

"Oh! mother, you must stay with the baby—what if he should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well; I have got used to the cold now."

"But, mother, I'm cold," says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, "mayn't I get up and come to the fire?"

"Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can't make any more fire to-night."

"Why can't you, mother?" there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on and let's get warm once."

"No, my dear little Henry," says the other soothingly, "that is all the wood mother has, and I haven't any money to get more."

And now wakens the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother! Six months ago, she had a husband whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, and alone in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the precarious resources of her needle, she has come rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. I look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he leaves her breast, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor little thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing, happy little fellow he was once, till she has not a heart to remove him. All this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary's patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last piece of work which she can procure from the shop, for the man has told her that after this he can furnish no more. And the little money that is to come from this is already proportioned out in her mind, and after that she has no human prospect of more.

But yet the woman's face is patient, quiet, firm. Nay, you may even see in her suffering eye something like peace—and whence comes it? I will tell you.

There is a Bible in that room, as well as in the rich man's apartment. Not splendidly bound, to be sure, but faithfully read—a plain, homely, much worn book.

Hearken now, while she says to her children, "Listen to me, my dear children, and I will read you something out of this book." "Let not your hearts be troubled, in my father's house are many mansions." So you see, my children, we shall not always live in this little, cold, dark room. Jesus Christ has promised to take us to a better home."

"Shall we be warm there, all day?" says the little boy earnestly, "and shall we have enough to eat?"

"Yes, dear child," says the mother, "listen to what the Bible says: 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst of them shall feed them; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

"I am glad of that," said little Mary, "for mother, I never can bear to see you cry."

"But, mother," says little Henry, "won't God send us something to eat to-morrow?"

"See," says the mother, "what the Bible says; 'Seek ye not what ye shall eat, nor what ye shall drink, neither be of anxious mind. For your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things.'"

"But, mother," says Mary, "if God is our Father, and loves us, what does he let us be so poor for?"

"Nay," says the mother, "our Lord Jesus Christ was as poor as we are, and God certainly loved him."

"Was he, mother?"

"Yes, children, you remember how he said, 'The Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' And it tells us more than once, that Jesus was hungry when there was none to give him food."

"Oh! mother, what should we do without the Bible?" says Mary.

Now if the rich man who had not yet made up his mind what to think of the Bible, should visit this poor woman, and ask her on what she grounded her belief of its truth, what could she answer? Could she give the argument from miracles and prophecy? Can she account for all the changes which might have taken place in it, through translators and copyists, and

prove that we have a genuine and uncorrupted version? Not she! But how then does she know that it is true? How say you? How does she know that she has warm life-blood in her heart? How does she know that there is such a thing as air and sunshine?

She does not believe these things, she knows them; and in like manner, with a deep heart-consciousness, she is certain that the words of her Bible are truth and life. Is it by reasoning that the frightened child, bewildered in the dark, knows its mother's voice? No! Nor is it by reasoning that the forlorn and distressed human heart knows the voice of its Saviour, and is still.

Go, when the child is laying in its mother's arms, and looking up trustfully in her face, and see if you can puzzle him with metaphysical difficulties about personal identity, until you can make him think that it is not his mother. Your reasonings may be conclusive—your arguments unanswerable—but after all, the child sees his mother there, and feels her arms around him, and his quiet, unreasoning belief on the subject, is precisely of the same kind which the little child of Christianity feels in the existence of his Saviour, and the reality of all those blessed truths which he has told in his word.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVAL OF MRS. WILLIAMS FROM THE SOUTH SEAS.

WE have cordial satisfaction in announcing the long expected arrival of the respected and beloved widow of the late Rev. John Williams. Mrs. W., accompanied by her youngest son, a youth ten years of age, reached the port of London, from Sydney, in the *Cumden*, on the 25th of October. We are thankful in being able to state that her health has been greatly improved by the voyage, and that under the sudden and awful dispensation that deprived her of her attached and honored husband, aggravated by the new trial of returning solitary to her native land, her mind has been graciously sustained by the consolations of the Gospel.

We copy the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Williams to the Directors of the London Missionary Society.

"It is now twenty-six years since we became connected with the London Missionary Society, and I must still say, I cannot feel myself separated from your noble institution; while I shall ever esteem it my highest honor to have been engaged in the great cause which you aim to advance, as the wife of such a man as my late beloved and honored husband. Widely as he was known to the churches, and intimately as some of you were acquainted with his character, I may be permitted to say, that no one knew so well as I did, how entirely his whole heart and soul were devoted to his work, and how truly he counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might glorify God, and win souls to Christ. These were the ends, I can testify, for which he lived and for which he died. Often has he said to me, 'Life is short for so great a work as ours, and we must therefore labor while it is called to-day.'"

