

All this was a mystery that Amy could not penetrate; but she lay and thought of it in bed, while Sister Ursula was repeating her long string of prayers aloud—prayers she could not join in, but which she had heard so repeatedly that she knew some of them by heart almost, against her will. One, from the "Rosary of the Blessed Virgin," which Sister Ursula often used, was firmly imprinted on her memory.

"Hail! holy Queen Mother of Mercy, our Life, our Sweetness, and our Hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished daughters of Eve—to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears; turn thou, most gracious advocate, thine eyes of mercy toward us, and after this our exile, show to us thy Son Jesus. O most clement, most pious, and most sweet Virgin Mary! Pray for us, O holy mother of God, that we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ."

Nearly all the prayers were of this order. Mary was the advocate to pray for her Son to have mercy upon sinners, and the Lord Jesus was represented as turning a deaf ear to their cry, unless urged to have mercy upon them by the continual intercession of his mother. She was the fountain of mercy, and had to wring it from her hard stern Son, who was so unwilling to save any who presumed to come to him, that he pushed them away, and it was only by importunities of his mother that he condescended to save any.

This was the unspoken but actual belief growing out of such prayers as they were continually obliged to hear, and it was being gradually adopted by many a young opening mind who yet went by the name of "Protestant," and only joined in the actual worship for the sake of the music, or to avoid standing two hours in the cold outside the chapel door.

(To be Continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF THE MISSIONARY DR. ADONIRAM JUDSON.

BY REV. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, D. D.

As is well known, Dr. Judson was the son of Christian parents, his father, for many years, having been a faithful minister of the gospel. He was born in Malden, Mass., Aug. 9, 1788, and entered Brown University at the age of sixteen, being sufficiently advanced in his studies to become a member of the sophomore class, and graduated with the highest honors of his class in 1807. When he entered college he cherished the most ambitious expectations with regard to his future worldly career. A religious life, he felt, would stand in the way of the gratification of his ambition, and he decided that he did not want to become a Christian. To those who are familiar with the religious condition of the country in the early part of this century, it is needless to say that French infidelity was insidiously making its way through all classes of society. Young men, in our colleges especially, prided themselves on being "free-thinkers." In Brown University, there was, at this time, a student of remarkable brilliancy as a scholar, accomplished in manners, full of wit and sarcasm, the charm of every social circle in which he moved. He had become tinctured with the poison of French infidelity, and was an open and avowed deist. So fine a student as Judson was, and with tastes congenial with those of this skeptic, it is no matter for wonder that a strong friendship sprang up between the two. They encouraged each other in loose views on the Christian faith, and congratulated themselves that they were not the galling chains of the superstition which held in bondage so many of their friends and acquaintances. When the question of a profession came up for their serious considerations, two courses opened before them; one was the law as presenting a sphere within which to gratify their worldly ambition, the other was the stage, either to become actors or writers of plays.

A few months after his graduation he took up his temporary abode in New York, and for a short time, was actually connected with a theatrical company. We are told that about the time he left college, "he had unfolded his infidel sentiments to his father, and had been treated with the severity natural to a masculine mind that has never doubted, and to a parent who, after having made innumerable sacrifices for the son of his pride and his love, sees him rush recklessly on his own destruction. His mother was none the less distressed, and she wept, and prayed, and expostulated. He knew

his superiority to his father in argument; but he had nothing to oppose to his mother's tears and warnings, and they followed him wherever he went.

How long he continued his relation to the theatrical company to which we have alluded, we have no means of knowing. It was, however, but for a brief period. While carrying out a purpose he had for some time, cherished, of travelling through certain sections of the Northern States, he reached one night a country inn. It was full of guests and the landlord expressed his regret that he was under the necessity of placing him in a room adjoining one in which there was a young man who was very sick, and, perhaps, might soon die. He was assured that so far as he was concerned it would be no disturbance, at the same time, expressing his sympathy with his neighbor in his sufferings, and expressing the hope that the fears of his landlord might not be realized. When his host had left him to the solitude of his chamber and he could not help hearing the sounds of pain and the movements of the watchers by the bedside of the sufferer in the next room, he was conscious of emotions with which, in his skepticism, he had supposed it was not possible for him to be troubled. The landlord had told him that probably the young man could not live. Involuntary the question arose, was he prepared to die? And then the thought flitted through his mind, "What a question that is for one to ask, who professes to believe that no special preparation is needed to die. To die, what is it but a cessation of being, a return, without doubt, to a state of annihilation?" Still the enquiry forced itself upon him, whether there was not something exceedingly shallow in his philosophy, if he could, for one moment, feel uneasiness about a matter which he would fain make himself believe was of no sort of consequence. And then he thought of his fellow-skeptics in college, especially his witty, accomplished friend E., what sport he would make of his fears and laugh at him for cherishing for an instant, even a faint belief in his old father's gloomy creed. But in spite of every effort to the contrary, the question kept rising in his mind, was the young, dying man prepared to go into the other world? and then the still more startling enquiry arose, would he, who also like his dying neighbor was a young man, would he be ready to die, if he were on his death-bed?

