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Religious Miscellany

Sabbath Morn.

BY J. WESLEY CLARK, D.D.
Beautiful Sabbath Morn,
Day of rest—day that Christ rose;
Not cloudy, not gathering storm
To mar our joy, or break the world's repose.
All is now at rest,
Sabbath of the Lord, how bright, how fair;
My sinners hearts in blast,
And mine in Christ, and free from care.
The Sabbath sun is bright,
And sheds a glory over land and sea,
And floods the world with light,
And makes our onward earth seem heavenly.
The fields around are green,
The flocks deep with melody resound;
The feeding flocks are seen
At ease—on every hill-side round.
The murmuring of the rills
After noon than on other days;
Only from the hills
They glide, and murmur forth their Sabbath praise.
O blessed day of prayer!
Nor worldly toil, nor worldly care is meet,
For worship fill the air,
And crowding millions bow at Jesus' feet.
All hail, immortal King!
Before thy throne, thou Prince of peace, we fall;
Our gift of praise we bring,
This Sabbath morn we crown thee Lord of all!
—Ch. Adcock.

Not I, but Christ.

REMINISCENCE OF THE BERLIN CONFERENCE.
A few years ago, while traveling on a railway in Germany, an incident occurred which, at the time, made a very deep impression on my mind. The remembrance of it will remain fresh and vivid to my dying day. It was seated in a third-class carriage, which was filled with Germans. A feeling of loneliness and isolation for awhile oppressed me. I tried to amuse myself by listening to the animated conversation of those who sat near me—the language being not quite unfamiliar to me. I found that the principal topic that occupied the busy talkers was the Evangelical Alliance, which had met in the city of Berlin. The papers that had been read, and the addresses that had been delivered during the several days of meeting, had evidently awakened a deep interest in the minds of all. The fact that the King and Queen of Prussia had attended some of the meetings of the Alliance, and had also shown much personal kindness to its members, by inviting them to the palace of Potsdam, could not fail to add to the interest of the proceedings, and draw public attention more directly towards them.

A Starless Crown.

Some time ago a dying man made the confession that, though for many years a professor of religion, he could not recall a single soul led to Christ through his instrumentality. This thought spread unutterable gloom over his last hours. "I hope," said he, "to be saved through the infinite grace of Christ, and I hope to wear a crown, but it will be a starless crown." Reader, as you read the years that are gone, what, in this respect, is the testimony of your past life? If yourself a Christian, have you ever made a personal effort to lead some perishing sinner to Christ? In the beginning of the year, when we are wont to plan new ways of usefulness, and consecrate ourselves to higher and holier methods of living, let us be pre-eminently thoughtful of the souls of our fellow-men. Let us give our personal, special efforts for the salvation of souls.

The Service of Joy.

How can we make our religion a free and willing service? This can be done by the growth of the divine life in the soul. In the earlier days of religious experience we pray for a sense of duty instead of a real love of prayer. We obey God through the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. Now this is not in the highest phase of religion. The rich fruition of piety is gained when we love God from the free promptings of our hearts, just as a girl loves her mother. When thus seen religion is truly holy and uplifting. It awakens a faith which, while it gives new interest to life, strengthens our confidence in immortality. It enables the tried and sorrowing cheerfully and bravely to endure and suffer; and when we enter the sick chamber, and stand beside the dying, even in these dark periods, like an angel, religion smiles upon us as we smooth the pillow and close the eyelids. As these death hours near she calls it as the messenger from the future world, and when the last earthly struggle is over dispels the chill and darkness of the grave and throws over it the radiance of a celestial glow, while she bears the soul to the bosom of God.

The Watching Eye.

Nearly four thousand years ago there was an Egyptian girl named Hagar, who lived in the land of Canaan and was a maid-servant to the wife of Abraham. She did wrong, and when her mistress reproved her for it, like a guilty child, she ran away. She wandered off a long way to the sandy desert, but after awhile she stopped by a fountain of water. She was alone in the desert, for she had left far away all her kindred. Suddenly some one came by and knew her name. She looked, and it was an angel. Then she knew in her heart that one eye had watched every step, and had sent his angel to speak to her; for she said, "Thou, God, seeest me."

