covenant with death and hell that will stand; and be sure not to die until your hope be realized.

God has given us four books: the Book of Grace, the Book of Nature, the Book of the World, and the Book of Providence. Every occurrence is a leaf in one of the books: it does not become us to be negligent in the use of any of them.

From the Sunday School Journal.

THE ACTRESS.

An actress, in one of the English or provincial country theatres, was one day passing through the streets of the town in which she then resided, when her attention was attracted by the sound of voices which she heard in a poor cottage before her. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom, at the moment of her observation, was giving out the following hymn, which the others joined in singing:

"Depth of mercy! can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?" &c.

The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not. The words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter by the woman of the house, who had observed her standing at the door. She complied, and remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company; and uncouth as the expressions sounded, perhaps, to hearers, they carried with them a conviction of sincerity on the part of the persons then employed. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her. She could not banish them from her mind, and at last she resolved to procure the book which contained it. She did so, and the more she read it, the more decided her serious impressions became. She attended the ministry of the Gospel, read her hitherto-neglected and dispised Bible, and bowed herself, in humility and contrition of heart, before him whose mercy she now felt she needed; whose sacrifices are those of a broken heart and contrite spirit, and who has declared that with such sacrifices he is well pleased.

Her profession she determined at once and for ever to renounce; and for some little time excused herself from appearing on the stage, without, however, disclosing her change of sentiments, or making known her resolution finally to leave it.

The manager of the theatre called upon her one morning, and requested her to sustain the principal character in a new play which was to be performed the next week for his benefit. She had frequently performed this character to general admiration; but she now, however, told him her resolution, never to appear as an actress again, at the same time giving her reasons. At first he attempted to overcome her scruples by ridicule, but this was unavailing; he then represented the loss he should incur by her refusal, and concluded his arguments by promising, that if, to oblige him, she would act on this occasion, it should be the last request of the kind he would ever make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear, and on the appointed evening went to the theatre. The character she assumed required her, on her first entrance, to sing a song; and when the curtain drew up, the orchestra immediately began the accompaniment. But she stood as if lost in thought, and forgetting all around her, and her own situation. The music ceased, but she did not sing; and supposing her to be overcome by embarrassment, the band again commenced. A second time they paused for her to begin, and still she did not open her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sang, not the words of the song, but

"Depth of mercy! can there be,
Mercy still reserved for me?"

It was almost needless to add that the performance was suddenly ended; many ridiculed, though some were induced, from that memorable night, to "consider their way;" and to reflect on the wonderful power of that religion which could so influence the heart, and