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Not on a Prayerless Bed.

Not on a prayerless bed, not on a prayerless bed,
Compose the weary limbs to rest;
For they alone are blest
With balmy sleep,
Whom angels keep,
Not they by care opprest,
Or thought of anxious sorrow,
Or thought in many coil perplexed
For coming morrow—
Lay not thy head
On prayerless bed.

For who can say what deep thine eyes shall close
That earthly cares and woes
To thee may e'er return?
Rouse up thy soul,
Slumber control,
And let thy lamps burn brightly;
So shall thine eyes be bright,
Things pure and light;
Taught by the Spirit beam
Never on prayerless bed
To lay thine unblest head.

Behold thee, slumbering soul, of all that's praiseworthy
To faith in holy prayer!
Lives there within the breast,
A worm that gnaws at rest?
Ask ye from Heaven—
Peace will be given;
Humble self love and pride
Before the Crucified,
Who for thy sins has died;
Nor lay thy weary head
Upon a prayerless bed!

Hast thou no pining woe—no wish—no care,
That calls for holy prayer?
Has thy day been so bright,
That, in its light,
There is no trace of sorrow?
And art thou sure tomorrow
Will be like this and more
Abundant? Dost thou lay up thy store
And make thee free for more?
Thou fool! this very night
Thy soul may wing its flight.

Hast thou no being than thyself more dear,
Who tracks the ocean deep,
And when storms sweep,
The wintry skies,
For whom thou wak'st and sleepest?
Oh! when thy pants are deepest,
Suck thou the milk of prayer,
For he that slumbereth not, it there!
His ears are open to thy cries:
Oh! thou on prayerless bed
Lay not thy thoughtless head!

Hast thou no loved one, than thyself more dear,
Who claims a prayer from thee?
Some who ne'er lends the knee
From infidelity?
Think, if by prayer thou brought'st
Thy prayer—be he forgotten
And making peace with Heaven,
Unto the Cross they're led!
Oh! for their sake, on prayerless bed
Lay not thy unblest head!

Arouse thee, weary soul, nor yield to slumbers,
Till in communion blest,
With the elect ye rest—
Those souls of countless number,
And with them, raise
The note of praise,
Reaching from Earth to Heaven,
Close, redeemed, forgiven!
So lay thy happy head,
Prayer-crowned, on blessed bed!

Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D.

(Continued.)

From Pocklington Mr. Newton removed to the Howden Circuit, and in his third year at this place was united to that venerable lady who had the happiness of being his companion for more than fifty years, and who still survives him.

The object of his choice was the daughter of the late Captain Nodes, of the Seventeenth Infantry, who lived with her mother, then a widow, at Skelton Hall, near York. Miss Nodes had been awakened to a concern for her salvation in the infancy of her life, and she was a member of the Church of England, of which she was a member. The opposition which she encountered in consequence of the sudden change in her religious views was the occasion of her first meeting with Mr. Newton. She afterwards invited him to preach in the village school-room at Skelton; and their engagement was the result of this second interview. Their marriage at this time, 1802, before he had completed the usual term of ministerial probation, was sanctioned by the Conference; and the Superintendent Minister of the York Circuit acted as father at the nuptial ceremony.

At the Conference of 1803, Mr. Newton received into the standing of a fully-ordained Wesleyan Minister, together with many other eminent men, of all whom only one now survives, and that one the Rev. Dr. Bunting. This Conference appointed Mr. Newton to Glasgow, where he continued, in the midst of all his labours, to study assiduously, and even availed himself of the opportunity afforded at that city of attending the lectures on Divinity and Philosophy of Professors in the University. Many pleasing anecdotes are told of his sojourn in Scotland, from whence he was removed to Rotherham for two years, and then to Sheffield, also for two years, in the second of which he had as one of his colleagues that eminent man, together with whom he had been ordained. Mr. Jackson observes:—