Contrasts.

A man in his carriage was riding along
A gay dressed wife by his side;
In satin and lace, she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.
A wood-sawyer stood in the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said as he worked with a saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."
The man in his carriage remarked to his wife:
"One thing I would give if I could,—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of that man that was sawing the wood."
A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.
She looked on the carriage; the lady she saw
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish for my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."
The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish possessions and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."
And thus, in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ,
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.
We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed;
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nothing but heaven can fill.

Cherries of Hamburg.

In the early part of the sixteenth century cherries were very rare in Germany. There had been a rot, and it was with the utmost difficulty that any could be preserved. But a citizen of Hamburg, named Wolf, had in the middle of the town a walled garden, and in the garden he had gathered the great cherry-trees, and, by constant watchfulness, he had kept away the disease from the fruit, so that he alone possessed healthy cherry-trees, and those of great abundance, bearing the juiciest cherries. All who wished cherries must go to him for them, and he sold them at the highest prices, so that every season he reaped a great harvest of gold from his cherries. Far and near Wolf's cherry-trees were known, and he grew richer and more famous.
One season, when his cherry-trees were in blossom, and giving promise of an abundant crop, a war broke out in the north of Germany, in which Hamburg was involved. The city was besieged, and so surrounded by the enemy that no help could reach it. Slowly they consumed the provisions that were gathered, but famine was starting them in the face; nor did they dare yield to the enemy, for in those days there was little mercy shown to the conquered, and while any hope remained, the people held out, making vain sallies into the enemy's camp, and growing weaker daily, and less and less food remained to them.
Meanwhile, the enemy had grown more fierce without. The heat was intense, and had dried up the brooks and springs in all the country about, so that the besiegers were becoming wild with thirst; it made them savage, and the commanding general would listen to no terms, but swore to destroy the city, and put all the inhabitants, soldiers and old men, women and children to the sword.
But would it not be better to be killed outright, than to suffer the slow death of famine? Wolf thought of these things as he returned one day to his garden in the midst of the city, after a week of fighting with the enemy. In his absence the cherries had ripened fast in the hot sun, and were now superb, fairly bursting with red juice, and making one's mouth water at the sight.
A sudden thought came into his head as he looked at his cherries, and a hope sprang up that he might yet save his fellow-townsmen. There was no more to be lost, for twenty-four hours more of suffering would make the people delirious. He brought together all the children of the town, to the number of three hundred, and had them dressed wholly in white. In those days, in that country, the funeral processions were thus dressed. He brought them into his orchard and loaded each with a branch, heavy with rich, juicy cherries, and marshalling them, sent them to the city, a feeble procession, to the camp of the enemy. The dying men and women filled the streets as the white-robed children passed through the gates and out into the country.
The besieging general saw the procession drawing near, concealed by the bushes they were carrying; he suspected some stratagem; as if it were Bismarck-wood coming to the children of Hamburg, who had heard that he and his army were suffering with thirst, and were bringing luscious cherries to quench it. Thereat he was very angry, for he was of a cruel and violent nature, and he thought that had come to mock him, and he would surely have had them put to death before his eyes, even as had sworn he would to all the people of the city.
But when the procession came before him, and he saw the poor children, so thin, so pale, so worn out by hunger, the rough man's heart was touched; a spring of fatherly love, that had long been choked up in him, broke forth, he was filled with pity, and tears came to his eyes, and what the warriors of the town could not do, the peaceful children in white did—they vanquished the hard heart. That evening the little cherry-bearers returned to the city, and with them went a great procession of carts filled with provisions for the starving people; and the very next day a treaty of peace was signed.
In memory of this event, the people of Hamburg still keep every year a festival called the Feast of Cherries; when the children of the city clad in white garments, march through the streets, holding their branches of cherries.

The Natural Mathematician.