After a comparatively sleepless night, he awoke in the morning. The light of a clear, sunny day put to flight what he was pleased to consider his superstitious fears, and he was almost ashamed to think that he could have been so foolish as to give way to them. Meeting the landlord he asked after the sick young man and was told that he was dead. He then enquired who he was. The reply was that he was a young man who had graduated at Brown University about a year since, a rare scholar, and of most brilliant talents, whose name was E. It was his own dearest, most intimate friend, who had thus passed away, dying within a few feet of his own bedside. It is said that Judson was completely stunned. After hours had passed, he knew not how, he attempted to pursue his journey. But one single thought occupied his mind, and the words, "Dead! Lost! Lost!" were continually ringing in his ears. He knew the religion of the Bible to be true; he felt its truth; and he was in despair. All thought of continuing his journey was given up, and at once he turned his steps toward his father's house, then in Plymouth, Mass.

He was now determined to put himself in a position where he could make a thorough, intelligent examination of the claims of Christianity. Accordingly, although not yet converted, he applied for admission into the Andover Theological Seminary, his father having received the assurance from the professors, Rev. Dr. Griffin and Rev. Moses Stuart, that they would make an exception in his case, the rule being to accept only those applicants who, in the judgment of charity, were Christians and proposed to enter the ministry. Earnestly and honestly giving himself to the work of studying the Christian faith, he had fulfilled to him the promise, "The meek will he guide in judgment, the meek will he teach his ways." About six weeks after his becoming a student at Andover he found peace in believing in his crucified Redeemer, and on the 28th of May, 1809, made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the church of which his father was the pastor, the Third Congregational church in Plymouth.

Of the change of sentiments which brought him into the Baptist denomination and of his subsequent career as a missionary of the cross in Burmah it is not necessary to speak. The story of his conversion is of remarkable interest, illustrating as it does the marvellous ways which God sometimes takes in bringing a wayward skeptic to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LOGIC AT HOME.

BY DR. JOHN HALL.

Mamma, you must let me go to dancing-school; indeed you must."

"No, my child, papa does not like it."

"But, mamma, all the girls in the school go."

"No matter, my child; papa does not think it is the right thing for persons like us, for Church members, to send their children to such places."

"But what's the harm, mamma?" replies Susie, mentally recording a verdict against Church members and all belonging to them; "the Strongs, and the Weeks, and the Smiths, and the Joneses, and Lillie Brown, the clergyman's daughter, are all in it. Every one goes, mamma."

"Mamma, weakening a little, agrees to talk to papa. She tells him how odd the child feels, doing differently from the rest; how much it may be against her; how she must have associates, and how all of their set see no harm in the thing. Her plea is successful. Susie goes to the dancing-school, because they all do it."

"I'm very unhappy about Frank," says Susie's father, as he walks his room, half undressed, about midnight; "he's out almost every night till after twelve; I wish you would speak to him. And he never goes to church."

"Why don't you speak to him yourself?" is the reply of Frank's mother. "A father is the natural person to talk to a young man. Frank's not a child."

There is more discussion about it, with a little tendency on the part of each to lay the blame on the other, Frank's father does not tell, however, what he happens to know about Frank's fashionable friends as theatre-goers, and about certain "troubles" in which some of them have become involved that promised badly for them as business men and as husbands.

At length he makes up his mind to speak to Frank.

"Frank, my boy, why do you go out every evening and stay so late as this?"

"Why, father, it is not so very late; it is barely twelve o'clock."

"That is late enough, and you are out almost every night."

"Well, father, I was with my friends. In fact, I came away and left some of them behind me."

"Frank, I want to tell you, you ought not to go to many of the places that your friends frequent. It is not right for you."

"Why, father? Everybody does it. I'd be odd if I didn't go. All the fellows we know go. Charlie Strong and Harry Weeks were with me this evening."