"This was, in every respect, a happy association, and upon which great results were never contemplated, and such as had not entered into the thoughts of the parties concerned. It is true that Mr. Newton and Mr. Bunting were designed to exert a greater influence upon the practical working of Wesleyan Methodism than any two men that were ever connected with it since the times of the Wesleys; and therefore to place them together, thus early in their ministerial career, was a matter of the utmost importance, both to themselves and the cause with which they were identified. By this association they obtained a thorough knowledge of each other; and that knowledge soon ripened into a perfect friendship. They cherished for each other the most cordial affection, and each of them had an entire confidence in the other's integrity; and this affection and confidence, we believe never suffered a moment's interruption, and never in the slightest degree abated, till they were severed by death. They were one in judgment on all matters connected with Methodism, and they were no less one in mind and heart. Mr. Bunting soon acquired a leading influence, both among the Ministers and laymen of the Wesleyan community. He has been charged with hostility to the just rights of the people. The charge was originated for sinister purposes, and has been echoed by persons who neither the man nor his communications. He has done more to engage lay agency in the Methodist Connection, and therefore to extend lay influence in the body, than any other man of his age; and that not only with regard to the management of its Foreign Missions, but of the work at home; and in all his purposes, in both respects, he had the efficient support of his friend and ally Robert Newton."

The four following years of Newton's Ministry were fulfilled at Huddersfield and Holmfirth. While at the latter place, the neighbourhood, like other parts of the kingdom, was disturbed by outrages arising among a people suffering from the effects of a long war, oppressive taxation, and dearth of food. Mr. Newton seems at several periods of his life, inoffensive as was his noble character, to have been the mark for detraction and malice, whenever there was any turbulent dissension towards either civil or ecclesiastical authority. At Holmfirth, loaded pistols were found near his abode, not without some probability that they were there to have been employed against himself. A chapel-keeper had been dismissed on his failing to clear himself of the suspicion that, with his connivance, fire-arms for the "Luddites" had been secreted in the roof of a Wesleyan Chapel in the Circuit. Mr. Newton, however, left the place in peace and without any ill-will. The great city, as a residence, did not letter thank him for the support he had given by his influence to the cause of law and order. Nine or ten years later, during the disturbances at Manchester, Mr. Newton was regarded as a marked man, and his life was in some danger. One night, when returning from preaching, he was way-laid by two suspicious looking men; and then an incident happened to him, the like of which we have heard narrated, on good authority, about several other parties. A large dog suddenly joined company with the party, and the two men, seeing the odds more nearly balanced after this formidable accession to the defendant's side, allowed Mr. Newton and his canine friend to pass them. The strange dog kept close company until the danger was past, but just as Mr. Newton was nearing home, and meditating to reward his dumb champion with a supper, the creature disappeared, and he saw him no more.

The years 1812-1813 were the only ones ever spent by Mr. Newton in a London Circuit. The great city, as a residence, did not agree with the health of his family, nor probably with his own feelings. It interfered too with the special line of his Ministerial labours:—

"Being the centre of Connexional operations, numerous Committees were held there, which he was expected to attend. This occupied much time, and diverted his attention from preaching, and from the work of his soul delighted. The fact is, he never had that aptitude for the details of business in which some men excel. He felt that he was made for action, rather than for deliberation, and that the duties of the pulpit were his special forte and calling. He did attend the meetings of Committees as in duty bound, having in them a trust to execute; but he was always glad to escape from them to employment which was more congenial to his tastes."

After two years, therefore, the Conference allowed him to return to the provinces, he went down to Wakefield, and never again would undertake a London Circuit. It may be interesting to notice what places, during the last forty years of his life, were the head quarters of an evangelist whose Sabbath labours were in his own Circuit, but his week-day work everywhere else:—

"From the year 1817, when he left Wakefield to take up his abode in Great Britain and Ireland. According to the Minutes of the Conference, Liverpool and Manchester divided between them twenty years of his public life; Salford occupied six; Stockport three; and Leeds six; so that he appears to have spent thirty-five years in five localities."