"As our arrival in England has been so long delayed, it may be proper for me to state the cause. When the *Cumden* arrived at Upola with the heart-rending intelligence, it affected my health and spirits so much that I did not feel myself able then to undertake the voyage, nor to part with either of my dear children; and as it was expected that the vessel would be absent only six months, I decided on awaiting her return. But nine months passed before the *Cumden* again appeared; and it was not until the 11th of March that we sailed from Samo. On our passage to Sydney we touched at five of the islands of the New Hebrides group. *Fetuna* was the first, and there we left two native teachers. One of the chiefs of this island accompanied us to Anatom; and I had not conceived it possible that a heathen savage and a cannibal would have expressed so much feeling and sorrow when he was told who William and I were. Immediately tears rolled down his cheeks, he beat his breast, and uttered something in his own language, in which he repeatedly exclaimed, 'William! William!' When we took him back to his own island, we were delighted to find that the native teachers there had been treated very kindly.

"We then sailed to Tanna, when Captain Morgan pointed out to me the different places where my dear and much lamented husband stood, walked, and conversed with the people. To describe my feelings at this time, it is impossible.

It required no ordinary effort to endure the trial; and the more so, as we had the dark-island of Erromanga in view. There was, however, much at Tanna to call forth our warmest feelings of gratitude to God, who had permitted his servant to carry to its shores that Gospel which we then found was taking root amongst its inhabitants. From Tanna, we crossed over to the small island of Nina, and were soon close in with the dark shores of Erromanga. But you will better conceive than I can describe the agony of my mind on seeing its cruel inhabitants; but yet I think I was then able to say, 'Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they did!' May their savage nature be very soon changed by the sweet influences of the Gospel of Jesus. After this we visited the Loyalty Islands, Britania Island, the Isle of Pines, upon which landed, and New Caledonia, and then steered our course for Sydney, where we arrived on the 28th of April."—*London Mis. Mag.*

MISSIONS TO CHINA.—The friends of Missions will read with much interest the following extract of a letter from the Rev. Charles Gutzlaff, the distinguished Missionary to China, addressed to Mr. Mathieson, of Glasgow, Scotland. It is dated Nankin, August 24, 1842. His allusions to the opening, in Providence, for the introduction of the Gospel into that great Empire are worthy of the most serious attention of the Christian community in this country.

"During the last few months I have been constantly moving about, and therefore unable to promote the mental improvement of China. At the same time we have traversed one of the most magnificent rivers of the world—the Yangtze—as far as Nankin, and thus found out a high road to Central Asia, of far higher importance than all the discoveries on the Niger. To your Association this new progress of our arms must be highly interesting, as it is fraught with the highest benefit for commerce and civilization, and indeed the truest and best interests of the human race, and China especially. I do not think we can establish a national and permanent intercourse with China without influencing the minds of the people by just and proper means, and such publications as will serve this purpose. And whilst I most cordially, constantly, and above all other considerations, advocate the introduction of the Gospel, as the laying of the foundation for the temporal and eternal welfare of the Chinese, every other laudable enterprise for enlightening their minds upon any other subjects, which may tend to remove obstacles, will be eagerly pursued by myself. Since I am to be placed in one of the most important of the new emporiums, I hope often to hear from you, and shall not fail to give a true account of the appropriation of your money; and in the meanwhile, I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely, CH. GUTZLAFF."

THE JEWS.—We find the following in a letter from Odessa, of the 5th inst. :—

"Our government seems to be seriously disposed to grant emancipation to the Jews, whose numbers in Russia, according to the last census, amounted to about 2,200,000. The ministers of the interior and public instruction have charged Dr. Lillenthal, the grand rabbi of Riga, with the mission of visiting the eighteen governments of the empire in which Jews reside, to collect all the necessary details of their condition, informing them that the only object of the government is to be enabled to furnish gratuitously all the means of giving them the moral and intellectual education required for raising them to the rank of other citizens, without in any manner interfering with the free exercise of their religion. The Jews of our town are preparing to give Dr. Lillenthal a solemn reception, his arrival being looked for from day to day."—*Herald and Journal.*

TEMPERANCE IN SWEDEN.—The disclosure of the condition of Sweden in reference to drunkenness, which the Rev. Mr. Scott made, while on a visit to this country, it will be remembered, cost him his residence in that country. We are glad to learn that the prevalent evil has received a decided check, by the wise and vigorous measures of the sovereign. A law has been passed by which all the brandy distilleries in that country have been abolished, and the names of all persons who get intoxicated, are ordered to be posted on the door of the parish church, and the clergyman is directed to pray for their reformation. A remedy which might not be out of place here.