In "Homes without Hands," an elegant volume in the department of Natural History, by the Rev. J. G. Wood, recently published by the Harpers, the following facts are stated as showing that the bee-hive is the most accurate of mathematicians:
Many years ago Miraldi, being struck with the fact that the lozenge-shaped plates of the honey-comb—always had the same angles, took the trouble to measure them, and found that in each lozenge the large angle measured 109 degrees 28 minutes, and the smaller 70 degrees 32 seconds—the two together making 180 degrees—the equivalent of two right angles. He also noted the fact that the apex of the three-sided cap was formed by the union of three of the great angles.
Some time after, Reaumur, thinking that this remarkable uniformity of angle might have some connection with the wonderful economy of space which is observable in the honey-comb, hit upon a very ingenious plan. Without mentioning his reasons for the question, he asked König, the mathematician, to make the following calculation: Given a hexagonal vessel, terminated by three lozenge-shaped plates, what are the angles which would give the greatest amount of space with the least amount of material?
König made his calculations, almost agreeing with Miraldi, and Reaumur concluded that the bee had very nearly solved the difficult mathematical problem.
Mathematicians were delighted with the result, and for a long time the calculations were not questioned. However, MacLaurin, the well-known Scotch mathematician, was not satisfied with even so slight a difference between the two mathematicians. He wanted precisely, tried the whole question himself, and found Miraldi's measurement correct.
Another question arose: How did this mathematician solve it? How could so excellent a mathematician as König make so grave a mistake? On investigation it was found no mistake was attached to König, but that the error lay in the book of logarithms which he used. Thus a mistake in a mathematical work was accidentally discovered by measuring the angles of a honey-comb—a mistake sufficiently great to have caused the loss of a ship whose captain happened to use a copy of the same logarithmic tables for calculating his longitude.

The Gray Mare is the Better Horse.

The application of this proverb is well known, but not so well the story on which it is founded. A gentleman, who had seen the world, one day gave his eldest son a span of horses, a chariot, and a basket of eggs. "Do you," said he to the boy, "travel upon the high road until you come to the first house in which is a married couple. If you find that the husband is the master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is the ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back so long as you keep horses and there is an egg remaining."
Away went the boy full of his mission, and just beyond the border of his estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and curtseied.
"Is your husband at home?"
"No," but she would call him from the hay-field.
In came wiping his brow. The young man told his errand.
"Why," said the wife, bridling, rolling the corners of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master; and you John?"
"Then," said the boy, "I am to give you a horse, which will you take?"
"I think," said John, "as how that gay gelding seems to be the one as would suit me the best."
"If my drea choice husband," said the wife, "I'd employ thee with me as best."
"N. Spitting of John," said the boy for me, he is the more squint in front, and his legs are better."
"Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the gray is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one."
"Well," said John, "if your mind is set on it I'll give you; we'll take the gray mare."
"Thank you," said the boy, "allow me to give you an egg from this basket; it is a fine free one, and you can boil it hard or soft, as your wife will allow."
The rest of the story you may imagine; the young man came home with both horses, but not an egg remained in the basket.

Obituary.

MRS. ANNA WATSON, OF BARRINGTON, N. S.
Died, at Barrington, Sept. 15, 1866. Mrs. Watson was aged 85 years. Mrs. Watson passed the last of her years, and throughout a protracted life manifested a consistent Christian profession. She might be regarded as one of the first fruits of Methodism in this district. The earnest preaching, pious conversation and saintly demeanour of the Rev. Freeborn Garretson exercised a powerful influence over her views and feelings, and were instrumental in awakening her to a painful sense of her guilt and danger as a sinner, and in leading her to seek and receive the precious promise of the remission of her sins. At an early stage of her religious life, she united herself to the Wesleyan church, and continued in its fellowship up to the end. The means of grace were highly prized and diligently attended by her as long as her strength enabled her to do so; and when for several years she was confined to her house and bed, she received a patient and even cheerful resignation. Her acquaintances in the Divine will, and her confident anticipations of future bliss were frequently uttered in the very expressive language of the Patriarch Job:—"All the days of my appointed time I will wait, till my change come." She was preceded to her heavenly home by only a very brief period, but her second husband

Living and reigning in your heart; you must become so entirely identified with him that you will be as the very soul of your soul. Your thoughts, feelings, desires, hopes must be all as if they originated with Christ, as if Christ within you were thinking, feeling, desiring, hoping and not yourself.