Those two years in London were, however, important, because in them Newton first gave preface of his supremacy as a platform orator, in which character his earliest appearance was to advocate, on the suggestion of the late Mr. Butterworth, and in association with Owen, Hughes, and Steinkopf, the claims of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Shortly afterwards, the Wesleyan Missionary Society was regularly organized:—

"In York-shire, at that time, were three men who stood out in bold relief in connection with this work, and whose names will ever be associated in the history of the Wesleyan Missions. We mean, as every one will understand, Mr. Bunting, then of Leeds; Mr. Watson, of Hull; and Mr. Newton, of Wakefield. To Mr. Bunting, most was assigned, of originating and directing the entire movement; and his Missionary sermons and speeches were characterized by a clearness and force which were peculiarly his own. Mr. Watson, at the pulpit, and upon the Missionary platform, Mr. Watson's manner was calm and impassioned, answering to the sublime commission, answering to the sublime commission of his intellect. Yet Robert Newton was the man of the people."

From Mr. Jackson's characteristic of these great men, we quote a few detached sentences, and these chiefly for the sake of the fact. In Great Britain, in Ireland, in America, Robert Newton was and remained, to the closing scene of his reprobless life, the man of the people. Besides his personal home advocacy of Missions, he was the means of sending out many labourers into the foreign field, among whom we must mention the Rev. Robert Young, who recently represented the Parent Society and the British Conference on his deputation to Australia.

lia and the Pacific. In 1821, Mr. Newton was first made Secretary of the Conference, and in the following year commenced his long and close intimacy with the friends of that country which he loved so well. "Old Erin," and where he attended at two or three Conferences of Irish Methodism. In 1824, he was raised to the presidency of the British Conference, an honour which was repeated in the years '32, '40, (on his return from America), and in '48. His election to the presidential chair for a fourth time was such a token of confidence as was Minister had ever received from his brethren with the exception of Dr. Newton and Mr. Bunting. In the year 1833, the claims upon Robert Newton for occasional services became so frequent from all parts of the kingdom, that the arrangement became necessary which, as a permanent thing, was and is unparalleled. "During the year of his presidency which had just expired, a junior Minister lived in his family, for the purpose of assisting him in his correspondence, and other engagements. This was now deemed advisable, as the Conference that this arrangement should continue. In this case the junior Minister might take Mr. Newton's week-night appointments, visit the sick and other members of the Society, and leave him at liberty to accept invitations to distant places according to his ability. When this arrangement was made, Mr. Newton laid it down as a rule, which he never would swerve, to preach in his own Circuit every Sabbath-day throughout the year, except during the sittings of the English and Irish Conferences, and the time of holding the Anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London. The assistance which was now afforded him was continued from year to year till the end of his public life; and during this period, extending through nineteen years, he passed up such an amount of labour as was perhaps scarcely ever undertaken by any other man."

Of his journeys at that period, we find some amusing reminiscences:—

"In those times, before railways were generally constructed, England was a very hilly country, and the drivers and guards of stage-coaches on all the great roads, who regarded him as a friend, and were ever ready to meet his wishes. On one occasion, it is said, he had made an engagement to meet a coach at the end of a cross-road, early in the morning; but when the coach arrived, he was not on the spot. The coachman stopped, and the passengers began to remonstrate. He expressed a full persuasion that the reverend gentleman would speedily appear, and he was unwilling to leave him. Immediately Mr. Newton was seen galloping up the cross-road with a carpet bag in his hand. On his arrival he tied the horse's head to a gate, took his place behind the coachman with many expressions of thanks, and stated that he had set off in time with a friend in a gig; that the gig had broken down when he stripped the horse of its harness, mounted its bare back, and left his friend to follow on foot, for the purpose of taking the horse back again. By these means he was able to fulfil his engagements for the day."

Remarkable Answer to Prayer.

