

sorts. "I am thankful to report," he writes, "that I have free access to the night cabmen, and have now gained their confidence, so that they look on me as their friend. Frequently do I see a tear run down their weather-beaten cheeks while I speak to them of God's love in the gift of his Son to die for them. 160 of them have been supplied (chiefly from private sources) with Testaments, and there has not been a man who has refused a tract. As a class, they are as teachable as children." Such entries as the following occur in this missionary's journal, which will show the temptations to which these poor men must be exposed: "Visited one of the night public-houses from 1 till 3 this morning. Present, 9 fallen women, 21 cabmen, 9 prize-fighters, 5 niggers, 7 thieves, 4 theatricals, and 10 homeless outcasts. My presence among them at first was as if a bombshell had fallen in the room from the enemy's camp. But there was a general attention while I brought before them the truths of the Gospel. One of the thieves told me he had been twelve times in prison. And one of the niggers said that one of his comrades had just died, who on his deathbed had besought him to change his life. A theatrical said he had been educated at Cambridge University. One man told me that he had a religious sister in the country, who was often writing him religious letters. And another even encouraged me to persevere in my work, saying, 'If you do but do good to one of us in a month, it will well reward you for all your trouble.' Then said another, 'We do not see who can be offended, for it is clear enough that you mean well to us,' while even the barman shook me by the hand, and with emphasis said, 'May God bless your work, you shall have my prayers.'" The missionary adds, "It is but fair to the publicans to say, that from them generally I receive the greatest kindness, and they even protect me from insults," while as to the company, he remarks,—"Nothing could be more accessible, or offer a better field of usefulness than these houses. I meet with no Pharisee here: None attempt to justify their conduct. All I have to do is to direct them to Him who came into the world especially to seek and to save the lost." He writes also as to the night coffee-houses, twenty-six in number, regularly visited by him: "I have free access to every one of them. The proprietors offer me every facility for visiting their customers, frequently even invite me to take tea or coffee free of charge, and are ready to put any religious publications on their tables with which I may supply them. About twenty of them have even hung up Scripture texts in their shops on card-board, with which a kind lady has furnished me, such as, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast.' So that the wicked and the vain have only to lift up their eyes, and on the walls of the shop some solemn portion of God's Word stares them in the face, calculated to convey a serious impression to the mind and conscience."

**MADAGASCAR.**—The alleged envoy of the King of Madagascar, M. Lambert, a Frenchman, has returned home in a government (French) steam frigate, taking with him fifteen French priests, "to instruct the inhabitants of Madagascar in the principles of Christian civilization." These men go out, no doubt, as zealous Popish propagandists, and they will receive toleration from the King; but *he*, there is reason to believe, is an

enlightened Bible Christian, and is not likely to smile upon these semi-political and intriguing busy-bodies, who bring in a new form of idolatry amongst his people. The London Missionary Society has sent out its contingent, too; and with the Rev. W. Ellis, their pioneer at the capital, the personal friend of the King, with a glorious band of Christians, baptized in the fires of a long protracted persecution, from which they have come forth like gold, and with that Word of God in the native tongue, which when the English missionaries were banished by the heathen Queen, increased from 500 to 5,000; the disciples of Christ—let us not be afraid of Jesuit artifices, or doubt but that, as at Tahiti, they will find themselves persecuted and powerless.

## THERE IS ROOM FOR YOU.

*Tune.*—"Rest for the Weary."

In my Father's house in glory  
Countless ransom'd sinners stand.  
Clothed in robes of shining beauty,  
Palms of triumph in their hand.

*Chorus.*—In the happy land of Canaan,  
In the bright land of Canaan,  
Where the Saviour reigns in glory,  
There is room for you.  
There is yet room for many,  
There is yet room for many,  
There is yet room for many,  
There is room for you.

I am going on my journey  
To the land of light and love;  
And my Saviour's presence cheers me,  
As in faith I onward move.

Will you come with me to glory?  
Come, dear sinner, come away;  
Come, for Jesus now invites you;  
And will pardon you to-day.

Come for many now are coming,  
And are finding Jesus true;  
Think not this would be presuming;  
There is room enough for you.

Jesus calls,—'Come all, ye weary;  
Heavy-laden sinners, come.'  
He will give you rest, and guide you  
Safe to heaven, the Christian's home.

"NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

The babe wept:  
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,  
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms.  
The babe slept.

Again weeps:  
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,  
From present pain, and future, unknown harms.  
And it sleeps.