"Not I." Is self, in all its forms, crucified and slain? Through a living faith in Christ, are you so one with him, that your heart beats in union with his? Do you realize the import of his gracious words, "Because I live, ye shall live also?" If so, then you are united to him as the branch to the vine, and will surely be brought forth in the fruit of righteousness, to the praise of his glory.—*Ref. Pres. Magazine.*

Sunday School Unbelief!

If we may win but one soul to Jesus it will be the labor of a lifetime. But God has promised more than one soul to the good and faithful servant. Why, then, do we not at his word, "let down the net," and enclose even a multitude of precious, never-dying souls? Why? Ah! that deadly foe, unbelief. He lurks here, and everywhere, ready to hurl his arrows of doubt at many a timid believer and humble worker for Christ. Is there no armour with which we may gird ourselves against this enemy? Yes—there is the "whole armour of God" we may take unto us, by which to understand even this deadly foe.

A Beautiful Exposition.

The following upon Isaiah lii, 5, 6, is a most touching exposition of God's love for his repenting children:—"For thy Maker is thine husband; the Lord is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; the God of the whole earth shall be called for thee. For the Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith the Lord."
Do you know what that means? Can you not think of a tender, sweet, clinging, affectionate, simple woman-nature that had given rise to some brute of a husband under the oriental laws, which gave him a right to put her away when caprice delighted him to do so? How she, refused, collapsed in shame, and submitted to die the death that she was to suffer for ever! Life beneficent is nothing to her. She is pleased to take that thought, and to say speaking in his people, "The Lord hath called thee as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and a wife of youth, when thou wast refused, saith the Lord."
Oh, no, I have not told the story. Suppose she were guilty, and had paid down to that you thought were like mountains piled on her head, that oppressed but did not pierce, and suppose that then her husband with great love should say, "I love thee, I love forever, and I take thee again, and nothing shall separate us." God turns to this poor sinner's case, and says, "As a wife forsaken, and having forsaken God's way and grace, come back, and I will take you again. For a while you were with me, but then, but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little while I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee; saith the Lord thy Redeemer. For this is as the waters of Noah unto me; for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth, so have I sworn that I will not be angry with thee, nor rebuke thee. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee. O, thou afflicted, tossed with tempest and not comforted, behold I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires."

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Into the great stone passage through the house.

The minister stopped and said to him, "Why, you poor old man, were you put here?"
"Oh!" said he, straightening up his bent, trembling figure, "if I had remembered what Hagar said in the desert, it would have saved me from twenty-five years in this prison."
The minister went along to the other end of the passage, where he saw a young man at the great window of his iron door. He told him what the old man said. "Yes, yes," answered the young man, "if I had believed what Hagar said, as I do now, it would have saved my father from a dreadful death, my mother from a broken heart, and saved me from a lifetime in this wretched place, for I am condemned to stay here until I die." It was all too late for joy or hope in this world, that the prisoners thought of the truth spoken in the wilderness thousands of years ago.
Dear readers, will you in time remember and believe the words, "Thou, God, seeest me?" It will save your souls from being condemned to an everlasting prison-house, whose door can never open, and where hope and joy will never come.

Religious Intelligence.

The Mission Work in South Africa.

The following important letter from the Rev. William Taylor, appeared in the "Graham's Town Journal."
As I am now returning to Cape Town from my tour of special services in the Eastern Province, Kaffraria and Natal, and expect to proceed to England, I wish, through your popular journal, respectfully to submit a few thoughts on what I regard the best methods of evangelization. The mission work, commenced through the ministry of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, in Cape Town about fifty years ago, and by the Rev. William Shaw, in the Eastern Province about forty-six years ago, has, through the prayers and liberality of good people in England, and the persevering efforts of faithful Missionaries and their friends here, under the fostering care of the Great Shepherd, gone forward and prospered.

General Miscellany.

Cold Weather.