The following circumstance was related to me by the late brother P., who was one of the most deeply pious men I ever knew, and for many years a class-leader in one of the Methodist Churches in Philadelphia. He said that he and myself were conversing one day on God's dealings towards his children, and how far we might expect the interposition of Divine Providence, in answer to prayer, in the prosecution of the ordinary business of life, when, with a view of joying upon his checks, he related to me the following incident:—

After I had served out my time and had married, which was about thirty-five years ago, I moved with my little family to Wilmington, about thirty miles below Philadelphia, and opened a small weekly store, which was my business, trusting in God to prosper me. But, for several weeks business was dull, and frequently for weeks I would not take in enough to keep my family in bread. This state of things continued so long that I began to be discouraged, and to look around for some way of escape, but none appeared to offer. To make my difficulties worse, if possible, a very deep snow had fallen; it was midwinter, and with the exception of a watch or two to repair, I had taken nothing in for many days. The wants of myself and family were pressing upon me, and two notes were coming due in Philadelphia in a few days for over \$400. I was almost beside myself. I tried to borrow money of my friends; but those who were having gladly assisted me, were, in consequence of the stringency of the times, unable to do so. I then tried to get the notes renewed, but this was positively refused; so that, apparently, in a few days my little all would be sold out by the sheriff. In this emergency I resolved to lay my case before the Lord, and, in order to do this, I set apart a day for fasting and prayer. This was on Friday; the next Monday the payment of the notes fell due, and my creditors told me plainly, if they were not paid they would immediately proceed against me.

Under these discouraging circumstances, I arose very early on the morning which I had devoted to prayer and fasting, and, locking myself up in my room, commenced to pray. All day I staid there; now reading some encouraging chapter in God's blessed book, then earnestly pressing my case at the throne of grace. Having thus passed the day, in the twilight of the evening I received what I believe to be a clear evidence that the Lord had heard my prayer, and that deliverance was at hand. I left the room happy in God. Frequently on Saturday, and also on the Sabbath, would my mind turn to my appalling difficulties; but if I attempted to pray about it the same evidence would be renewed that deliverance was at hand. On Monday morning I arose three hours before day. It had been snowing, and everything outward was dreary. I fell on my knees, and attempted to lay my case before the Lord again, when, with such power that I was thrown flat on my face on the floor, the evidence was again renewed.—Deliverance is at hand. I went to my store, made a fire and sat down behind the counter. It was a very dark night, and I would here state that in my window were hung, as a show-stew, an antiquated set of silver-plate, of English make, very heavy, having the English coat of arms engraved on it. It had been owned by my last employer for some twenty years, and by me for several. No one ever asked its price; it was simply in the window for a

show. As the day began to dawn I heard the creak of a wagon, and on looking out I perceived an old-fashioned gig drive up and stop, when a tall and venerable-looking man, whose locks were almost as white as the snow that lay on the ground, stepped down, and, after looking in my window for a moment entered my store, and immediately asked the price of the silver-plate in the window. I told him, with a faltering voice, five hundred dollars. He asked me, with a benevolent look, to lead him to the silver-plate, and on my answering in the affirmative, he told me he would take it. In a few minutes it was safely boxed up and put in the gig, the money in gold paid down, and he, with a smile, drove off. No one was ever able to tell from whence he came, or whether he went; nor have I been ever able to tell to this day. Suffice it to say, I procured a good horse, mounted him, and in a few minutes before three o'clock was in Philadelphia, paid my notes, and returned the next day to my family at Wilmington, giving glory to God.—*Chm. Advocate and Journal.*

Science and Revelation.

It is a curious fact that the revelations of science have not astonished our own age to the discovery that the sun is not the dead centre of motion, around which comets and planets whirl; but that it, with the splendid retinue of worlds and satellites, is revolving through the realms of space, at the rate of millions of miles in a year, and in obedience to some influence situated precisely in the direction of the star Arcturus, one of the Pleiades. We do not know how far off in the immensities of space that centre of revolving cycles and epicycles may be; nor have our oldest observers, or nicest instruments, been able to tell how far the Pleiades that beautiful cluster of stars is hung, whose influence may can never bind. In this question alone, and the answer to it, is involved both the recognition and the explanation of the whole theory of gravitation.

Book of Revelations, the second round, but potentes potentes the belief heretical, notwithstanding the Palmist, while apostrophizing the works of creation in one of his sublime moods of inspiration, when prophets spoke as they were moved, had called it the "round world," and it rejoices.