"No matter, my son; you are to do right, no matter what others do."

"But, father, one cannot but have friends. You don't want me to be odd and unsocial. Mother said I must keep my set of acquaintances."

And Frank's father retires from the discussion, silenced and mortified to think that his influence over Frank is gone. He abdicated long ago in favor of "the set," and "the set" felt no responsibility. It needed one more to share the pleasures—and the cost of them. It recognized Frank's capacity for these ends. It had not promised, on Frank's behalf, to renounce the pomps and vanities of this world. It cared very little whether Frank did well or ill, if he filled his place in the set. It did talk a good deal when Frank began to take too much wine and "make a fool of himself." The Strongs turned the cold shoulder to him, and when Frank went off and married a—well, a lady, to whom the "set" had introduced him at a supper, the "set" expressed its sympathy in the impressive and touching words, "We always thought Frank a fool."—*Presbyterian.*

EVERY CHRISTIAN of whatever distinctive name, in proportion as he is really influenced by the truths of Christianity, will find, when he looks abroad upon the heathen world, no cause for exultation from the comparison

between his less favored brethren and himself; but, on the contrary, his first and paramount impression will be that of the greater disproportion between means and performances in his case than in theirs—that of his deserving many stripes, while they deserve few.—*W. B. Gladstone.*

THE MAN who does not give to Foreign Missions (says the *National Baptist*) because there are heathen at our doors, is the man who never gives to the "heathen at our doors." The man who says that "it takes a dollar to carry a cent to the heathen," is the man who never gives either the dollar or the cent. The man who is ready to give for the Gospel at home, is the man who is ready to give for the Gospel abroad; the man who can feel for the need of his remote fellow-men, is the man who can feel for those near at hand.

Question Corner.—No. 8.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed Editor Northern Messenger. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

85. Of what kingdom was Damascus the capital?
86. What captain of the host of the king of Syria was afflicted with leprosy?
87. To whom did he go to be cured?
88. How did he come to know that there was a man in Israel who could cure him?
89. How was he cured?
90. Which of the books of the Prophets relates the threatened destruction of the city of Nineveh?
91. In which of the Psalms is the Word or the Law of God mentioned in every verse except one or two?
92. Of what empire was Nineveh the capital?
93. At whose prayer was the army of the king of Syria struck with blindness?
94. What is the first military expedition recorded of Saul?
95. How old was the daughter of Jairus whom Christ raised from the dead?
96. What inscription was put above Christ's head on the cross and in what language was it written?

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Great teacher of the Gentile race,
Apostle tried and true,
Unearthly gleams of heavenly grace
Upon the earthly path we trace,
Which Silas trod with you.

1. Fast bound within this house of shame,
Your midnight hymn you sing,
And the glad tidings here proclaim,
Preaching all night the saving name
Of Christ, the anointed King.
2. Fair shines this city on her height,
Though idol fanes are there;
What wonder that your spirit's might
Is stirred to shed on darkness light,
The Unknown to declare.
3. False Dian totters on her throne,
Though crafty craftsmen roar;
Though lawless tongues her greatness own,
And tumult into this bath grown,
Her deadly reign is o'er.
4. With this loved friend in Rome at last,
An aged prisoner waits,
Till, toils and pains behind him cast,
Tumult and peril overpast,
He reach the eternal gates.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 6.

61. On mount Ararat. Gen. viii. 4.
62. From Mount Lebanon. 1 Kings v. 6.
63. Pisgah. Deut. xxxiv. 1.
64. Nebo. Deut. xxxiv. 1.
65. Gideon. Judges vii. 1.
66. Saul and Jonathan. 1 Sam. xxxi. 1, 6.
67. Mount Carmel. 1 Kings xviii. 20.
68. South of the bay of Acre.
69. A Theocracy.
70. Samuel. 1 Sam. viii.
71. On Mount Moriah. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
72. On Mount Horeb. Ex. iii. 1.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1, Ruth. 2, Esther. 3, Daniel. 4, Ezekiel. 5, Ezra. 6, Malachi. 7, Ecclesiastes. 8, Revelation. —Redeemer.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 5.—Abram A. Halsey, 5.
To No. 4.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Sarah McKinnon, 12 ac; Alexander G. Burr, 12 ac; Annie H. Burr, 12 ac; G. McK. Campbell, 11; M. Dimma, 10; Ouis Shaw, 5; Albert Shaw, 1.