A cotemporary affirms that the old English proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat church year," meaning that a mild winter makes a matter of course a healthy—i.e. not such a matter of course—the colder the winter, other things being equal, the greater the mortality, for cold is a prominent cause of disease. To be sure cold braces us, and acts as a tonic. Often when we go out on a chilly day we feel a fine glow, and recognize the weather as a source of vigor. This is because the cold produces a reaction in the system, and operates as a stimulant. The moment this reaction fails to be produced, cold injures the health by its depressing influence. Therefore, the hardening process we so often hear recommended for children and other delicate persons is nearly always a failure. The only true hardening to be brought about by accustoming the system to resist under the stimulus of cold; and this can be done only by help from exercise and clothing.
No person is ever benefited by feeling cold. This should be carefully guarded against, and one from one apartment to another without a sudden shock, and they admit of the doors through a house being thrown open, thus insuring good ventilation and plenty of air to breathe. Furnaces are injurious only when the thermometer is kept at above seventy, and a person is weakened by the enervating effect of too much heat.
To be dressed in a comfortably warm room is a matter very important to the health of children. The old days of frozen water plubbers and neglected school-children are not to be repeated. If the men and women of

press their way into new and more extensive fields.

In praying the God of the harvest, to send forth the laborers into our new fields, whether as evangelists, pastors or teachers, we would expect the most of them to be native Africans, who would gladly submit to the general superintendency of the white Missionaries, as long as the providential necessity for such agency might exist.
WHERE ARE WE TO GET THE MONEY FOR SUCH A WORK?
Whenever we would succeed by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit in getting a "great multitude" converted to God, we would say to them, "God designs you to be men, and not a set of children, to be hanging on to the coat-tail of some foreign evangelist. We will together thank God for sending Missionaries over the sea, to give you the Gospel; and we will always reverence and love them; but now that you have embraced the Gospel, God requires you to support and extend it. He hath given you land, grain, and cattle in abundance; He hath given you heads, and hearts, and hands; and now, through faith in Jesus, you have received the gift of eternal life. Now you need a chapel, a Preacher's house, a school-house, and God expects every one of you to help in this great work." We would at once show them the plan, and systematically organize them for the work. Drawing them out of the channels of their heathenish habits, we would give them plenty of new and useful employment, and allow them no time for backsliding. We would thus make our infant churches self-sustaining from the start.
Give these Gospel methods of aggression a fair trial in Southern Africa. Hundreds of natives who have recently been converted to God can read and write; and we also have many native whites who are as well acquainted with the Kaffir language as with the English. With such a corps under continued and improved instruction, and the fostering care of our faithful Missionaries, now in the field, the God of the harvest would doubtless raise up the laborers the increasing demand of the work might require. The native agencies already employed by our Missionaries at Fort Peddie, Annabaw, Morley, and elsewhere, has been very successful; and the four native brethren just admitted as candidates for the ministry, promise great usefulness to the church.
Such a movement as we have described would, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, bring out hundreds of Africa's sons, who would gladly share the greatest honors of Missionary life. My convictions of the importance of this movement and my desire to help my dear brethren in the development of this plan in practice in Southern Africa, have so occupied my mind and heart, that for months past I have been praying to God, that if it were His will to adjust my family and Conference relations to this work, and call me to it, I would spend and be spent in this great battle for African souls. I have, however, finally come to the conclusion, that God designs the glorious work here to be carried on by others, and will employ me in the same work in some other part of the world.
Let this aggressive method, so fully illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles, be adopted, and wisely worked through the world; and while under the Holy Ghost, develop a healthy, heroic spirit of Christianity, which would throw off the incubus of unbelief and spiritual death against which it is struggling, and would enable her successfully to grapple with the insidious forms of worldliness, and sin in Christian countries, with Mahomedanism and all other forms of heathenism. Then the darkness would soon be dispelled. The dismal cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" would be heard no more. Then we should see the mellow light of millennial glory resting on the tops of the mountains. The glory of the Lord would be revealed, and all flesh should see it together. The jubilation about the final victory of our all-conquering King would pass along the lines of the sacramental hosts, and be echoed back from every island, mountain, and continent, "Hallelujah: the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