You recollect when Galileo was in prison, a pump-maker came to him with his difficulties because his pump would not lift water higher than thirty-two feet. The old philosopher thought it was because the atmosphere could not press the water up any higher; but the hand of persecution was upon him; and he was afraid to say the air had weight. No had he looked to the science of the Bible, he would have discovered that the "perfect man of God," moved the heavens, and that the great God, the great God, when he struck the horse of his harness, mounted its bare back, and left his friend to follow on foot, for the purpose of taking the horse back again. By these means he was able to fulfil his engagements for the day."

The Jewish Pilgrim in Palestine.

Are these the ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory not yet cold?
For I have passed by many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, Oh! promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy valleys fresh and fair,
With summers bright as they have been,
When Israel's home was there;
Though o'er the world and time have passed
And Cross and Crescent shone,
And hither the chain hath pressed;
Yet still thou art our own.

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblest through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the Polar snow,
And quenched the desert sand;
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all Earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages borne
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are fallen—nations gone
Before the march of Time,
And where the ocean rolled alone
In silence and in gloom,
Since gentle plowshares marked the brow
Of Zion's holy hill—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain,
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope hath been,
But shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some Prophet's ure,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh! last and loved Jerusalem!
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad Earth's harvest home
In its redeeming day;
But seek redemption in faith and trust,
In love, in meekness, and in truth;
At least beneath thy hallowed dome
Oh! give the wanderer room!

The Field-Marshal's Daughter.

There has recently appeared a work of great interest, by Field-Marshal de W., of Austria, entitled, "Recollections of my Times." But there is one real incident connected with his eventful life, which has not found place in these recollections, and which I will relate in a few words.

The veteran General, who more than once staid the almost invincible battalions of Napoleon, and who, like Radetzky, played no by his part in Austria's darkest hour of 1848, was for a number of years Governor of Tyrol, and resided then at Innsbruck, his capital. There he spent his time, between the duties of his high office, attention to his only daughter, L., and the culture of flowers, for which occupation he has a great predilection. The city of Innsbruck is a beautiful spot, and the mountains, whose bases are covered with vineyards and gardens, cultivated by the persevering, hard-working peasants. The river Inn, which bathes the valley with its limpid waters, adds greatly to the enchantment of the scenery.

Field-Marshal de W. lost his wife before he had assumed the Governorship of Tyrol; but the charm and solace of his life was his only child, mentioned above, upon whom he had lavished his tenderest care. She had from childhood always been near father; often riding on horseback close by her side; when he passed the review of his troops, and thus she had early become known to every soldier of his regiment, as the beloved child of the General. Yet, accustomed as she was then to the life of the camp, and often placed in no ordinary situations, she never was allowed to forget her name, or the elevated position of her father; and, as the daughter of a nobleman, she acquired all that peculiar refinement of manners and taste, which, in Europe, seems to be the appanage of noble birth.

General de W. was a rigid papist, strongly attached to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and in its dogmas his daughter was educated. The circle in which she moved was very gay. At any time she could command the bands of the regiment, and she became the centre of the brilliant society of the provincial capital. In that throng who flocked to the Governor's palace, no one pointed her to that which was enduring; but she had early become known to every soldier of his regiment, as the beloved child of the General. Yet, accustomed as she was then to the life of the camp, and often placed in no ordinary situations, she never was allowed to forget her name, or the elevated position of her father; and, as the daughter of a nobleman, she acquired all that peculiar refinement of manners and taste, which, in Europe, seems to be the appanage of noble birth.

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A Word to the Sorrowful.

BY MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Why am I thus afflicted? The question is constantly being asked by one and another. Affliction in the present time is scarcely recognised as a good. As in the wretch of an operation the nerves of a patient are distracted, and the whole of the vital force is used up in mere endurance, so in affliction. Often the soul rebels and rebels under its immediate effects seem to increase our spiritual maladies. Persons often say, under severe trials, I used to think I had some self-control, some patience, some good temper; I thought I had a good degree of overcome selfishness and pride; but these harassments and trials seem to upset all. And accordingly, a person, when passing through a severe trial, often seems to be growing worse; to be becoming hard, and irritable, and unlovely. A writer has said, it is not while the storm is driving the ship on the beach that we go out to look for treasures; but when the storm is laid, and the sea is calm, we find the pearls and precious stones which the sea has cast upon the beach. Often in the height of an affliction all comfort is vain, as in affliction in the fury of some desolates. The soul must spend itself; the storm must pass. It may be months, it may be years, before the soul can come to herself enough to look back and say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

