

in small villages. In some towns, the members of the church, or communicants, two hundred; and it is delightful to see their mutual affection."

The *Buona Novella*, the organ of the Waldensian evangelization, thus speaks of the capital of the kingdom: "Our hearts are filled with gratitude to the Giver of every good, by observing that our meetings at Turin are more numerously attended than ever; and that the Sacred Scriptures, which are now freely distributed, are by themselves producing beneficial results. They are no longer forbidden, as formerly, and the young and studious are beginning to take delight in them." The same paper says: "At the fair of the Conception at Millesimo, there was a vender of Bibles in the town. The priest of the parish preached against him, and declared that whoever touched his books would be excommunicated by the Pope, and would soon fall into the power of the devil; but the people, who, through Divine mercy, are beginning to be enlightened also in Piedmont, and to be aware that the Bible alone contains the word of salvation, laughed at him and his ignorance; and his words were uttered to the winds."

An Italian colporteur in a town of Piedmont, says, in a letter lately received; "Although the sale of Bibles by colporteurs is prohibited, five thousand nine hundred and fifty-one Bibles and Testaments were last year sent out from my depository; of these, five thousand four hundred and twenty-nine were in Italian, and five hundred and twenty-two were in various other languages." This relates to a single depository only; surely it is a delightful piece of intelligence to every Christian!

But it is not alone in the kingdom of Sardinia that the Gospel is making its way. In Tuscany, in Lombardy, Venetia, and even in Naples and the Papal States, the Bible is secretly circulated, and the number of Christians is constantly increasing. It is not long since a Count and a priest were imprisoned at Rome on account of the Bible.

A matter of general interest is the conference of the delegates from the different Italian churches which took place at Turin between the 15th and 20th of November, 1858. The congregations of Genoa, Alessandria, Asti, Nice, Novara, Novi, Fara, Bergomano, and other localities, sent representatives. Let us pray to the Lord that he will be pleased to continue to bless his own Word in Italy.—*Exchange Paper.*

## Miscellaneous Articles

### THE FATHER LAND.

(FROM "SACRED LYRICS FROM THE GERMAN.")

Know ye the land—on earth 'twere vainly sought,—  
To which the heart in sorrows turns its thought;  
Where no complaint is heard,—tears never flow,—  
The good are blest,—the weak in vigour glow?  
Know ye it well?

For this, for this,  
All earthly wish or care, my friends, dismiss.

Know ye the way—the rugged path of thorns?  
His lagging progress there the traveller mourns;  
He faints, he sinks,—from dust he cries to God—  
"Relieve me Father, from the weary road!"  
Know ye it well?

It guides, it guides,  
To that dear land where all our hope abides.

Know ye that friend?—In him a man you see;—

Yet more than man, more than all men is he:  
Himself before us trod the path of thorns,  
To pilgrims now his heart with pity turns.  
Know ye him well?

His hand, his hand  
Will safely bring you to that Father-land.  
*Claus Harms, born 1778.*

### ANNIVERSARY OF THE RELIEF OF DERRY

Friday 11th of August, being the 170th anniversary of the relief of Derry, was celebrated with the usual observances. At 12 o'clock the apprentice boys marched in procession to church, by far the greater number proceeding to the first Presbyterian Church, where an impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. William McClure. The text was Psalm cxvi, 3 "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." After showing in the first place with what justice the language employed by the people of Israel might be appropriated by those whom he addressed, and dwelling on the fact of the providence of God in doing such great things for them, Mr. McClure proceeded to point out the sentiments which the review of the great things done by God is fitted to inspire. We subjoin some extracts from the appropriate and eloquent sermon of Mr. McClure:

"Our land like that bestowed on Israel, is a pleasant land. Canaan was the land of Sabbath—the land of the Bible—the land of the temple—the land of pure morality and spiritual worship—the land of prophets and of saints—the land from which Elijah went up in the chariot of fire, and in which, in the fulness of time, the Son of God came down. It was the land where Solomon spake his proverbs and David sung his immortal songs. It was the land of the pious and the brave, where the Gideons and the Sampsons lived and others whose names the Apostles mention; but whose deeds time failed him to describe. Beholding the blessings that were heaped upon them, well might the surrounding nations exclaim 'Happy is the people whose God is the Lord.' Justly might the Israelites reply; 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.' Ours too is a goodly land. Though it boasts not the fruits of eastern climes, yet God has showered upon it many and peculiar blessings. The traveller may wander far abroad, and visiting distant countries, he may behold the wonders of nature and the productions of art; but still there is a land clothed with infinitely greater attractions, it is the land of his birth—it is the scenery of his home. Wherever his lot may be cast, the desire still lurks in his inmost soul to make it the last landscape that shall fade from his dying eyes and to mingle his ashes with its dust. It is true that poverty and crime once abounded among us, and made our island a byword among the nations of the earth. But may we not hope that these times are gone, and gone I trust forever. Who does not see the dawn of better and glorious days? Mark the symptoms of growing prosperity that are patent to us all. I speak at present only of temporal prosperity. The prospect is gladdening to every lover of his country. It is a remarkable fact that within the last twelve years there has been an increase in the tillage of Irish soil of 643,000 acres. Produce has proportionably increased, wages have been nearly doubled, and the great mass of the people enjoy temporal comforts which they never formerly possessed. Poverty and crime seem gradually to be passing away. Two facts will illustrate this statement. In the year 1848 the average number of inmates in our workhouse was 821—this year they have fallen to 355. Our jail produced only

two prisoners for trial at the last Assizes. It is not to be denied that sometimes our ears are startled, and our feelings shocked by the occurrence of some fearful outrage in other parts of our island, but, looking at the general aspect of society, and embracing in our view the country at large, the change of late years is assuredly remarkable and happy. Party animosity is subsiding. 'Ephraim does not envy Judah, and Judah does not vex Ephraim.' Our country is undoubtedly making great advances in temporal prosperity, and, placed as it is between the old world and the new, it promises very soon to be the highway for the nations of the earth. To use the words of the representative of our Sovereign in this country—"Taking all these various items into account that enter so largely into the condition of the country as a whole, surely we must feel that it presents a picture which may still, to some extent, be of a chequered character, and upon parts of which the shadows of scattered clouds may yet be resting; but still in all its broader spaces, it is bright with the hues of hope, and has the sunlight of heaven to gild it and to gladden." But among the great things the Lord hath done for us, there are some more especially forced upon our attention on the present anniversary. We are met with joyful hearts to commemorate the relief of our city. We call to mind the valour and devotedness of our fathers. We remember, too, the words of the historian—"the women of Londonderry were seen amidst the thickest fire, serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers." Their efforts and sacrifices, as we well know, were crowned with glory and success—the Protestant religion was secured and illustrious William firmly seated on the throne. We are this day forcibly reminded of the privileges and blessings the Revolution brought along with it—the blessings of civil and religious liberty. We live in a happy land where conscience is not shackled by the hand of power—where modes of faith and forms of worship are not enjoined by the voice of authority or enforced by the arm of despotism. Every man sits under his own vine and fig tree; without any to make him afraid. All are permitted to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. The laws of our country, instead of being barriers to our worship, are our safeguard and defence. The commissioned messengers of God may everywhere proclaim, and even under the open canopy of heaven, the way of salvation.—Surely we are bound this day to feel more ardent attachment to our happy Constitution—a Constitution which secures to us the blessing of civil and religious liberty. Yes, and these blessings are, in this favored country, free to all—free as the light of heaven or the atmosphere we breathe. In most of the nations of the earth such precious privileges are unknown. But thanks be to God we largely possess them. They are the bulwarks and honour of our land—they are at once its protection and its beauty. May that protection and beauty never pass away! Yes, my friends, we possess liberty to an extent far surpassing other nations of the earth. And as far as the influence of our country can reach we strive that these inestimable blessings may be enjoyed by others. We belong to a nation which, at the expense of millions, has struggled to put an end to the atrocities of the slave trade, that has lifted up her voice again and again for injured Africa, and pled with mightiest monarchs of the world the cause of her unhappy children. We have everywhere opened asylums to the slave flying from his cruel and unfeeling master. Not long since we have expended much treasure and put forth great efforts and sacrificed many—alas! too many—of the noble and the brave, to protect the op-