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A cotemporary affirms that the old English proverb, "A green Christmas makes a fat church year," meaning that a mild winter makes a matter of course a healthy—i.e. not such a matter of course—the colder the winter, other things being equal, the greater the mortality, for cold is a prominent cause of disease. To be sure cold braces us, and acts as a tonic. Often when we go out on a chilly day we feel a fine glow, and recognize the weather as a source of vigor. This is because the cold produces a reaction in the system, and operates as a stimulant. The moment this reaction fails to be produced, cold injures the health by its depressing influence. Therefore, the hardening process we so often hear recommended for children and other delicate persons is nearly always a failure. The only true hardening to be brought about by accustoming the system to resist under the stimulus of cold; and this can be done only by help from exercise and clothing.
No person is ever benefited by feeling cold. This should be carefully guarded against, and one from one apartment to another without a sudden shock, and they admit of the doors through a house being thrown open, thus insuring good ventilation and plenty of air to breathe. Furnaces are injurious only when the thermometer is kept at above seventy, and a person is weakened by the enervating effect of too much heat.
To be dressed in a comfortably warm room is a matter very important to the health of children. The old days of frozen water plubbers and neglected school-children are not to be repeated. If the men and women of

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press their way into new and more extensive fields.

In praying the God of the harvest, to send forth the laborers into our new fields, whether as evangelists, pastors or teachers, we would expect the most of them to be native Africans, who would gladly submit to the general superintendency of the white Missionaries, as long as the providential necessity for such agency might exist.
WHERE ARE WE TO GET THE MONEY FOR SUCH A WORK?
Whenever we would succeed by the renewing power of the Holy Spirit in getting a "great multitude" converted to God, we would say to them, "God designs you to be men, and not a set of children, to be hanging on to the coat-tail of some foreign evangelist. We will together thank God for sending Missionaries over the sea, to give you the Gospel; and we will always reverence and love them; but now that you have embraced the Gospel, God requires you to support and extend it. He hath given you land, grain, and cattle in abundance; He hath given you heads, and hearts, and hands; and now, through faith in Jesus, you have received the gift of eternal life. Now you need a chapel, a Preacher's house, a school-house, and God expects every one of you to help in this great work." We would at once show them the plan, and systematically organize them for the work. Drawing them out of the channels of their heathenish habits, we would give them plenty of new and useful employment, and allow them no time for backsliding. We would thus make our infant churches self-sustaining from the start.
Give these Gospel methods of aggression a fair trial in Southern Africa. Hundreds of natives who have recently been converted to God can read and write; and we also have many native whites who are as well acquainted with the Kaffir language as with the English. With such a corps under continued and improved instruction, and the fostering care of our faithful Missionaries, now in the field, the God of the harvest would doubtless raise up the laborers the increasing demand of the work might require. The native agencies already employed by our Missionaries at Fort Peddie, Annabaw, Morley, and elsewhere, has been very successful; and the four native brethren just admitted as candidates for the ministry, promise great usefulness to the church.
Such a movement as we have described would, under the leading of the Holy Spirit, bring out hundreds of Africa's sons, who would gladly share the greatest honors of Missionary life. My convictions of the importance of this movement and my desire to help my dear brethren in the development of this plan in practice in Southern Africa, have so occupied my mind and heart, that for months past I have been praying to God, that if it were His will to adjust my family and Conference relations to this work, and call me to it, I would spend and be spent in this great battle for African souls. I have, however, finally come to the conclusion, that God designs the glorious work here to be carried on by others, and will employ me in the same work in some other part of the world.
Let this aggressive method, so fully illustrated in the Acts of the Apostles, be adopted, and wisely worked through the world; and while under the Holy Ghost, develop a healthy, heroic spirit of Christianity, which would throw off the incubus of unbelief and spiritual death against which it is struggling, and would enable her successfully to grapple with the insidious forms of worldliness, and sin in Christian countries, with Mahomedanism and all other forms of heathenism. Then the darkness would soon be dispelled. The dismal cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" would be heard no more. Then we should see the mellow light of millennial glory resting on the tops of the mountains. The glory of the Lord would be revealed, and all flesh should see it together. The jubilation about the final victory of our all-conquering King would pass along the lines of the sacramental hosts, and be echoed back from every island, mountain, and continent, "Hallelujah: the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."