Nor is the good of affliction often perceivable as the result of one paroxysm, but rather as the aggregate of several. The mechanic who would bring out of the clouds and veils of a previous world, seems to harass and torture it in many ways; and if the wood was a sensitive creature it might well complain, when as the saw and plane and the rude pumice stone pass successfully over it, and each scratch is scraped and rubbed, nor till the last touch has been given does one see the full result. So of afflictions. Some are like strokes of the axe and hammer, splitting and striking the heart of the soul; others are wearing and long-continued, like the slow work of the file and polishing-trough, and very seldom, under the process, does the soul recognise their use; but after long years, a softened melody of spirit is produced as the result of all.

One thing is remarkable of afflictions, and that is, that almost every soul feels itself stricken in the precise point that is least able to bear. O where is anything but the frequent exclamations of the hour of sorrow. We could bear very compositely a supposititious affliction—an affliction so-called, against which our peculiar temperament is fortified as that to us it is no affliction. But when Omnipotence puts forth its hands and touches that vital point known to God alone, where each is more sensitive, that is real affliction, and the soul shivers under it. We would change our affliction for this or that—God sees that *this and this only can serve his purpose.*

Could a diamond speak, when the lapidary is leisurely fling away its glittering particles and vexing it with weary frictions and polishing, it might say: I could bear a good hammer-stroke, but, O, this is wearing my very soul away. Nevertheless the artisan of stones that is not the hammer but the very polish that the diamond must have to make it glitter royally at last in a diadem. Such are some of the most common, least valued of our afflictions—a slow, wearing, heart-tending process—an afflicting affliction—often and recognised as such only by God, who orders it, who knows the precise moment when it is possible to let it cease.

Then let the soul deeply engrave in its belief this answer to its off-recurring question: *Why am I thus tried? Because this affliction and no other could do it.* This grief is an economy, it is his lavish profusion of riches, but of nothing is he more saving than of the sorrows of his beloved. Not one tear too much, not one sigh, not one uneasiness or anxiety too many is the lot of the meekest of his chosen.

A SEED WELL PLANTED.—Some thirty-three years ago, in a small rural village of Western New York, one Sabbath morning, as a pious young man was going to church, he observed a group of children at play in the street. He kindly spoke to them, and asked them to accompany him to the Sabbath School. They refused to go. One, however, a bright-eyed boy, followed, and he very willingly to go, if his mother would permit him. The teacher kindly took him by the hand, and obtained permission of the widowed mother, that her little boy might become a member of his class. The mother was in constant distress and poverty. By fixed attention, rapid improvement, and meek and gentle disposition, he won the esteem and affection of all. At the age of twelve, during a revival, he became a convert to the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, and united with the church. When he came to the years of manhood, he left his native village, and settled in the far West. Here, in his new home, where sacred associations hold no kindly influence, he felt the need and saving grace of the gospel of truth. With cheerful perseverance, he went to work to all in building up that desolate place, the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour. As the result of his increasing toil, he related a few months since to the Sabbath School, on his first visit to his home, that there had been established in the valley of the West, some forty distinct branches in Zion's vineyard, eight hundred souls have been brought to receive the living waters of salvation, and four hundred and fifty more have been planted in different parts. And these are the fruits of the grace of God, of the efforts of that once poor wretched boy! Wonderful indeed are the ways of Providence, and past finding out!

TRY TO TAKE CHEERFUL VIEWS OF DIVINE THINGS. Dwell on your mercies. Look at the bright as well as the dark side. Do not cherish gloomy thoughts. Menchely is no friend to devotion. It greatly hinders the usefulness of many. It falls upon a contented life like a drop of ink on white paper which is not the least stain because it carries no message of evil. Let your soul rove through the truths of Scripture as the happy herds through the green pastures.

The Life of the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D., by Thomas Jackson. London: John Mason, 1855. 8vo. pp. xiv, 257.